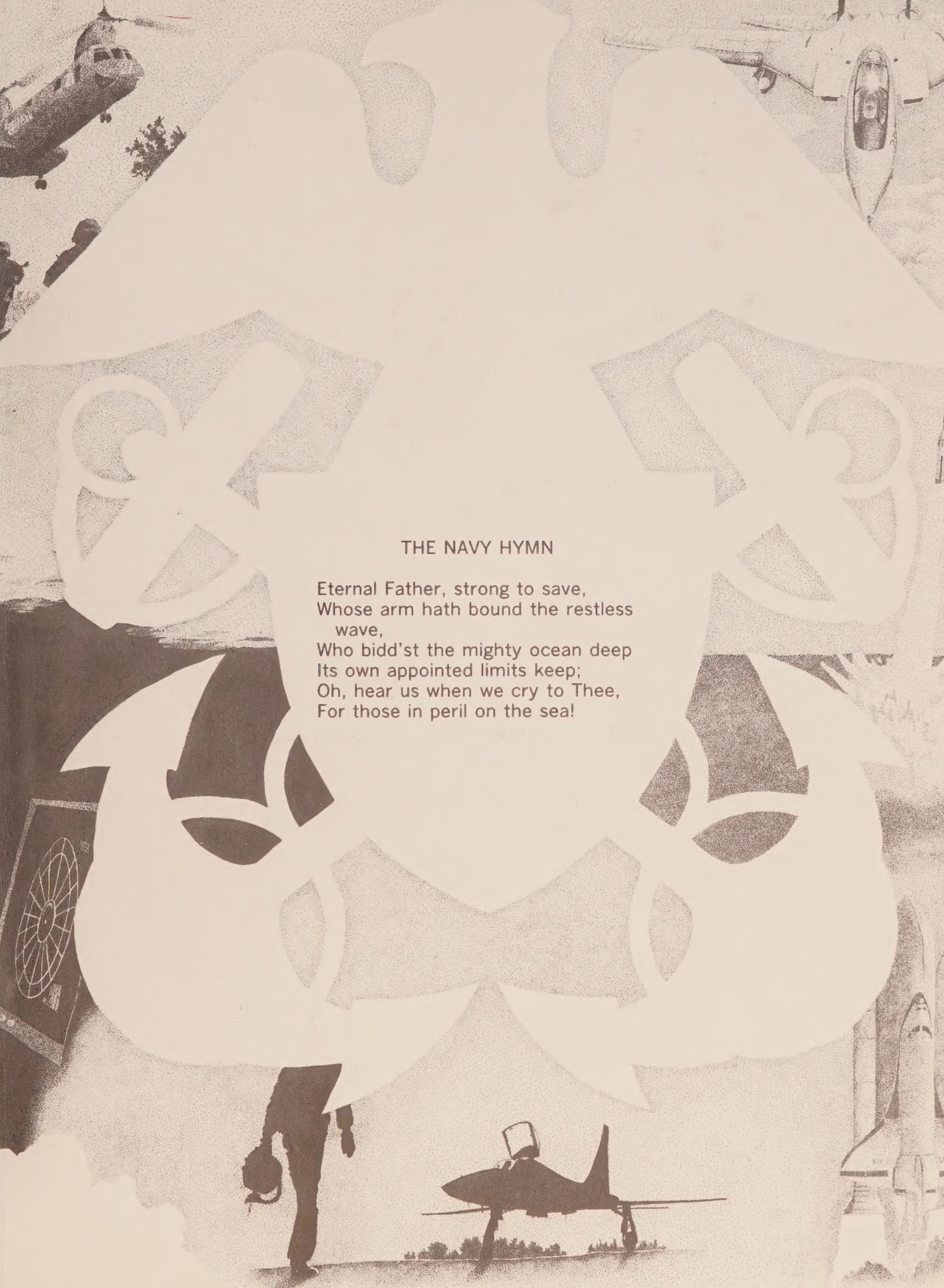
1983

LUCKY BAG

Archives, U.S. Naval Academy



THE NAVY HYMN

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

THE LUCKY BAG
1983

Presented By The Class Of 1983
To

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

William C. Stacia, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief

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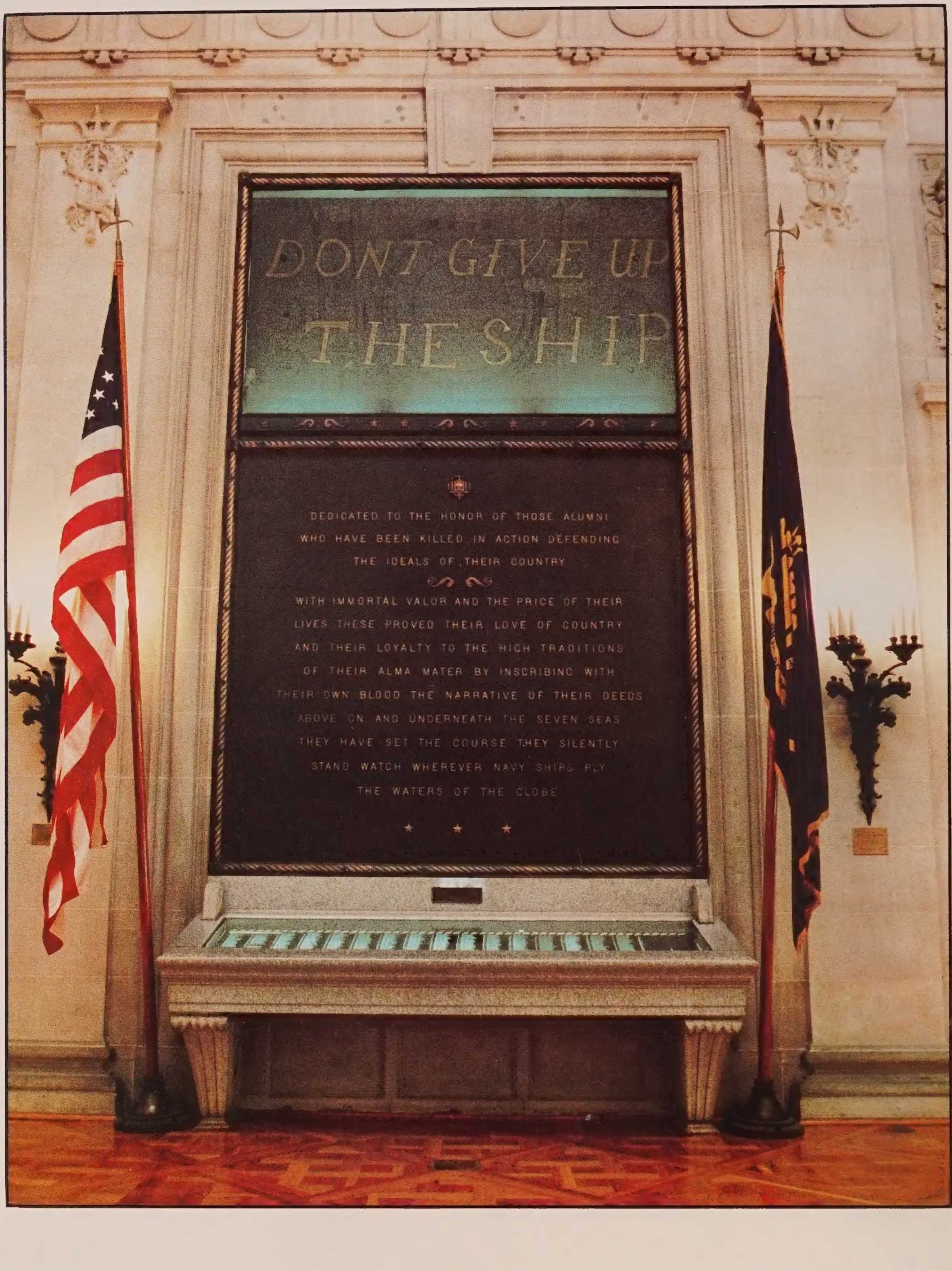
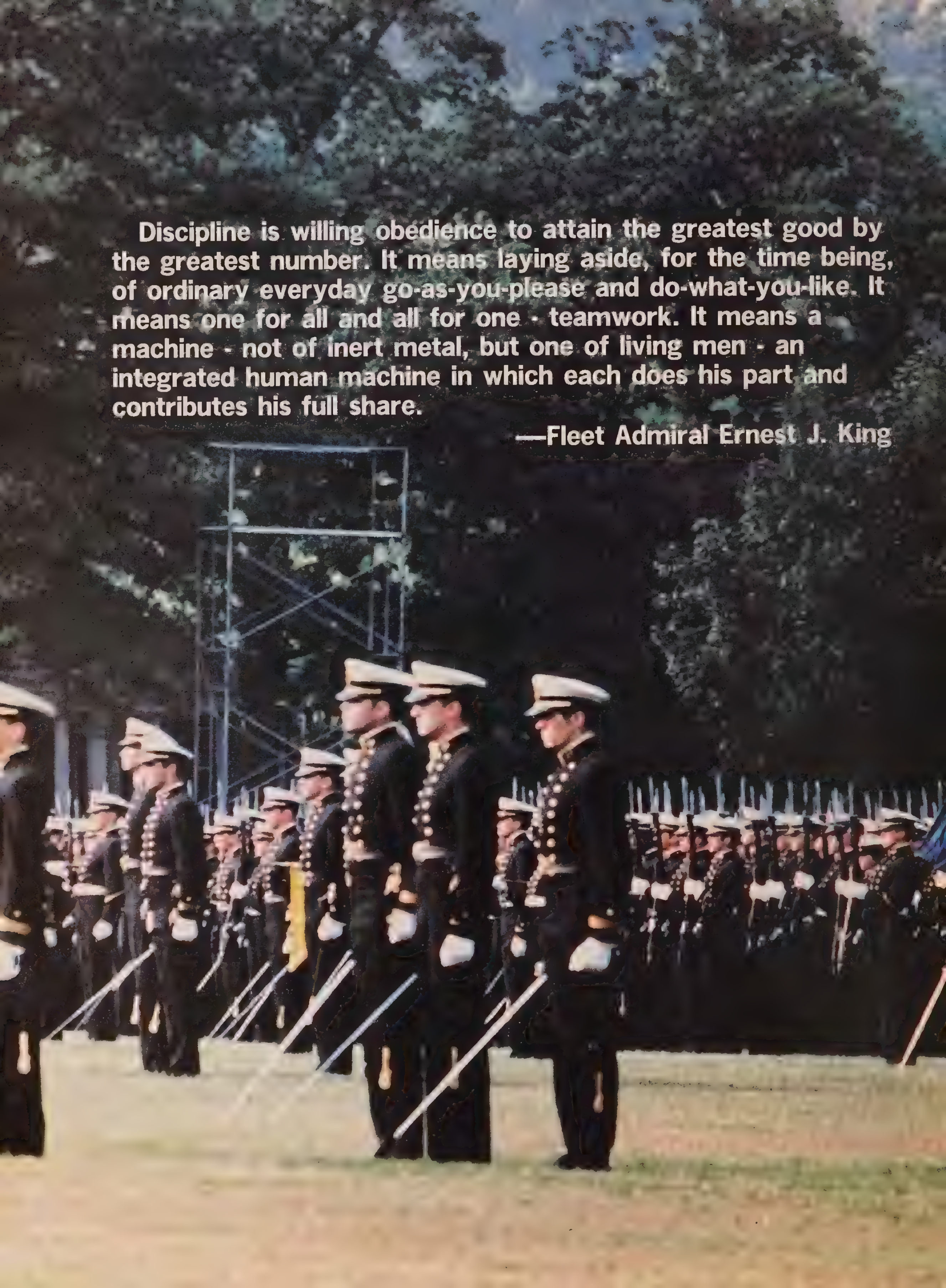

DONT GIVE UP
THE SHIP
DEDICATED TO THE HONOR OF THOSE ALUMNI
WHO HAVE BEEN KILLED IN ACTION DEFENDING
THE IDEALS OF THEIR COUNTRY
WITH IMMORTAL VALOR AND THE PRICE OF THEIR
LIVES THESE PROVED THEIR LOVE OF COUNTRY
AND THEIR LOYALTY TO THE HIGH TRADITIONS
OF THEIR ALMA MATER BY INSCRIBING WITH
THEIR OWN BLOOD THE NARRATIVE OF THEIR DEEDS
ABOVE ON AND UNDERNEATH THE SEVEN SEAS
THEY HAVE SET THE COURSE THEY SILENTLY
STAND WATCH WHEREVER NAVY SHIPS PLY
THE WATERS OF THE GLOBE

Sign On, Young Man, And Sail With Me. The Stature Of Our Homeland Is No More Than The Measure Of Ourselves. Our Job Is To Keep Her Free. Our Will Is To Keep The Torch of Freedom Burning For All. To This Solemn Purpose We Call On The Young, The Brave And The Strong, And The Free. Heed My Call. Come To The Sea. Come Sail With Me. - John Paul Jones

They That Go Down To The Sea In Ships, And Occupy Their Business In Great Waters; These Men See The Works Of The Lord, And His Wonders In The Deep.

- Psalm 107

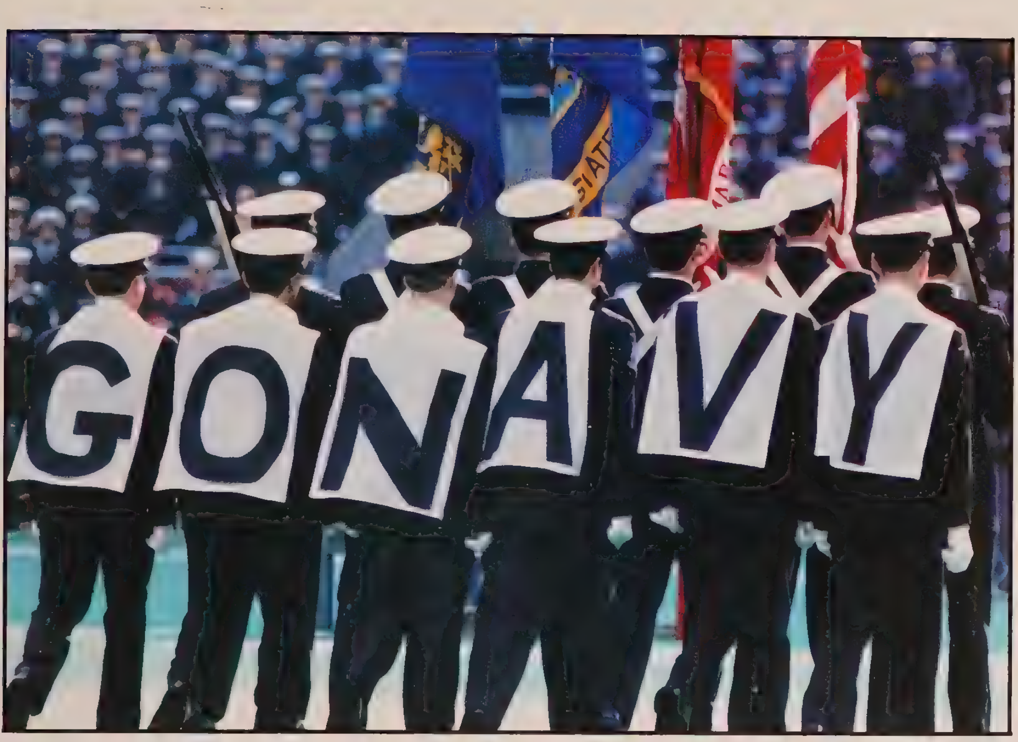
NAS



Discipline is willing obedience to attain the greatest good by the greatest number. It means laying aside, for the time being, of ordinary everyday go-as-you-please and do-what-you-like. It means one for all and all for one - teamwork. It means a machine - not of inert metal, but one of living men - an integrated human machine in which each does his part and contributes his full share.

—Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King

19
21

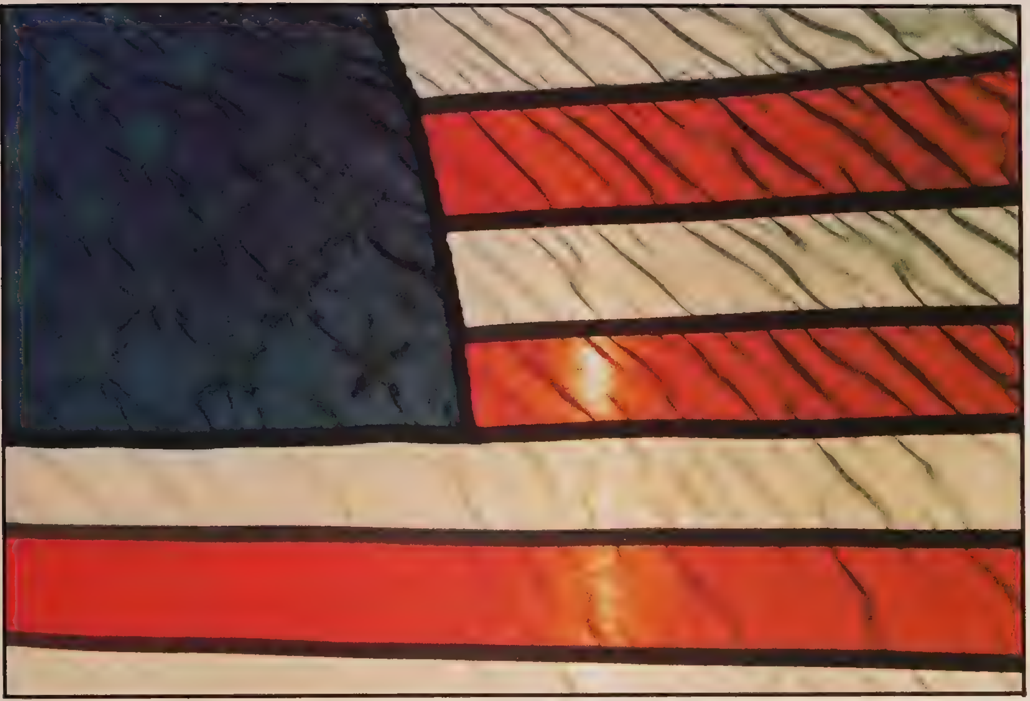


Let every nation know,
whether it wishes us well or ill,
that we shall pay any price,
bear any burden, meet any
hardship, support any friend,
oppose any foe, to assure the
survival and success of liberty.
— President John F. Kennedy

BEND OVER ARMY
BEAT ARMY
ARMY vs NAVY
HMM
GO NAVY
NAVY
STAND IN STYLE
N
9TH COMPANY!
AAHHH
A

Stand Navy Down The Field, Sails Set To The Sky, We'll Never Change Our Course So Army You Steer Shy. Roll Up The Score Navy, Anchors Aweigh! Sail Navy Down The Field And Sink The Army, Sink The Army Gray!

ETERNAL FATHER
STRONG TO SAVE



The Colors must never be struck.
— Lieutenant W.W. Burrows, Jr. USN

While dying aboard his ship *USS Enterprise*, during the action in which she took *HMS Boxer*, 5 September 1813.

It Cannot Be Too Often Repeated That In Modern War, And Especially In Modern Naval War, The Chief Factor In Achieving Triumph Is What Has Been Done In The Way Of Thorough Preparation And Training Before The Beginning Of War. -

Theodore Roosevelt

HOLD THE TRADITIONS WHICH YE HAVE BEEN TAUGHT.

2 Thessalonians, 2, 15

CHAIN OF COMMAND

President Of The United States

RONALD W. REAGAN

Secretary Of Defense

HONORABLE CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

Secretary Of The Navy

HONORABLE JOHN F. LEHMAN

Chief Of Naval Operations

ADMIRAL JAMES T. WATKINS

Commandant Of The Marine Corps

GENERAL ROBERT H. BARROW

Superintendant

VICE ADMIRAL EDWARD C. WALLER III

Commandant Of Midshipmen

COMMODORE LEON A. EDNEY

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

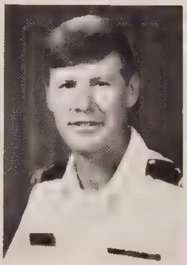
CAPT Cheaure   Deputy Commandant

MAJ Lasher   Executive Assistant to the Commandant

CAPT O'Donnell Senior Medical Officer

CAPT Taylor Head, Branch Dental Clinic

CDR Ellis



LT Ross

LT Shamburger

CAPT Witting Senior Chaplain

CHAPLAIN STAFF

CDR FitzGerald

LT Gomulka

LCDR Kelly Asst Ops

LT Black Move/Sched

LT Kelley Midn Act

CDR Byrnes Operations

LCDR Beck Band Dir

LT Cellon First LT

MR Talley Music Dir

MRS Baysinger Social Dir

LCDR Poch Administration

Mrs. Parsons MIS

LCDR Ledvina Legal Adv

LCDR Donovan Midn Perf

LT Hall Conduct

ENS Harris Personnel

CAPT Erickson Supply

CDR Neeb Food Serv

LT Salcedo Asst FD Serv

LT Decker Financial Adv

LT Mower Disbursing

LCDR Herbert Midstore

LT Love Uniforms

HISTORY

U.S.N.A. HISTORY

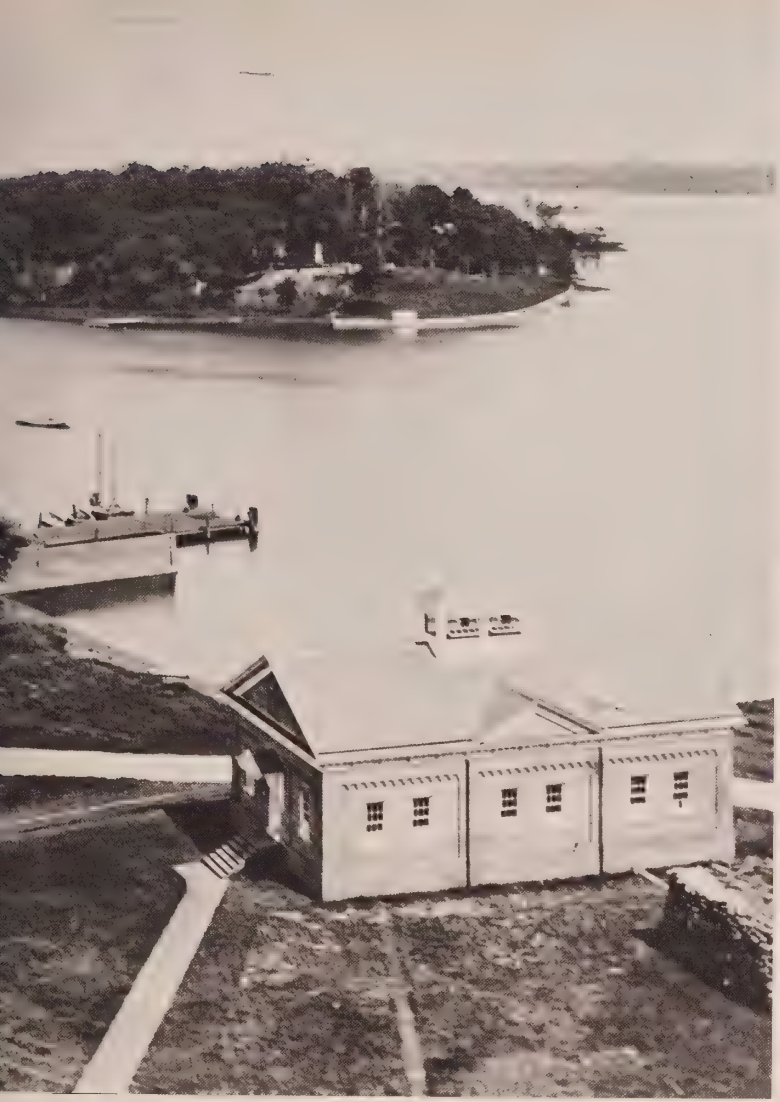
The United States Naval Academy has undergone many changes since Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft visited Fort Severn and established the Academy there on 15 August 1845. Commander Franklin Buchanan, Superintendent U. S. Naval Academy, declared the school open on 10 October 1845 with the admission of two classes: the oldsters, the classes of 1840 and 41 who were so called because of their six years experience in the Fleet, and the youngsters, the class of 1845.

Discipline at the Academy was strict. Original regulations stated that during assigned study times before classes midshipmen were not permitted to lounge or promenade around the grounds, but had to study in their rooms. No midshipman was permitted to leave the Yard without prior permission from the Superintendent or the Officer-in-Charge. Class accountability was very simple: professors were not allowed to excuse students for tardiness or absences, and anyone late or tardy for class was to be reported to the Superintendent. Books for these mandatory classes were provided at the midshipmen's expense, as were bedding and uniforms, when worn. Surprisingly, uniforms were not required, no military training was planned and musters, formations, and drill were non-existent.

Looking toward Strawberry Hill (Hospital Point) from the top of the "new building" (wher

The Yard, 1927.

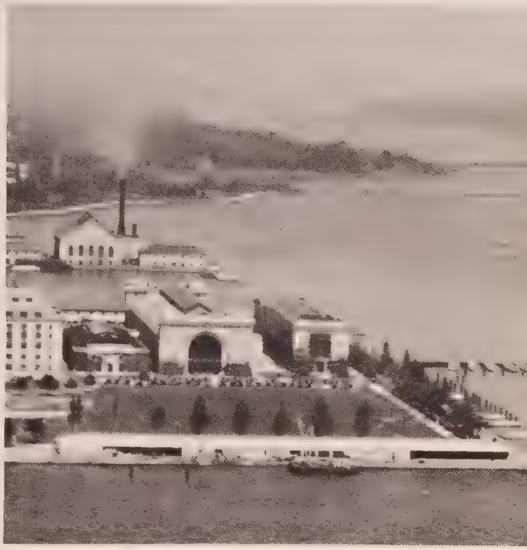
The Yard, 1940's.



ahan Hall is located), 1880.

1845-1920

It is very easy to see changes in the appearance of the Yard over the years. Notice how the shoreline of Hospital Point has been retained. The addition of Hubbard Hall in 1927 did not affect the shoreline of the creek, as can be seen in a comparison of these pictures. The Hospital was built in 1907, Norman Scott Natatorium was dedicated on 10 April 1924, Macdonough Hall (originally a boat house) was completed 7 March 1903. The first dance held in Macdonough Hall was on 22 February 1908, when the boat house was converted to a gymnasium. It was a formal card affair and no spectators were allowed to attend this evening clothes required event.



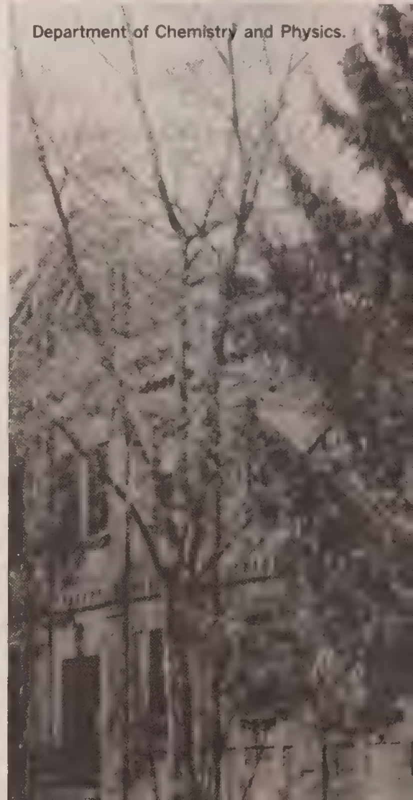
Norman Scott Natatorium, Macdonough Hall, Luce Hall, USNA Laundry, Hospital Point, 1940's.

Halligan Hall as barracks, 1919.

Unfortunately, in 1848 Professor Lockwood, a graduate of West Point, introduced drill to the Academy at the recommendation of the Academic Board. Even then the midshipmen refused to march in a military manner saying they were sailors, not soldiers.

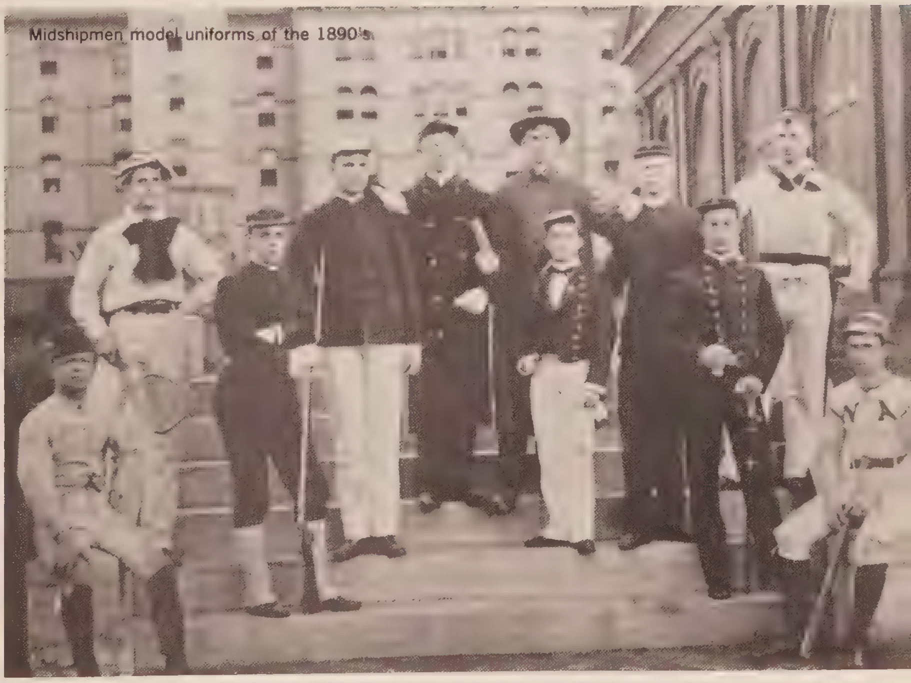
Midshipman at inspection, 1893.

Posting second class standing.



Department of Chemistry and Physics.

idshipmen determine the velocity of a shell from a field howitzer behind old armory, 1890's.



Midshipmen model uniforms of the 1890's.

Midshipmen at play, 1896.

The New Quarters, home of the Brigade

Sick quarters.

The Tripoli Monument in front of the New Quarters, 1903.

idshipmen, 1879.

The Tripoli Monument was removed from Washington, D.C. in 1860 and placed in the Yard. This monument commemorates six American officers who were killed in action during the war with Tripoli.

Another major event took place in 1860. Lieutenant Christopher R. P. Rodgers, USN, Commandant of the Naval Academy, decided that a sharp destinction should be made between the four classes of midshipmen at the Academy. Since this time first class have always reigned supreme in the Academy's midshipmen power structure.

On 27 April 1861 the Naval Academy was moved to Newport, Rhode Island because of the eruption of the Civil War. Maryland took a southern stand and some of its citizens even planned an attack on the Naval Academy, so to avoid the destruction of the Academy which had progressed since 1845, then superintendent George S. Blake, Captain, USN, decided to move the midshipmen aboard the Constitutution *to Fort Adams. On 27 April the steamer* Baltic *transported the officers, instructors, their families, the library and academic aparati. On 13 May Lieutenant Rodgers convened classes for the newly relocated Academy, which had arrived on 9 May.*

Battalion of midshipmen at the U. S. Naval Academy in Newport, Rhode Island, 1863.

Bancroft Hall and the Naval Academy Chapel were designed by Ernest Flagg. The first wings of the Hall, the third and fourth, were completed in 1905. The Chapel was dedicated in 1908, and an extension was added in 1940.

Midshipmen in Chemistry Lab, 1900's.

Unveiling of the Chapel Doors, 1909.

Commemoration of John Paul Jones, 1906.

Luckily for the Academy, which was severely overcrowded in Newport, Congress passed an act permitting the Naval Academy to return to Annapolis by October 1865. The Academy grounds had been inhabited by the Army, which abused it severely. The pictures on the following pages show the progress the Administrations have made in developing the grounds into the beautiful historic landmark which it is today.

But even though the grounds have progressed and changed, the midshipmen have not. They still drag their girls in the Yard, participate in sports, go to class, and of course, get in trouble with the conduct system. The following pages show an overview of midshipmen life throughout the Academy's existence, as well as the buildings, monuments, bridges and playing fields.

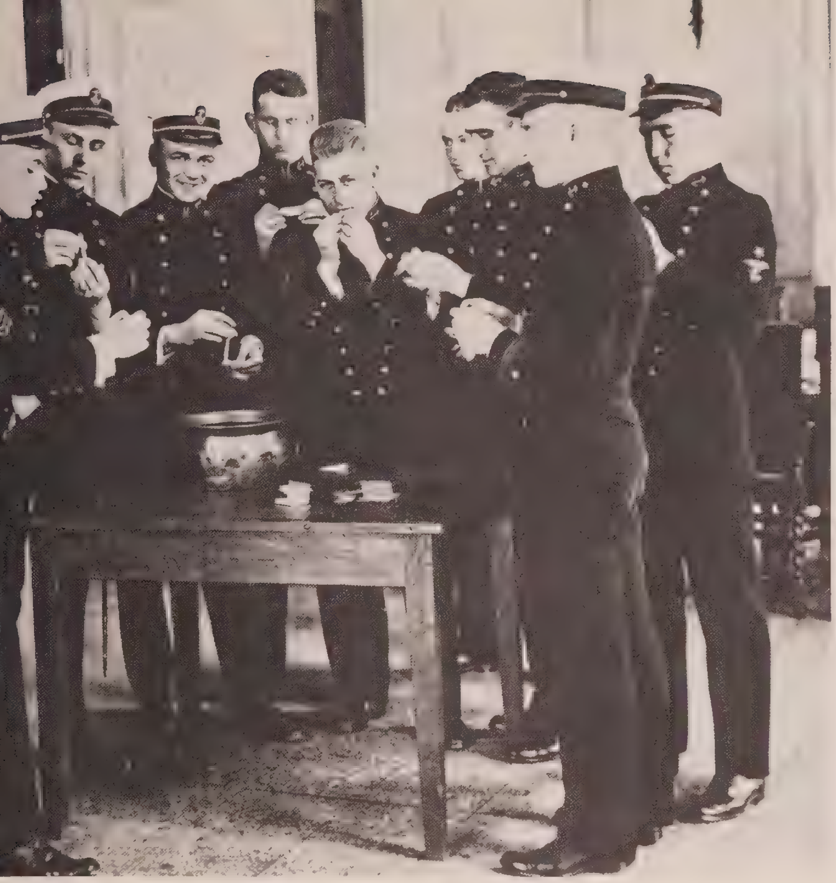
Caught oversleeping by the Officer of the Watch, 1900's.

The Academic Group, 1920.

Fifth Avenue, 1920.

Midshipman studying, 1925.

Midshipmen studying in the library in Mahan H



Midshipmen roll their own in Smoke Hall, 1920's.

1920-1929

Smoking was not always permitted at the Academy. On 2 December 1875 the Superintendent, C.R.P. Rodgers, Rear Admiral, USN, realized he could not enforce the no smoking regulation so he appointed a board to determine if smoking was as detrimental to midshipmen performance as believed by those in authority. He wrote:

> The Regulations of the Naval Academy prohibit the use of tobacco by the cadets, as a sanitary precaution, and as calculated to lessen their capacity for study. I am having much difficulty in enforcing this regulation, and if it be unnecessary I should be glad to know it. (Special Collection, Nimitz Library)

Therefore, we can imagine why these midshipmen are smiling.

The Academic Group, Sampson, Maury and Mahan Halls, was completed in 1907. Mahan was originally used as a library and an auditorium, today it is used as an auditorium only. Maury used to be the home of the "Liberal Arts" classes, but today it is used for Electrical Engineering and Naval Engineering classes while Sampson is the building which houses the English and History Divisions.

Platoon fire drill, 1920.

Midshipmen relax with a smoke, 1921.

The Yard, 1927.

Third wing red beach, 1920.

Both Dahlgren Hall and Macdonough Hall were completed on 7 March 1903. Dahlgren was originally used as an armory, but recent renovations have added the ice rink and the Drydock snack area. Today it is the home of the famous "Disco Dahlgren" informal dances, the Ring Dance, and numerous other social functions.

The new armory, Dahlgren Hall, 1920.

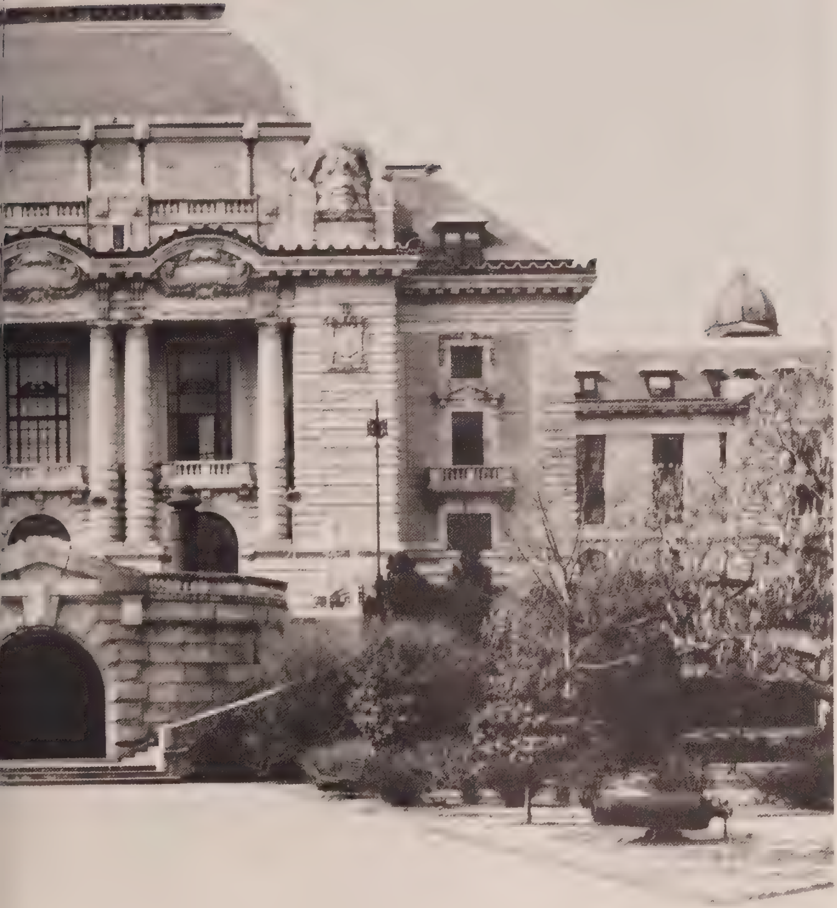
Shiphandling and tactics, 1920.

1930-1939

Isherwood Hall, behind the Academic Group, 1935.

Memorial Hall (notice the basketball courts on top of the wardroom).

The Academic Group.

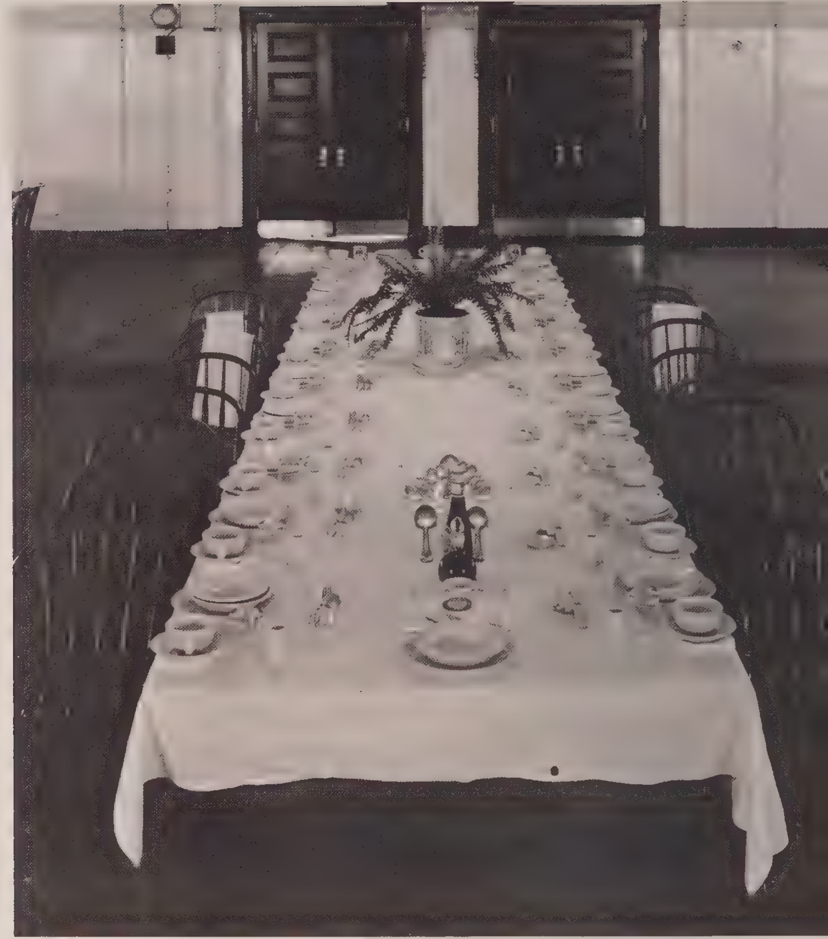


This is Bancroft Hall before the addition of seventh and eighth wings. Notice Smoke Park, the absence of Mitscher Hall, the boat house on the edge of Farragut Field and the condition of Farragut Field. Where Chauvenet and Michelson Halls now stand were water and tennis courts. Observe how close Santee Basin comes to the third wing terrace. The basketball courts above the wardroom are more visible in this picture.

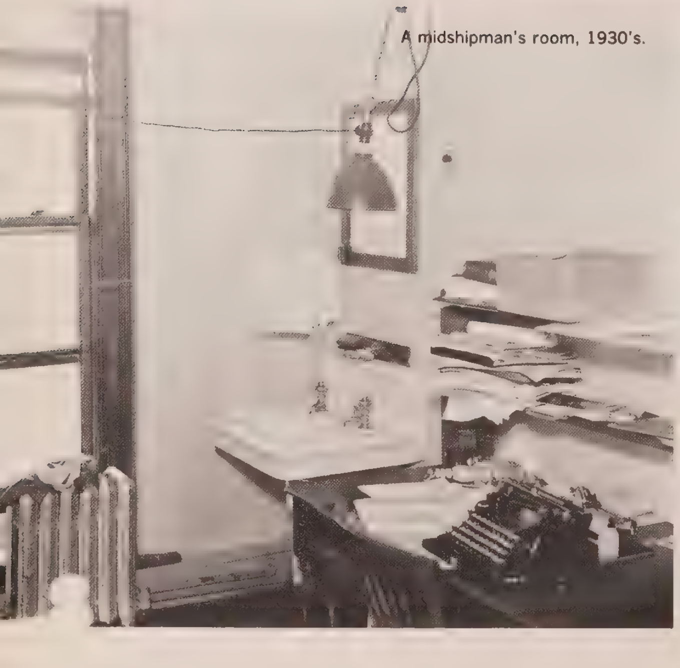
The Japanese Bell was added to the Yard's ornaments in 1858 when Commodore Matthew Perry's widow donated the bell given to Commodore Perry by the regent of the Ryukyu Islands during his expedition to Japan.

The Japanese Bell, 1935.

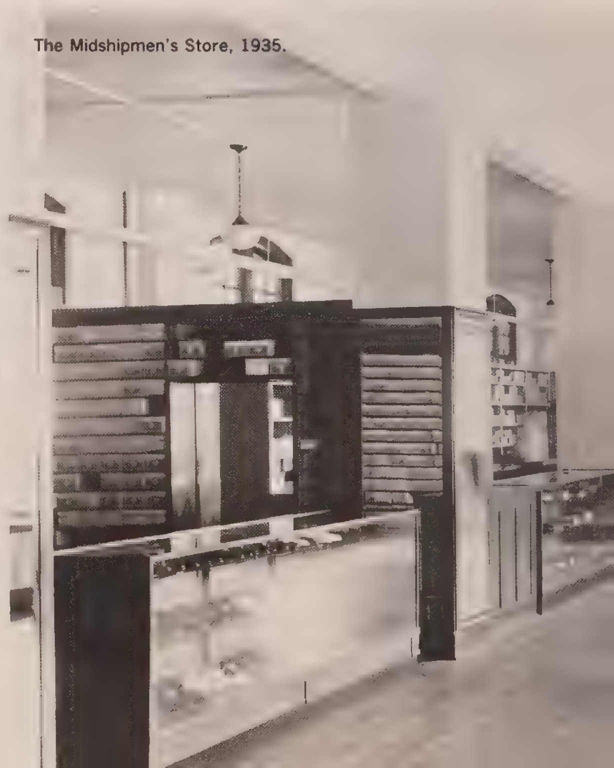
The Yard in the 1930's.



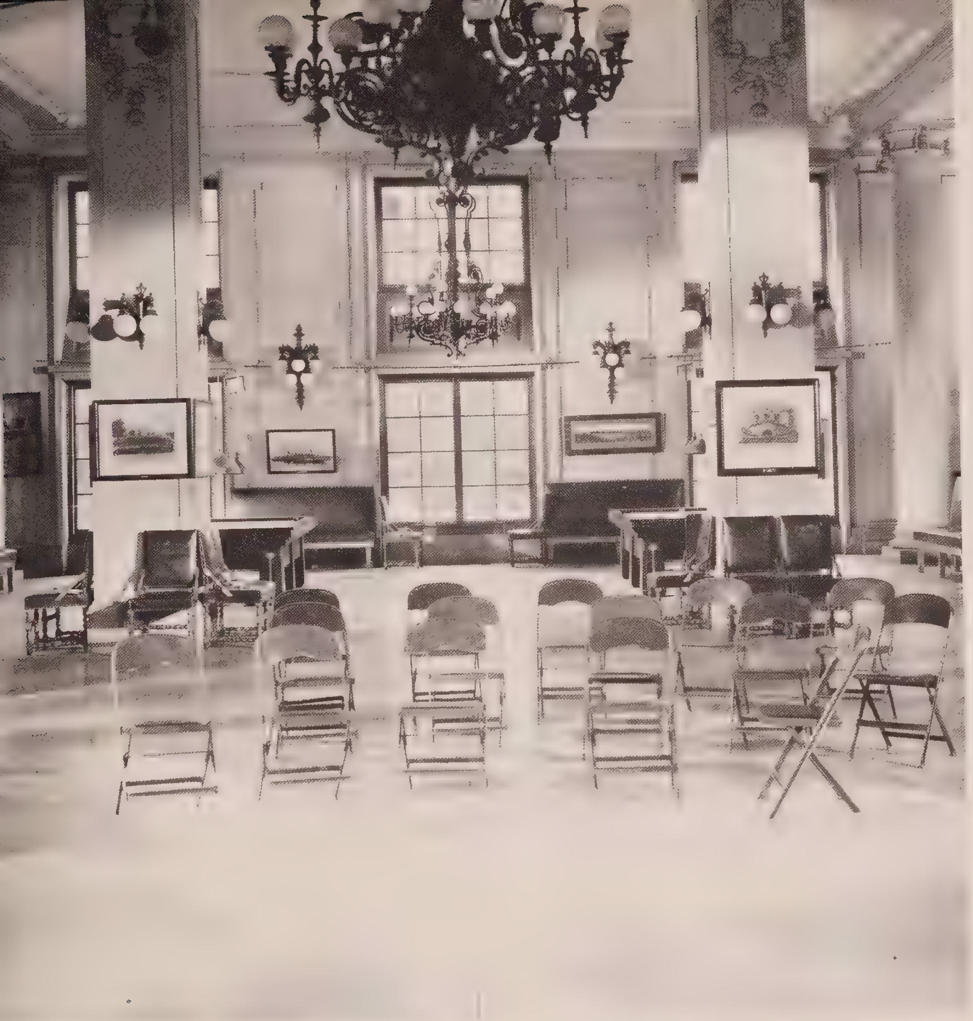
Standard arrangement of tables in the wardroom, 1933.



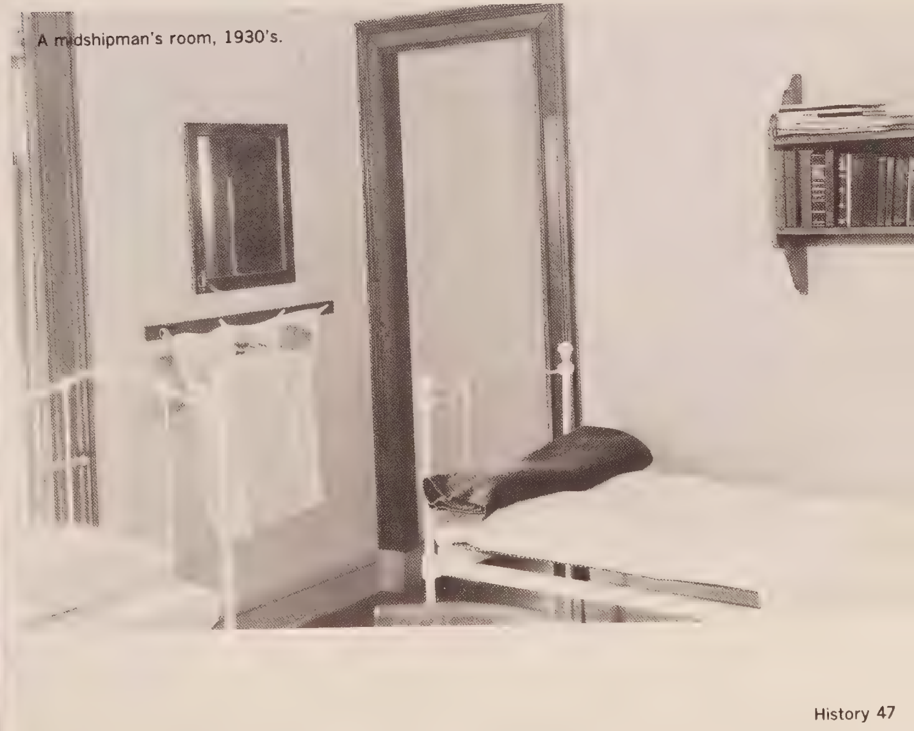
A midshipman's room, 1930's.



The Midshipmen's Store, 1935.



Smoke Hall, 1930's.



A midshipman's room, 1930's.

1940-1949

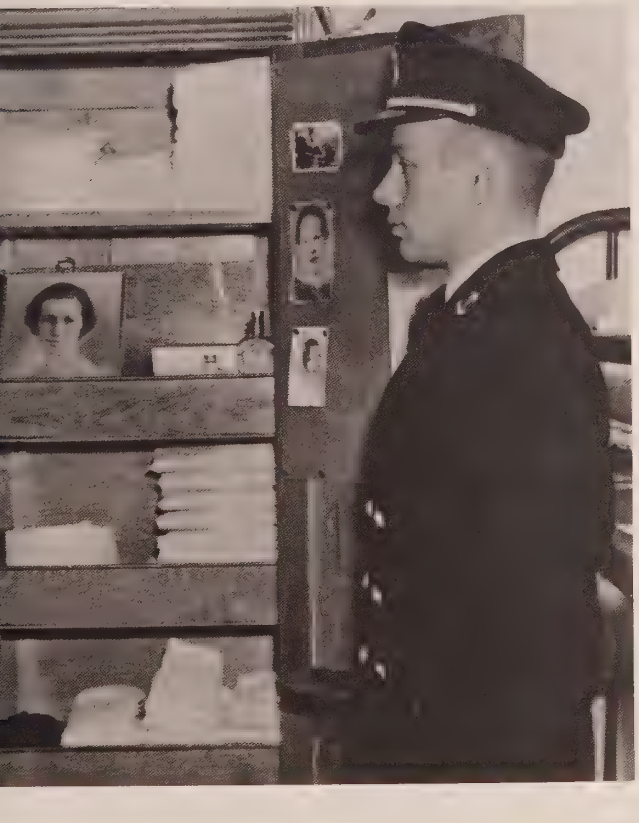
Soda fountain in "Mother B," 1940's.

Midshipmen celebrate the victory o

Luce Hall, completed in 1920, as seen in 1940.

The Hospital, 1935.

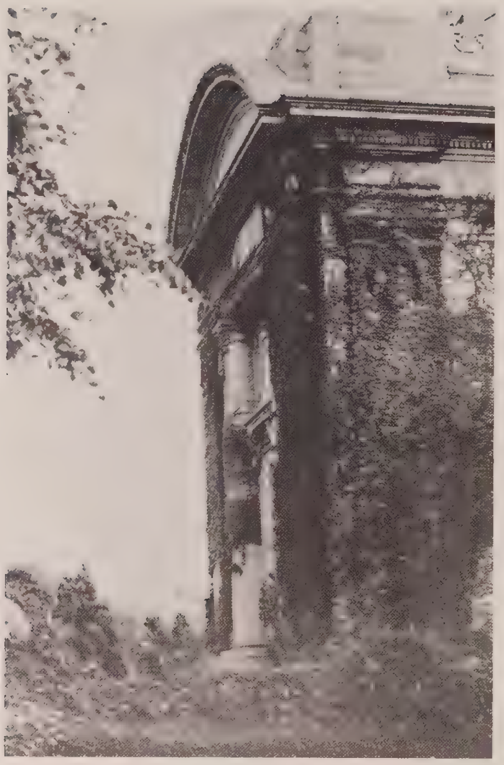
Japan, 14 August 1945.



R. JACOBS & SONS
NAVAL TAILORS

The Circle, 1945.

A midshipman displays his locker, 1940.



Chapel, 1935.

Midshipmen march to class, 1948.

Midshipmen sailing for the afternoon, 1945.

GREYHOUND
BUS
NTRA

Waiting for a bus, 1940's.

Midshipmen studying, 1945.

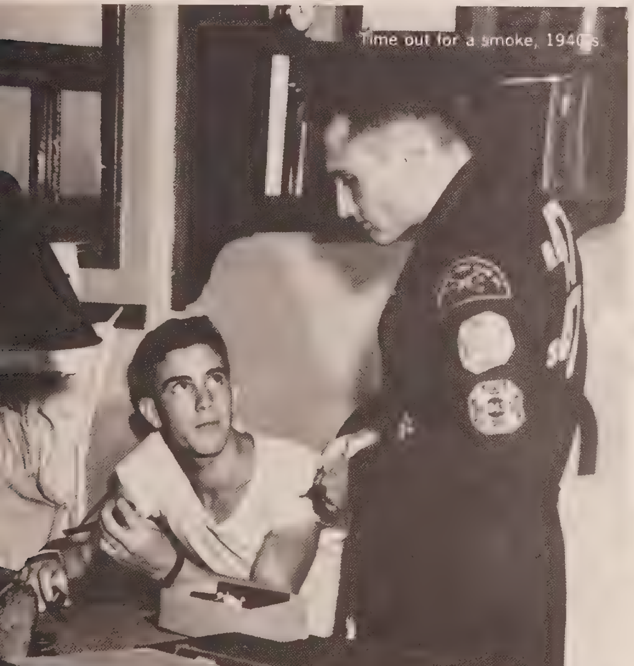
The Brigade spellout at the Notre Dame game, 1935.

The 2200 member Brigade of Midshipmen dining

Isherwood Hall before its demolition, 1940.

Midshipmen mounting Tecumseh during a pep rally.

the wardroom in 1940.



Time out for a smoke, 1940's.

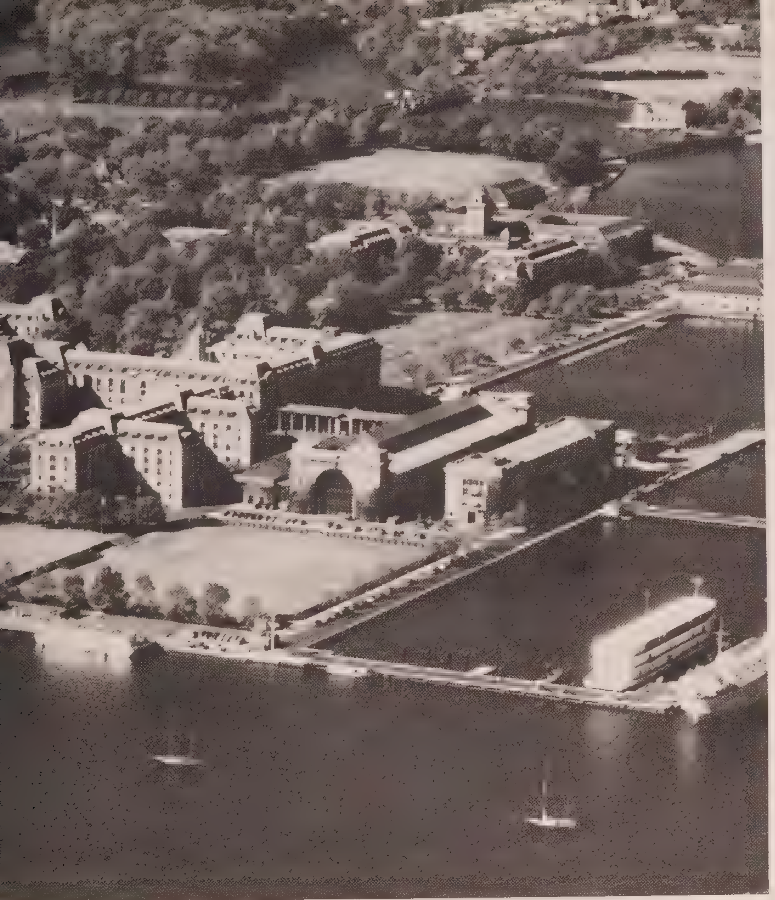
The Army mule burns at a 1939 "Beat Army" pep rally.

Stripers prepare for formation, 1940.

View of the Yard, 1952.

Snake dance around Tecumseh.

Memorial Hall, 1956.



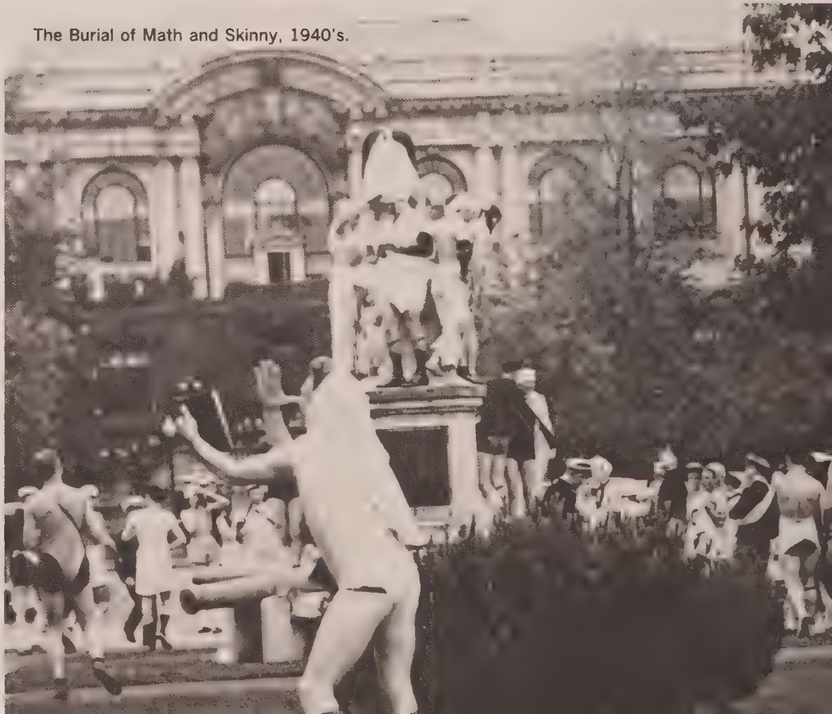
Third wing terrace and Santee Basin prior to the landfill, 1953

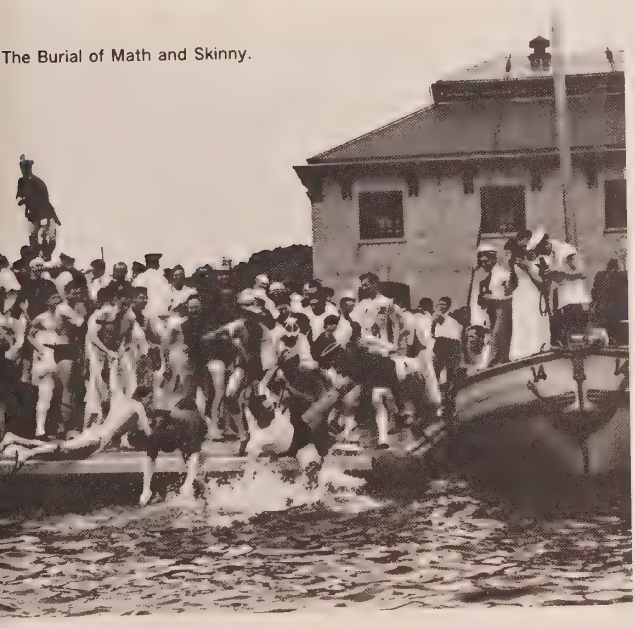
Midshipmen studying, 1940's.

Aerial view of the Yard, 1945

The ritual of burying Math and Skinny used to occur after each class completed their mathematics, chemistry, physics, and electricity courses. The science courses received the name "skinny" back in 1859 when Professor A.W. Smith, a very skinny man, was appointed Head of the Department of Physics and Chemistry. Throughout many of the Lucky Bags of old are references to skinny and the midshipmen's hatred of this course or courses.

The Burial of Math and Skinny, 1940's.





The Burial of Math and Skinny.

The Circle Theater, 1945.

C
RED SKELTON
E POWELL
SHIP AHOY

The 1950's saw midshipmen participating in a variety of activities. The Brigade, as a unit, traveled more in those days. Not only was the Army game a mass movement, the Brigade also went to New York City to watch Navy battle Columbia on the gridiron. George Welsh, later Navy Head Coach, was selected All-American quarterback during those years.

Liberty was scarce in the 50's. Presidential Inaugural Parades took the Brigade to Washington to march in the grand processions. As soon as the ceremony was over, however, the busses would be loaded and the mids driven back to Annapolis.

The Hall was a different environment for the mid but a plebe's life was difficult as always. Dreaded garters had to be worn with their socks. Each morning before sunrise, they had to close the firstclass windows to make it comfortable for them when they awoke. Since hazing was permitted, come-arounds were often physical as well as mental exercises.

All classes followed a general engineering curriculum, but foreign language requirements were fulfilled by one's own preference. Hands-on training in naval weaponry consumed a large amount of time, and for first class, aviation indoctrination occurred regularly in seaplanes on the Chespeake Bay. Fortunately, for the firsties, *three weekends a semester* were granted for recovery from the routine!

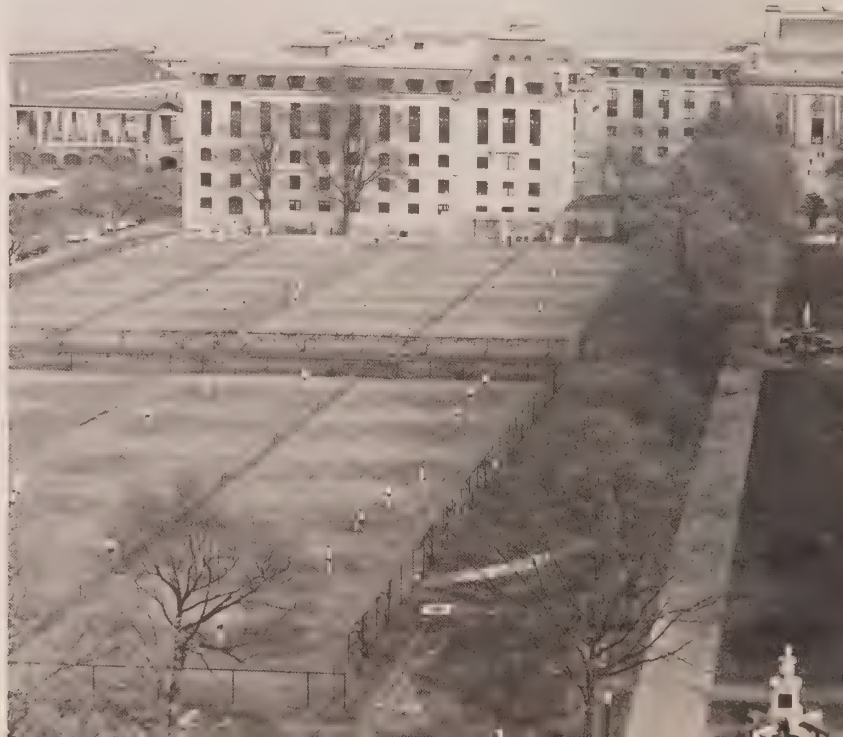
As each year ended, graduation ceremonies were completed in Dahlgren Hall. As soon as the caps were tossed in the air, the plebes raced to Herndon and scaled it in their Service Dress Whites . . . and so it began all over again.

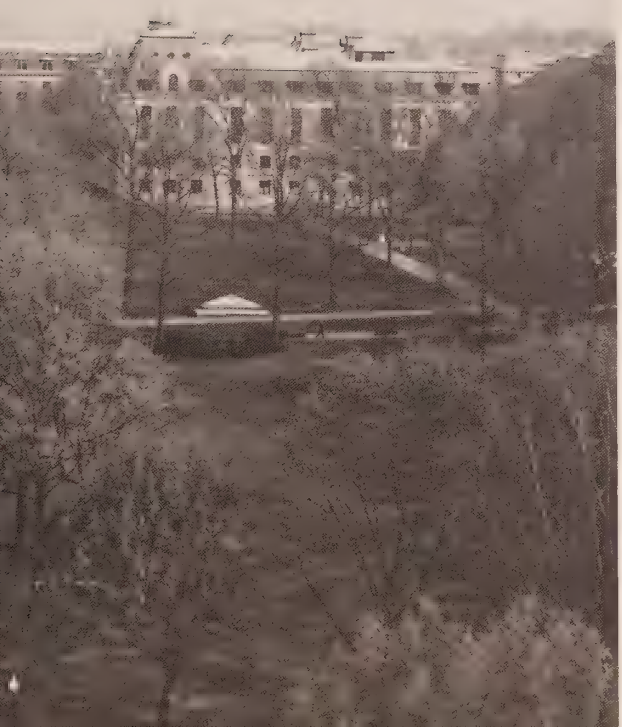
Midshipmen staff paces through another formation.

Ivy embraces Mother B., circa 1951.

1950-1959

Tennis courts flanked Bancroft Hall in 1957. The courts of competition were later replaced by academically oriented Michelson and Chauvenet Halls.





Plebes flash mixed emotions as eyes roam "out of the boat." Plebe Summer 1957

1960-1969

The decade of the 60's brought many changes to the Yard. The Brigade expanded from twenty-four companies to thirty-six when the seventh and eighth wings were completed. Bancroft Hall was entirely renovated. Work on Michelson and Chauvenet Halls was also begun, replacing the tennis courts that had flanked Stribling Walk. New YP's were bought for seamanship classes, and the battery of naval guns began to disappear from the seawall.

The gravity of Vietnam circulated through the halls of Bancroft. Daily, MIA and KIA notices were read at the Anchor in remembrance of those who had recently filled the ranks of the Brigade. The fast paced lifestyle did not slow, however, and June Week came and passed for many classes. Plebes began climbing Herndon before Graduation and first class took the first dip in the now filled-in Reflection Pool. By the end of the decade, the classes were graduating at the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium.

Drum and Bugle Corps count cadence for midshipmen marching. 1963 T-court formation looks surprisingly contemporary.

Plebe Summer haircut crowns midshipman-to-be. Some things never change.

Land reclamation and improvements continue in the Yard. Tradition honored Reflection Pool nears completion.

Armed with laundry markers, Plebes battle with onslaught of new gear.

Mid's minds grasp knowledge. Mahan served as library in early seventies.

1970-1979

Drag sports popular style of the decade while second classman models traditional look.

The 1970's saw change in the Yard's appearance and in the very core of the Brigade. New construction included the erection of both the Nimitz Library and Rickover Hall, which replaced the demolished laundry and power plant. Both Nimitz and Rickover Hall, contrary to popular belief, did not begin yearly sinkage into the mud of the Severn, but merely settled slightly after completion of construction.

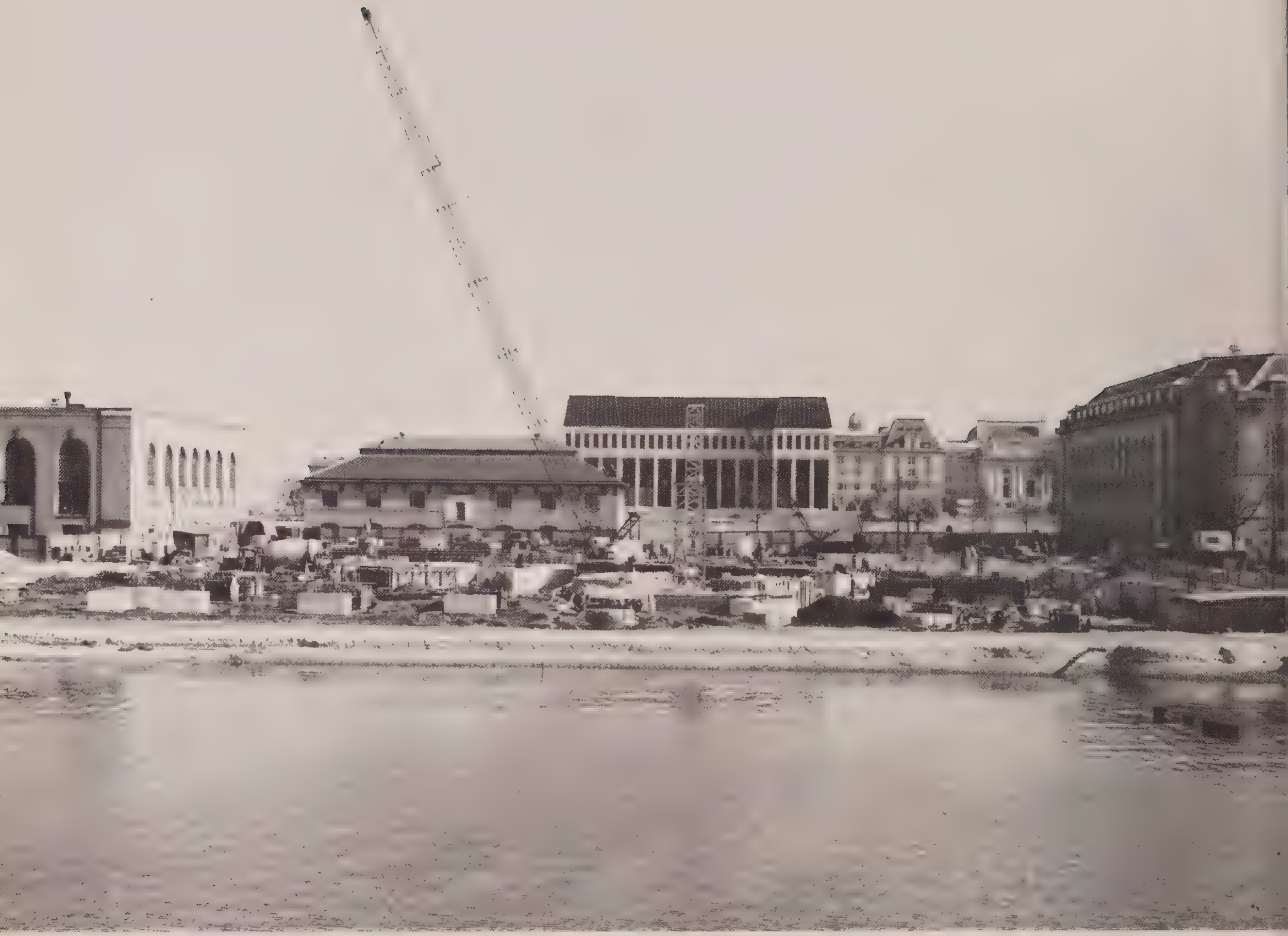
Academics took a tremendous step forward when the Majors Program was accredited at the Academy. Stress was put on academics, and the push has been instrumental in Brigade lifestyle ever since.

The introduction of women in 1976 also played a key role in Academy transition. Life in the Hall changed tempo as traditional plebe indoctrination methods changed direction. Midshipmen activities in Company areas were also refined. This influx combined with the push for superior academic achievement was truly a sign of the Academy's modernization.

Plebes and new-found acquaintances discover one another at an original TEA Fight.

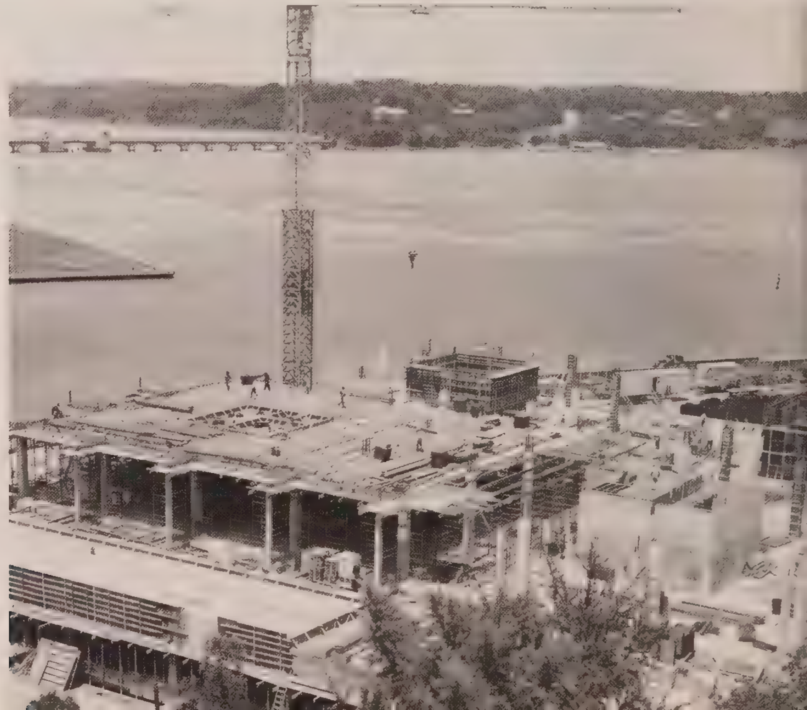
Loyal supporters flash famous words.

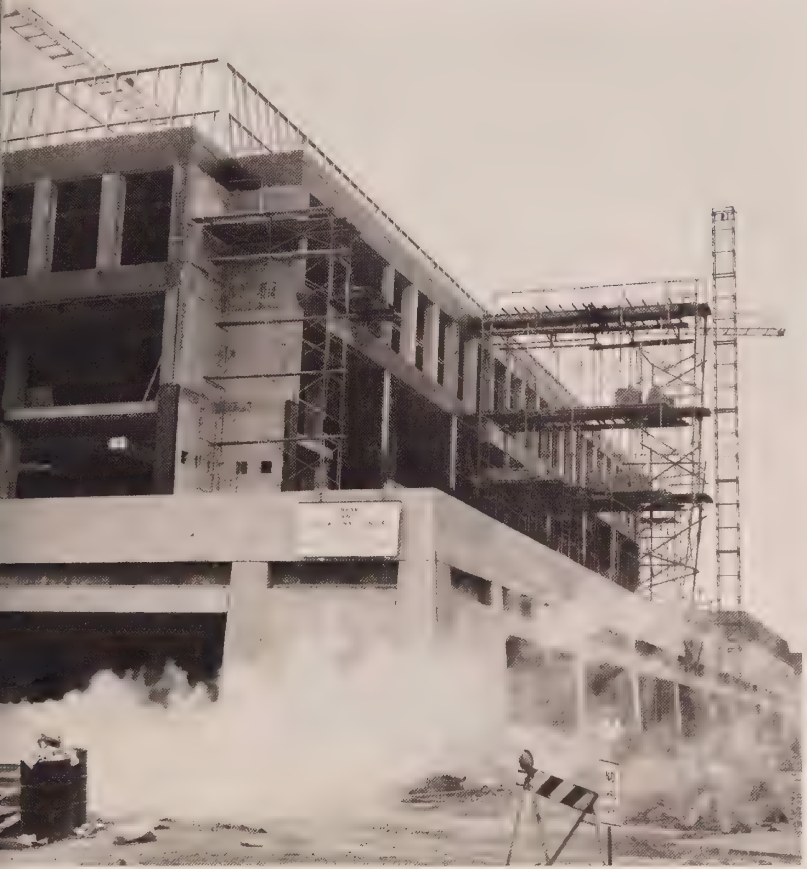
Firstie boasts his most prized possessions.



Foundation work begins on Nimitz. Part of power plant is visible on the left. Mar. 71

Skeleton takes shape. Jun. 71

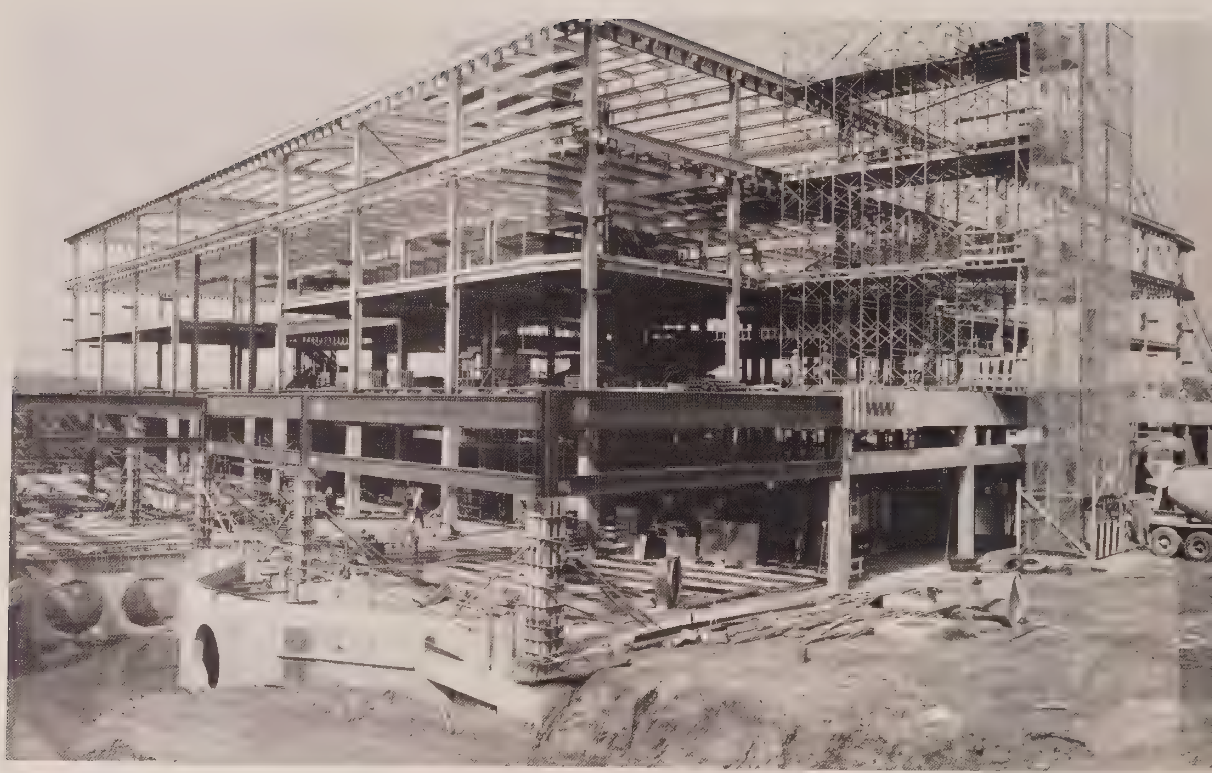




Nimitz nearing completion. Oct. 71

Firstie selects choice from thousands of volumes.

The final stages are nearly completed- a great memorial to our Navy's finest. Aug. 72



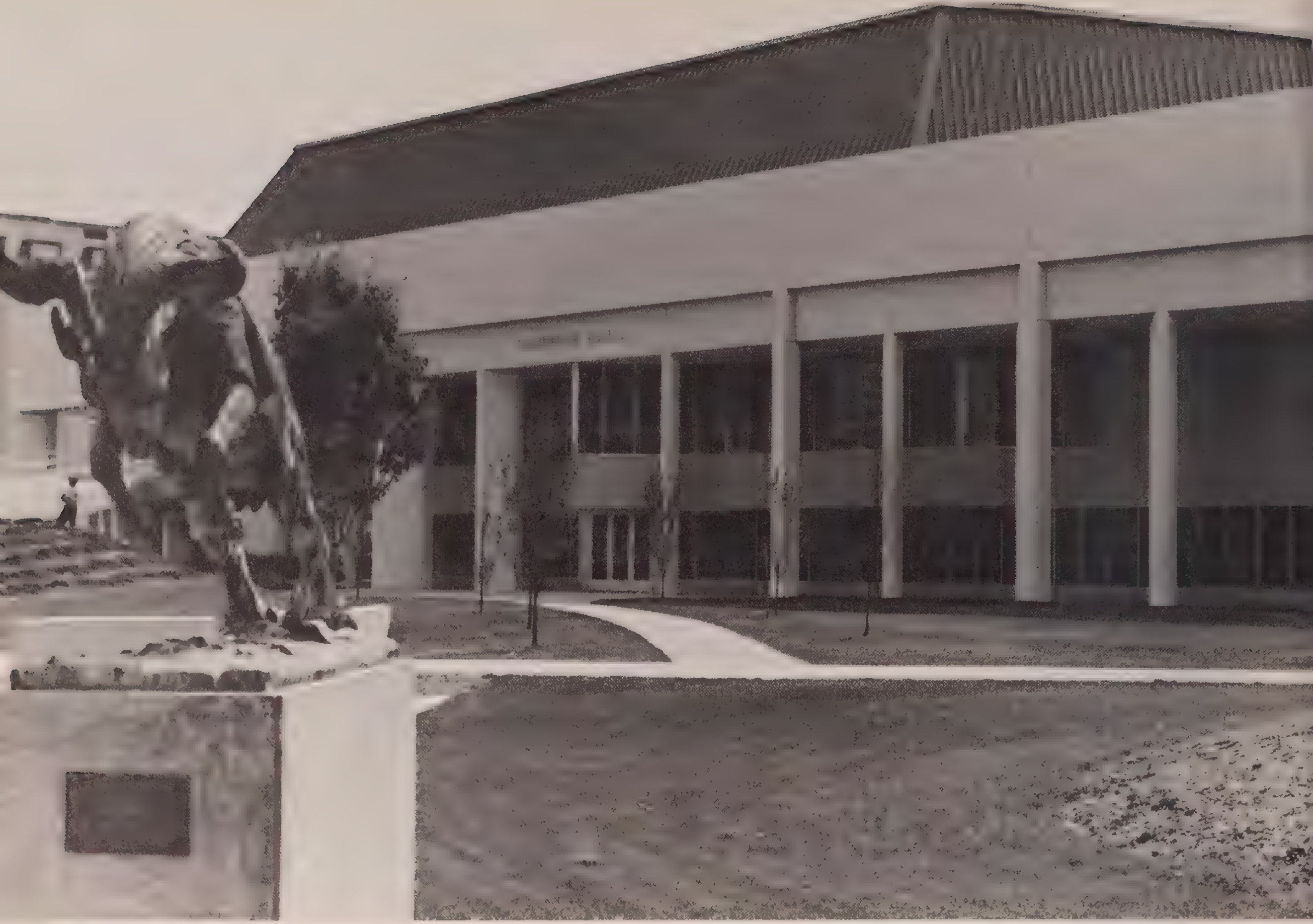
Steel girder forms frame for Rickover Hall. Oct. 73

Straight edge steadys isometric construction.

The structure nears completion. Aug. 74

Rickover Hall stands in present day splendor.

Labwork demanding complete concentration. Multiples of lab hours often are needed to satisfy only a few credits.



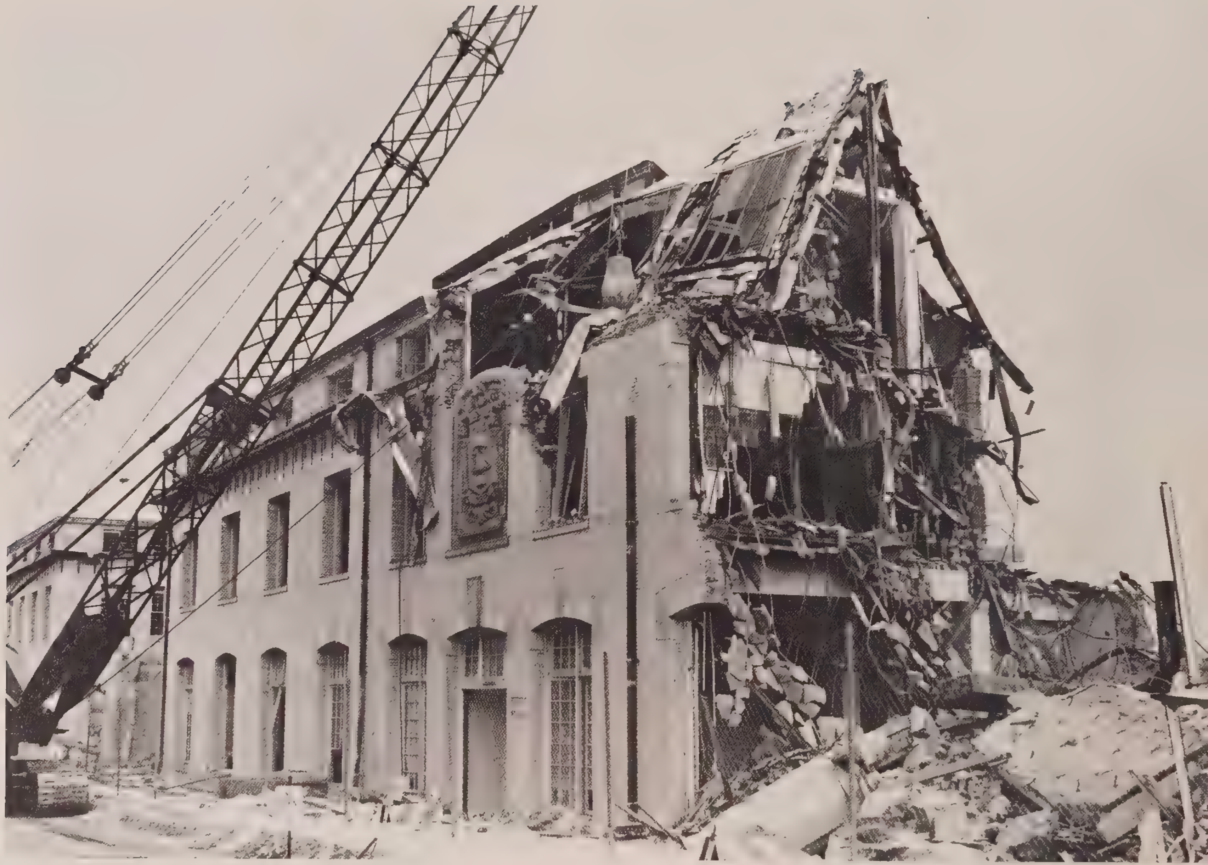
Completed natatorium, Lejeune Hall, shadows Navy goat.

1980-1983

Construction, once again, highlights the initial years of the 1980's. Old Thompson Field, past home of Navy football, was excavated in 1979 to make way for Navy's new natatorium, Lejeune Hall. The abandoned engineering complex, Isherwood Hall, was torn down, followed by the demolition of the unsound College Creek bridge. Within the Hall, the environment had changed just a bit since the late seventies. A reversal in the seemingly lax standards of the previous years brought tighter regulation to the Brigade, but amidst gripes and grumbles, the pace continued. Though the buildings and grounds in the Yard may change, life in the Brigade just seems to maintain a fairly straight course. With the passing of years, though, this too changes.

General Barrow and Vice Admiral Waller reflect on Lejeune Hall dedication plague.

Firstie gathers courage and takes final jump for Navy.



Isherwood complex bows to wrecking ball.

Barricaded bridge supports only occasional pedestrians.

Sign says it all.

Future course of bridge outlines straighter path.

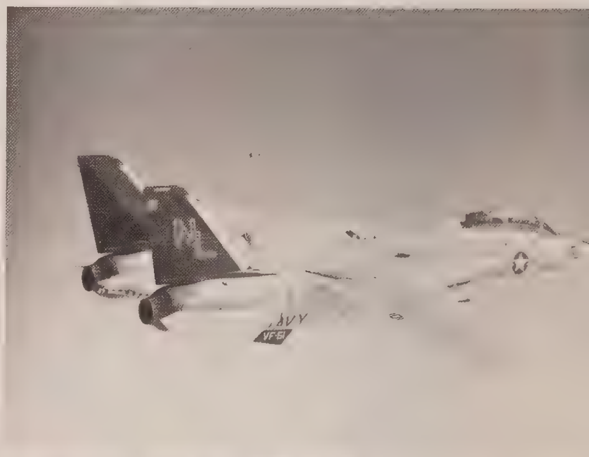
Crew shell maneuvers past crumbling structure.

THROUGH THE YEARS, NOT ALL TRAINING TOOK PLACE WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE YARD, FOR ONLY THE SEA CAN FULLY TEACH ONE. THUS, THE SUMMER CRUISE EVOLVED . . .

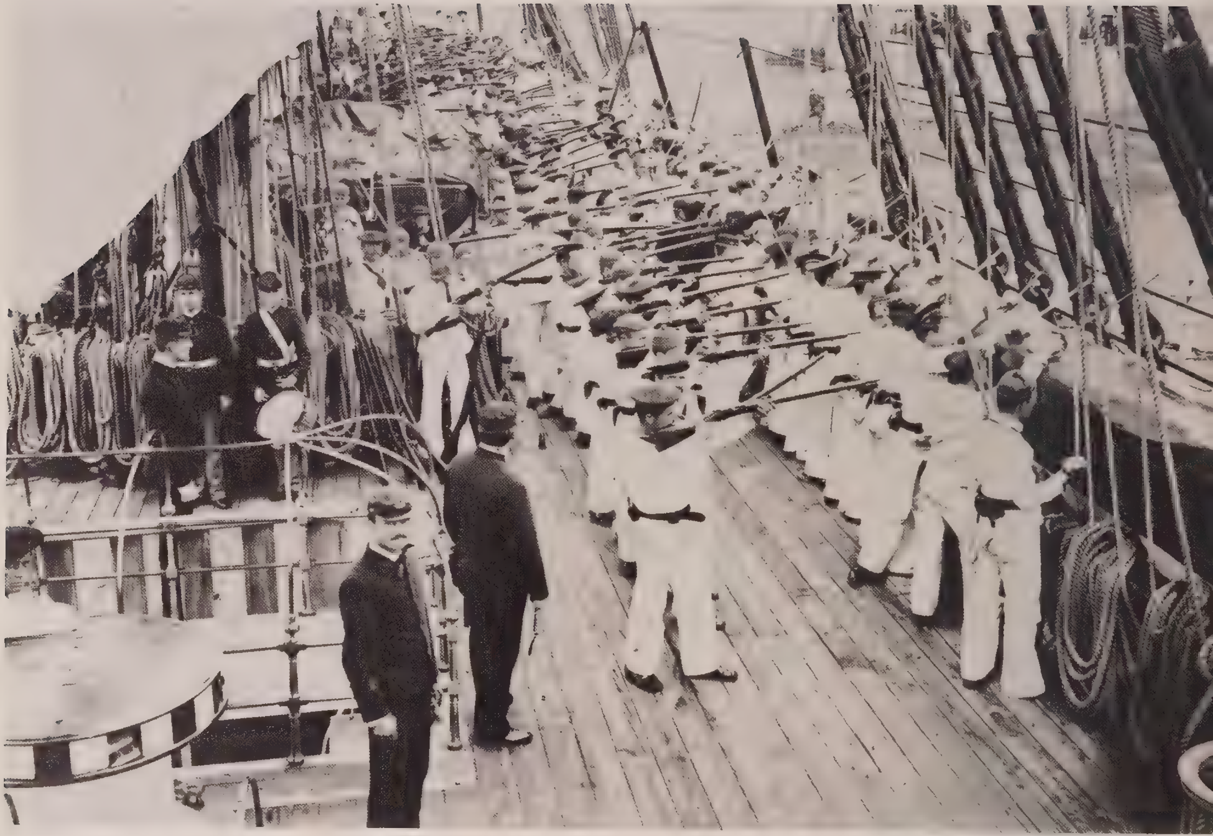
Though academics and professional instruction at the Academy play a major role in midshipman naval indoctrination, summer cruise has always added that something extra. Without time in the Fleet, all the diagrams, notes, and lectures in class would never really sink in. Since the founding of the Naval Academy, midshipmen have taken to the seas to practice these essentials. During the 19th century, this consisted of months aboard huge sailing ships. Cutlasses and pistols were carried to ward off imaginary boarders, while the cannons were primed and fired. This sailing warfare was the key training component of that era.

With the inception of steam power in the Navy, midshipmen began deploying on the large battleships of the early 1900's. At the end of the academic year, large ships like the *U.S.S. Missouri* would steam up the Bay and anchor off the Academy. Entire classes in white works would board liberty boats proceed out to the ships and report aboard, beginning a sixty day adventure. Though there were watches to stand, and work to be done, the cruises often took them all over the world, making it very worthwhile. Liberty was at its finest, and some mids were able to cross the equator, taking on "shellback" status.

As the years passed, cruises changed. Instead of ships coming to Annapolis, classes were flown all over the world to meet their hosts. Additionally, the duration of cruise shortened to its present day 4-6 week length. The shorter time on board, though, was offset by fewer mids per ship. With fewer numbers, the trainees often got greater individual attention. Better training, coupled with a tremendous variety of ship assignment opportunities, made the summer cruise a beneficial and challenging phase of midshipman training.



1890-1919



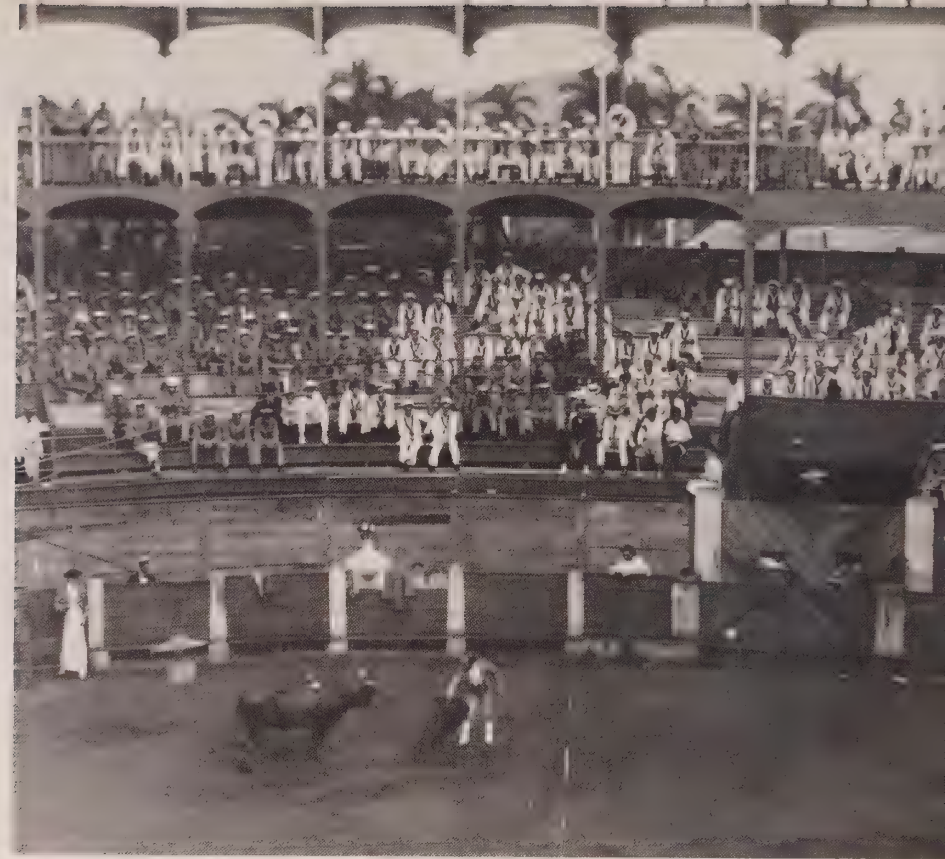
Mids make cutlasses and rifles ready for the "enemy." 1890

Midshipmen gun crew fires a broadside. 1889

"Trainees" exemplify hard-working nature. 1902

Onloading gear proves to be a major task. Steam/sailing ship awaits midshipmen. 1911

1920-1929



Bullfight intrigues second classmen on liberty. Panama City 1921

Youngsters make way home after liberty in New York City. 1920

Mids man the rail as President Coolidge passes aboard *U.S.S. Mayflower*. 1927

Waikiki surf provides haven for second class on liberty. 1921

Holystoning the wooden weatherdecks smoothes surface. Mids provide the strong arms as *U.S.S. Kansas* moves through Panama Canal locks. 1920

1930-1949

Youngsters stand haircut inspection. Note how enlisted are anticipating the results! *U.S.S. Wisconsin* 1942

Mids man the 40mm gun with the help of a Petty Officer. 1947

Another cruise shoves off. Jun 1939

Boiler room watches proved to be *hot* duty. 1948

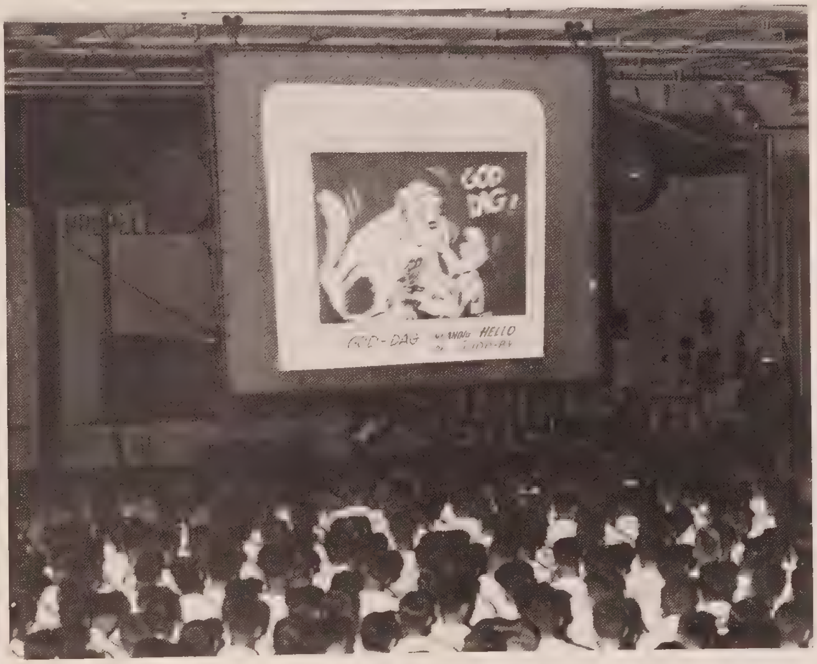
Muscles get workout on decks. 1939

Mids clog terrace behind Bancroft as they await their cruise. 1932

Seaman unravels knot tying mystery for mids. 1949

Catalina flying boat provides aviation indoctrination for these mids. 1945

CO of *U.S.S. Missouri* conducts Saturday morning inspection. 1948


GOD DAG!
GOD-DAG
HELLO

Swedish lessons prepare mids for Goteborg, Sweden liberty.

Mids man motor launches for trip out to battleships.

Mid gun crew aligns and fires 40mm guns. 1949

Sailor reviews rotors and motors. 1947

Holystoning hones sailor skills, smoothes decks. 1948

16 inch turrent provides helo pad on *U.S.S. Missouri.* 1948

Mids mark spirit with the help of holystone. 1948

1950-1959

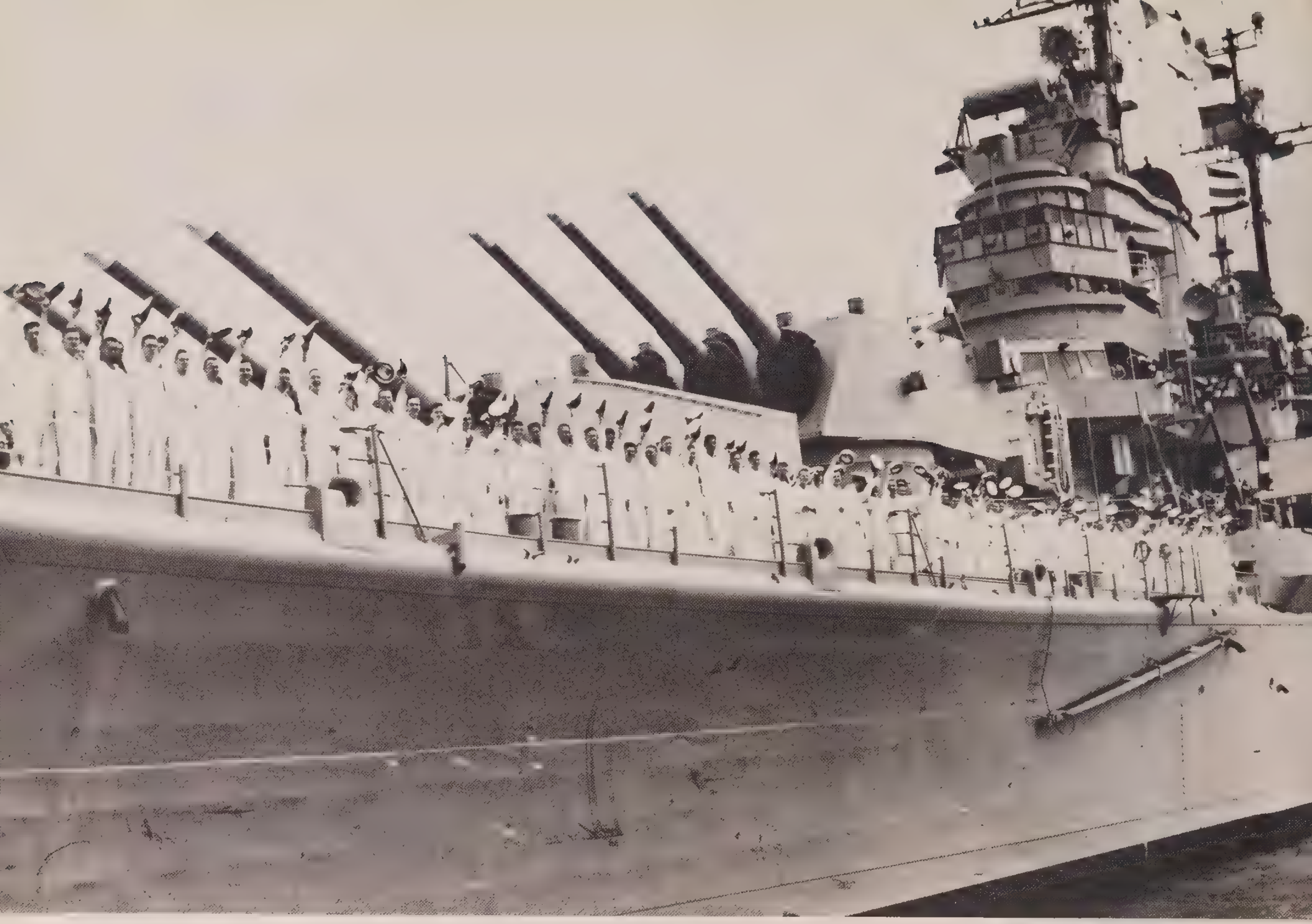
Mids scramble aboard, not to return for eight weeks. 1953

Paris provides interesting sights. 1951

Army cadet sights in 40mm with the help of Navy man. 1952

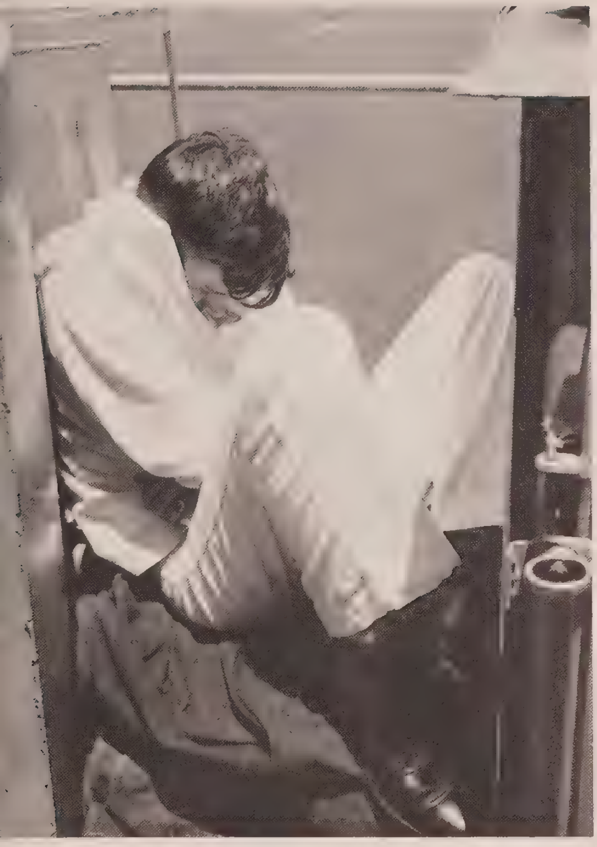
Cadets on indoctrination cruise see swabbing first hand. 1952

Mids and motor launches are dwarfed by *U.S.S. Missouri.* 1951

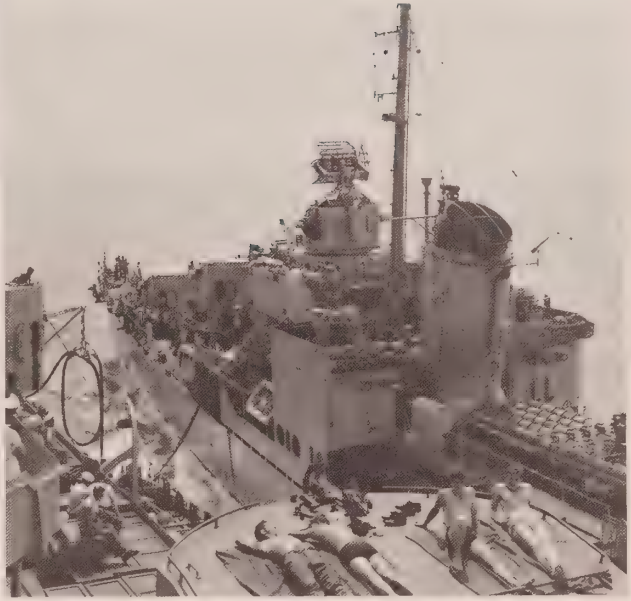


U.S.S. Macon and mids get underway. 1954

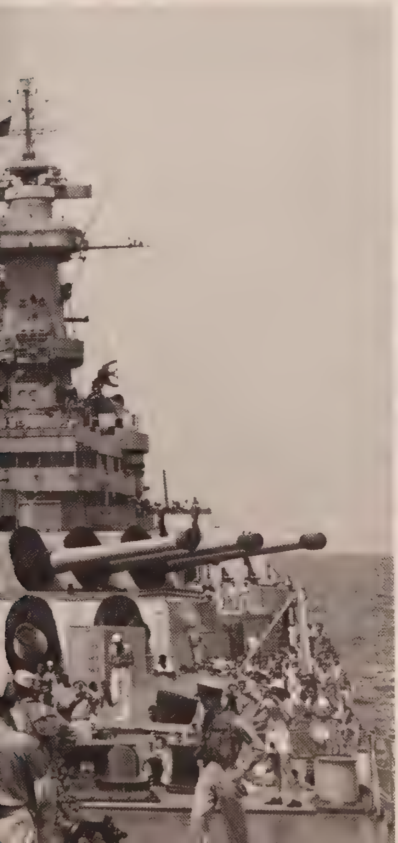
Welcome aboard- the hard way. 1956



Firstie poses in working posture.



Mids demonstrate working posture number two.



Destroyers make up near Luce while awaiting mids. 1956

Second class find comfort from Mother Nature on *U.S.S. Antietam*. 1957

PENSA COLA
90407
FORREST SHERMAN FIELD
WELCO
TO THE CRADLE of NAVA

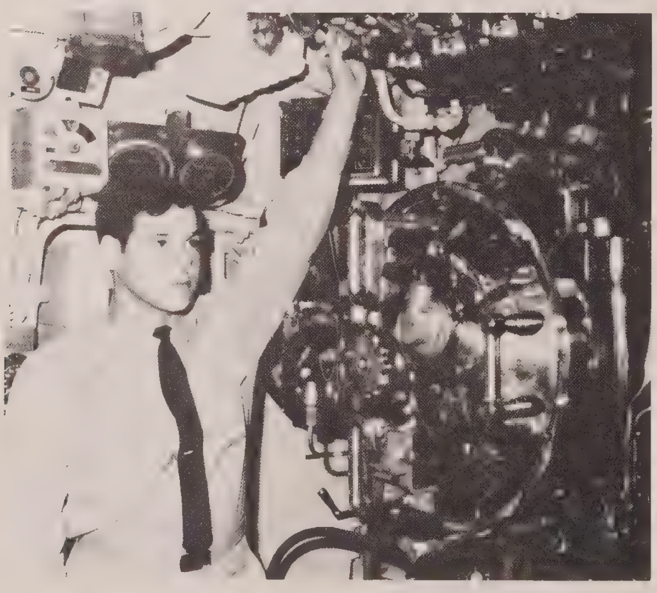
Welcoming committee cradles new arrivals. 1957

Firstie keeps watchful eye on youngster standing throttle watch.

King Neptune greets pollywogs as they cross the equator. 1957

Mids host a hop in Nova Scotia aboard the carrier U.S.S. Antietam. 1957

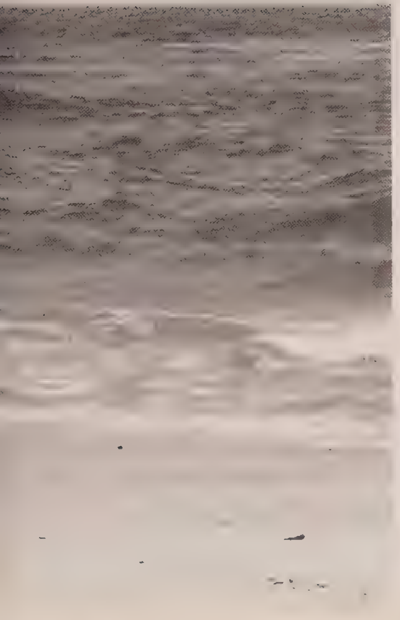
Mids practice amphibious landing at Little Creek, Va. . 1968



Firstie operates torpedo controls aboard *U.S.S. Menhaden.* 1967

Boatswain's mate manages mid as he takes landing craft ashore. 1968

1960-1969



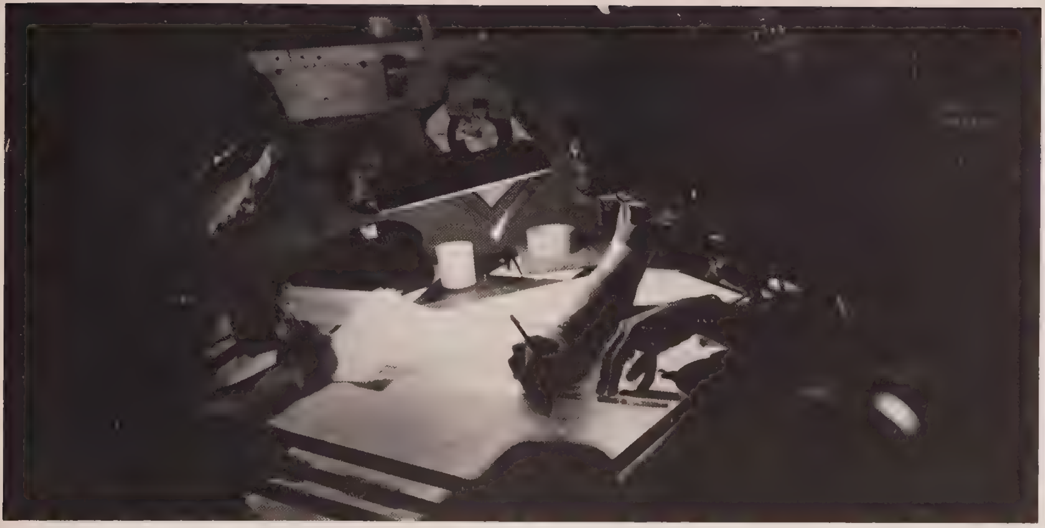
Gauges give mid engineroom statistics. 1963

Trainees get underway from Fleet Landing Naples, Italy. 1960

Firstie studies flight operations. F-4 looms in the distance.

1970-1983

Mid climbs aboard *HMS Jupiter*. Exchange cruises expand one's horizons.

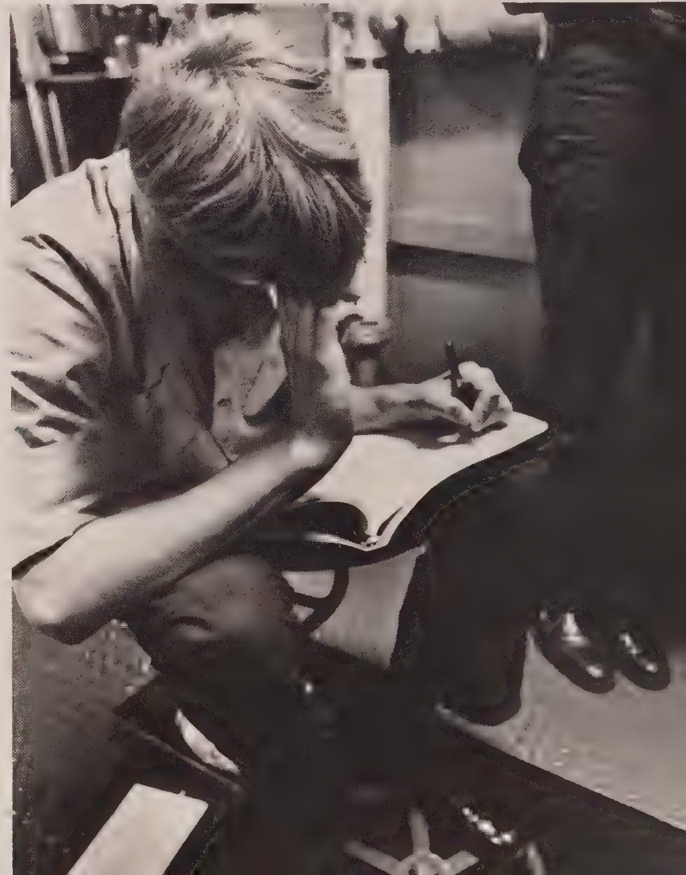


CIC challenges mids in plotting exercise.

Weapons instruction never ends.

Famous "N" cap pops up everywhere.

Engineroom provides temporary classroom for youngster.



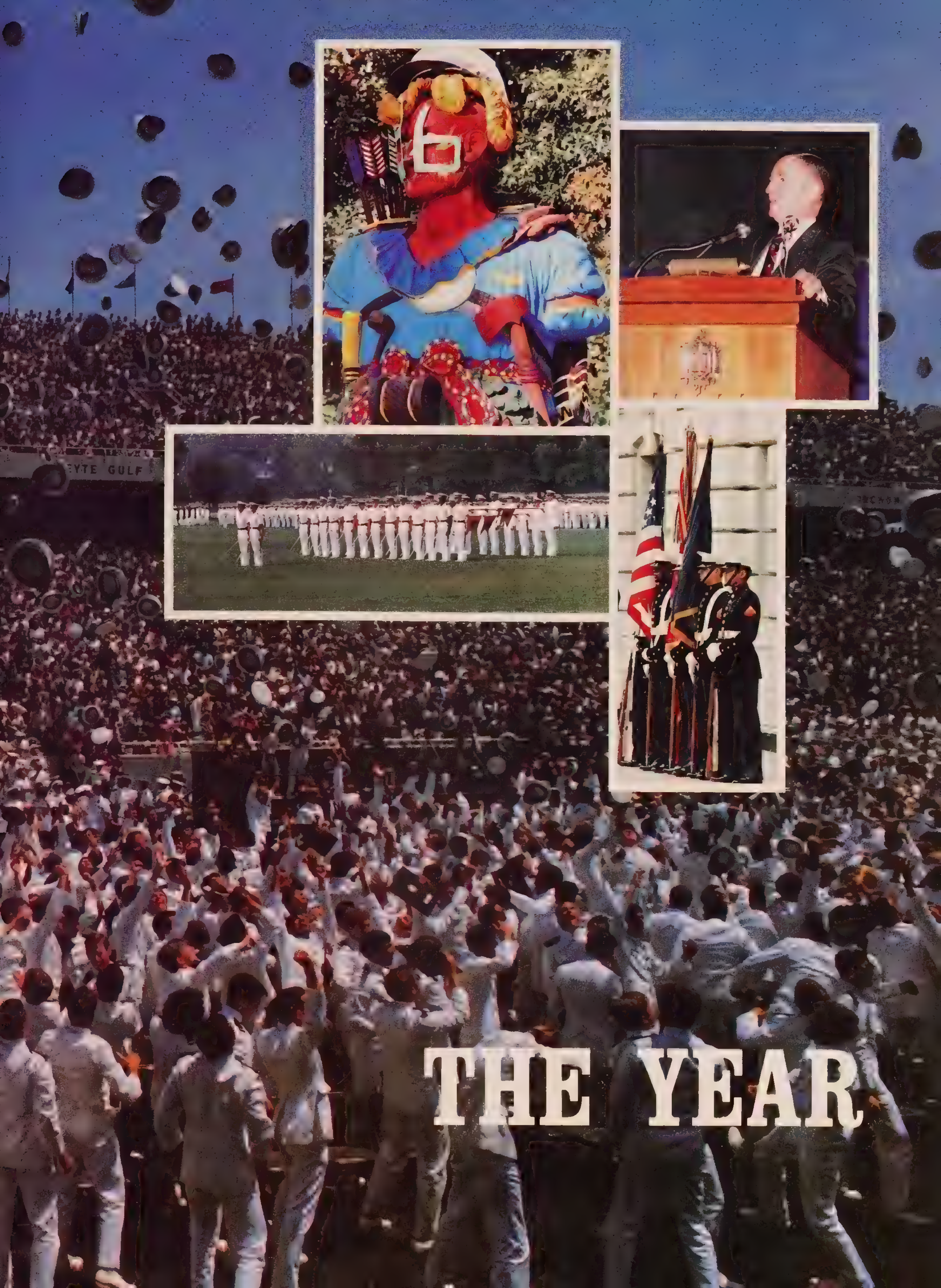
Present day "greyhound of the Severn" provides training all-year-round.

YP661
YP661

Sleek subs of today offer great experience to mids.

Many thanks to Jack Sweetman and his publication "A Place Called the Yard," U.S. Naval Institute, Nimitz Library Special Collections, Public Works, and the Photo Lab for all their help.

KWAJALEIN
SICILY
PHILIPPINE SEA
NORTH AFRICA
PE



THE YEAR

PLEBE SUMMER '86

Plebes warm-up for AC year.

Fresh haircuts adorn new arrivals.

Plebe battles boxes of new gear.

Firsties face newcomers.

Plebes learn the basics.

"Hurry-up and wait!"

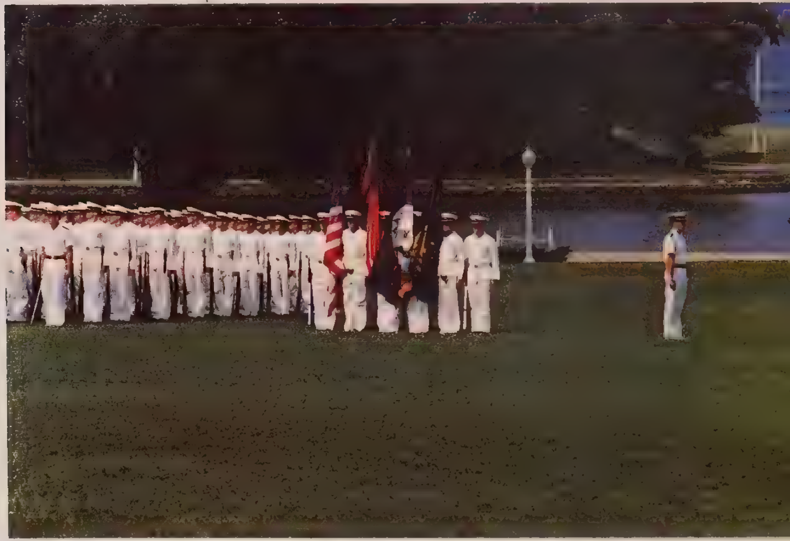
The villains stand ready.

Natural marchers display agility.

Plebes await to become official.

PLEBES ON PARADE

Officer's center.



Color Guard.

Manual of Arms.

Drum and Bugle Corps.

Color Company.

Admiral Rickover addresses the Brigade

The Forrestal lecture series was designed to expose the midshipmen to leaders in both the civilian and military communities. This year the Brigade was fortunate to have three outstanding speakers, Admiral Rickover, General Barrow, and Mr. H. Ross Perot. While Admiral Rickover and General Barrow were able to speak about their careers and military life, Mr. Perot told of an exciting escape from Iran which he himself organized. All were uniquely different, and yet they all spoke of leadership and the responsibility we, as midshipmen, have as future leaders.

Mr. H. Ross Perot tells an exciting tale of an escape from Iran

FORRESTAL LECTURERS

The Brigade - a captive audience

On not-so-candid camera

The Brigade Commander observes the Commandant of the Marine Corps

HALL LIFE

Battalion office watch stands ready to handle any crisis.

Come-arounds are a great way to start the day!

Midshipman sample room.

Leisure time activities.

Bancroft corridors become late-night classrooms.

THE YARD

The Chapel lies amidst changing trees.

Homecoming fills the air.

WELCOME
BACK
36-24-37
D ALL THOSE OTHER GREAT CLAS

Beauty lies before the rage of Winter.

Flower beds take on a golden cover.

IN FALL

THE YARD
IN FALL

Sundial reflects changing seasons.

Mother Nature blesses Bancroft with golden hues.

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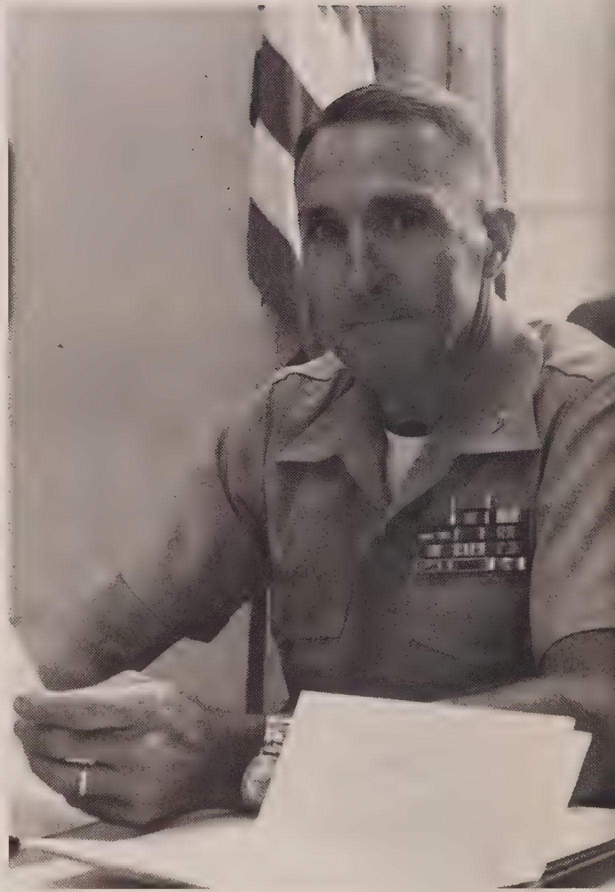

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CAPT R. Louis Reasonover, USN - Mathematics and Science

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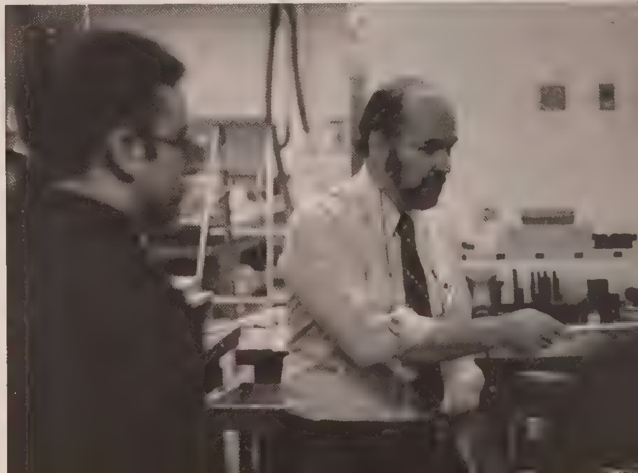
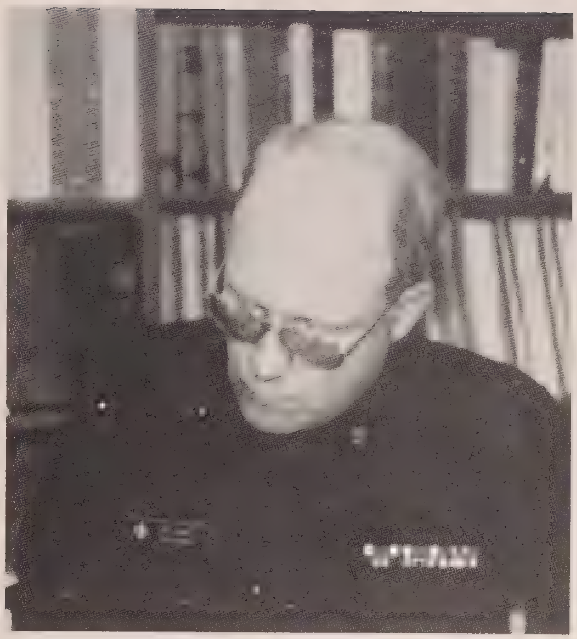
Professor Carson

Professor Rogers



AEROSPACE ENGINEERING



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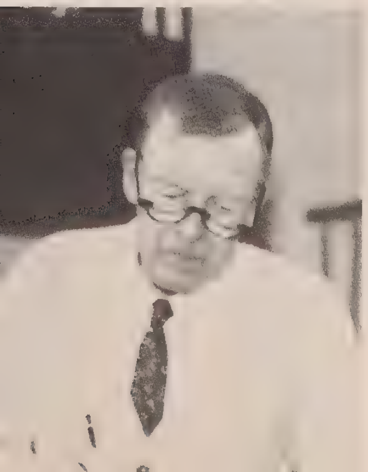
  M.S.E.E., Naval Postgraduate School



Professor Alley

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

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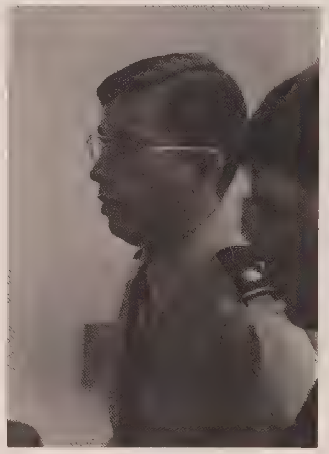
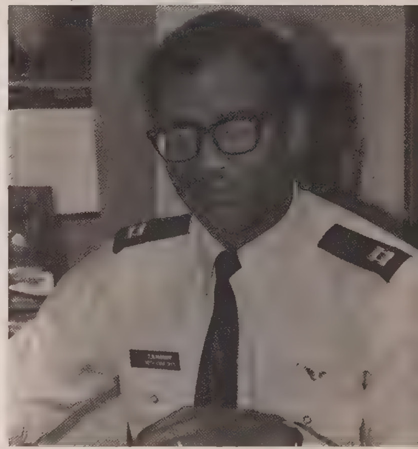
Yeh-Pei Lu, Visiting Professor
  Ph.D., University of Houston



MAJ Bungard, USA



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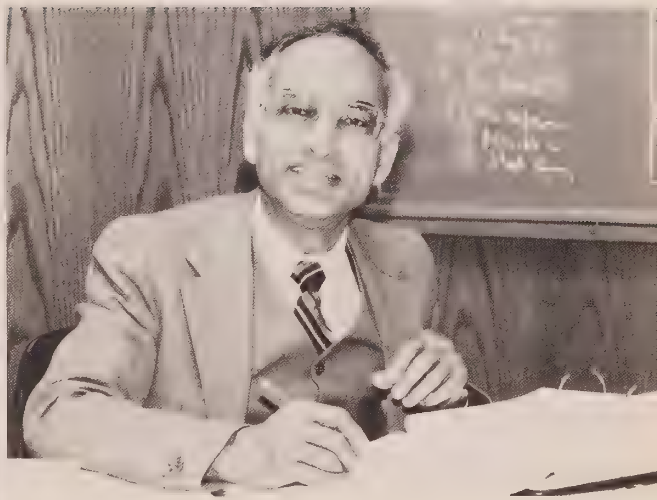
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



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M.S., Naval Postgraduate School
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M.S., Naval Postgraduate School
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M.S., Naval Postgraduate School
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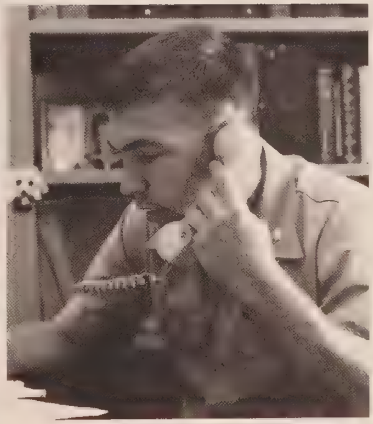

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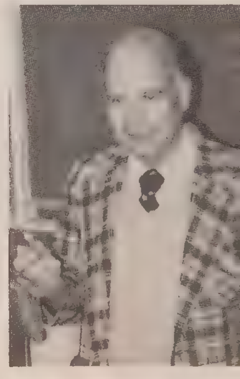

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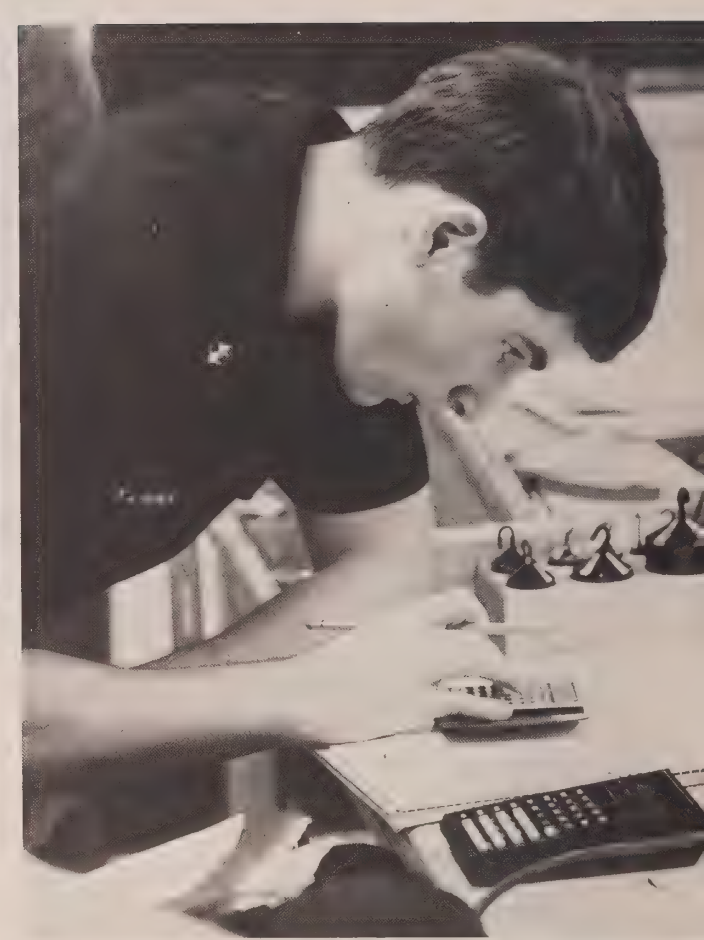

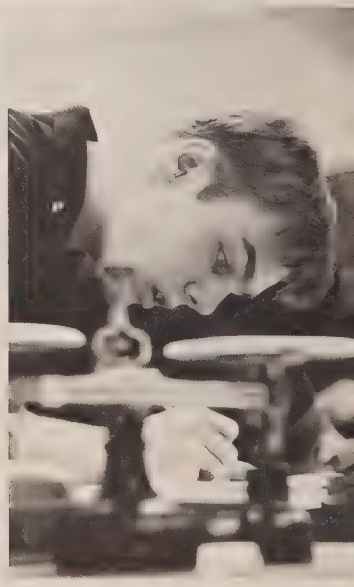

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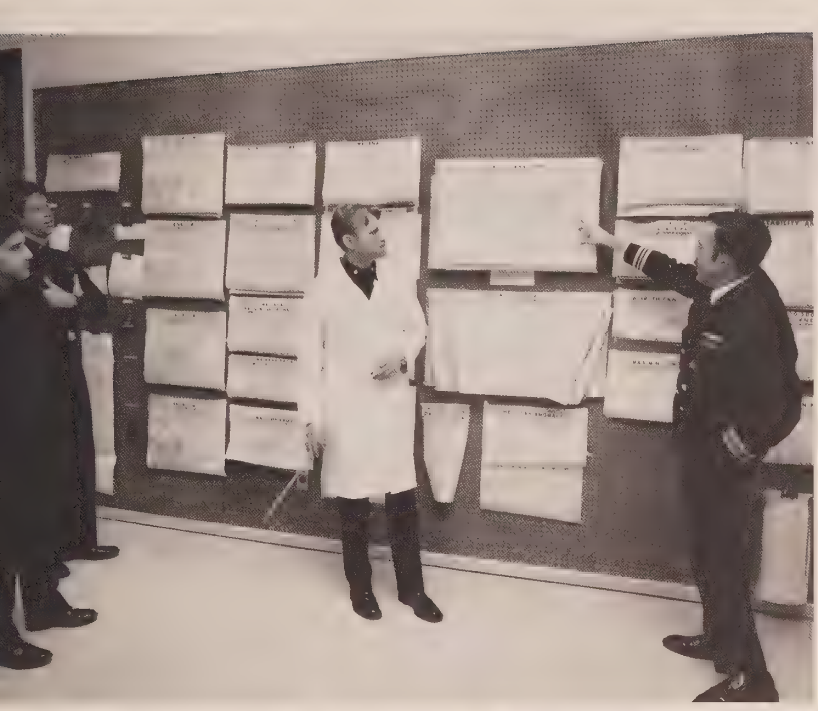

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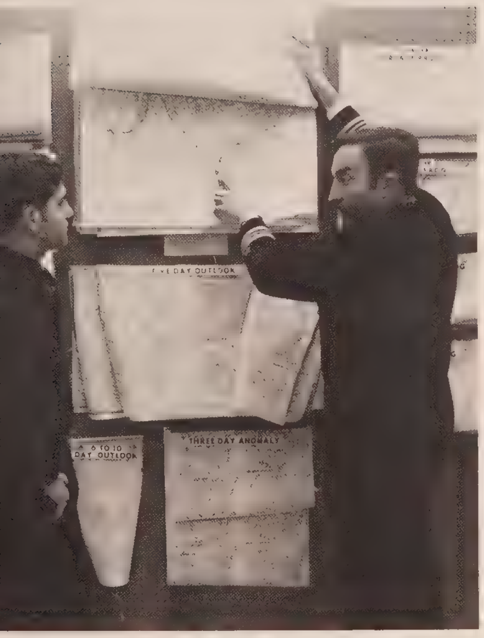

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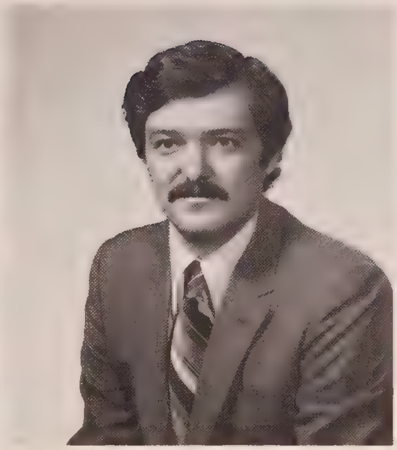

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ECONOMICS

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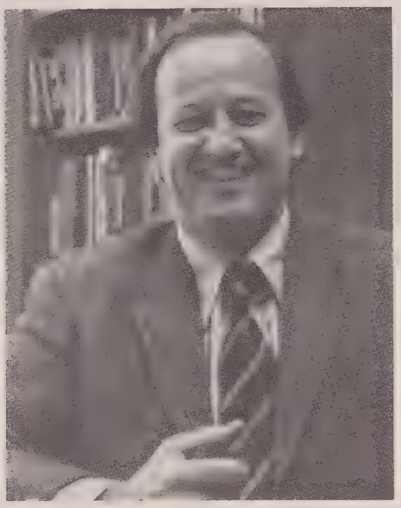
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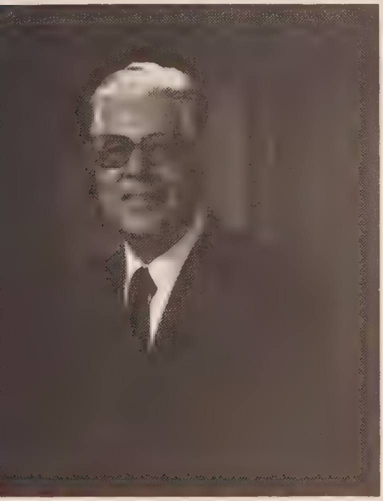

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Yoji Koda, Lieutenant, JMSDF
  B.S., Japan Defense Academy
Leo W Latonick, Lieutenant, USN
  B.S., U.S. Naval Academy
Dennis M. Lunghofer, Lieutenant Commander, USN
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Thomas F. McElwee, Lieutenant, USN
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Timothy M. McLaughlin, Lieutenant Commander, USN
  B.S , University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Stephen D. McWilliams, Lieutenant, USN
  B.S., U.S Naval Academy
Altineu P Miguens, Lieutenant Commander, B N
  B S , Brazilian Naval Academy
Donald P. Mori, Lieutenant Commander, USN
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Allan R. Nadolski, Lieutenant, USN
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Remy J. Pattyn, Lieutenant, USN
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Robert J. Prodoehl, Lieutenant, USN
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Francesco Ricci, Commander, IN
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Dennis J. Ringle, Lieutenant, USN
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Howard B. Sidman, Lieutenant Commander, USN
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Michael S. Skopal, Lieutenant, RAN
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Reginald Thompson, Lieutenant, USN
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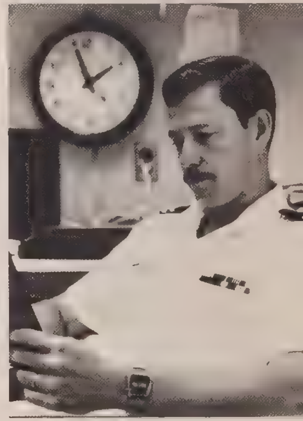
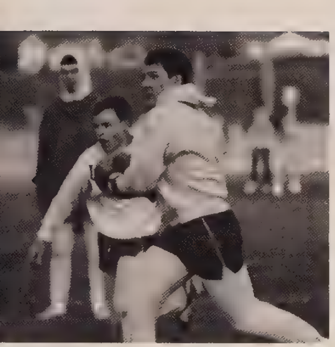
Douglas E. Wertz, Lieutenant, USN
  B.S., The Citadel
Gehrig M. Wiles, Lieutenant Commander, USN
  B.S., U.S. Naval Academy
Bert C. Wylds, Director of Sailing
  USCG Master Pilot and Master Sailing Licenses

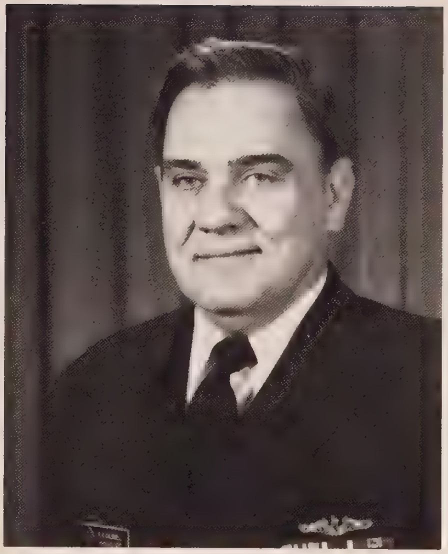
YP 662
YP 662



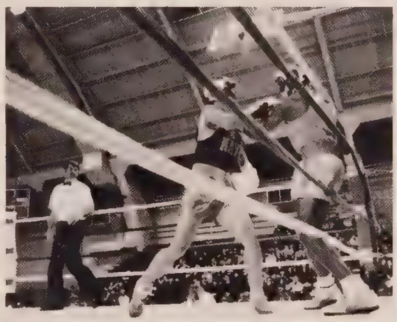
Lt Cullen, USN

SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION





CDR Robert K. Caldwell, USN, Head Phys. Ed.



Coach Tranquill

Joseph C. Duff, Associate Professor
B.S., West Virginia University
Robert H. Dyer, Instructor
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Scott R. Eckert, Lieutenant, USN
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John Havlik, Instructor
B.A., West Virginia University
Debra K. Helle, Lieutenant, USN
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John H. Higgins, Associate Professor
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Robert L. Lawson, Assistant Professor
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Brian L. Mathews, Assistant Professor
B.A., Washington College
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Jan B. Dainard, Instructor
M.S., State University of New York
Andre R. Deladrier, Associate Professor
M.A., Columbia University
Donald L. Dembrow, Instructor
B.S., Southern Connecticut State College

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Pep rallies bring out the "worst" in people.

Ex-Navy cheerleader graces Homecoming.

Nothing like a Tailgater!

FOOTBALL SEASON

D&B drums out beat for Brigade Marchover.

Friendship warms pre-game formation.

GO NAVY
beat
Cavaliers
17TH Co.

Team tears through at rally.

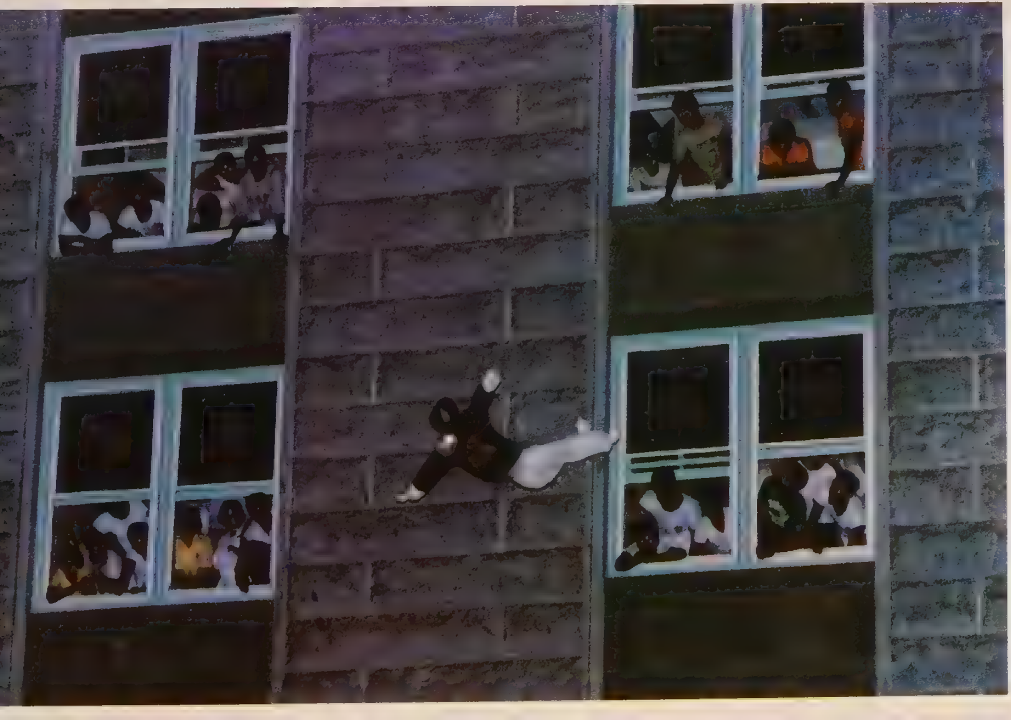
Guests confront tall tales.

8TH WING PLAYERS

The Eighth-Wing Players are composed of the six companies in the sixth Battalion. On Thursday nights before home football games, and occasionally just for the heck of it, one company in the battalion will put on a half hour show. With mids hanging out of windows, and gathered in the parking lot below, the stage is set for the entrance of the Pink Panther. The time away from studying is well spent when one can watch some of the best satire on Academy life there is to be found.

Nothing remains sacred.

Occasionally a guest will star.



The brutal end of another player.

TWO FOR SEVEN NIGHT

Two-for-seven night celebrates the night that the second class decide to remain at the Academy for two more years and in the Navy for seven more. While this is always a difficult decision, it is a great time to enjoy good food and drink with classmates, and to fantasize about what is in store after graduation.

Things can get carried away!

Mid band blasts out notes.

"The boys" sipping a beer.

Good food, good friends, good drink!

The Dant shares a few good words.

The ever-watchful eyes

The manual of arms sequence

FALL PARADES

Passing in review

At attention in ranks

Halloween is probably one of the more eagerly awaited events at USNA. It is a night were everyone goes a little bit crazy. First, is the pumpkin carving contest which all companies can enter. After that comes the dinner at which time the wardroom is at its most colorful. Everyone comes to dinner in costume and it is quite an experience to walk around looking at the costumes. After dinner is over it is back to the company areas where upperclass go trick-or-treating to all the plebe rooms. It is a great time for all that allows a healthy release of creativity and spirit.

Beauty hath no limit.

There's always a general or two.

Best of friends!

HALLOWEEN

Martial arts goes punk.

Exchange cadet dons true colors.

NAVY SOCCER
NAVY
14

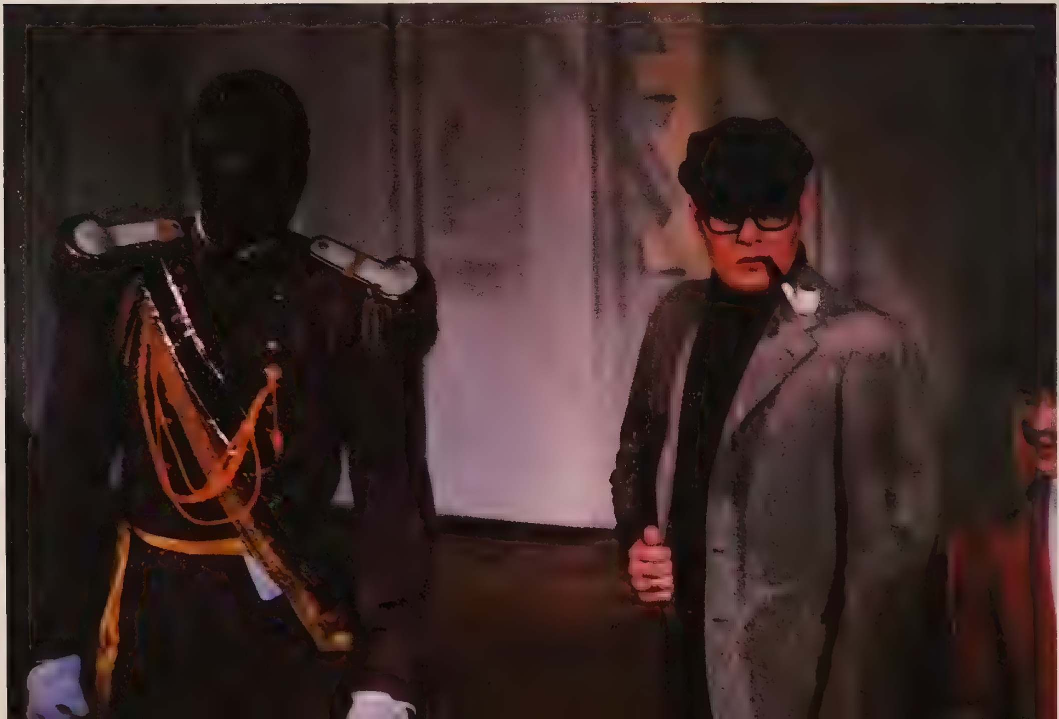
Mids come from just about everywhere!

Bancroft turns disco.

FALL PLAY

Talking to the postman.

The military and the gentry.



Explaining the situation.

"The Government Inspector"

THE YARD IN WINTER

Class only worsens Dark Ages.

Tecumseh braves snowfall.

Finally a bit of melting!

Snow-bound gangs maraud Bancroft.

The Secretary of the Navy Distinguished Midshipmen Graduates Program was established to honor those United States Naval Academy and Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps midshipmen who meet the highest standards of leadership, academic, and military performance. The graduates honored include twenty USNA midshipmen and one midshipman from each of the NROTC units. In selecting individual midshipmen for this program, consideration is given to their demonstrated leadership, academic, and military attributes. This program provides an opportunity for these outstanding midshipmen to meet with the senior leadership of the Navy and be recognized for their superior accomplishments as midshipmen.

Under Secretary of the Navy Mr. James F. Goodrich addresses the distinguished graduates.

DISTINGUISHED 1983 MIDSHIPMEN GRADUATES

The Distinquished Midshipmen Graduates at the Awards Banquet.

Dinner in Memorial Hall follows a day at the Pentagon.

CHRISTMAS DINNER 1982

Firsties share fraternity.

The official party arrives.

Officer's table prepares for the feast.

Friendship clearly in focus.

The last Christmas Dinner for some.

Youngsters await banquet.

SERVICE SELECTION

WEST COAST
AT SEA

Choosing a ship.

The Marine Corps.

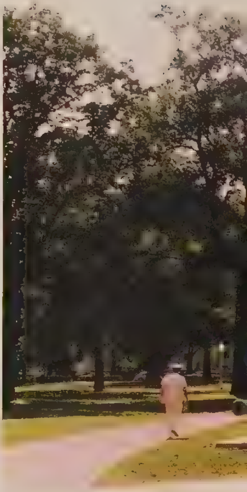
Navy Air.

Waiting to choose.

Talking with the detailers.

The gazebo.

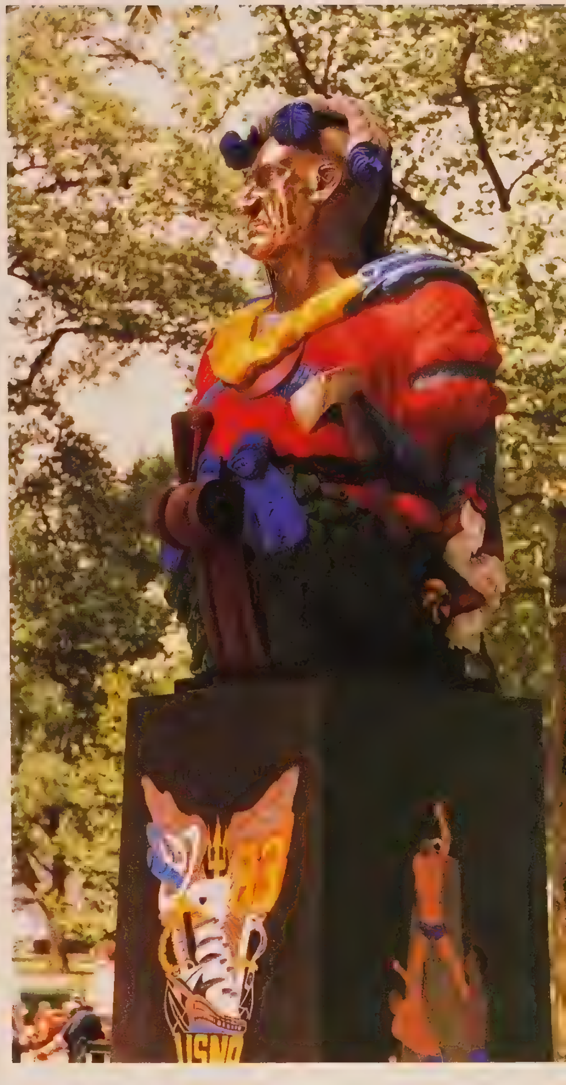
Dinghies and sailboards at the sailing center.



THE YARD

Tecumseh and the yard.

Mother B.



God of 2.0.

IN SPRING

THE YARD IN SPRING

Feeding the gate 3 squirrel.

One of the Chapel anchors.

The Yard from across the Severn.

The center of the Yard.

Going on a weekend cruise.

CRABTOWN

"Real world" flashes in front of mids at City dock.

Female companion leads the way.

Liberty puts mids in motion.

MIDDLETON TA

MIDSHIPMEN THIRST est. 1845.

Local restaurant halts hunger.

A mid can get anything he wants in Annapolis.

Mids and guests assault the town.

NAVY LOSS STUNNING!
ST. JOHN'S BATTERS USNA IN DEADLY DUEL

GO St. John's
SQUASH NAVY

To the winner goes the spoils of victory.

Navy's hard-hitting team.

The name of the game.

The Boss gives a pep talk.

Navy's faithful fans give support.

DISCO DAHLGREN

"What does putting this on mean?"

Dahlgren fraternity downs another.

Second class maintains constant vigil during Disco.

Slow-dances offer time to get acquainted.

There's an animal in every group!

An alternate form of entertainment is found.

SPRING MUSICAL

The cast fills the stage.

Costumes add a nice touch.

Dancer graces the scene.

"Who, me?"

Mids turned actors.

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM"

The show continues.

SPRING PARADES AND DRILL

Brigade Staff

Platoon Drill

Fourth Battalion

Brigade Attention

Coming on to Worden Field.

HUNDRED'S NIGHT

DON'T DRIN
Bud
YOUR

Midn 4/C Oravec?

1/C Ho

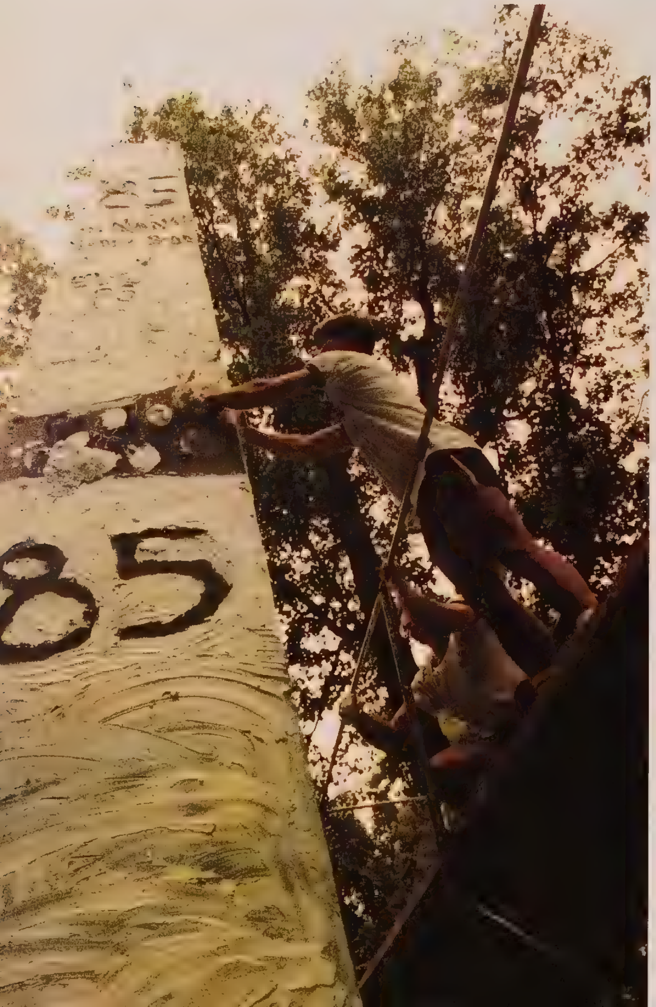
Squad Come-Around

Upper class brush-off

HERNDON

The initial charge.

Greasing the monument.

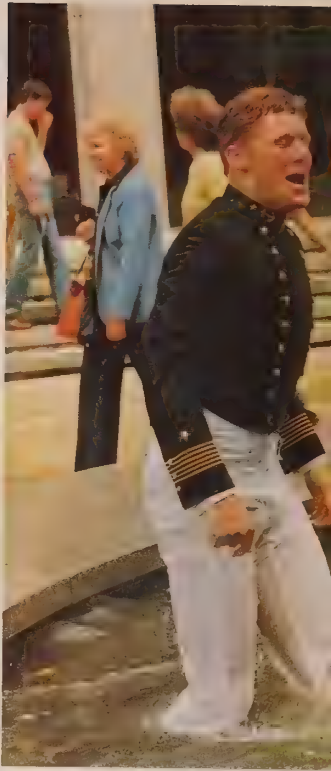


Cleaning off the grease.

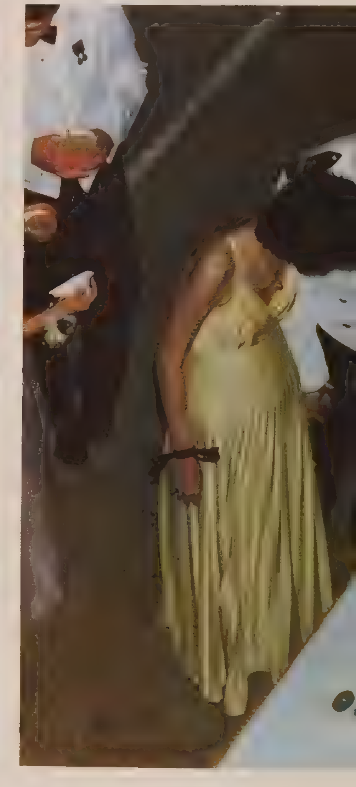
Encircling Herndon.

Building the second tier.

Halfway home.



Taking the plunge after the Color Parade.
The Dedication Parade.



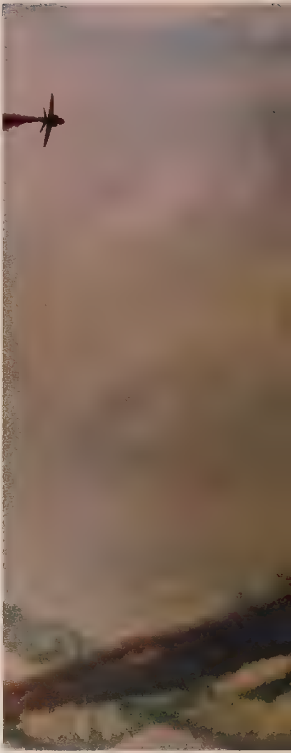
Cooling off in the fountain.

The Ring Dance.

USNA
CLASS of 1984
RING D

Receiving the ring.

The Red Arrows.



Flying nose to tail.

Split and roll.

Flying by the Chapel.

The Blue Angels in a diamond formation.

Receiving the diploma.

Secretary of the Navy Lehman.

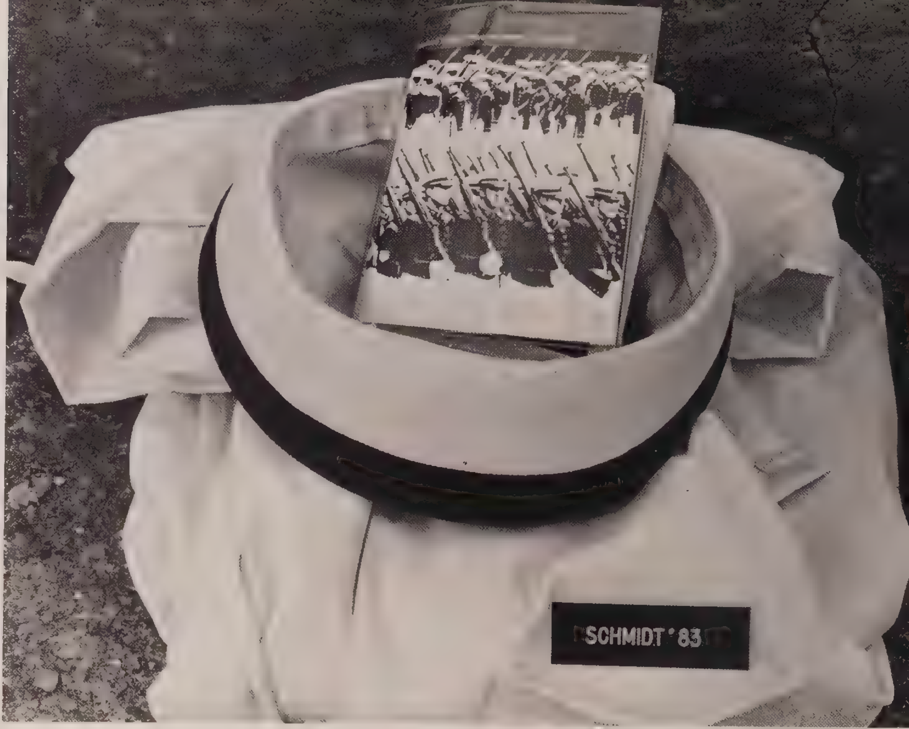
Congratulations to our classmates.

I made it!

Putting on the ensign's boards.

CLASS HISTORY

Plebe year brought a great many changes to the lives of most of the people in the class. Few had any military background. Short haircuts and formal inspections were the norm Plebe Summer. Recon Raids became the thing to do. Plebe year saw Navy whip Army at JFK stadium for the last time. Finally the year came to an end when the cover came off of Herndon. Youngster year doesn't have quite the excitement of Plebe year. Most youngsters are content to go to class and try to maintain good grades while having a good time.



A plebe's first love

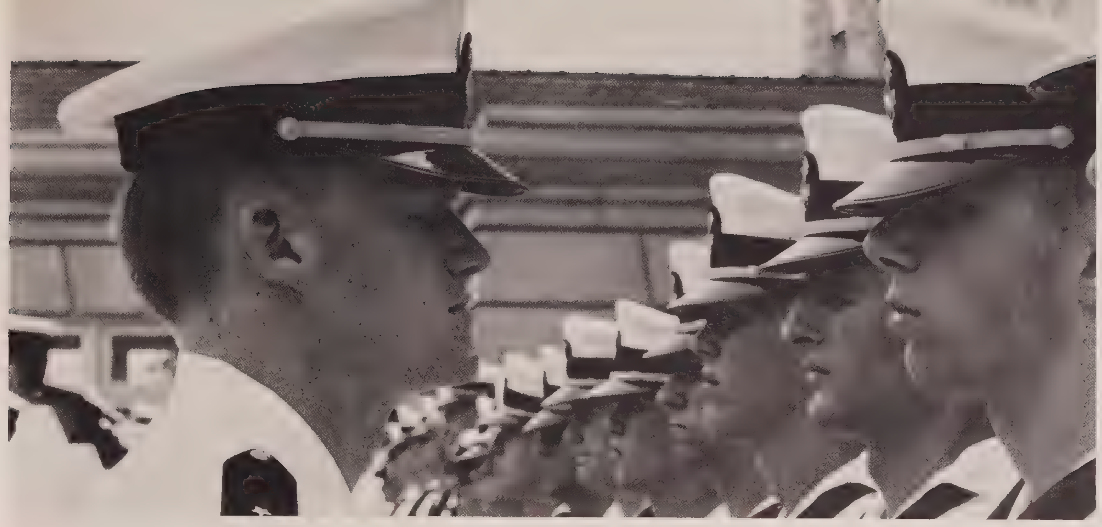
Climbing Herndon

CLASS HISTORY

Second class year saw more excitement come into our lives. We started the year with a party to celebrate our commitment. Leadership Mess Night was a time to remember, with all the interesting speakers and officials. That year the Army-Navy game was played in bitter cold and a heavily favored Navy team could do little to overcome an inspired Army team and the game wound up in a tie. At the end of the year we all got the coveted Ring which signifies our bond to the Navy and the Academy. First class year brought all the freedoms and responsibilities we all waited for. We got to look at plebe summer from the other side. There was Service Selection Night to make the cold winter days seem shorter. From there it was a coast to graduation. Color Parade marked the end of our drill. One day later we tossed our caps and ended one phase of our careers and started a new one.

Leadership Mess Night

The Ring Dance



Plebe summer

Service Selection Night

Our last P-rade

NAVY
NISSEN
13

SPORTS

NAVY TOPS VIRGINIA, WELSH

The first week of the season found Navy going against former head coach George Welsh and the Virginia Cavaliers. The defense proved to be the difference holding Virginia to two field goals when they had the ball inside the ten yard line. In the end navy prevailed 20-16. The next week Navy went up against perennial powerhouse Arkansas. The team put up a good fight, falling 29-17 to the Razorbacks. Navy was led by quarterback Marco Pagnanelli who completed 19 of 30 passes for 274 yards and 2 TD's.

Napoleon McCallum rushes against Virginia.

Pagnanelli taking the snap from center.

Pagnanelli running around end.

Kicking for three.

Lining up for the snap.

Navy Surprises Unbeaten Duke, 27-21

Following the trip to Arkansas, Navy returned home to face Boston College. BC quarterback Doug Flutie led a potent offense that racked up 31 points in a convincing shutout of the Midshipmen. The next week, Navy put together perhaps their finest performance of the season in a 27-21 upset of the Duke Blue Devils. The Mids rode to a 27-0 lead early in the third quarter, largely on the strength of the long right arm of quarterback Marco Pagnanelli and the running of Napoleon McCallum. Pagnanelli, who completed 15 of 17 tosses for 171 yards and two touchdowns, set a new Navy record for single game completion percentage. McCallum rushed for a season-high 211 yards on 36 carries, and shared AP National Player of the Week honors with Pagnanelli.

52

Navy Wins, Loses, Evens Mark 3-3

Navy went back out on the road the following week, traveling to Colorado Springs to face a bowl-bound Air Force Academy squad. After falling behind early in the game, the Mids came back strong in the second half, tying the game at 21-21. Air Force would not be denied the victory, however; a Falcon field goal with one second remaining made the final tally 24-21, Air Force.

The Midshipmen overwhelmed an outmanned William and Mary team at home, 39-3, in their next contest. It was a fine show for fans of the wide open offense designed by new head coach Gary Tranquill, as Navy racked up 559 yards, the best since a school-record 653 yards in 1970.

FOOTBALL IMPRESSIVE IN HOMECOMING VICTORY

A crowd of 30,000 showed up for the Homecoming match versus the Citadel. Navy didn't disappoint the large crowd as the mids rolled up a 28-3 victory over the Bulldogs. The victory was a costly one, though, with both Marco Pagnanelli and Weiler being lost for the season to injuries and Eric Wallace was lost for four weeks. The next week the Mids travelled to the Meadowlands for the yearly match with Notre Dame. Navy played well but lost to the Irish 27-10.

Coach Tranquill.

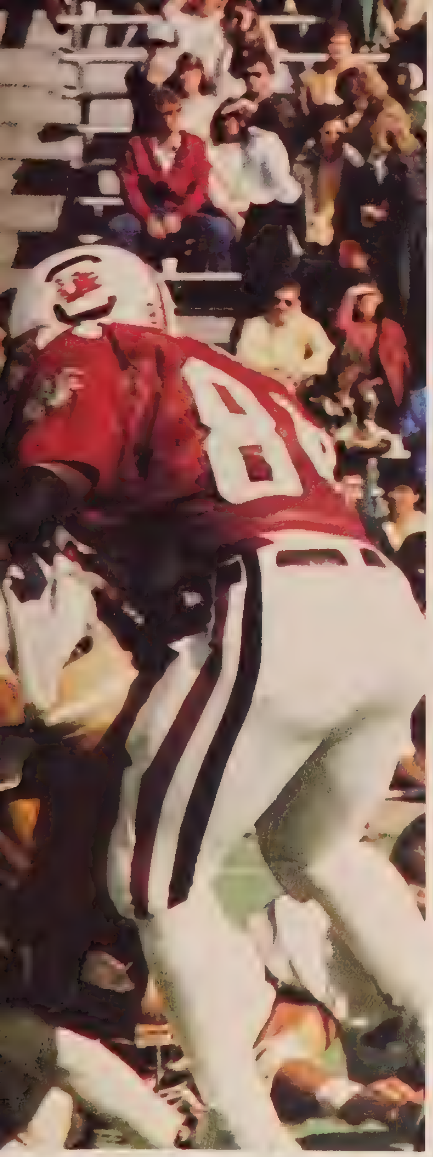
Gaining yards on the ground against Citadel.

On defense versus Notre Dame.

Tackling the quarterback.

Napoleon McCallum returns a kickoff.

Mids Run By Syracuse, Fall To Gamecocks



Against Syracuse, the strong running of tailback Napoleon McCallum and a standout effort by the special teams produced a Navy win, 20-18. In the opening minutes of the game, senior Ken Fancher recovered a fumbled punt in the end zone for a touch down. His play and the two field goals from freshman placekicker Todd Solomon helped provide the margin of victory.

The Midshipmen took their 5-4 record back out on the road the next week, traveling to South Carolina. The game saw Navy lose a second starting quarterback to injury; senior Tom Tarquinio fell in the third quarter. Though his replacement, sophomore Ricky Williamson, was able to lead Navy on a long TD drive in the third quarter, the Gamecocks proved to be too much for the Mids to handle, winning 17-14.

Advancing the ball against a tough Cadet defense.

Return of the exchange students.

NAVY RUNS OVER ARMY, 24-7

Navy met Army in Philadelphia for the annual clash between the service academies in unseasonably warm weather. The special teams provided an early break as the punt coverage unit came up with an Army fumble of Mark Colby's first punt. The Mids got the ball on the 8 yard line and three plays later were ahead 7-0. At halftime Navy led 10-7 as the Cadets proved to be tough to move the ball on. The Navy defense held Army rushers to only 58 yards while McCallum and Clouse combined for 152 yards. Late in the third quarter Navy scored again as sophomore quarterback Ricky Williamson hit Cebak for a touchdown. Navy went on to win the game for the third time in the last four years, 24-7.

Napoleon McCallum cuts back to avoid a tackle.

The tough Navy defensive line.

NAVY UNDEFEATED, 5-0.

Navy's cross country team registered its third unbeaten dual meet season in the last five years, captured the Lehigh Invitational, and finished third in the Heptagonals Games Association Championships at Van Cortland Park in New York City. Junior Sean Roskey was the top Navy performer at the Heps with a sixth place standing, followed by another second classman, Mark Patterson, who finished 11th and senior captain Willie McCool who was 12th.

Willie McCool tries to gain on a runner from St. Joseph's.

A Navy runner holds a slim lead against St. Joe's.

NAVY
785
771
NAVY
782

Senior Mike Kohrs takes the early lead against St. Joseph's.

The start of the St. Joseph's meet.

NAVY 7TH IN DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Mids finished seventh in the NCAA District II Championships, as youngster Dwight Woodruff (37th) and Patterson (38th) led all Navy Finishers. The Mids defeated Army for the ninth straight year in the sport, Blanking the Cadets, 15-50 en route to coach Al Cantello's 13th straight winning season

A lone Navy runner makes his way through the woods.

Three Navy runners lead the way against St. Joseph's.

NAVY
774
NAVY
775
69

Two Navy runners lead the pack.

150's Drop Opener, Win Final Four

NAVY
VISITOR
DOWN

With a 4-1 record, Navy's 150-pound football team fell one victory short of the Eastern Lightweight Football League championship. After losing their opener to Cornell, 12-10, the 150's reeeled off four straight victories, including a 27-7 domination of Army.

Against Army, senior fullback Chris Butler and sophomore running back Joe Hines combined for 173 yards rushing and four touchdowns. Butler, the Mids' rushing leader, closed out his career with 298 yards rushing on 39 carries and four touchdowns in a 31-7 romp over Rutgers. His total for the season of 649 yards rushing led the ELFL.

Butler and senior middle guard Sean O'Connor netted All-ELFL first team honors for the third consecutive year, while junior defensive tackle Rob McGarrity was named to that team for the second straight year. Other Mids receiveing All-ELFL honors were Dale Weaver, Steve Fiedler, Jim McGregor, and Vince McAneney.

Butler, Hines Key 27-7 Romp Over Army

NAVY
NAVY
10
77

Trying to come up with a long goal kick.

Passing to a waiting teammate.

Trying to get by two defenders.

Getting by a defender from Galludet.

MIDS POST WINNING SEASON

Navy finished 8-6-3 to record its 29th non-losing season in the past 30 years. The Mids enjoyed a six-game unbeaten skein at mid-season which included capturing the Old Dominion Harbor Front Classic with a 2-0 victory over then 17th ranked Fairleigh-Dickinson in that tournament's championship tilt. Navy also stopped highly-touted James Madison 2-1 on the Dukes home turf. The unbeaten string was snapped when visiting James Madison, ranked 11th in the nation, shutout the Mids, 1-0.

On defense in a match against Galludet.

SOCCER SINKS IN OVERTIME

Disappointing moments included an early season overtime loss to St. John's University on Dewey Field and a 2-1 overtime loss to service academy rival Army in the season finale at West Point. In all, six of Navy's 17 contests went into extra periods of play with the Mids managing to win only one of them (a 3-1 home triumph over Swarthmore). Leading scorers for the Mids were junior forward Tab Bruner and freshman wing Mike Donigan, each with five goals and one assist for 11 points.

Clearing the ball upfield.

Losing the ball to an oponent.

Clearing the ball past a defender.

Navy goalie making a save of a header.

VOLLEYBALL 2ND IN STATE TOURNAMENT

Spiking the ball.

Team conference.

Set up to return the serve.

Punching the ball over the block.

NAVY
13
NAVY
12
NAVY
4

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

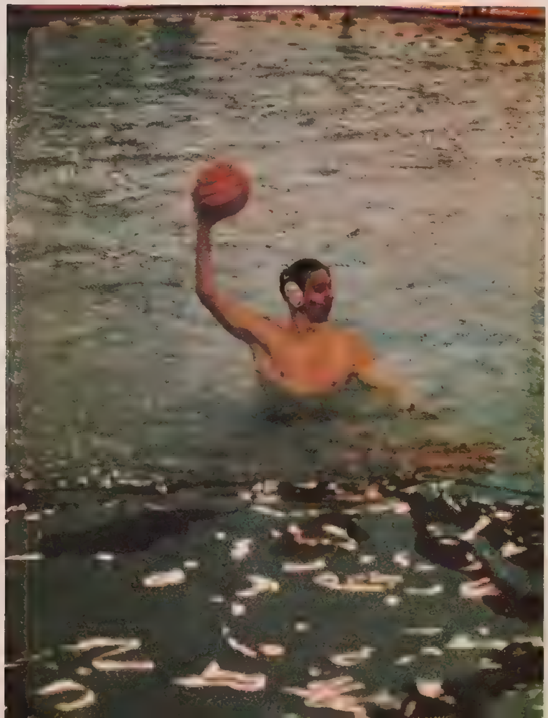
(24-15-1)

Navy recorded its best finish since the 1978 season and finished second in the Maryland State Tournament, losing to champion Western Maryland in the championship match, 4-15, 13-15. The highlight of the season occurred when sophomore Caroline Gaulke served eight decisive points in the fifth and final set to spark the Mids to a thrilling 15-17, 15-11, 10-15, 15-10, 15-3 come-from-behind triumph over Army before a frenzied crowd of 1,000 Navy supporters. That victory, the Mids' first ever over the Cadets in the sport, ignited the momentum which carried Navy on a six-game winning streak at the season's end which was finally halted in the State Championship game. Overall, the Midshipmen won 11 of their last 14 outings and never lost more than two matches consecutively during the season. Senior captain Cheryl Dolyniuk turned in another superb campaign and was named to the first Women's Volleyball College Division Academic All-America first team by the College Sports Information Directors of America.

WATERPOLO 3RD AT EASTERNS

Driving the goal.

Shooting from in close.



Beating the opposing goalie.

In its first season with varsity status since 1950 Waterpolo was quite impressive, compiling a 19-4 mark. The team finished third in the NCAA Eastern Regionals defeating Bucknell 14-13 in the consolation match after a 10-4 loss to Brown in the semi-finals. The team also finished the year ranked fifteenth in the coaches poll. Included in the season were winning streaks of eight and nine games. The team was led by first classman Craig Malloy with 53 goals and 23 assists. Other star performers were firstie Andy Griffith, second classman Bob Mohle, and senior goalie Dan Valaik.

Passing the ball over an outstretched hand.

A lob shot.

BASKETBALL BOUNDS TO 9-4 RECORD

Navy basketball started out the season on a positive note jumping to a 5-1 record, the only loss coming at the hands of nationally ranked Iowa. The Mids proved to be a tough opponent of the Hawkeyes as they remained close throughout the game, falling 76-65. Next Navy suffered two tough losses in the Krystal Classic. The Mids rebounded from those defeats to post wins in their next four games including a one point victory over Yale and two point wins over Lafayette (in overtime) and Richmond.

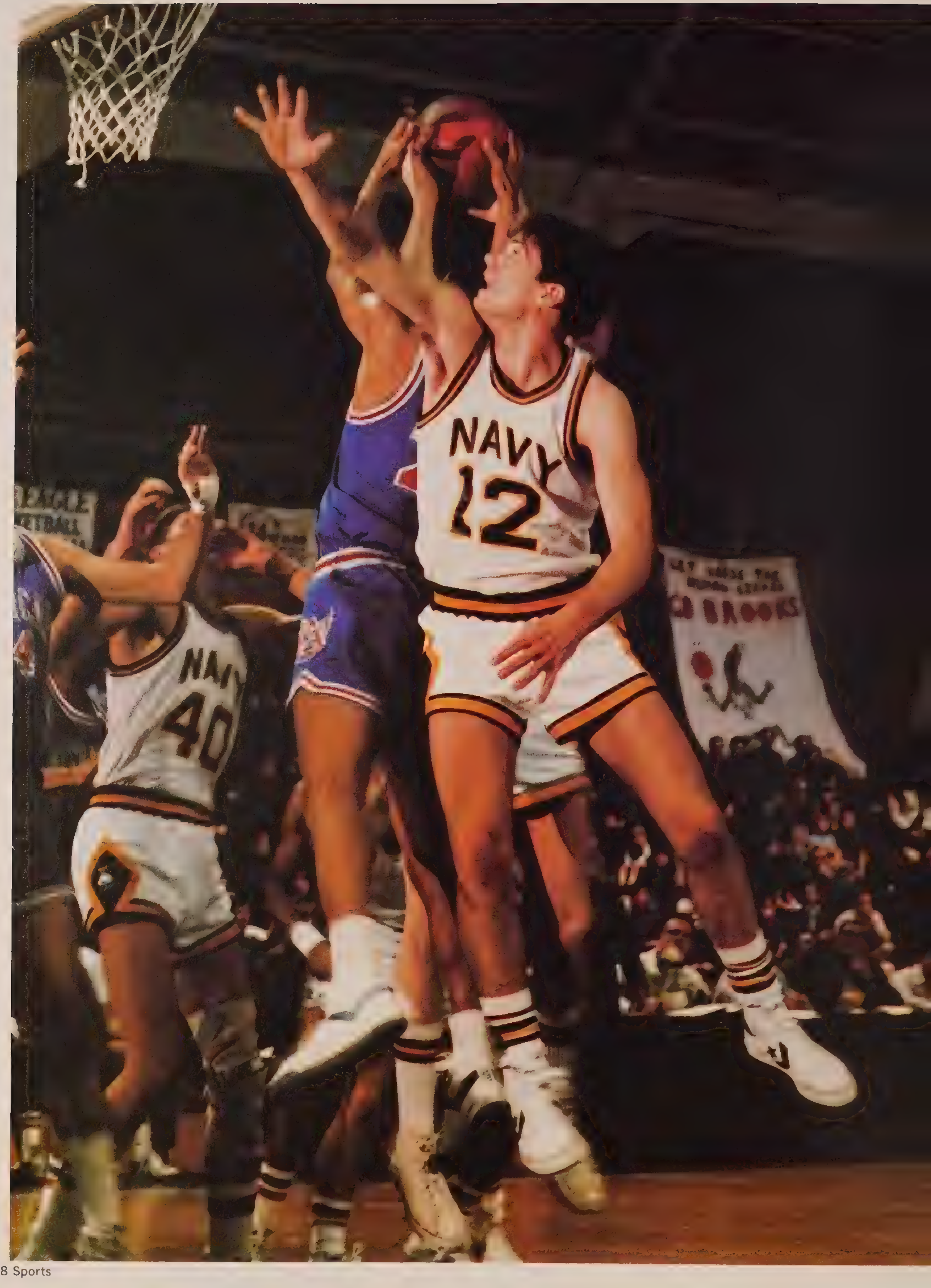
Junior Rob Romaine shoots from the side of the lane.

Coach Evans discusses strategy during a time-out.

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

JOHNSON
11
RICHMOND
15
0

Dave Brooks drives to the basket for an easy two points.


NAVY
12
NAVY
40
BROOKS

ERICAN
34
Y
33

Slamming one home against a tough defense.

BROOKS, ROMAINE PACE NAVY

Senior Dave Brooks and Junior Rob Romaine combined to provide Navy with a powerful scoring threat and backcourt. Brooks set a Navy record by playing in 105 games for his career and finished third on the all-time scoring list with 1389 career points. As a team Navy scored the most points in its history (2072) and had the best points per game average (71.4) since the 1959-60 squad.

NAVY
40
12
NA
2

Going to the boards.

BASKETBALL STUFFS ARMY

There were several other bright spots for the midshipman including freshman forward Vernon Butler, Second classman Cliff Maurer, and senior Jim Kuzma. Butler recorded 296 rebounds, the most ever by a plebe, which ranked him in the top 25 in the country. Despite being slowed by a knee injury for most of the season the 6 foot 11 inch Maurer had a conference leading 68 blocked shots, another all-time record for Navy. Kuzma was one of only two firsties on the squad but his consistency and leadership set a good example for everyone. Led by these performances Navy was able to beat Army in front of a capacity crowd in Halsey Field House.

Gary Price shoots over a straining Cadet.

Cliff Maurer at the Line.

Rob Romaine comes in for a lay-up.

NAVY
WEST POINT
34
54
WEST POINT
10

Shooting for two against Army.

Trying to come up with the loose ball.

Passing to the top of the key.

NAVY
30
W&L
33

Senior captain Dave Brooks directs traffic.

The Navy bench.

Gymnasts Post Best Mark Since 1960-61

NAVY
NISSEN
STICS

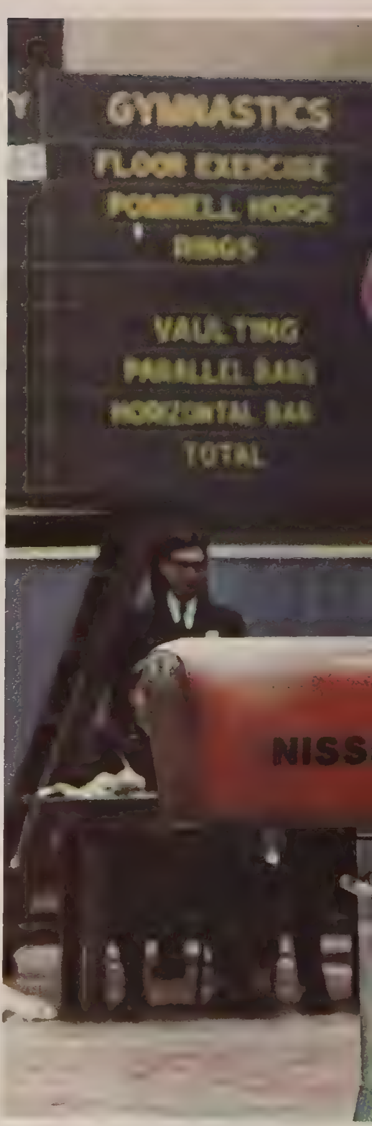
Navy gymnasts enjoyed their best record since 1960-61, posting a mark of 11-1 under first year coach Peter Kormann. In addition to posting the highest score ever by a Navy gymnastics team, 264.5 against Springfield and Lowell, eleven wins was the most ever by a Mid team.

Navy placed second at the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League meet and was second in EIGL competition, the best since another second-place finish in 1973.

Senior Peter DiTullio was the team's standout performer. A consistent leader in all-around all season, DiTullio finished second at the EIGL meet in all-around, and finished second, sixth, and sixth at Easterns in the parallel bars, vaulting, and still rings, respectively.

Other top performers included sophomore Ralph DiVito, a fourth place finisher on the pommel horse, sophomore Jeff Hamman and senior Dave Sneddon.

Team Sets Navy Meet Record, Finishes Second In EIGL


GYMNASTICS
FLOOR EXERCISE
POMMELL HORSE
RINGS
VAULTING
PARALLEL BARS
HORIZONTAL BAR
TOTAL
NISS

FOUR GYMNASTS PLACE AT EASTERNS

GYMNASTICS (11-1)—first year under coach Peter Kormann. Mids had most wins ever in history of this sport at the Naval Academy and best record since going unbeaten in 1960-61 (7-0). Team posted highest score ever by a Mid gymnastics team, 264.45 against Springfield and Lowell. In Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League meet, Navy placed second in meet and was second in EIGL league competition, its highest finish since also finishing second in 1973. Senior Peter DiTullio was a consistent leader in all-around during the year and finished second in the EIGL meet in all-around with a 54.6. DiTullio at the Easterns also placed 6th in floor exercise, 6th on still rings, 6th in vaulting and 2nd on parallel bars. Freshman Paul Sneddon was tied with teammate Jeff Hamman, a sophomore, for 6th on the pommel horse and Sneddon was 5th on the parallel bars. Sophomore Ralph DiVito was fourth on pommel horse.

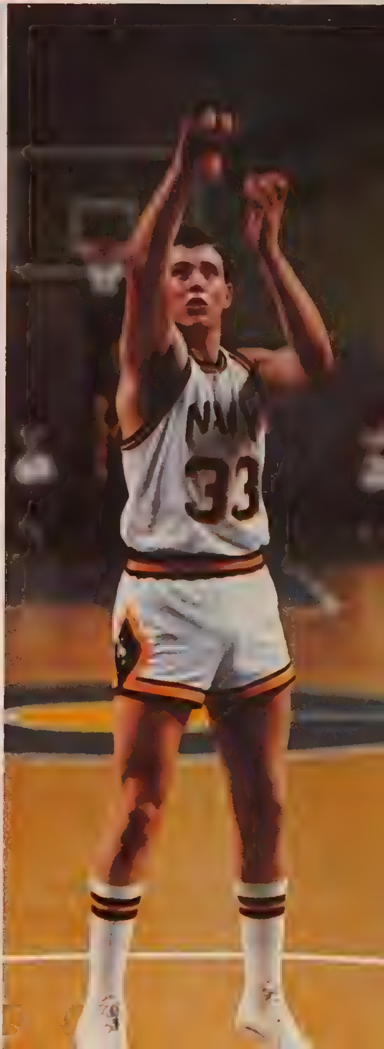
GYMNASTI
40
39
VAU
PARALLE
TOTAL

NAVY

20

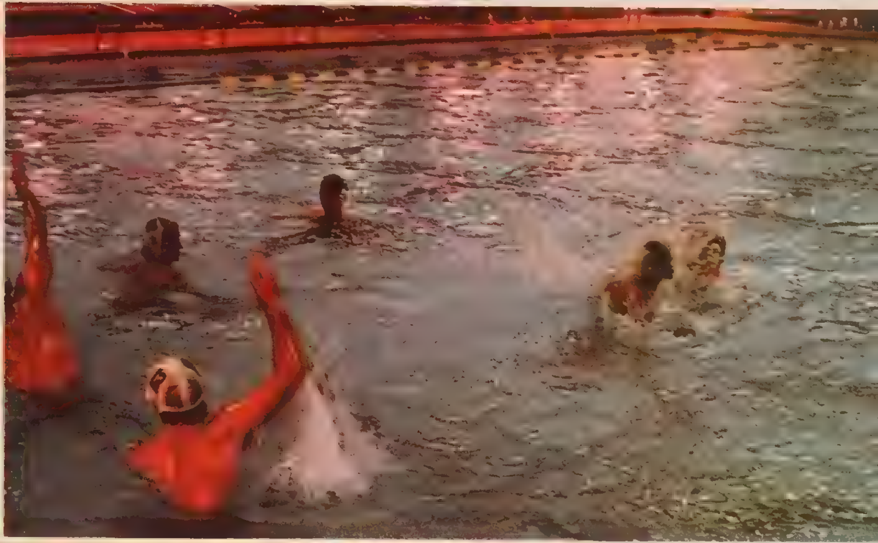
NAVAL ACADEMY

NAVY FOOTBALL
18th CO.
SHOW NO MERCY
abc
LUB 34
EERS
PARTY


NAVY
33

Fall/Winter

Sports Roundup.



BASKETBALL BOUNDS TO BEST RECORD

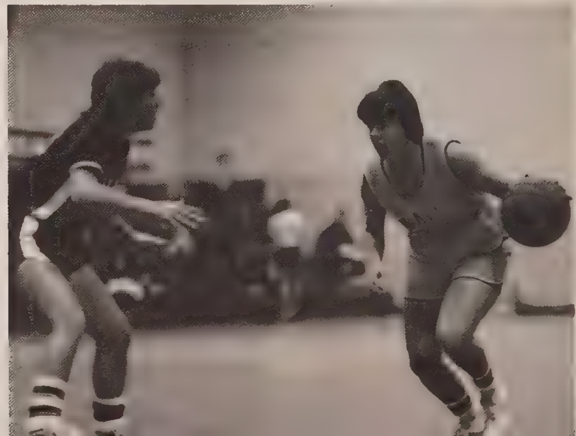
BUKN
33
24
NAVY
44

NAVY
24
NAVY
32
91

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL (18-9)

For second year in a row team finished with 18 wins, the most ever in this sport at Navy. Team started out slowly and was 2-4 at start of season. Later on it put together an eight game win streak, which matched the highest ever in the sport, and continued on in this stretch by winning 12 of 13 games. It won 13 of its last 15 games, and was selected for an EAIAW Regional in which it split, losing to Siena (69-59) and defeated Lock Haven State (72-67). Senior Angela Smith was top scorer for the year with a 12.1 average and topped in rebounding too with a 10.6 mark. Smith set two school rebounding records—most rebounds in a career, 776 and most rebounds in a season, 286 in 1982-83. Senior Nancy Schiavetta, the second leading scorer for the year with an 11.6 average, ended up fourth in career scoring with 847 points while Smith is fifth in career scoring with 828 points. Smith was named to the All-Tournament team at the Indiana of Pennsylvania Tournament and Schiavetta was on the all-tournament team for the EAIAW Regional. Junior guard Becky Lewis moved into second place in career assists with 225 now, including 137 in 1982-83.

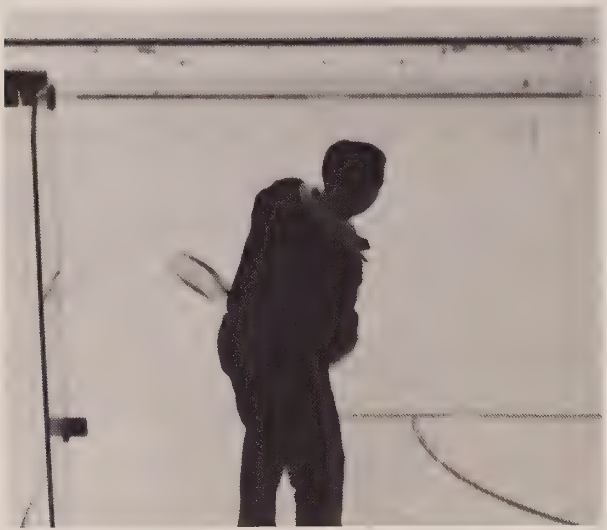
Cagers Cap Season With Win Over Army



42

NAVY
24
44

SQUASH



Returning with a backhand.

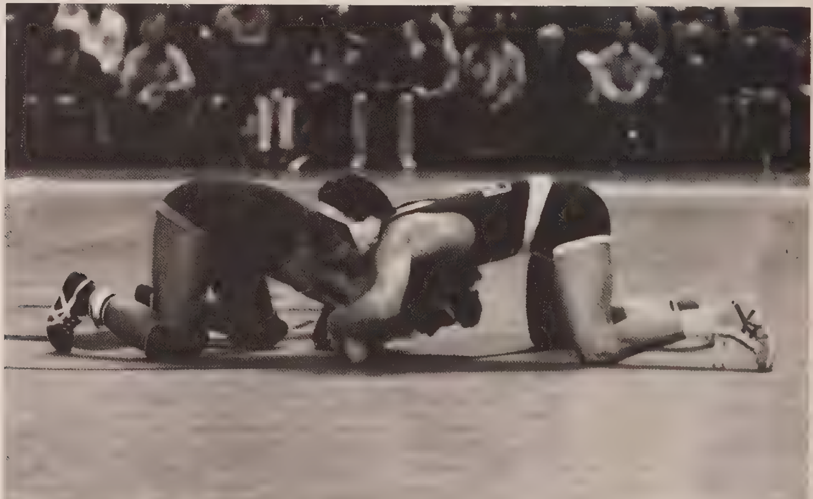
Reaching low for the forehand.

Stroking a forehand.

Preparing to return the serve.

Squash finished the regular season in seventh place in the nine man team standings. The team then went on to place ninth in the National Intercollegiates. The brightest spot for the team was the play of third classman Tim Tinney, who received second team All-America honors with an 8-8 mark at number one. Navy was an underdog as it went up against Army but the team surprised the cadets with a 6-3 victory, the seventh straight year that Navy has won that match and the 13th time in the last 14 meetings.

Five Seniors Lead Team To Best Finish Since 1968-69



PENN STATE

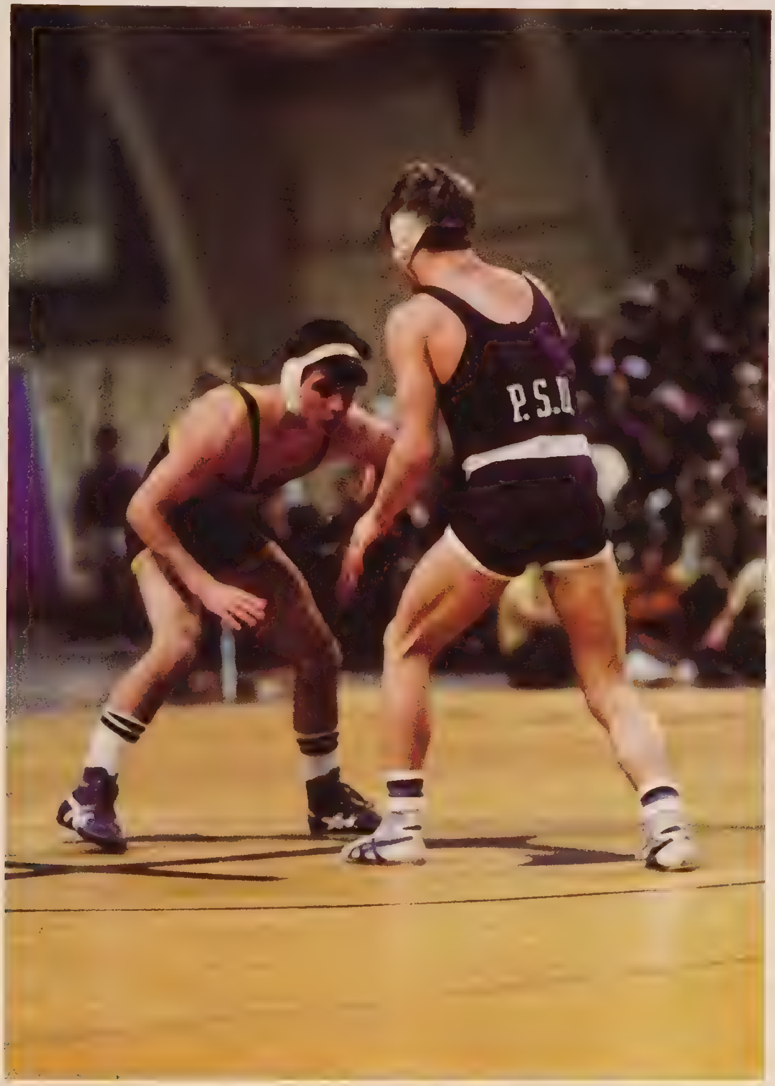
P.S.U.

WRESTLING FINISHES WITHOUT A FALL

Navy recorded its first unbeaten season, 18-0-2, since the 1968-69 team compiled a 9-0-1 mark. However, the mids fell short in their attempt to defend the EIWA title, finishing second behind Lehigh. The 1982-83 squad closed out one of the greatest eras in Navy wrestling history as five seniors who had been solid contributors for four years concluded their careers. The squad was led by John Reich at 167, Mark Phillips at 177, and George Fears at Heavyweight. Reich won his third EIWA title in four years. He departs the Academy with an 86-7-1 mark, an Academy record, including a record 53 pins and a 22-1 mark this season.

Trying for a reversal.

Looking for an opening for the takedown.



Working for the pin.

NAVY PLACES EIGHT IN EIWA'S, TWO IN NCAA'S

Firstie Frank Shaffer was a one-time EIWA champion at Navy while finishing with the second most career victories with a 78-10-4 mark. George Fears finished third with a 71-15-2 mark while Phillips was fourth in career victories (58-17-1). Mike Rodgers finished sixth on the all-time victory list with a 54-13-3 mark. Navy paced in eight weight classes at the EIWA Championships with John Reich and Mark Phillips taking first place in their weight classes. Two Navy grapplers in the NCAA tournament, John Reich taking second place at 167 pounds and George Fears placing seventh in the unlimited weight class, earned All-American status.

Locking up for the takedown.

Trying to break away.

Manuevering for the advantage.

Trying to manuever for the pin.

TRACK LEAPS TO VICTORY

Navy track finished with a 5-1 dual meet record as well as placing third in the Heptagonal Games and ninth in the IC4A Indoor Meet. The brightest spot for the team was the high jump where three members cleared 7-0.. Leo Williams won the high jump at the Heptagonals for the fourth straight year and placed second at the NCAA Indoor Track Championships with a personal and School record jump of 7'-6''. Junior Joe Konicki joined Leo in the seven foot club with a jump of 7-01/4 at the Heps. Freshman Dan Williams set a freshman record with a leap of 7-2 3/4. Other bright spots were a second by Dallas Roper in the 1500 at the Heps and a third by senior Mike Kohrs in the 3000 with an Academy record time of 8:07.0.

Breaking the tape in a sprint.

The pole vault.

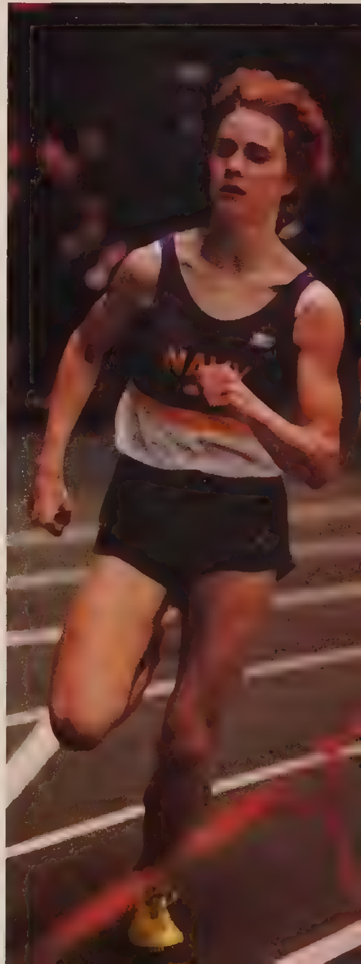
Crossing the finish line in a distance race.

TRACK SPRINTS TO WINNING RECORD

In only its second year as a varsity sport Women's Indoor Track posted a winning record of 6-3 in dual meet competition. Top performers for the squad were Stefani Green in the 800 and 1000 yards and Sue Honan in the 400 meter dash. Green, a sophomore, holds the school record in the 600 meters and the 800 meters. Laura Hinkley, a senior, came through with a couple of school records in the distance events

Stretching it out in the long jump.

Starting one of the distance races.



Rounding the last turn.

SJU
NAVY
NAVY

Crossing the finish line.

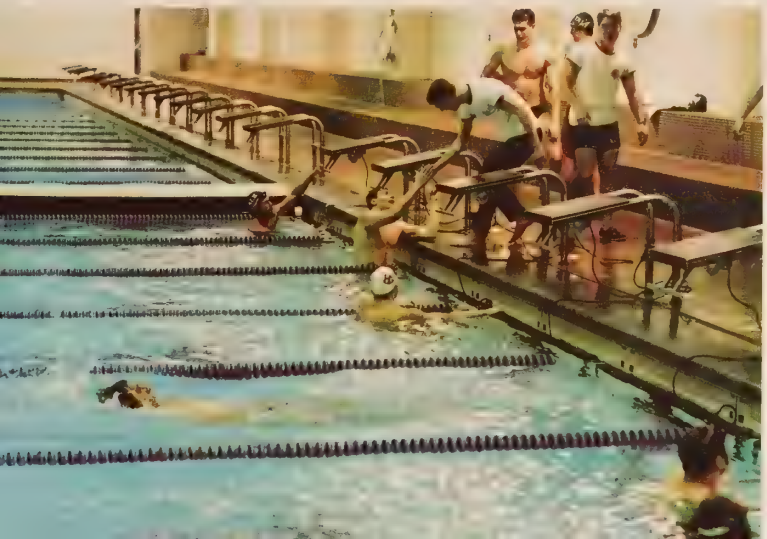
Swimming the backstroke.

A close race in the breastroke.

The start of a race.

Finishing a relay race.

Post race congratulations.



SWIMMING 6TH AT EASTERNS

Navy swimming finished with a 9-4 record and finished sixth in the Eastern Seaboards which were held in Lejuene Hall. It was the highest Navy finish since a fifth place in 1977. Five mids were named to the 1983 All-ECAC team for their placing at Easterns. They were Murphy, Kough, Smith, Etkins, and senior Andy Griffith. The team has some bright spots for the future in two plebe divers, Bill McCormick and Art Conley as well as plebe breastroker Larry Kough.

The butterfly.

A freestyle event.

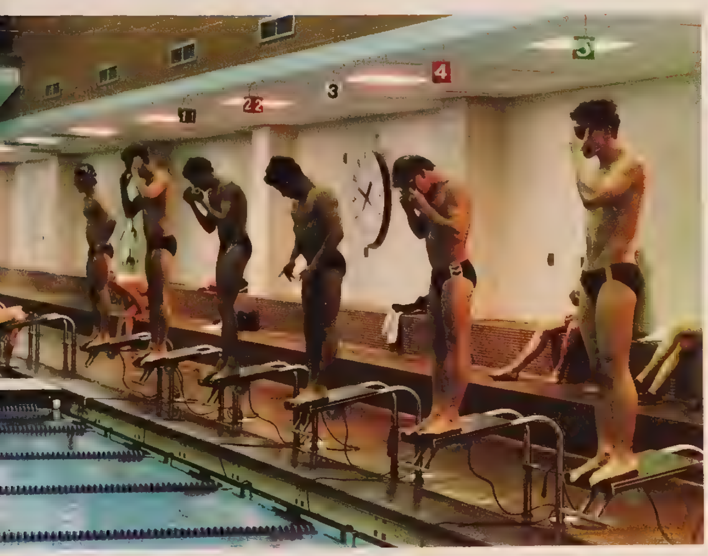
Swimmers take your marks.

Starting a race.

SWIMMING STROKES TO 9-4 RECORD

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Coach Lawrence.



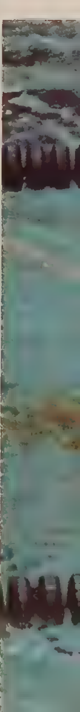
Last second preparations.

Coming home in the butterfly.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING HAS 6 ALL AMERICANS

A Navy butterflyer.

Start of the medley relay.



The new Lejuene Hall facility.

About to touch in the breaststroke.

WOMEN'S SWIMMING (4-6)—Six Navy competitors achieved All-America status by their placings in the NCAA Division II Women's championships, Navy's first year in that event after competing in the AIAW in the past. Sophomore Laurie Musiek was 7th in the 100-yard butterfly and was an All-American for the second straight year; Senior Cheryl Dolyniuk was 10th in the 100-yard IM and was an All-America for the fourth straight year; Junior Laurie Grammer was 9th in the 50-yard freestyle and was an All-American for the second time (she missed as a sophomore); freshman Bonnie Walter was 10th in the three meter diving and 12th in the one meter diving and made All-American; sophomore Dace Judy was 10th in the one meter dive and All-American for the second straight year; freshman Anne Groves was 8th in the 50-yard backstroke and also an All-American. Navy finished 23rd in the team standings at the NCAA Division II championships

FENCING FOILED AT EASTERNS

Navy fencing finished under the .500 mark with a 3-5 record, with one match snowed out. The team placed eighth in the IFA (Easterns) with senior Eric Reuter finishing seventh in the individual sabre. Reuter had a regular season record of 18-6 in sabre while sophomore Tom George was 15-7 in foil and junior Mike Pease was 10-11 in epee. All three were selected to compete in the NCAA Division I Championships.

Warding off the opponent.

Lunging for the point.

On the offensive.

Dueling it out.

FENCING POSTS WINNING MARK

With no returning letterman women's fencing was still able to post a winning season with a 6-5 record. Sophomore Nancy Heckman set a school record with 32 wins against only 9 defeats. Other top marks were 25-18 by Joanne Schmitz and 30-14 by Liz Young.

The tools of the trade.

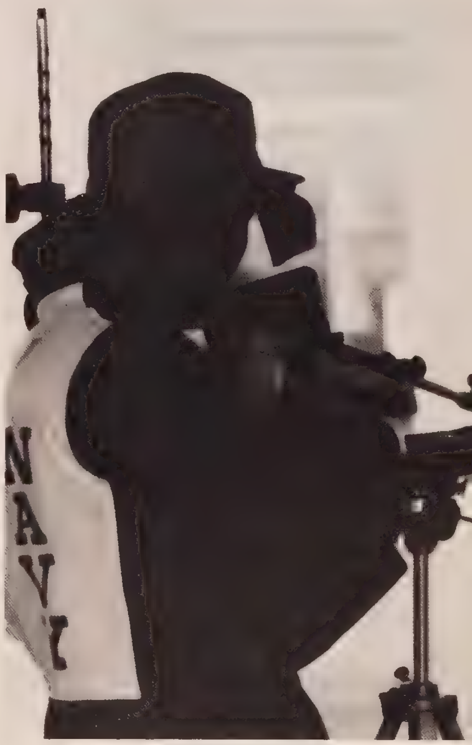
Discussing strategy.

Lunging after an opponent.

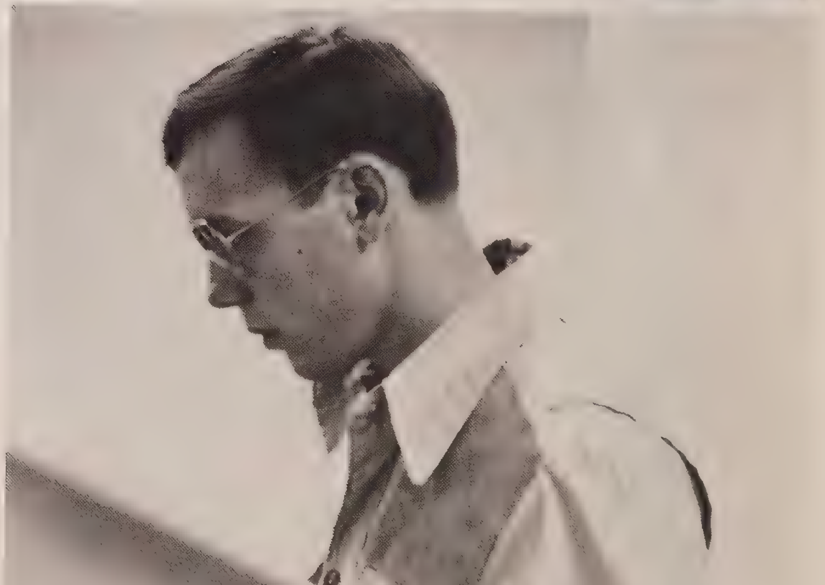
Scoring a point.

Rifle Grabs Sixth At NCAA Meet

Led by senior Jim Hudson, a second team All-American selection in air rifle, Navy finished sixth in the .22-calibre competition at the NCAA championships. Hudson's selection to an All-America team made him the first shooter in Naval Academy history to receive this recognition four straight years.

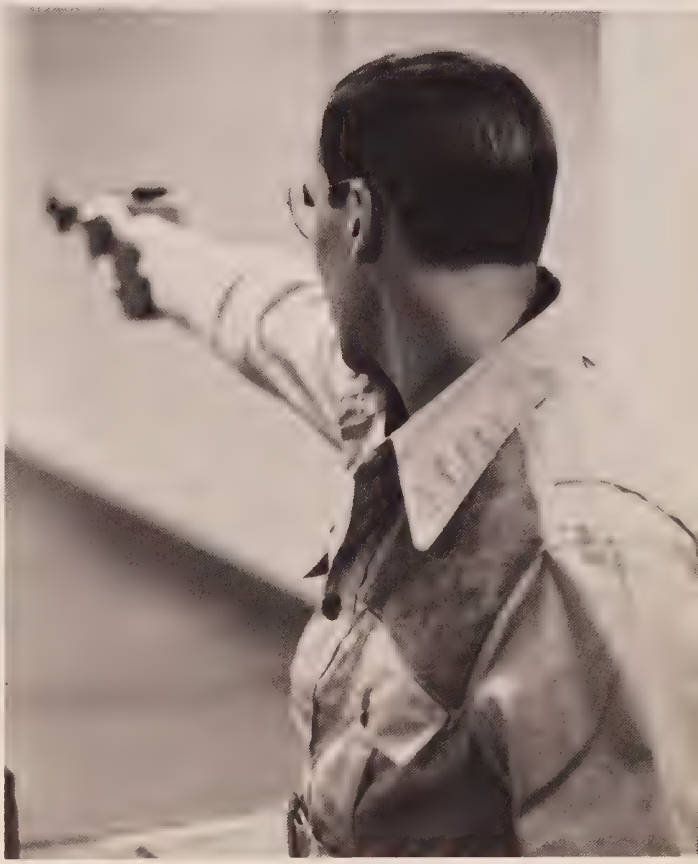


Pistol Takes Aim, Wins Two Titles



After two early setbacks, the Navy pistol team bounced back to win six straight and post a final mark of 6-2. At the National Collegiate Pistol championships, the Mids took two national titles, winning in both the free pistol competition and the standard course of fire. The Navy victory in free pistol was the third straight for a Navy team, and the team's score of 2095 set a new national collegiate record.

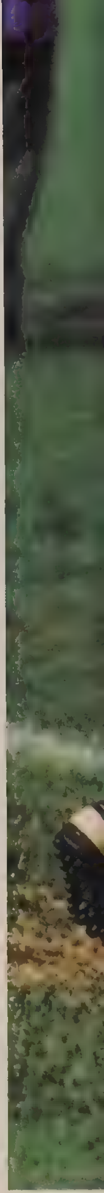
Three midshipman shooters were named to the 1983 National Collegiate Pistol All-America team. Junior Jim Wilhelm, the first-place finisher at the National Intercollegiates in the air pistol competition, garnered All-America honors in both air and free pistol for the second straight year. Senior Mike Boehle was named All-America in both the free pistol and standard pistol categories for the third straight year, and junior Paul Menninger was selected for All-America recognition for the second time.



LAX MISSES NCAA'S

Navy Lacrosse had a rough go of it in 1983 finishing with a 5-6 record and out of the NCAA tournament for the first time in its thirteen year history. It was a growing year under first year head coach Bryan Matthews. Navy started the year off slow but the team jelled towards mid season and pulled off a couple of surprises.

Controlling the ball against Air Force.



NAVY
20
9
AIR FO
15

On Defense against Air Force.

Trying to win the face-off.

AIR FORCE
31
LACROSSE
2

Defending the goal against the Falcons.

LACROSSE CHECKS ARMY

Scoring against Army.

Congratulations on the goal.

Shooting from in close.

Trying to get by the defense.

11
NAVY
WEST POINT
44

Coming in with a 3-4 mark the Midshipmen were impressive in defeating the tournament bound cadets 10-9 in front of a cold but noisy crowd at Navy-Marine Corps Stadium. The win gave the team confidence they seemed to be lacking earlier in the season as well as kept alive the prospects for a bid to the post-season tournament.

LAX NIPS MARYLAND IMPROVES TO 5-4

Coming out of the locker room.

Tough defense against the Terrapins.

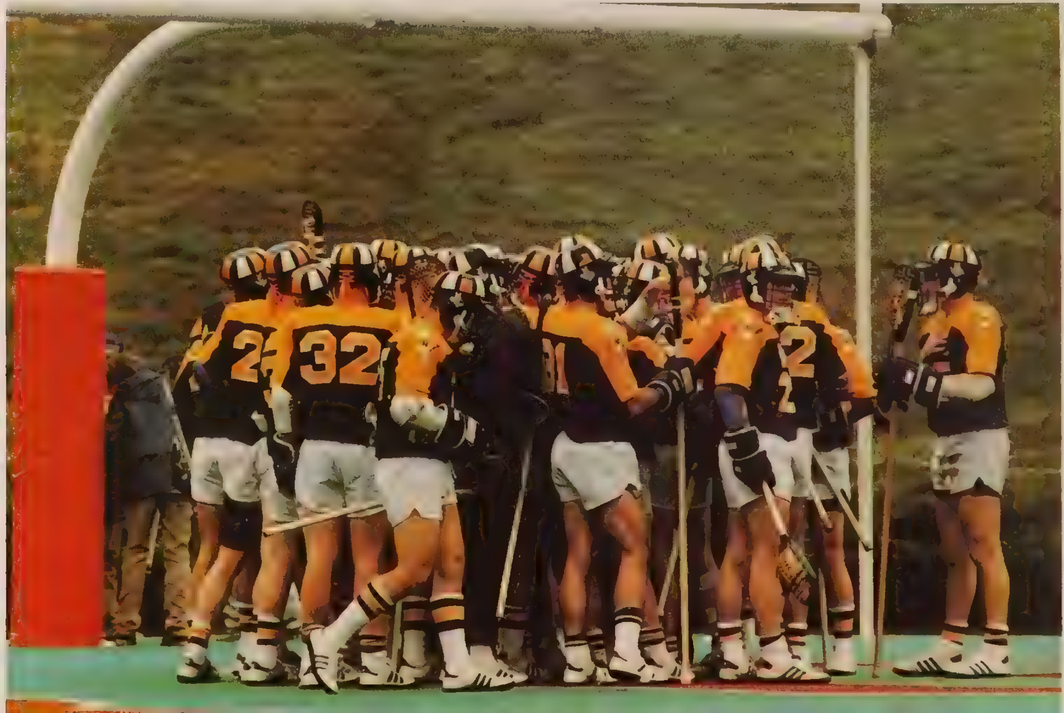
Passing across field.

Working behind the goal.

LAX FALLS TO VIRGINIA, HOPKINS

Larry McAllister plays tough defense.

Team meeting during a break in the action.



VIRGINIA
9
NAVY
NAVY

Looking for an open teammate.

First year coach Matthews.

Plebe goalie Steve Nims.

SAILING ON RIGHT TACK

Patriot captain Evan Edwards.

The crew at work during a race.

Preparing to get underway.

7777
20372
20372
36070
360

Avenger on a starboard tack.

Avenger after she passed.

Looking aft at the opposition.

Concentrating on steering Patriot

This spring the Midshipmen claimed an unprecedented seventh straight national collegiate sailing championship. In obtaining the Leonard M. Fowle Trophy, an award presented annually to the school displaying the best combined performance in the five Intercollegiate Yacht Association of North America championships, Navy was second in the ICYRA Singlehanded Championships; first in the Sloop Championships; first in the Women's Championships; third in the Dinghy Championships; and fifth in the Team Racing Championships. Four team members were All-America first team selectees — second classmen Robbie Brown and Hal Gilreaph, and youngsters Brian Ledbetter and Rick Merriman. Senior Pam Corwin was an honorable mention All-American.

Practicing on the Severn.

Manuevering in a crowd.

NA 4
NA
NA
102223

Trying to maintain the lead.

10

18

Straining for the advantage.

Team work is the key.

CREW SECOND IN IRA'S

Crew won the Jim Ten Eyck Trophy at the IRA's for the second straight year—that is the trophy that goes to the crew with the best overall record in the regatta. In the grand finals of the IRA's Navy placed second to brown by 1.7 seconds. During the season the team won the Goes Trophy for the fifth straight year but was beaten by Harvard and Penn in the Adams cup.

Stroking together.

Straining for victory.

Varsity four with coxswain.

Preparing for the start of a race.

Weigh-enough.

The agony of defeat.

Catching wind after a race.

WOMEN'S CREW STROKES TO 10 AND 1 MARK

Under first year coach LCDR Walt Donovan women's crew posted a 10-1 record. The biggest win of the season was at the President's Cup Regatta in Poughkeepsie, NY when the team defeated Coast Guard, Skidmore, Rhode Island, St. John's Lowell and New York Maritime. In the Dad Vail Regatta, the varsity eight made it to the finals but was disqualified when it drifted from its lane and interfered with another boat.

YP 662

Pulling through the last stroke.

WOMEN'S CREW (10-1)

Superb year under first year coach LCDR Walt Donovan. Team's big win was in the Women's Varsity Race at the President's Cup Regatta in Poughkeepsie, NY when it defeated Coast Guard, Skidmore, Rhode Island, St. John's Lowell and New York Maritime. At the Dad Vail Regatta, the varsity eight qualified for the finals with a win in a semifinal heat but was disqualified in the Grand Finals race when it strayed out of its lane and interfered with another boat.

The team pulls together to victory.

BASEBALL WINS MOST GAMES EVER

Baseball had the most wins ever by a Navy team with 31. However, the team finished second in the EIBL after a 10-1 loss to Harvard in a make-up game of a 3-3 tie earlier in the season. Navy won the EIBL in 1982 and has been first or second five of the last six years. Centerfielder Andy Loferski was a third team All-America choice and was named to the NCAA All East Regional All-Star team. Loferski led the team in hitting (.430), RBI's (48), doubles (11), triples (5), home runs (7), stolen bases (20 of 21), hits (71), and runs scored (47). The team will lose much of its strength up the middle with the graduation of catcher Bob Baldocchi, pitcher Craig Gibson, second baseman Tony Rodgers, as well as Loferski. Bright spots for the future are outfielder Andy Ponsiego, pitchers Craig Michael, Drew Tanner, John Eustace, Scott Vogel, and Scott Wild.

The play at second.

Pitching in a close game.

BALL 1
STRIKE 0
OUT 2
VISITOR
NAVY

25
AT BAT
BALL 0
STRIKE 1
OUT 2
VISITOR
NAVY
NAVY

Laying down a bunt.

The view from behind the plate.

Turning over the double play.

42

FUTURE LOOKS GOOD FOR TENNIS

A smashing backhand.

A big serve.

Reaching for the backhand.

A forehand lob.

TENNIS ACES ARMY FOR FOURTEENTH YEAR IN A ROW

Stepping to the backhand.

Serving for the ace.

TENNIS SERVES UP 14-6 MARK

Navy was victorious over Army for the fourteenth consecutive year as the Mids edged the Cadets 5-4 at West Point. Coach Bobby Bayliss's unit started impressively winning eight of its first nine matches before suffering three straight EITL losses (Harvard, Brown, Yale). Although Navy finished the season with three Eastern League triumphs (Columbia, Army, Cornell) in a row, the Mids could only manage a sub-par 4-5 EITL showing. The squad's top two singles players second classman Bayly Taff (8-11) and senior John Dace (8-10) lacked consistency. Other singles' records included first classman Bill Mountford (12-8 at number three), third classmen Mike Dashiell (15-5 at number four) and Franz Wagner (14-6 at number six), and plebe David Jones (15-4) at number five. The Mids' usual dominance of doubles play was not as apparent with Wagner and firstie Mark Alevizos (12-6) the team's top combination.

A forehand return.

Senior John Dace.

Stroking a backhand.

Returning a serve during match play.

Navy defeated Army for the fourteenth year in a row, this time by a 5-4 margin. Top records for the 1983 season were Freshman David Jones 15-4 at number five; sophomore Mike Dashiell, 15-5 at no. 4; sophomore Franz Wagner, 14-6 at number six; firstie Bill Mountford, 12-8 at number three; Bayly Taff 8-11 at number two;

GOLF DRIVES TO 3-0 MARK IN SHORTENED SEASON

Golf finished the season with a 3-0 record after rain wiped out nearly the entire dual-triangular season. The team defeated Army for the second straight year. The match was tied for the five-man teams after 18 holes and after the first sudden death hole. A sixth man was used and Navy's Brian Bickford recorded a par to Army's bogey for the victory. The team qualified for The NCAA's for the first time since 1967 when it placed second. Individuals selected for the NCAA's were junior Scott Spooner, senior David Kelley, junior Chip Lindsay, and junior Eric Meyer.

Hitting an iron on the fairway.

The team.

TRACK UNDEFEATED IN DUAL MEETS

Men's track posted a 4-0 mark in dual meet competition including a 103-60 victory over Army. The big names for Navy were Leo Williams in the high jump and Perry Pucetti in the javelin. Williams won the high jump in the Penn Relays for the first time with a meet record jump of 7-5. He also won his fourth straight Heptagonals title with a jump of 7-3. Pucetti set a school record in the javelin with a toss of 262 feet, 9 inches. He won the Heps with a throw of 243 and the IC4A's with a throw 254-3.

Leo Williams clears the bar.

Lunging for the wire.

NAVY
NAVY

Passing the baton in a relay race.

NAVY

NAVY

BRIGADE BOXING

Getting in close to work the body.

Clinching up.

Backing an opponent into the corner.

Throwing a left hand jab.

Looking for an opening.

A right to the head.

BRIGADE BOXING

Rejoicing in triumph.

Going down for the count.

NA 29
NA 26
18

NAVY
NAVY

7
35

ECA's

ICE HOCKEY

Right: Navy celebrates another score!

Left: Team captain **Jim Guiliano** receives a Crabpot Tournament trophy from Commodore Edney.

Mike McGill gave Navy an offensive boost in his rookie season.

A moment of quiet before the fury.

The Navy Hockey team finished the 1982-83 season with a 16-3-2 record, despite facing their toughest schedule ever. With almost every game against an NCAA Division II or Division III opponent, tremendous effort and dedication were needed for the club to complete its finest season in its thirteen year history. The year was highlighted by two fantastic weekends of hockey against new rivals Hawthorne College and Trinity College. Navy also brought the Crabpot Tournament trophy home where it belongs by soundly defeating defending champion Penn State.

This year's team was led by a group of five talented and closely knit seniors: Team Captain **Jim Gulliano,** Assistant Captain **Dennis Carr, Dave Phaeuf, Mark Dowd,** and **Matt Stapleton.** Along with a solid core of juniors and sophomores, Navy's six freshmen were more than able to offset the loss of departing graduates. The result was a versatile and talented team.

Superior physical conditioning and an aggressive, offensive style of play continued to be Navy Hockey's trademark; moreover, big improvements in defensive play proved that the team has developed a classy game that hockey fans love.

Front row: Rich Nowak, Andy Laing, Mark Dowd, Dennis Carr, Capt. Scott Moore, Coach Steve Gordon, Capt. Chris Iaquinto, Jim Guiliano, Matt Stapleton, Dave Phaneuf, Greg Brown, trainer Pat Dunn. **Back Row:** Mgr. Pat Jarusewski, Maurice Fairley, Steve Powers, Dan LaChance, Andy Cyr, Jim Donnelly, Steve Bowen, Dan White, Peter Bishop, Steve Debonis, Doug Conkey, Bill Deroche, Mike McGill, Dave Benson, John Riley, Dan Holzrichter, Joe Zamboni.

Captain **Jim Guiliano,** Assistant Captain **Dennis Carr.**

RUGBY

The Rugby Club posted one of its most impressive records in club history this fall. Navy entered the Potomac Rugby Union's fall tournament with an undefeated division record. The team reached the semi-finals of the Eastern Collegiate Championship tournament in April of 1982, with the hopes of returning to that same tournament is in 1983.

Guided by the coaching of LCDR Kehoe (officer Representative), Capt. Fox and Capt. "Vince Lombardi" Wolfe, Navy amassed 219 points against their opponents in the first seven fall matches. Navy's opponents managed to score 43 points in those seven contests. RUGBY MAGAZINE cited Navy Rugby as "one of the teams to watch in 1983." Time proved this prediction as Navy finished first in the 1983 Eastern Collegiate Championship and moved on to a third place national finish. With this type of performance and dedication, Navy continues to be a viable and explosive rugby powerhouse sure to capture a National Championship in the near future.

KARATE

The USNA Karate Club is one of the few ECAs that meets six days a week here at the Academy. All members begin at the white belt level and progress as time and skill permits through the gold, green, blue, purple, brown, and hopefully black belt levels. Their training consists of Kata, or pre-set form to improve coordination and technique, self-defense against both empty-handed and weaponed opponents, applied Judo and free-fighting against one and or several opponents. A majority of this training is conducted by midshipmen instructors. The club also has two fifth-degree black belts who serve as instructors at least once per week. Aside from that type of training, the club competes in Intercollegiate and invitational tournaments year round. Even with all of this activity, members still have to participate in a sports program, thus participation in the club requires a huge committment.

Karate team watches in suspense

JUDO

GYMNASTICS

POWERLIFTING

Jeff Lett

Tom Connally

In its five years of existence, the Powerlifting Club has grown from being a small organization to becoming a National Collegiate competitor. The club consists of an unlimited number of members who are interested in lifting; however, through selection twenty-two of these members qualify to complete and represent the Naval Academy at powerlifting meets.

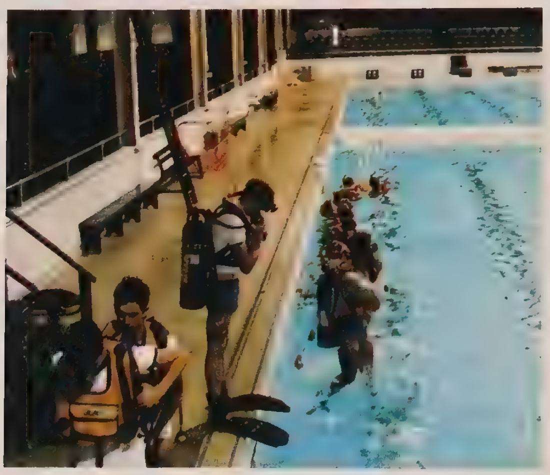
This year the club competed at the Virginia and Maryland state Championships. Also members competed at the National Collegiate Championships. The club has been a top ten national team for the last two years, and proved to be a national contender in 1983.

VOLLEYBALL

The United States Naval Academy Volleyball Club boasted one of its best seasons ever, climaxed by an exciting victory over Army at West Point. Guided by the leadership and setting of Captain Ward Stevens, the volleyball team achieved a collegiate record of 49-5 and an overall record of 102-36. They finished the season as both state and regional champions. Ward had the solid support of outside hitters Ned Dennin, John Gelinne, and Ross Holcomb. Combined with strong outside hitting was the powerful middle hitting and blocking of Ray Biers, Kent Mann, and Kyle Watson. Under the experienced direction of coach Harvey Bryant, a former member of the USA Men's National Team, the men's volleyball team achieved one of its most successful seasons ever.

The team looks forward to an equally impressive season next year. Upcoming talent looks promising and only one starting letterman will be graduating.

SCUBA CLUB



Tim Tees hams it up for the camera.

The USNA Scuba Club promotes scuba diving within the Brigade of Midshipmen. Diving is a recreation that graduates can enjoy throughout their lives; furthermore, because of the many naval ports abroad, they can actively pursue diving in some of the best waters of the world.

The club's primary goal is to teach Basic Scuba and to give each member an opportunity for an Openwater qualification. Successful completion of the course earns a scuba certification sanctioned by the Professional Association of Diving Instructors.

In addition, the club also serves the qualified diver. Divers are welcomed on any dive, may borrow club owned scuba gear, obtain free air, and purchase equipment at discount prices through the club store in Bancroft Hall. The club also offers advanced courses to allow midshipmen to improve their diving skills and eventually qualify as an instructor.

Each semester the Basic Scuba course qualifies approximately one hundred eighty mids. During spring break, the club also organizes the biggest dive of the year. The warm waters of Key Largo, Florida, offer novice divers a chance to qualify in the ultimate conditions. Experienced divers take advantage of reduced dive costs. Beautiful reefs, beautiful girls, and a fun filled week are more than anyone could ask for!

SOFTBALL

September brings the start of another academic year, another parade season, an another football season. It also means that the fall season for the Women's Softball Club has gotten underway. This season the team was coached by CDR Rivera and LT Meyers. Midshipman second class Christine Phifer, however, was responsible for most of the administrative and organizational duties. She was also at the core of the team's spirit. Although the fall season was quite short, it was an excellent time for all the players to get to know one another and to try their skills at several different positions. Learning to play as a team was the main objective as the season openned with a five game tournament. Even though the fall record did not reflect a winning season, the team continually improved with each game. In fact, the Navy Women's Softball Team lost their last game to Mary Washington by a score of only three to two. At the present time, the team is quite small, but everyone is confident that the spring season will generate greater interest. Both CDR Rivera and LT Meyers see a great potential on the team, which they hope to develop in the Winter and Spring. Consequently, this Spring season the Club can expect harder practices, work with the batting machine, and a lot of "checks" in the win column.

CROSS COUNTRY

This year's Women's Cross Country team completed its season undefeated. They were victorious over all five opponents scheduled. The opponents ranged from division I to III teams. The team also finished second at the Essex Invitational and placed fourth among the region's toughest varsity squads at the West Virginia Invitational.

Team Captain Laura Hinkley was Navy's top finisher in 4 of 5 meets. Following close at her heels was third class Stefani Green, who together with Laura, broke the Navy course record. Second class Virginia Forehand and Ginger Bressler were strong performers all sesaon, who along with third class Kathleen O'Neil and Nancy Honan contributed to the team's winning streak with consistent efforts at all of the meets.

Opponent	*Score*
Essex Invitational	Second
Towson Ctate University	15-50
William and Mary	23-36
Mary Washington	18-41
West Virginia Invitational	Fourth
Radford University	20-42
Johns Hopkins University	15-50
Record:	5-0

WOMEN'S TENNIS

Service aces, passing shots, lobs, and heated rallies are all part of Women's Tennis, one of the newer clubs here at the Academy. Although they are participating in a newly organized sport, the team members compete with the enthusiasm and skill of a team with greater experience. It was these qualities that helped lead them to an undefeated first season. It also led the team to a fourth place finish in the Catholic-Trinity Invitational Tournament. With such skill, pride and competitive spirit, Women's Tennis is sure to be one of the many sports carring on the Navy winning tradition in future seasons.

BICYCLE TEAM

Cyclist passes in a blur of speed.

Just who are those helmeted speedsters decked out in blue and gold suits one finds sprinting around Farragut each afternoon? They are Team Navy - a 10 member team comprised of men and women training for the world's second most popular sport - bicycle racing.

Locally, the public has recently been exposed to the rigors of the bicycle race; the annual Baltimore Pro Race as well as the recent Tour of the Americas have brought cycling to new light. There are three types of races in which Team Navy participates: the Criterium, the road race and the time trial. Criteriums involve multiple high speed laps on a closed circut whereas road races involve a route over varied terrain on the open road. The time trial differs from both as it is a race against the clock; a single rider starts on a designated 10 or 25 mile course and rides as fast as possible. The speeds in a bicycle race can approach and exceed 40 miles per hour in a sprint but usually are maintained at about 30 to 35 in a good race.

Team Navy's season consists of United Cycling Federation Races in both the spring and fall where licensed riders compete for prises. During the winter months, training involves weights, the bicycle ergometer as well as indoor roller riding which develops endurance, strength and bike handling ability. Spring is Team Navy's intercollegiate season and team members train 30 to 40 miles daily in order to participate in Eastern Collegiate Cycling Federation races. In intercollegiate competition Navy meets teams such as Princeton, Rutgers, Cornell, the University of Virginia, Penn State and Army - usually placing in the top 5 in overall team competition.

Team Navy is always glad to accept new members interested in joining the sport - so come out and ride with us.

Muscles strain to push onward.

HIGH POWER RIFLE

Front: Andy Fuller, Alan Manglicmot, Mike Rennie, GMGC Mac Farland, CPO, USN
Back: Jeff Weis, Russ Vranicar, Eldon Bingham, M. Fordham Mjr. USA

The US Naval Academy High Power Rifle Team is the only service academy/NROTC High Power Team in existence. The team trains in the Spring and members help coach second and first class midshipmen as they shoot the M14 service rifle in the SECNAV rifle matches. During the summer the team competes against active and reserve military teams and civilian teams in the Interservice Matches, Quantico, Virginia, before shooting at the National High Power Championships held in Camp Perry, Ohio.

The High Power Rifle Team has produced competant shooters who compete against the best military and civilian shooters in the country.

SKEET AND TRAP TEAMS

Skeet Team, Captain Mark Hagerott

Competition, excitement, fun; that is what the USNA Skeet and Trap team is all about. Though necessarily a small group, approximately 14 members, the team has cast a big shadow. In its short history, the club has competed in a multitude of local shoots, eastern regionals, and at one time, nationals. Beyond the function of representing Navy, the Trap and Skeet team provide members of the brigade the opportunity to shoot and smash clay, sharpen the eye, and perfect the trigger finger. The next time you are on the Severn or golfing at the Naval Station, listen carefully, the echo of gunfire that fills the air will most likely be either one of the teams taking aim for another shot at Army.

Trap Team, Captain Craig McDonald

SEMPER FIDELIS

SEMPER FIDELIS

207th
BIRTHDAY
U.S.M.C.
SEMPER FIDELIS

The Semper Fi society exists to give midshipmen an insight into the activities of the Marine Corps. Particular emphasis is given to prepare future young officers so that they can face the responsibilities and challenges of the Marine Corps. The primary emphasis of the club is to introduce midhsipmen to the ready fellowship of Marine Officers and the unique camaraderie that it breeds. Some of the club's activities for this year included rappelling in the field house, rappelling out of CH-53's, live M-60 machine gun fires and a trip to 8th and I to watch the sunset parade. We also had numerous lectures on all aspects of the Marine air and ground team.

AIRBORNE TRAINING UNIT

DEATH FROM ABOVE

GERONIMO! - the famous battlecry of the Airborne Training Unit paratroopers. This elite group of midshipmen takes pride in their favorite activity, military parachuting. The Unit conducts training in various military parachuting endeavors, including qualifying parachute riggers. When a midshipman paratrooper exits an aircraft and puts his knees in the breeze, he is assured he'll be looking under the "prettiest sky he ever saw." The Airborne Training Unit conducts Airborne operations on a monthy basis out of several types of military aircraft.

The Airborne Training Unit sponsored a parachuting and repelling day followed by a picnic. It showed some "gung ho" flicks such as A Bridge Too Far. In March, the Unit ran a Pre-Airborne Training week in order to give some dirty, scruffy legs (future master blasters), a feel for what their three weeks of jump school will be like. In addition to sending approximately one hundred midshipmen to jump school, the Airborne Training Unit distributed billets to other Army specialty schools; such as Jumpmaster, Rigger, HALO, Air Assault, and Ranger Training. The Unit has also trained its members in rubber boating, reconnaissance, repelling, grenade throwing, and the use of bayonets. The Airborne Training Unit definitely improved its members' abilities to "Land Softly and Kill Quietly!"

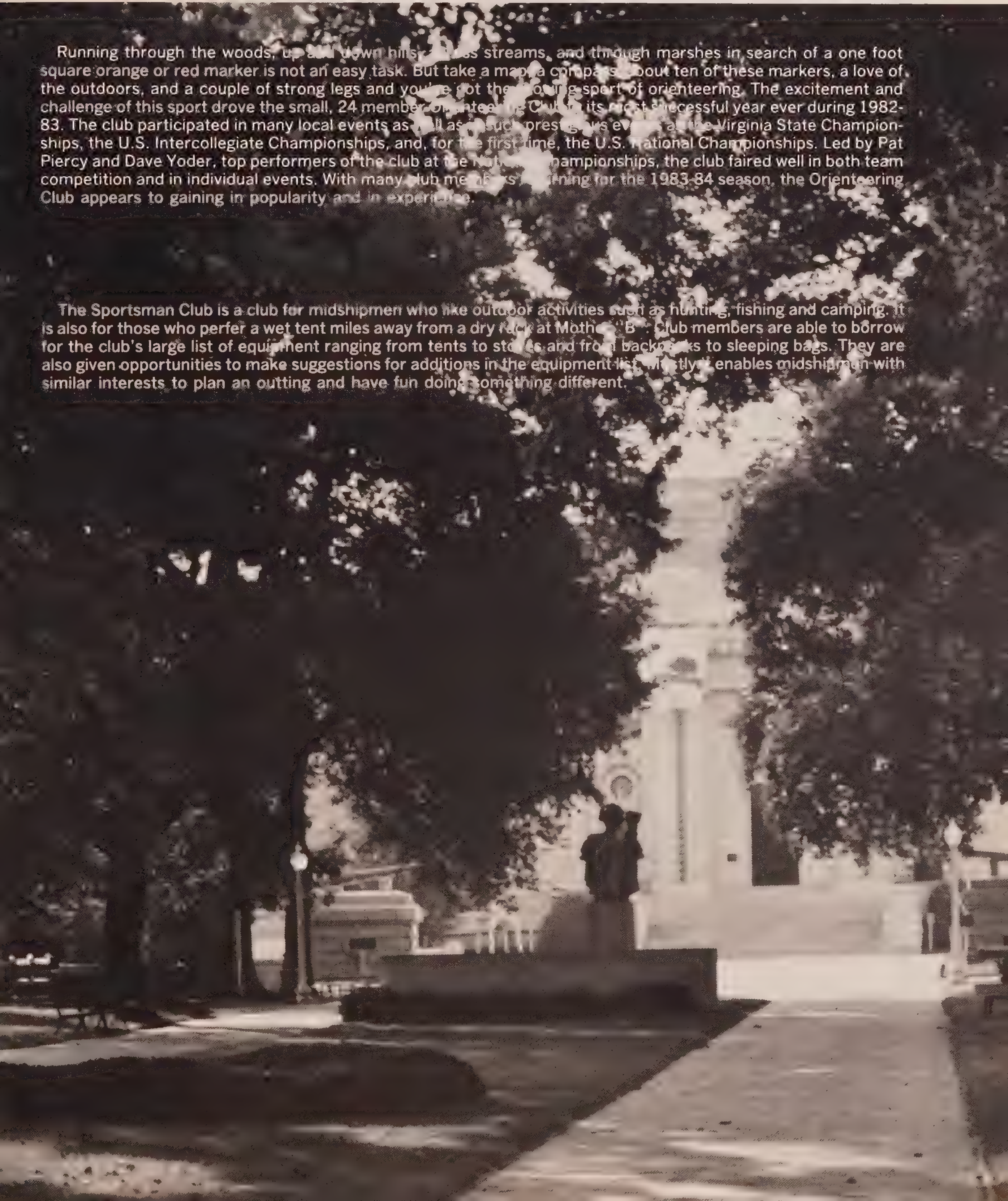
SPORT PARACHUTE

The USNA Sport Parachute Club continues to be one of the Academy's most exciting and popular ECAs. It offers members the chance to participate in a internationally recognized sport, as well as pick up a valuable military skill. Many members hope to use their experience later in the special warfare, USMC, or aviation related fields. The club's main goals are saftey promotion and, of course, good times for all. In addition to bringing new jumpers into the sport, the club also fields a competition team composed of the most experienced members. This team represents Navy in the skies at the Tri-service Academy Parachute Meet, the West Point Invitational Parachute Meet and the National Collegiate Parachute Championships. The team has previously thrilled crowds at local festivals and sporting events as well. Whether turning student jumpers into "Sky Gods" or just relieving the pains of midshipmen adrenalin addicts, the club continues to offer fun, excitement, and real comraderie to its members. It seeks the opportunity to answer the age old question, "Why do you jump out of perfectly good airplanes?"

ORIENTEERING/SPORTSMAN'S CLUBS

Running through the woods, up and down hills, across streams, and through marshes in search of a one foot square orange or red marker is not an easy task. But take a map, a compass, about ten of these markers, a love of the outdoors, and a couple of strong legs and you've got the growing sport of orienteering. The excitement and challenge of this sport drove the small, 24 member Orienteering Club to its most successful year ever during 1982-83. The club participated in many local events as well as such prestigious events as the Virginia State Championships, the U.S. Intercollegiate Championships, and, for the first time, the U.S. National Championships. Led by Pat Piercy and Dave Yoder, top performers of the club at the National Championships, the club faired well in both team competition and in individual events. With many club members returning for the 1983-84 season, the Orienteering Club appears to gaining in popularity and in experience.

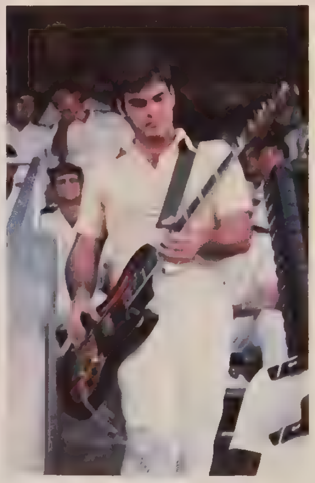
The Sportsman Club is a club for midshipmen who like outdoor activities such as hunting, fishing and camping. It is also for those who perfer a wet tent miles away from a dry rack at Mother "B". Club members are able to borrow for the club's large list of equipment ranging from tents to stoves and from backpacks to sleeping bags. They are also given opportunities to make suggestions for additions in the equipment list. Mostly it enables midshipmen with similar interests to plan an outting and have fun doing something different.



BAND, PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMITTEE

Who are those characters in funny hats? There, the ones with all the musical instruments. You'll see them at pep rallies, football games, and most of the basketball and lacrosse games too. This crowd is the Pep Band, and they are found at many of Navy's home sporting contests, sometimes two in one day; a cross-country meet followed by a football game is a typical Saturday for many a Pep Band member. Members of the band travel to most of Navy's away football games, and an occasional weekend basketball game to stir up spirit and provide time-out entertainment.

The Pep Band is open to all classes, and the name of the game is fun and excitement. Although no great musical talent is required of any member, the band puts together a good sound. The repertoire includes many popular songs of recent years, along with the full range of Navy fight songs. Working with the cheerleaders and Mr. Pep, the Pep Band is an important facet of the Brigade spirit organization. N-A-V-Y Gooooooo NAVY-FIGHT!



The Public Relations Committee is an ECA that supports the brigade. It assists the Naval Academy Athletic Association and the Public Affairs Officer in promoting and publicizing activities at the Naval Academy. During the football season, the club operates the press box at home games, taking statistics and spotting for radio and TV. The club provides similiar services at some other Navy sporting events and travels to some away games. PRC also provides announcers for football marchons, basketball and lacrosse games.

CANNONEERS

No Navy football game is complete without the presence of the Navy Cannoneers. From atop the hill the thunder roars from the 1863 Dahlgreen howitzer, signifying another Navy score. Each member of the Cannoneers expediates the task of loading the cannon, while anticipating another score. The Cannoneers are composed of two midshipmen from each class who are selected for their ability to handle the brass monster (and to stomach box lunches.)

US NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS

BRIGADE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Spirit! That is what the Brigade Activities Committee (B.A.C.) is all about. Anything and everything which has to do with support of the Naval Academy athletic teams and other related activities in the name of spirit comes through the B.A.C. and its members. The committee is made up of representatives of the spirit groups at the Academy:

Cheerleaders	Ig Hokaj (03)
Pep Band	Harry Dorman (29)
Mr. Pep	Jim Coles (29)
WUBA gang	Mark Carlson (10)
Juice Gang	Graham Rossano (22)
WRNV	John Lovering (05)

The B.A.C. is headed up by the Seond Regimental Sub commander, Kevin McCarthy (25). This year's major activities included Pep rallies, Army week (with better than ever T-shirts and hats), Football pre-game activities, and secret "missions" to the Pentagon to roust up more spirit for Navy against Air Force and Army. B.A.C.- *THE* spirit headquarters for the U.S. Naval Academy.

Tecumseh takes on a new coat.

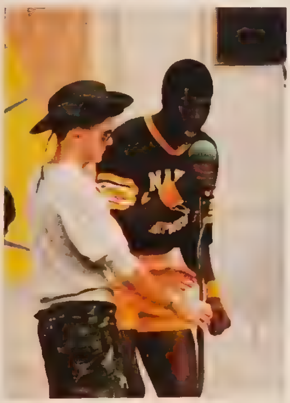
Mid applys finishing touches.

Team departs on a wave of spirit.

The Commandant sparks a rally.

Quality work demands attention.

Pep band rouses the crowd.



Mr. Pep leads a cheer.

NAVY SPIRIT

Part of the success of Navy's athletic teams can be attributed to fan support, and the Navy cheerleaders. Mr. Pep, and the WUBA GANG help boost that spirit at sporting contests and pep rallies. The cheerleaders practice hard in order to put on a classy performance at games throughout the year. Mr. Pep's antics at Navy football games inspire and amuse the crowd, and thus help to raise the vocal support that often makes an impact on crucial plays. The pre-football game skits by the WUBA GANG provide a sarcastic look at life at the Naval Academy and also a slightly distorted version of the true athletic contests about to take place on the field. Overall, the spirit rousers are a guiding force behind the all-essential crowd support at Navy sporting events.

Pep rallies are a focal point for Navy's spirit.

Eagles
Eagles
Eagles

Mixing with squads from other schools, such as Boston College, is a standard halftime event for the Navy cheerleaders.

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

The United States Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps serves two major functions: support of the brigade of Midshipmen and support of the United States Naval Academy as a public relations emissary. The Drum and Bugle Corps also provides any services as directed by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy or by the Commandant of Midshipmen.

In support of the Brigade, the Drum and Bugle Corps provides music for formations, march-overs, and parades. In support of the U. S. Naval Academy, the Drum and Bugle Corps performs throughout the nation in concerts, field shows, and parades, helping to increase good will between the general public and the U. S. Naval Academy.

This year, the Drum and Bugle Corps provided halftime entertainment for seven of Navy's football games, performing a show written and directed by the Midshipman staff. The Corps also played exhibition field shows in Richmond, Virginia and Arnold, Maryland. The annual competition between The Air Force Academy Drum and Bugle Corps and The Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps was held in Colorado this year. For seven days during Christmas break, the Corps made a west coast appearance playing two concerts a day in California high schools. In the spring, the Corps participated in the Serenade in Brass, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; the Dixie Stinger, Baltimore, Maryland; and the Apple Blossom Festival, Winchester, Virginia

MASQUERADERS

In true bureaucratic fashion!

As sturdy a seat as they'll ever find.

"THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR"

Times are rough!

Youth versus age.

The crew works diligently.

MAIL

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

"Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you the United States Naval Academy Glee Club." With these words countless Americans have enjoyed the thrilling concerts performed by the Mens' Glee Club. Excellence of performance demonstrated by these midshipmen under the leadership of John Barry Talley, reflects the high standards expected at the Naval Academy.

The Glee Club is by far the most visible of all organizations at the Academy. In the past, the club has performed on many nationally televised program's such as NBC's Today Show, President Reagan's Inaugural Gala, and at the Kennedy Center's Tribute to Henry Fonda.

This year's plans include tours of North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Southern California, with performances as part of the Rose Bowl festivities. In addition, the Glee Club will perform for the Navy in the National Cathedral, as well as performing the Ninth Symphony with the Annapolis Symphony Orchestra. These are but a few of the highlights planned for the upcoming year.

Perfection sounding loud and clear.

Firsties fill risers.

Mr. Barry Talley directs the men.

Lyrics boom from the stage.

CATHOLIC CHOIR

Each Sunday morning during the academic year the Catholic Choir offers a variety of chapel music at the 0900 mass in the main chapel. Together with other volunteers who act as servers, lectors, ushers, and eucharistic ministers, the choir helps make up a support group which is composed entirely of midshipmen.

Under the direction of Mr. James Dale the choir performs a wide range of selections which run from Negro spirituals to Mozart. The choir also represents the Naval Academy at the annual "Navy Day" celebration at the Mother Seton Shrine in Emmitsburg, Maryland. This feast commemorates the canonization of the first American born saint whose two sons served as midshipmen in the United States Navy. Annually the choir travels to New York City and has one performance at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Every two years the group makes appearances at local parishes in the New Orleans areas over the Easter holday.

Mr. Dale directs the choir.

Voices provide inspiration at services.

PROTESTANT CHOIR

Worship through music.

Men's Chapel Choir adds to Sunday morning service.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club is a nationwide organization of Catholic young people that promotes Christian ideals primarily through the interaction of college-age men and women. During the 1982-83 year the Club sponsored a myriad of activities in keeping with the ideals of the organization. The Club met weekly after the Sunday evening meal. The meetings were characterized by prayer, songs, and highlighted by a guest speaker. The speakers came from a large crossection of religions and their general objective was either to broaden member's general knowledge or to explain the Christian's role in general and in the military in particular. In addition to the weekly meetings, the Newman Club sponsored a number of social functions with area Newman Clubs, conducted a weekend retreat in the Fall and Spring, and organized several community help projects in the Washington/Annapolis area. Additionally, several members of the Club performed missionary work in the Appalachian mountains area during their leave time.

L'CHAIM CLUB

The L'Chaim Club has the novelty of being the smallest religious group at the Naval Academy. Consisting of approximately thirty members, the club offers an opportunity to get together with other midshipmen of the Jewish faith to discuss any problems, seek assistance or simply go out and have a good time with other Jewish organizations in the area.

The club holds weekly services each and every Friday night during the academic year in a small chapel in Mitscher Hall. Though not a formal synagogue, the chapel does offer an excellent opportunity and place for the Jewish midshipmen to pray. In addition, the club sponsors guest speakers during the year, holds social events and plans a picnic every June Week. L'Chaim's best asset, however, is offering midshipmen of the same faith to be united away from the rigors of academics and Bancroft Hall.

FCA/NAVIGATORS

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes encourages fellowship with other Christians and stresses individual participation in weekly gatherings by having a maximum amount of midshipmen participation. At these meetings, Christians have a good opportunity to meet and have fellowship with other Christians.

Whether we are athletes or not, we should use our bodies for God's glory! The Fellowship of Christian Athletes is a group of dedicated Christians who love the Lord, love talking about him, and love to feel him working through us in our various athletic events. Eternal life membership.

The Navigators is an interdenominational Christian organization whose purpose is to develop Christian character and leadership in midshipmen by means of small group Bible studies and personalized training. Several Bible study groups are underway in each battalion; the focus of these groups is personal study of the Biblical principles of character and leadership with practical application of these principles to daily life as a midshipman.

Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan wrote toward the end of his life that for the past thirty years he had experienced in his life the power of God and his own personal weakness. He aspired to a "life conformed to the words and example of Jesus Christ." Helping midshipmen develop such a life is the goal of the Navigators. The club emphasizes the individual and his needs. As midshipmen learn the principles of living as Christians and grow in their faith, they in turn reach out to others.

OFFICER'S CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

OCF
OFFICERS CHRISTIAN
FELLOWSHIP

Highlights of the year for the Officer's Christian Fellowship were the Labor Day and Easter weekend conferences conducted at White Sulphur Springs, Pa., the annual autumn picnic and hayride held at Fort Meade and the USNA Dairy Farm, the dating-courtship-marriage seminars, and the leadership workshop weekends.

Weekly activities for the OCF included Tuesday night meetings, scripture memory lessons, a read through the bible program, and discipleship groups. All of these activities provided the midshipmen with the opportunity to sing, worship, and share their faith, and also taught them about many areas of Christian living.

Fellowship make cook-outs special.

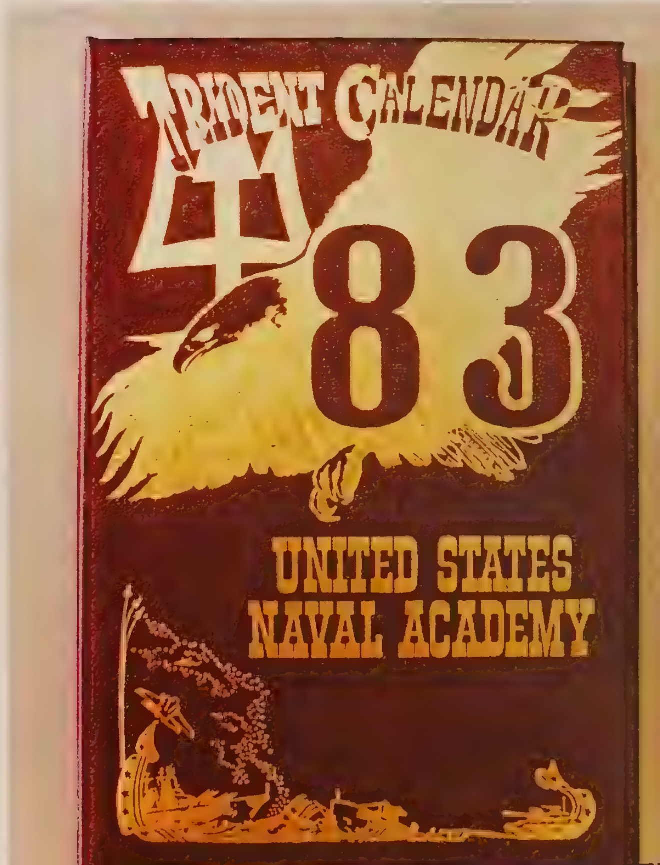
Bible studies help one to grow in his faith.

REEF POINTS/TRIDENT CALENDAR

Reef Points, the handbook of the Brigade of Midshipmen, is revised and amended annually by the *Reef Points* staff. Often referred to as the "Plebe's Bible," Reef points is one of the most hated objects of Plebe Summer. Few midshipmen look at *Reef Points* after Parent's Weekend their Plebe Year. Yet this publication contains much important information about the Naval Academy and the Navy. In addition to being a Plebe indoctrinaton tool, the book provides an insider's view of the Naval Academy for parents and friends of midshipmen. *Reef Points* contains the history of the Academy as well as information about sports extracurricular activites, and other areas of Academy life.

Reef Points 1982–1983
United States Naval Academy: Annapolis

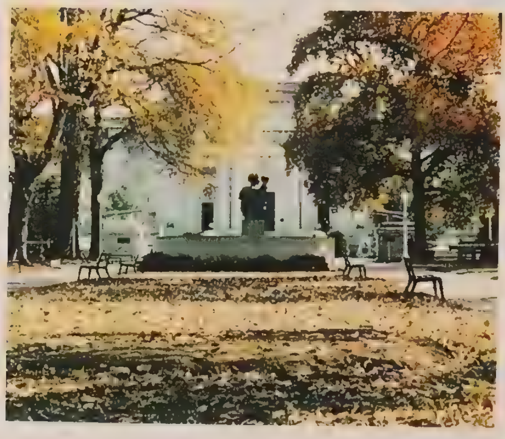
The Trident Calendar is the brigade's own. It is planned, produced, and distributed every year to its customers in the brigade, nationwide and overseas. The staff of the Trident Calendar is composed of about 15 volunteers. These midshipmen work year round collecting pictures, quotes, and cartoons which are solicited from the brigade. Together they put together a fine desk top calendar which is a familiar item to all midshipmen. Plus all profits from this enterprise are contributed to the Midshipmen Welfare Fund.



LABRYNTH

The *Labrynth* is the Naval Academy's literary magazine. All midshipmen may submit poetry and short stories for publication, and it is edited and typeset by midshipmen. Sponsored by the Churchill Society, the *Labrynth* has a staff of approximately six midshipmen of all classes and two faculty advisors. The staff accepts submissions until March, at that time the publication process begins. It is printed in April or May, and the Churchill Society has a reading for those poets and authors with works in the finished edition. The magazine itself is distributed throughout the Brigade to Company Officers and in company wardrooms, and all midshipmen may obtain copies through the English Department or from the *Labrynth* staff.

PHOTO CLUB



The Photo Club teaches interested midshipmen about the art of photography and darkroom techniques. Through the use of darkroom facilities in the seventh wing basement of Bancroft Hall, club members have ample opportunity to refine their abilities. The club displays its finer work on a bulletin board near main office and thus rewards those who have mastered the craft. In addition, the club periodically sponsors a photography contest for the members of the brigade who want to try their hand at being a shutterbug.

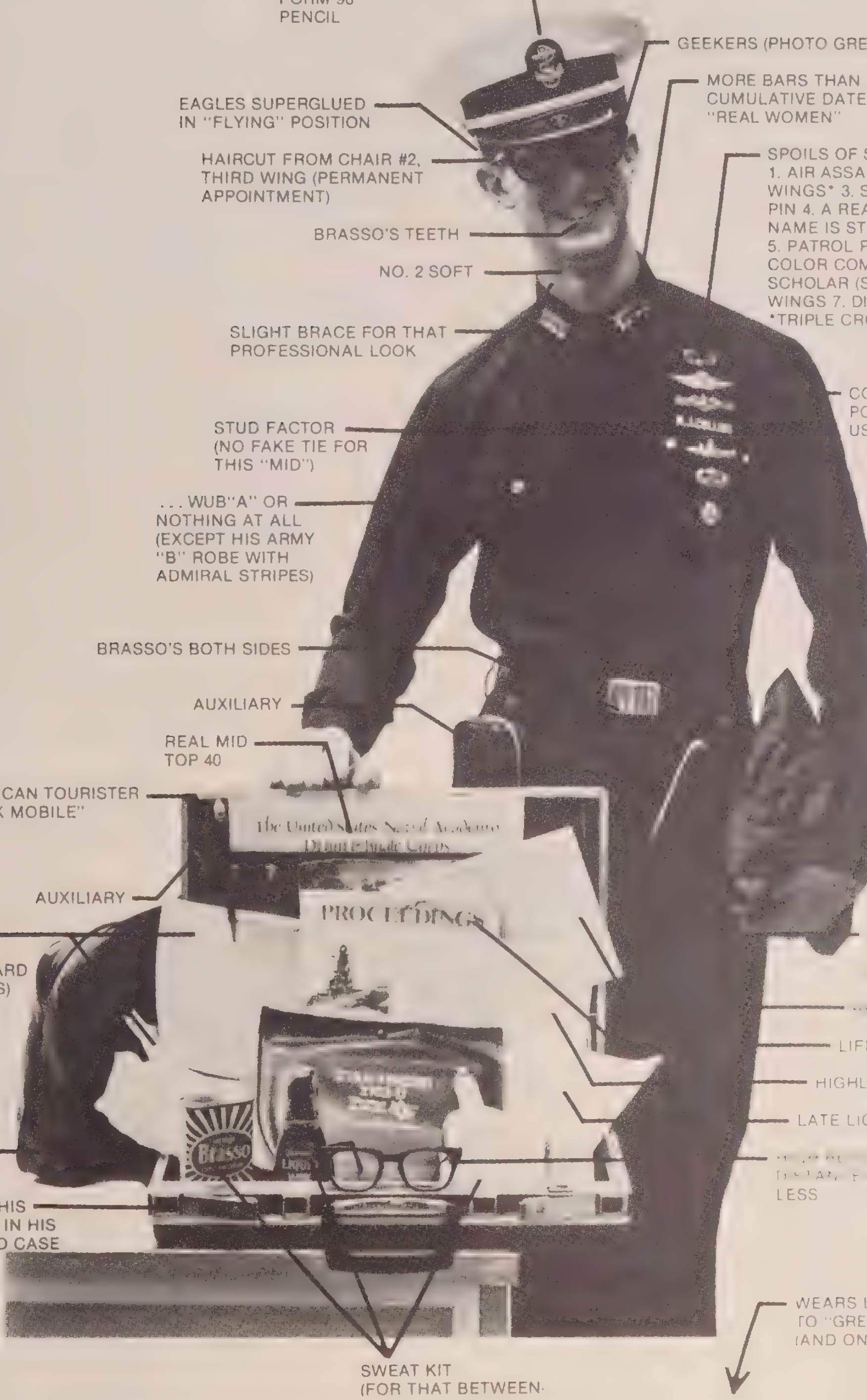
THE LOG

The Staff

Another year came and went as per tradition, the LOG was there to capture the "humor' in midshipmen life. The "83 LOG," no easy job in being the funny, masterful creation it is, thanks to the heavy hand (pen?) of the censor.

LOG landmarks? The magazine came out ten times this year, averaging over 50 pages an issue, including a special April Fool's issue. Along with the normal assortment of gags and dirt some notable special features were Darior, "The Girl's of . . . " series and the "Real Mids Eat Ham Francisco" series.

Randy Wood, Editor in Chief Greg Hall, Managing Edito


CONTENTS OF COVER.
PICTURE OF HYMAN G.
FORM 96
PENCIL
GEEKERS (PHOTO GREYS)
MORE BARS THAN
CUMULATIVE DATES WITH
"REAL WOMEN"
EAGLES SUPERGLUED
IN "FLYING" POSITION
HAIRCUT FROM CHAIR #2,
THIRD WING (PERMANENT
APPOINTMENT)
SPOILS OF SUMMERS WELL SPENT
1. AIR ASSAULT 2. GOLD JUMP
WINGS* 3. SUBMARINE QUAL
PIN 4. A REAL MID BY ANY OTHER
NAME IS STILL A REAL MID
5. PATROL PIN*. FLANKED BY
COLOR COMPANY "E" AND TRIDENT
SCHOLAR (SEE "NECK") 6. JUMP
WINGS 7. DIVING PIN*
*TRIPLE CROWN
BRASSO'S TEETH
NO. 2 SOFT
SLIGHT BRACE FOR THAT
PROFESSIONAL LOOK
CONTENTS OF LEFT BREAST
POCKET I.D. CARD
USNA CHARGE PLATE
STUD FACTOR
(NO FAKE TIE FOR
THIS "MID")
. . . WUB"A" OR
NOTHING AT ALL
(EXCEPT HIS ARMY
"B" ROBE WITH
ADMIRAL STRIPES)
BRASSO'S BOTH SIDES
AUXILIARY
REAL MID
TOP 40
AMERICAN TOURISTER
"BOOK MOBILE"
The United States Naval Academy
AUXILIARY
PROCEEDINGS
FINISHED
PRODUCT
(FOR WAYWARD
CLASSMATES)
LIFE TIME MEMBER
HIGHLITED BRIGADE BULLETIN
LATE LIGHTS (SINCE PLEBE SUMMER
Brasso
NAV KIT
(HIS OWN)
LESS
KEEPS HIS
BOOKS IN HIS
SECOND CASE
WEARS LEATHERS
TO "GREASE" FORMALS
(AND ON W.E.'S)
SWEAT KIT
(FOR THAT BETWEEN-
CLASS PICK-ME-UP)

LUCKY BAG

The *Lucky Bag* is the largest self-supporting extra-curricular activity at the Naval Academy with a budget of approximately $150000. Six thousand copies of the book are published each year and sent all over the world. Publishing a volume of 800 pages requires quite a few people. The staff puts in hundreds of hours, trying to make the *Lucky Bag* not only a nice souvenire, but a concise memory book that will bring its owners pleasure for many years in the future. The many people that contribute to the book are proud of this quality, and expend a large amount of effort to make it so. Though the staff does have seasoned yearbook midshipmen on roll, there is always time spent in developing new talent that is interested in producing the United States Naval Academy's most prized publication- *The Lucky Bag*.

Plans for pages are finalized.

Layout and Editor formulate policy.

Darkroom time demands skill.

Completion of pages requires many tools and abilities.

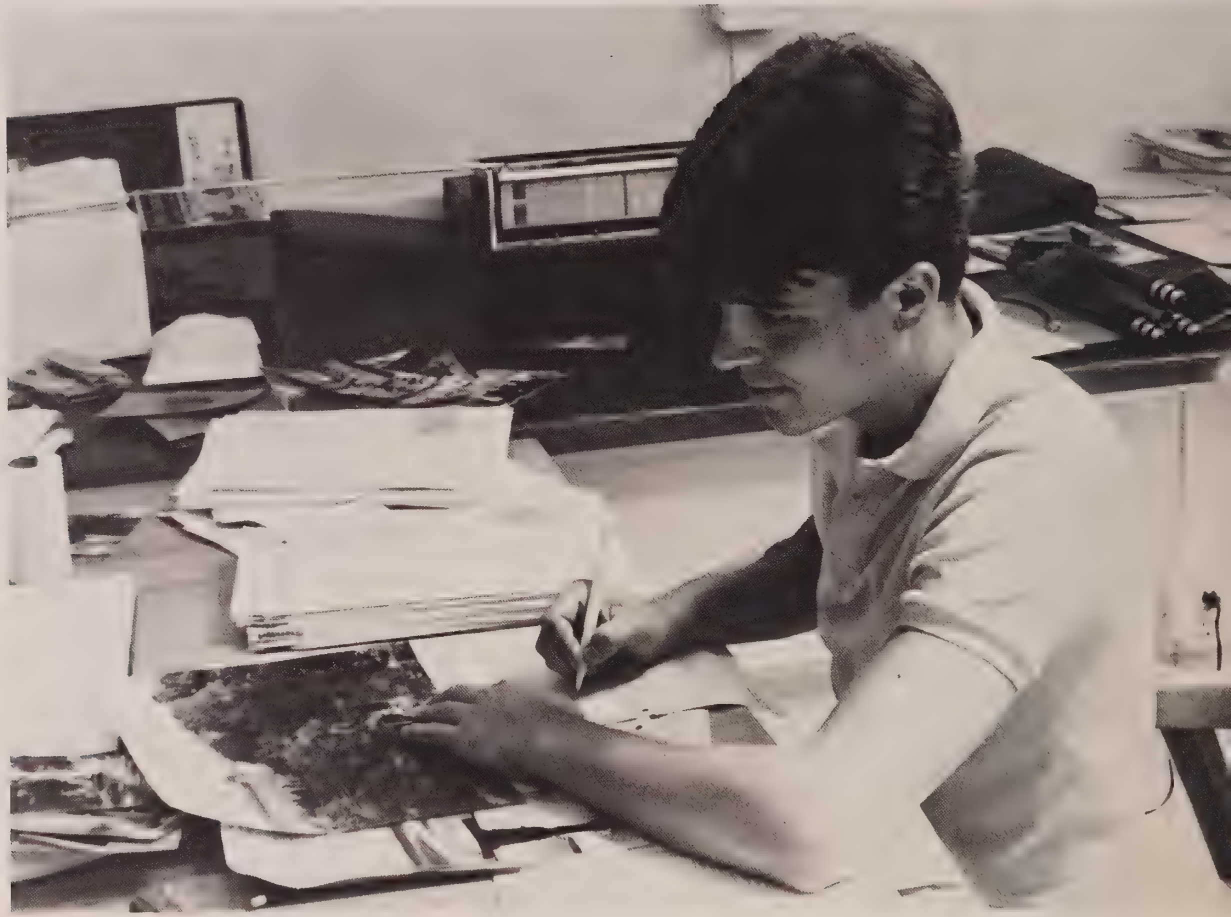
Photo processing is one challenging aspect.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY

Lucky Bag

YEARBOOK

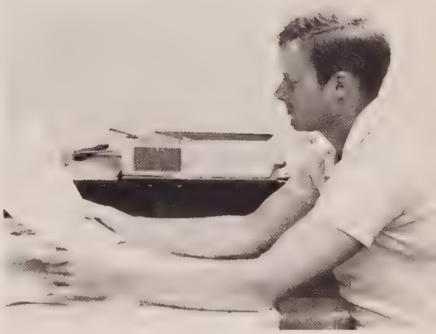
LUCKY BAG



Finishing the book in June and July takes long hours and is often frustrating.

Pages form from piles of materials.

Layout space in Dahlgren Hall tower proves to be hot.



Grad finds determination is a must to finish this project by deadline!

BIG BROTHERS-BIG SISTERS

The Big Brothers-Big Sisters Club is a service club which provides midshipmen an opportunity to meet and develop special relationships with area children between the ages of 6 and 16. Many times these children come from single-parent homes and need an adult-figure image. The midshipmen can provide this image.

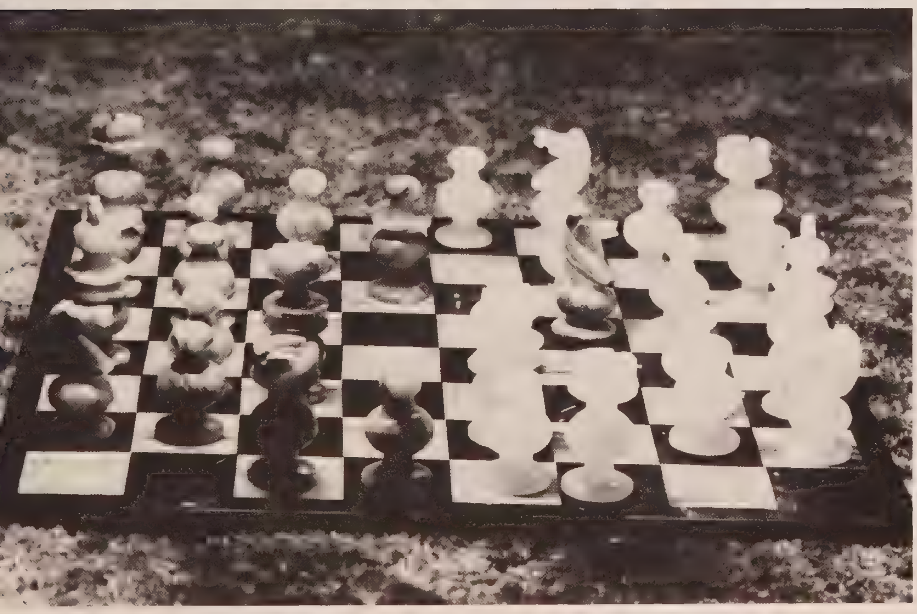
The club is looking forward to an exciting year. Besides the Navy football games, the club sponsors monthly activities such as camping trips, pizza parties, and ice skating. In the past, the club has taken the Little Brothers-Little Sisters to Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus and Kings Dominion.

The community has been very appreciative to the midshipmen's concern about children. The midshipmen also benefit from the club by meeting new people and having fun. Most important, the children benefit by developing friends and learning more about other apsects of life through midshipmen.

BRIDGE CLUB

What is a slam? Is it an insult? No, it is one of many terms in the card game bridge. On any Tuesday night one might hear terms such as slam, double, trump, and pass as the cards are dealt and played. This dedicated group of midshipmen, the Bridge Club, meets at least once a week in steerage to relax and learn the subtleties of Bridge. Bridge isn't just any game of cards; it requires thoughtful insight which can take a lifetime to master, so we are constantly learning. All of their learning and practice of fundamentals culminates in the Bridge Club's annual Dead Week Tournament.

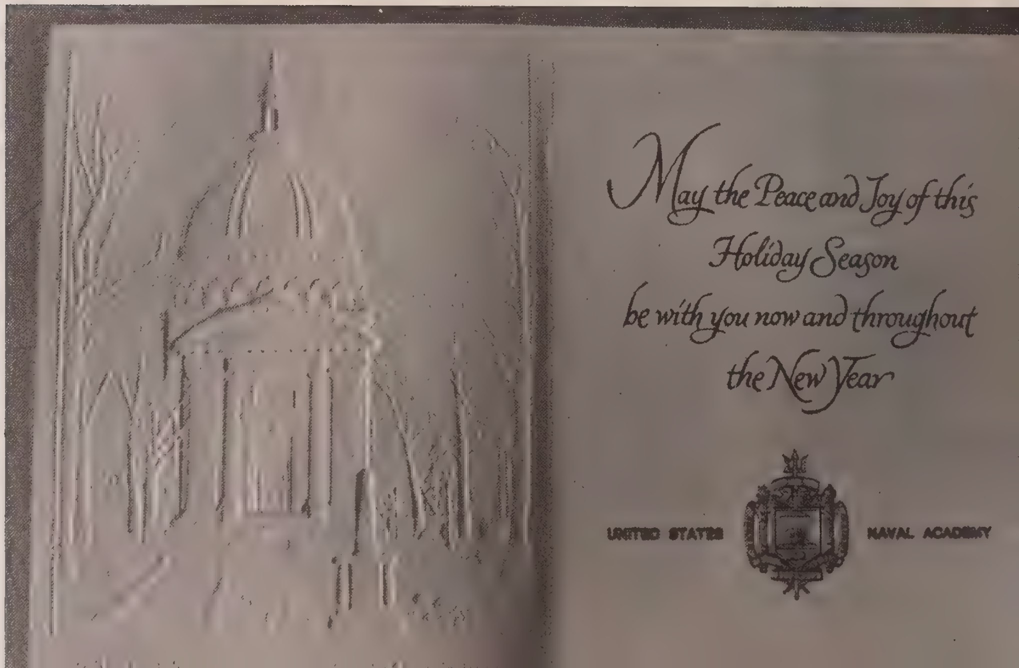
CHESS CLUB



The Chess Club provides a means for all interested midshipmen to play competitive chess. Additionally, intercollegiate play is also available. Weekly meetings are scheduled for both recreation and promotion of skills.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMMITTEE

The Christmas Card Committee is responsible for chosing the annual Naval Academy Christmas card. Though the finished product is in the midshipmen's hands only long enough to be mailed, the staff spends many hours interviewing different companies, poring over their bids, and actually designing the card. With its completion, all those at the Academy have the opportunity to send that special greeting on more than just a store-bought card.


May the Peace and Joy of this
Holiday Season
be with you now and throughout
the New Year

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

RING AND CREST COMMITTEE

A Ring and Crest Committee is formed each year to serve the entering class at the Academy. Though the main task is to aid in the selection of the class's ring and crest design and manufacturer, the committee stays active throughout its four years. T-shirt and shorts sales involve the committee in addition to its responsibility to the Ring Dance Committee. The work done by this committee is a cherished part of all midshipmen and is something taken with them wherever they may go.

BSAC

The Brigade Social Affairs Committee is responsible for the planning, coordinating, and supervising of all dances at the Naval Academy. Whether it's an informal or Disco Dahlgren, or the Christmas Ball, the BSAC puts many hours into making sure that all who attend have a pleasant time. Most noticeable of its members are the Hop Reps, who continuously monitor the events. They're constant attention helps all the functions at USNA to be great times.

MODERN MUSIC

NAVY
51
47
KORG

At many Naval Academy dances, groups from Modern Music will perform. Several different bands exist that allow midshipmen to entertain at a variety of functions, from pep rallies to class parties. The bands put in many hours of rehearsal to polish their skills and are proud to share those talents with their shipmates and classmates.

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
KORG

WRNV RADIO

WRNV - who? In the past midshipmen have been lucky to receive WRNV in 1st regiment, although it only broadcasts from 8th wing. This year steps were taken to improve that. Newly remodeled studios and offices were the changes one could see, but it was the unseen ones that were important. The station was granted extra power from a new transmitter and a new frequency, 90.3 FM, by the FCC. WRNV is now heard miles away instead of just across the yard.

With all these new listeners WRNV had to prove itself. This year V-90 was a top 40 album rock station, commercial free, of course. The station still had room for late night albums, feature artists and weekend specials. WRNV was also the leader in Navy sports. Besides talk shows and daily sports reports, V-90 brought the brigade live Navy sports action. This year included 150 lb football, hockey, lacrosse, and baseball.

The movement up in class this year was due to station manager 1/c John Lovering and programming director 1/c Tim Jewell. 1/c John Peterson was the man in charge of keeping together the difficult engineering aspect. It took many different talented people to keep WRNV on the air and to provide the brigade with great service. With the new equipment, power, frequency and new listeners WRNV was working to provide a service to the people of Annapolis too.

WMID

TV stars of the future?

The WMID television club is the midshipmen-operated internal communications organization of the Naval Academy. Having gained extracurricular status in October of 1982, WMID began producing "Brigade Line", a weekly news and information program aired on the Naval Academy's closed-circuit television system.

The club is directed by its midshipmen officers under the supervision of Officer Representative **LT Mark Van Dyke.** The club also receives technical support and guidance from the Educational Resources Center and Public Affairs Office.

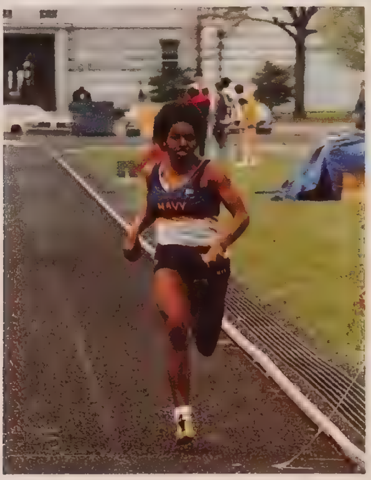
WMID is a mass communications medium for the brigade as well as a valuable learning experience in mass media and public speaking for those involved. Highlights of the 1982-83 broadcast season include interviews with the Superintendent, Commandant, Academic Dean, and Forrestal lecturer Congressman Jack Kemp. WMID hopes to continue expanding its coverage and programming efforts in the years ahead to further improve the information service provided to the brigade.

Announcers go "on the air."

The staff.

BLACK STUDIES

The Black Studies Club is an organization established to aid minority students in adjusting to the rigorous routine of life at the Naval Academy, and to enhance the understanding throughout the Brigade of the Black experience. Through the combined efforts of both the club members and dedicated officer representatives and faculty members, the Black Studies Club has sponsored several events aimed at promoting a positive working atmosphere and improved relations within the Brigade and with the surrounding community. Most notably, the Black Studies Club sponsored Black History Month here at the Academy, highlighted by the guest appearances of the Howard University Jazz Ensemble, the Georgetown Gospel Choir and distinguished politician, the Hon. Andrew Young. The programs supported by the Black Studies Club are open to all who wish to gain a greater understanding of the black community and are a proven source of positive public relations.



MILITARY STUDIES ASSOCIATION

The Military Studies Association is an ECA dedicated to examining all facets of warfare, past present and future. This is achieved through recreating battles with miniature figures and boardgames. Whether it is victorious legions marching throughout the Roman Empire, steady British infantry battling the French at Waterloo, or near-future NATO and Warsaw Pact troops fighting in Europe, the MSA offers something for every wargaming taste. Members gather to pit their armies and skill against each other on weekends and at NAVCON, the annual wargaming seminar sponsored by the MSA.

NAVCON is held every spring in an effort to bring together serious wargamers from the surrounding area. NAVCON '83 also hosted a contingent of cadets from West Point.

A major new activity of the MSA involves wargaming as done at the Naval War College. In spring 1982 members assisted detachment 206 of CINCLANTFLT in holding wargames for naval reserve officers in Washington D.C. As a result of that participation, DET 206 decided to hold a version of the game at the Naval Academy.

In the coming years, the MSA will continue to host NAVCON to further interaction with other wargamers, and looks forward to gaining tactical wargaming experience through cooperation with DET 206.

DRILL TEAM

The U.S.N.A. Drill Team is a professional ECA made up of midshipmen who are dedicated to excellence in drill. Team members are proficient in both basic and exhibition drill, and are constantly striving for perfection. Practices are held daily and culminate in performances and competitions. The team performed in Tecumseh Court for the Commandant in November, 1982, and, despite adverse conditions, put on an impressive performance. During the winter, the team practiced regularly in Dahlgren Hall in preparation for the Villanova University Invitational Drill Meet which was held in February, 1983. Spring brought exhibitions during Annapolis Week and Honor guard functions at the International Ball.

Despite being a relatively new ECA, the Drill Team has compiled an impressive record. The team has placed first in platoon exhibition drill in three out of five showings at the Villanova Meet, and served as an honor guard for the Commandant of the Marine Corps. This year's commander was Steven Oda, '83, and returning members look forward to another rewarding season under the leadership of '84.

The Drill Team performs in T-Court.

Mind over matter.

VTNA

VTNA, the Naval Academy Flight Training Squadron, is a professional activity under the guidance of the director of professional development. Its purpose is to familiarize midshipmen with the flight experience and to allow those interested in a flying career to get an early start on the training process.

Involvement in the squadron is limited to first class midshipmen, and a test taken during the spring of second class year determines eligibility. Each midshipman is given a total of ten lessons in the cockpit, each lasting approximately one and one half hours. The training classes are usually given during free periods during the week. The VTNA aircraft operate out of BWI Airport and fly over the academy and in the vicinity of the Bay Bridge.

If, after the ten lessons are completed, the midshipman's instructor decides that he is capable of flying the plane by himself, the firstie may take the plane on a solo flight. This flight is typically followed by the traditional tie-cutting ceremony at the Officers and Faculty Club.

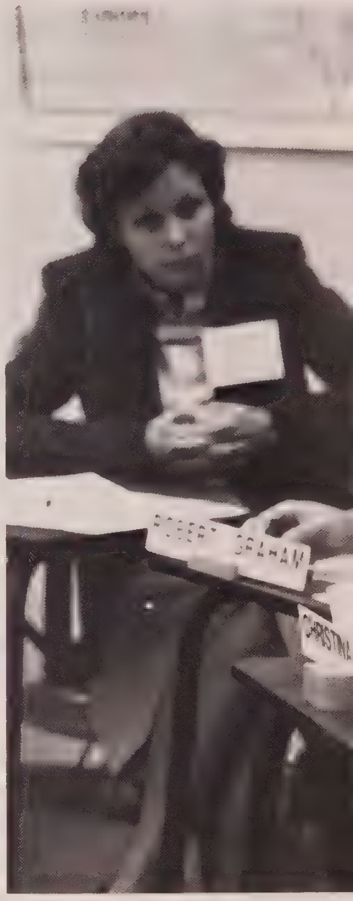
CIVIL AIR PATROL

Civil Air Patrol is a nationwide organization which serves as the USAF Auxiliary. Its squadrons are found throughout the country and provide search and rescue services, as well as leadership and aerospace education training for its members.

The Naval Academy Civil Air Patrol squadron was formed several years ago, though due to the time constraints placed on the brigade extensive search and rescue and emergency services are limited. On the other hand, the professional knowledge gained by midshipmen in their course of study at the Academy provides an outstanding resource avaliable for training CAP cadets from nearby squadrons on such subjects as leadership, drill, military customs, aviation science and military flight operations. In addition, members have access to a flight simulator and various other aerospace related training aids avalible at the Academy. Through the Civil Air Patrol, many young men and women throughout the country are provided with the education and training need for a better understanding of the areospace world and greater appreciation for the importance of air power.

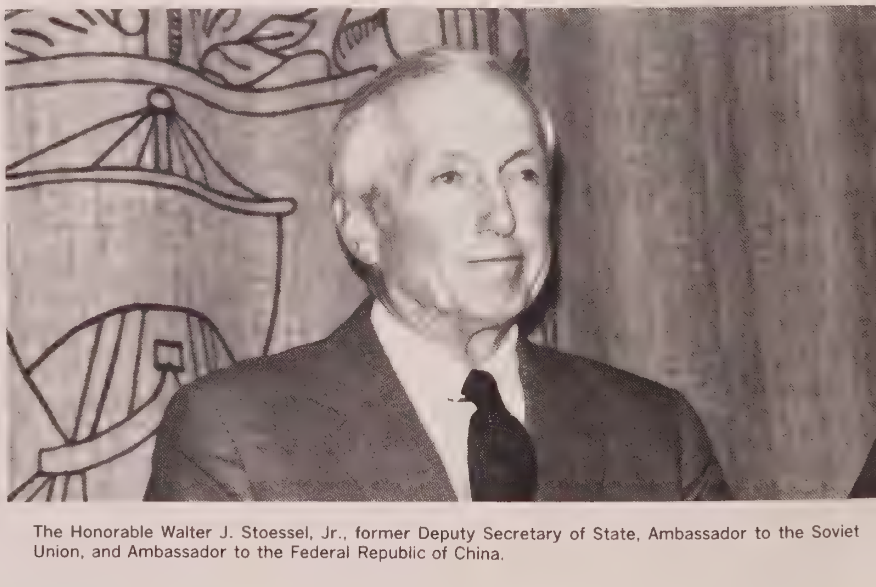
NAFAC '83

Admiral Bobby R. Inman, former Deputy Director of the CIA.



The twenty-third annual Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference, under the Directorship of Randy Wood culminated a year's planning and prepartion to become the most successful conference ever. With such national figures as Secretary of the Navy John Lehman, former Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Admiral B.R. Inman, and U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union and former Deputy Secretary of State Dr. Walter Strossel in attendance, NAFAC '83 continued the conference's reputation as the foremost conference of its kind anywhere in the United States.

Over two hundred student delegates from the finest colleges and universities in America, Europe and South America including thirty midshipmen delegates participated in the four day affair, April 19-22. The conference provides a forum for confronting the world today. This year's theme revolved upon "The Western Alliance in Transition" and included such topics as "Defense Policy," "East-West Relations," and "Common Interests Outside the Alliance." NAFAC continues to contribute to the midshipman curriculum and aids the future military and political leaders of our country by assisting them in the understanding of current domestic and international issues facing our nation today.

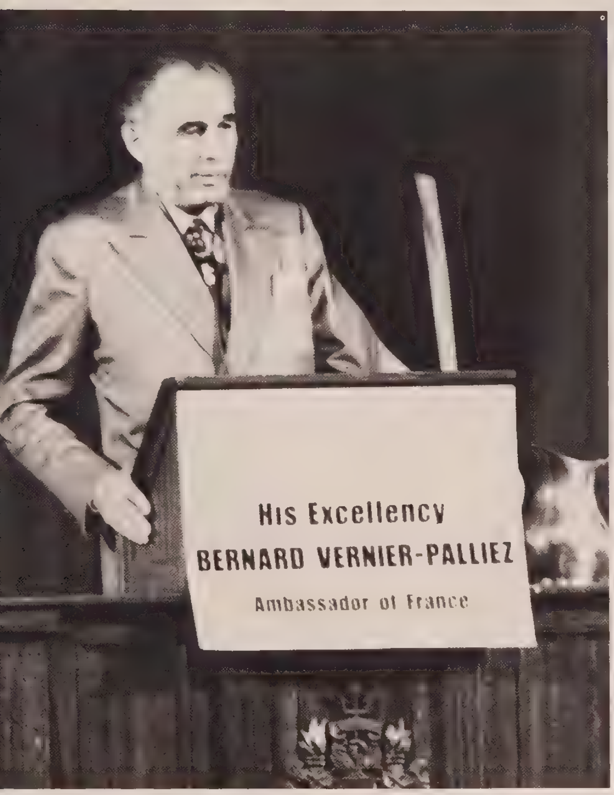


The Honorable Walter J. Stoessel, Jr., former Deputy Secretary of State, Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and Ambassador to the Federal Republic of China.

NAFAC '83

NAFAC '83 banquet.

Midshipmen Director **Randy Wood** and faculty chairman **Dr. Michael Halbig** at the close of NAFAC.


His Excellency
BERNARD VERNIER-PALLIEZ
Ambassador of France

Minister Counselor **JI Chaozhu** of the People's Republic of China.

ASME

Mechanical Engineering is a broad field of study encompassing almost every aspect of modern living. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers is a technical group which strives to maintain the high standards of the mechanical engineering discipline. The student section of ASME is responsible for informing its members of how mechanical engineering affects their lives and careers. Guest lecturers speak on subjects ranging from valve fittings to satellites. These lectures keep midshipmen informed of the latest developments in various areas of research and highlight the benefits of a Mechanical Engineering Degree.

MARINE TECHNOLOGY SOCIETY

The Marine Technology Society is an academic ECA sponsored by the Oceanography Department. Our objective is to provide a means for students to gain a better understanding of the ocean environment, and problems of interest and importance to the Navy. We try to meet this goal through our Noon Lecture Series, where guest speakers are invited to speak on topics of interest. The club also offers the opportunity to see the marine environment up close through field trips, such as the National Aquarium and Assateague Island. The club takes on the responsibility of feeding the fish which are kept in the tanks in the Oceanography Lab. Some monthly meetings are combined with the showing of films on topics of interest to the club members. Each year is started and ended with a ''Crab Feast,'' where club members can get together with the faculty in the Oceanography Department in an informal atmosphere. While meeting our goal of enhancing our knowledge of the marine environment, we also allow a chance to actively participate in the continually changing field of oceanography.

SNAME

SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ANGINEERS (SNAME)

The USNA Student Section of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was established as an authorized extracurricular activity last year. SNAME is a national professional engineering society serving those involved with engineering in the maritime industry. The Student Section is made up of interested midshipmen majoring in marine engineering, naval architecture, or ocean engineering. As stated in its bylaws, the objectives of this ECA are to foster professionalism among its members, to enhance professional communication with members of the marine industry, and to encourage student participation in the technical proceedings of SNAME at both the local and national levels.

Principle activities of the USNA Student Section of SNAME in 1982-83 consist of presentations by professional engineers from the outside as well as from within the Yard. Topics are quite varied and consist of such interesting subjects as surface effects ships, British design of warships, naval engineering in the USCG, and the deep submergence rescue vehicle (DSRV). Other presentations describe naval surface combatant ship design, comparative naval architecture, and the use of aluminum structures in ship design.

In addition to these necessarily brief exposures to particular aspects of maritime engineering, members may pursue more in-depth study in conjunction with research projects and design courses as part of their major requirements or on their own. A lucky few may even get to present papers and projects to SNAME at the national level.

As an academically-oriented ECA, the USNA Student Section of SNAME is not for all midshipmen. But for those who are interested and eligible, it provides an outstanding opportunity to put some real-life dimension into those otherwise-flat academics.

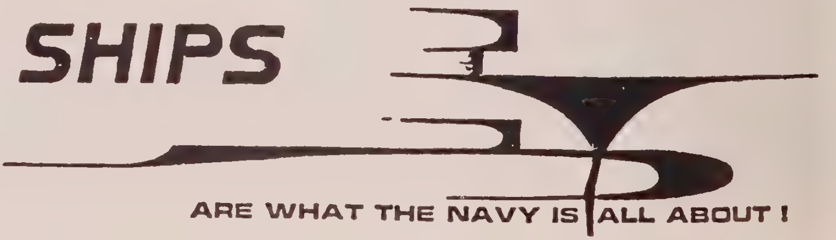
The Right Course

STUDENT MEMBERSHIP

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS AND MARINE ENGINEERS

THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY STUDENT SECTION
OF THE
SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS
AND MARINE ENGINEERS


SHIPS
ARE WHAT THE NAVY IS ALL ABOUT!

TAU BETA PI

1982-83 was the year the Naval Academy finally established a local chapter of Tau Beta Pi, the national orginization for the recognition of outstanding engineering students. The Engineering Honor Society has existed for three years as a forerunner of the TBΠ chapter by providing the brigade with such services as guest speakers and a tutor program. By virtue of the outstanding students and facilities at the Academy, the EHS was granted membership to the national orginization. The future looks bright for USNA's chapter as we continue to support the tradition of engineering excellence.

PHI KAPPA PHI/ΟΔΕ

Phi Kappa Phi is a nation-wide honor society consisting of members not just from one or two specialized fields, but from all disciplines at the Naval Academy. By bringing together representatives from many different interests, it is the goal of Phi Kappa Phi to broaden the democratic base of all education and to assure stronger support for scholarship. The society's motto, PHILOSOPHIA KRATEITO PHOTON, which is freely translated, "Let the love of learning rule mankind," well expresses this goal.

In its seventh year at the Academy, the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society selects its members from the top five percent of each junior and senior class. Those accepted attend a special induction banquet and ceremony at the end of their second or first class years in commendation of their achievements, and then become eligible for scholarships offered on a national level by Phi Kappa Phi.

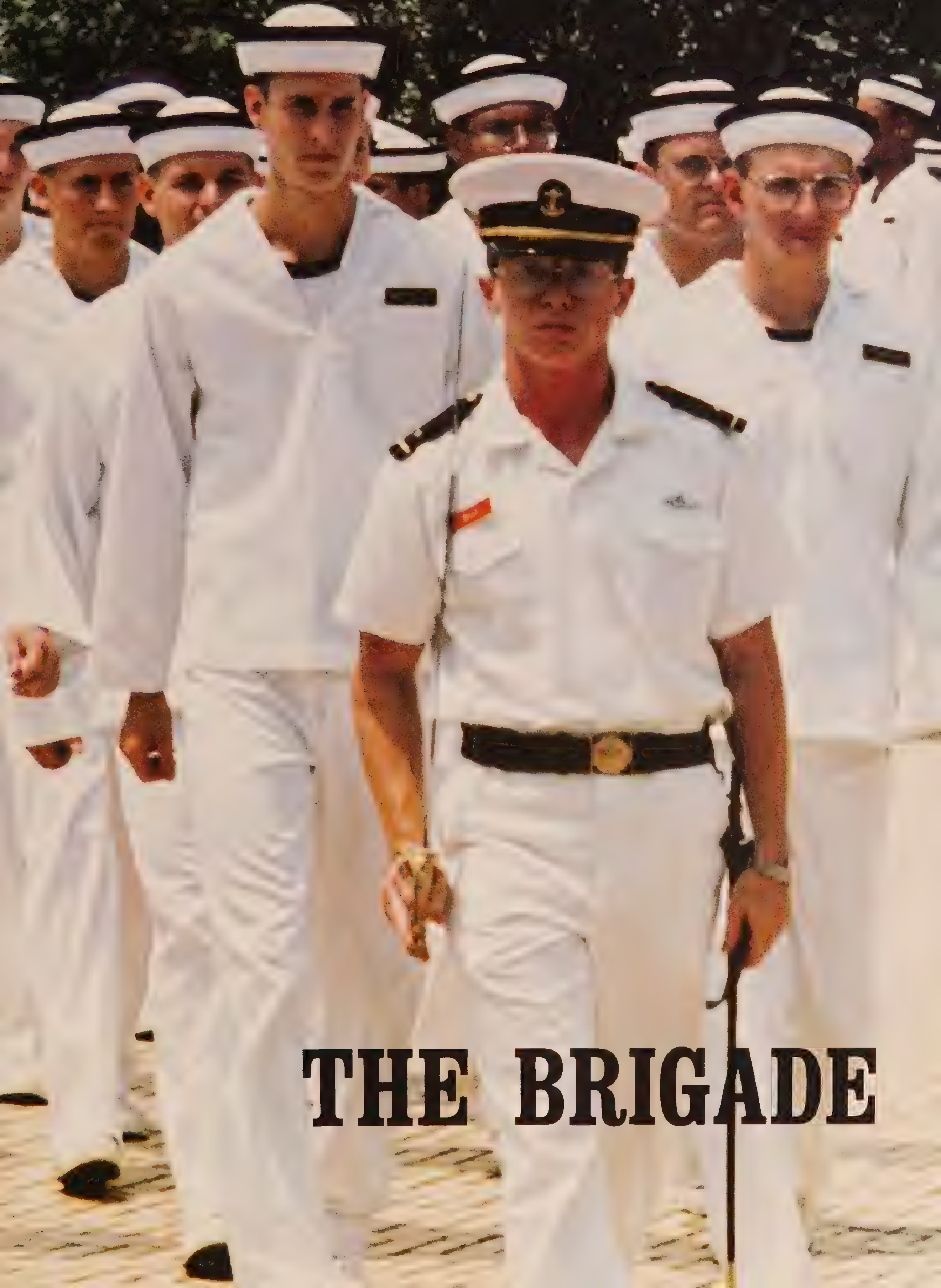
The Greek letters ΟΔΕ designate the Economics Honor Society. This year the club is starting an investment group to get hands on experience in the money making world. ΟΔΕ also sponsored a trip to New York to tour the financial district, and presented a series of noon and evening lectures by members of the cabinet and leaders of business. All in all, ΟΔΕ offers a means for any midshipman to enter the unequely satisfying realm of economics.

PI TAU SIGMA/SIGMA IOTA EPSILON/ASNE

The Naval Academy's student chapter of the American Society of Naval Engineers serves as a liaison between prospective engineers and those engineers actively serving in the Fleet. Every engineering major is accepted into the society. There are four lectures planned for the 1982-83 academic year. There will be several distinguished speakers this year, Rear Admiral R.S. Lucas, USCG, Rear Admiral Lisanby, USN, CAPT Jim Kehoe, USN, and CDR J. Baskerville, USN. Lecture topics will include marine engineering, ocean engineering, naval architecture and their effects on naval ship design such as the new DDG 51. The Society is continuing the trend set several years ago of increasing our membership by acquiring interesting and dynamic speakers.

The Naval Academy's Delta Psi chapter of Pi Tau Sigma seeks to both honor the most talented mechanical engineering students and to, through our membership in Pi Tau Sigma, associate our program with mechanical engineering programs throughout the country. In keeping with Pi Tau Sigma's committment to more thoroughly integrate engineers into the complexity of the future, the Delta Psi chapter will hear lectures not only from the engineering community but also from areas of both the civiliain and the military sectors. This includes discussions on the relationships between engineering and areas such as economics and politics. Our chapter also aids in the major briefings of the fourth class to give them some inside information about mechanical engineering.

Sigma Iota Epsilon is a professional management fraternity designed for Applied Science majors. The purpose of the Society is to stimulate interest and achievement in the field of management; to stimulate scholarship and research in management through the development of the scientific approach to the solution of management problems; to gain recognition in business of the value and contribution of scholastic achievement to business management; to facilitate contacts between students and businessmen; and, through honorary membership, to recognize persons who have made contributions to the field of management. The Sigma Lambda Chapter at the Naval Academy under the direction of David Fox, president, has made a major step forward by conducting the first initiation of members into the fraternity since 1976. Other planned activities for the fraternity are trips to the office of Management and Business in Washington, D.C. and to see the New York Stock Exchange. The fraternity meets monthly to gain insight from guest speakers lecturing on their specialty in management.



THE BRIGADE

BRIGADE STAFF

FIRST SET

Commander, Mark Gorenflo; Deputy Commander, Kerry Ingalls; Operations, Carolyn Bowling; Adjutant, Derek Roberts; Administrative, Thomas Crompton; Supply, Jonathan Houser; First Lieutenant, John McPherson

SECOND SET

Commander, Frazier Frantz; Deputy Commander, Christopher Rice; Operations, Mark Hagerott; Adjutant, Michael Boehle; Administrative, Mark Hellstern; Supply, Michael Silva; First Lieutenant, Robert Herzog

FIRST REGIMENTAL STAFF

FIRST SET

Commander, Eric Kaniut; Sub-Commander, Gilbert Mayo; Operations, Joseph Baehr; Adjutant, John Coughlin; Administrative, David Snyder; Supply, Kim Williams

SECOND SET

Commander, Cheryl Dolyniuk; Sub-Commander, John Segura; Operations, Robert Gambrill; Adjutant, Keith Menz; Administrative, Thomas Hodgson; Supply, Christopher Ballister

SECOND REGIMENTAL STAFF

FIRST SET

Commander, William Stacia; Sub-Commander, Kevin McCarthy; Operations, Darwin Webster; Adjutant, Erica Ryder; Administrative, Daniel Valaik; Supply, Joseph Bergen

SECOND SET

Commander, Stephen Recca; Sub-Commander, Thomas Nicholas; Operations, Eric Borowicz; Adjutant, Laura Hinkley; Administrative, Rick Paisley; Supply, Virginia Welch

Lt. Col. LeCornu

FIRST BATTALION

FIRST SET

Commander, William Lietzau; Sub-Commander, John Stagliano; Operations, John Guthrie; Adjutant, Timothy Jewell; Supply, Herbert Hundley

SECOND SET

Commander, Joseph Tofalo; Sub-Commander, Joseph Schoppy; Operations, Gregory Olson; Adjutant, Robert Piroumian; Administrative, Timothy Rexrode; Supply, Juan Llarena

SECOND BATTALION

CDR. Taylor

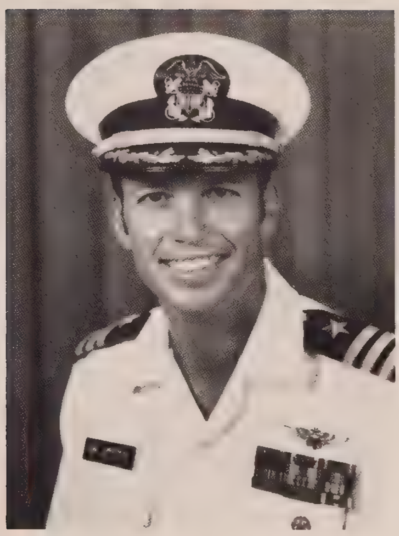
FIRST SET

Commander, Jerry Anderson; Sub-Commander, James Evans; Operations, Paul Rockswold; Adjutant, Carlos Rivera; Administrative, Daniel Schroeder; Supply, Jeffrey Weaver

SECOND SET

Commander, Scott Larson; Sub-Commander, Brian Watson; Operations, Mark Powell; Adjutant, Richard Rusnak; Administrative, John Holland; Supply, Ralph Williams

THIRD BATTALION



CDR. Maslowski

FIRST SET

Commander, Alan Smith; Sub-Commander, Michael Redman; Operations, William Larson; Adjutant, Jeremy Gillespie; Administrative, Craig Walker; Supply, Peter Clark

SECOND SET

Commander, Craig Williams; Sub-Commander, Daniel Clague; Operations, William McCool; Adjutant, Claude Galluzzo; Administrative, Michael Byman; Supply, William McHugh

FOURTH BATTALION

Capt. Marshall

FIRST SET

Commander, Donald Holcomb; Sub-Commander, Scott Brooks; Operations, Scott Bell; Adjutant, Brian Belcher; Administrative, Mark Alevizos; Supply, Brian Antonio

SECOND SET

Commander, James Hunter; Sub-Commander, Mark Ploof; Operations, Randolf Wood; Adjutant, Christopher Ratliff; Administrative, Tomoko Ishikawa; Supply, M. Catherine Gaul

FIFTH BATTALION

Capt. Strasser

FIRST SET

Commander, Enrique Miranda; Sub-Commander, Craig Malloy; Operations, James Yates; Adjutant, Christopher Henkel; Administrative, Alexander Tanski, Supply, Gary Reeves

SECOND SET

Commander, Thomas Connally; Sub-Commander, Ward Stevens; Operations, Steven Culpepper; Adjutant, Andrew Small; Administrative, Douglas Sellers; Supply, Angela Smith

SIXTH BATTALION

Capt. Karcher

FIRST SET

Commander, Stephen Zotti; Sub-Commander, James Ricketts; Operations, Bernice Berman; Adjutant, Henry Smith; Administrative, Nancy Thompson; Supply, Owen Honors

SECOND SET

Commander, Scott Hiester; Sub-Commander, Brian Fletcher; Operations, Mark Kalmbach; Adjutant, James Bors; Administrative, Stanley Simpliciano; Supply, Timothy Healey

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS STAFF

FIRST SET

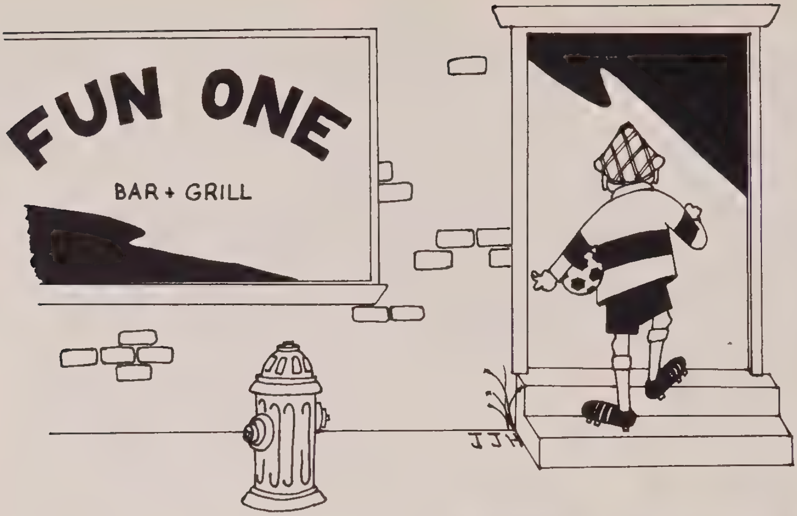
Commander, Eric Dyson; Sub-Commander, Thomas Looke; Operations, David Waugh; Administrative, Eric Moss; Supply/First Lieutenant, Thomas Cunningham

SECOND SET

Commander, James Nail; Sub-Commander, Cameron Sen; Operations, Thomas Looke; Administrative, Cynthia Killmeyer

BRIGADE HONOR COMMITTEE

Chairman, Harry Smith; Vice-Chairman, Sean Freeman; Deputy Vice-Chairman, Stephen Trainor; Deputy Vice-Chairman, David Magness; Secretary, Richard Rivera; Coordinator, Ruth Voor

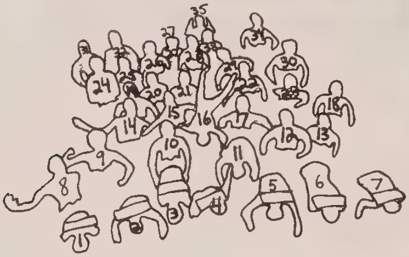

FUN ONE
BAR + GRILL
JJH

LT Booker - 1st Company Officer

1

Fall Set- M/LT Houfek, M/LTJG Costello, M/ENS Phillips.

Spring Set- M/LT Heim, M/LTJG Ikeda, M/ENS Powell.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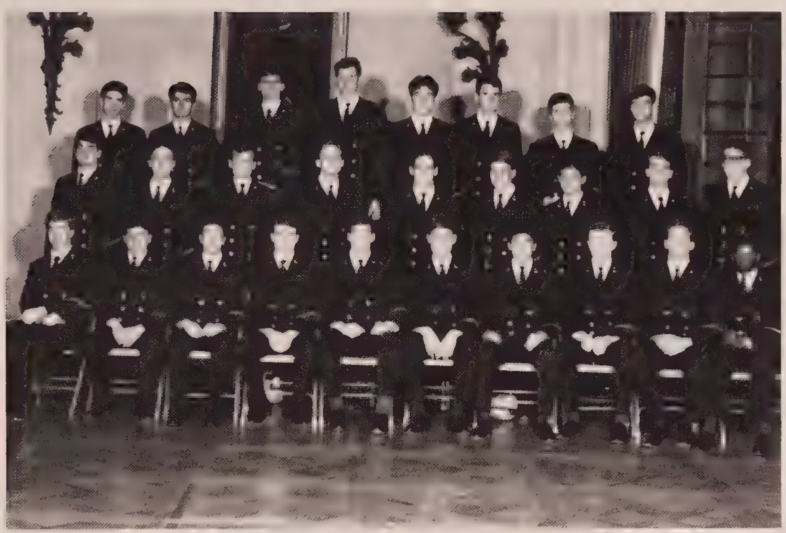
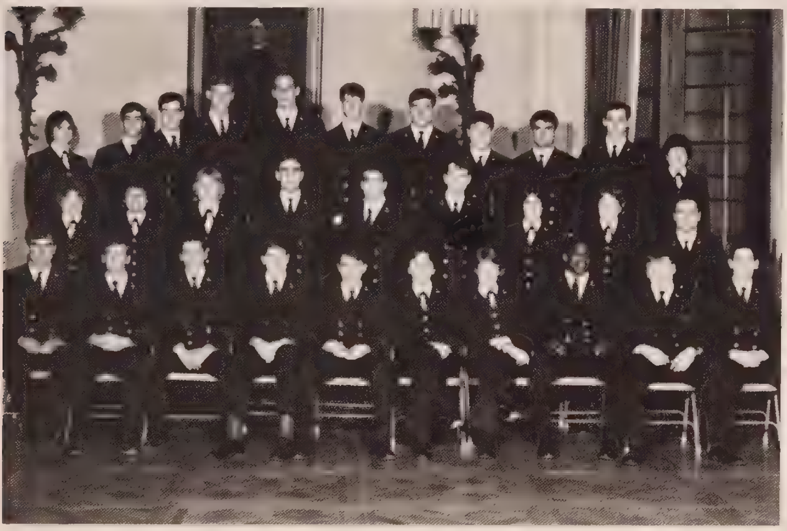
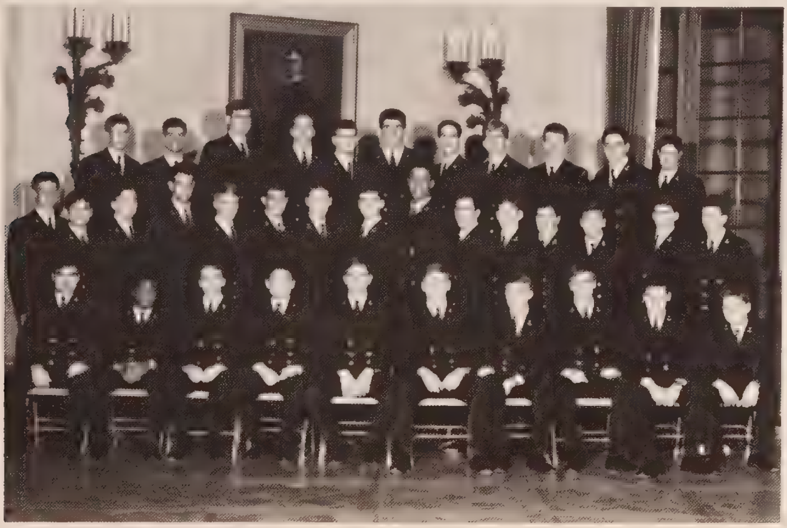
1.-7. Seperated 8. B. Hicks. 9. J. Gordon 10. G. Smith 11. Seperated 12. J. Houfek, 13. B. Dunleavy 14. B. Chastanet 15. D. Bevington 16. Seperated 17. P. Heim 18. T. Hodgson 19. J. Guthrie 20. K. Hymes 21. B. Costello 22. K. Phillips 23. M. Gorenflo 24. D. Acton 25. L. Powell 26. T. Board 27. J. Llarena 28. E. Disher 29. J. Kuzma 30. R. Breuil 31. J. McLoughlin 32. B. Hodges 33. J. Flores 34. J. Clark 35. K. Ikeda.



CLASS OF 1984:
Front Row: C. Bertolett, R. Johnson, D. Selas, L. Carr, M. McGivney, K. Hart, C. Chen, S. Bibeau, L. Beese, C. Kizzee Middle row: S. Noreika, G. Romero, A. Hollingsworth, J. Hamm, C. Karnbach, P. Buckley, L. Holtkamp, M. Mueller, C. Fish Back row: N. Larson, M. McDowell, J. Konicki, B. Ratcliff, J. Cable, K. Burke, A. Gallotta, J. Vann



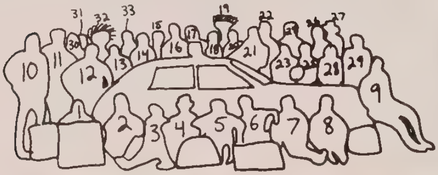
CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: R. Tilghman, D. Hahn, J. Sims, S. Stevenson, J. Marr, A. Maraoui, M. Dunning, J. Daniel, C. Holte, J. Duran Middle row: E. Fain, J. Shevis, A. Bartosik, M. McDonough, A. Hinckley, B. Coblentz, J. Henry, A. Coetzee, M. Bryant Back row: T. Salza, R. Reid, J. Evans, K. Cozad, E. Krebs, J. Lennox, E. Digges, E. Beckler, A. Sterrett, J. Beadles, T. Owen



CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: M. Niemiera, J. Thames, O. Coddington, L. Le, S. Ordich, R. Wolfe, A. Raines, S. Daniels, D. Redmond, D. Burque Middle row: E. Farrell, R. Bader, G. Miller, B. Delbarba, A. Altera, A. Lirette, T. Ladauceur, F. Barone, A. Wells, J. Bellistri, D. Weir, E. Bruner, J. Dicampli, J. Hatala, W. Lawton Back row: P. Meyer, J. Adkins, T. Kramer, J. Hamel, P. Owen, P. Hoffman, B. Riley, L. Walker, D. Dimicelli, P. Tuzzolo, T. Adams

Lt Horne 2nd
Company Officer

2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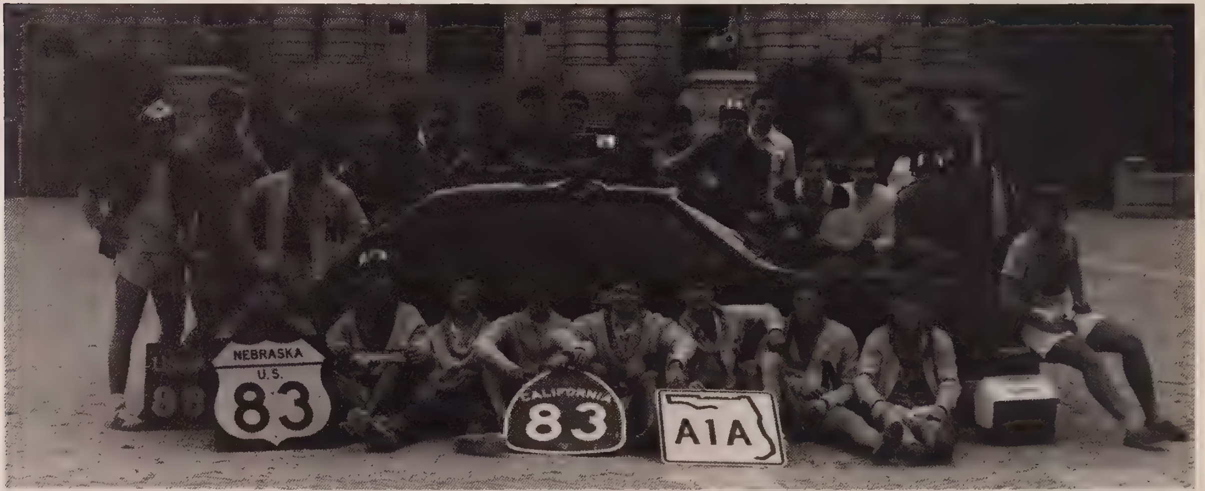
Fall Set- M/LT Schlaepfer, M/LTJG Mokris, M/ENS Yotz.

Spring Set- M/LT Gallop, M/LTJG Croce, M/ENS Astleford.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CALIFORNIA
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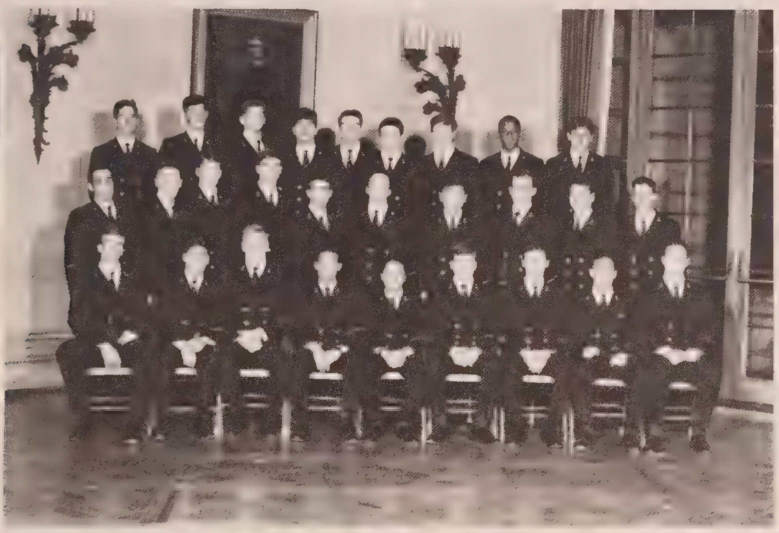
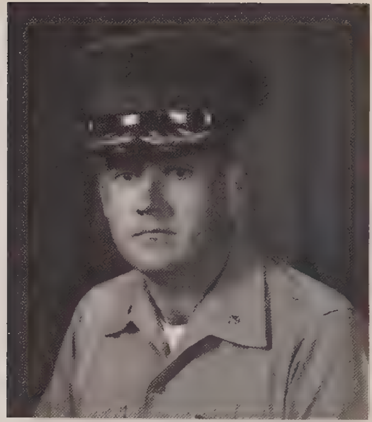
1. J. Hults 2. M. Parra 3. S. Herrmann 4. D. Casmey 5. R. Piroumian 6. M. Simmons 7. J.E. Yotz 8. C. Kiergan 9. A. Silver 10. M. Astleford 11. T. Herdon 12. J. Covelli 13. A. Lenz 14. J. Croce 15. B. Espe 16. J. Dace 17. D. Haas 18. G. Walter 19. E. Edwards 20. A. Schlaepfer 21. A. Gallop 22. D. Jensen 23. G. Whitbeck 24. N. Davidson 25. J. Mokris 26. M. Vermillion 28. F. Walker 29. W. Molaro 30. J.D. Streit 31. D. Fisher 32. M. Quinlan.

CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: K. Andersen, T. Goff, M. Desens, G. Dinicolo, C. Swift, J. Amerine, S. Woessner, J. Weigold Middle row: L. Schumacher, G. Lancaster, A. Thomas, M. Yu, B. Jones, J. Brennan Back row: S. Borden, J. Wharton, D. Stender, H. Hoffman, D. Eldredge, D. Schmidt, P. Brannigan



CLASS OF 1985:
Front row; G. Olson, J. Puglisi, P. Jenkins, G. Gex, H. Prudencio, D. Bailey, D. O'Neil, D. Weiss, R. Portnoy Middle row: A. Orlando, D. Randle, B. Broberg, J. Heida, T. George, A. Butterfield, G. Lange, W. Schultz, J. Mlincsek, B. Altman Back row: G. Kent, S. Duma, R. Hartman, J. Valentine, C. Lowery, S. Wilson, T. Szymanski, C. Bryan, J. Stem

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: J. McDonald, C. Muench, A. Stancil, A. Jordan, R. Barbon, A. Vanderpyl, E. Martinozzi, L. Wood, S. Deeming Middle row: A. Sanches, M. Dolan, J. Baldino, E. Johnson, E. Cowan, J. Ball, H. McFadden, J. Kadowari, S. Carwin Back row: M. Killion, G. Perkins, C. Ciccolella, D. Allen, R. Moore, P. Scheufele, E. Boyer, W. Flinter, D. Sciortino, S. Frick



Maj. Storey-3rd
Company Officer

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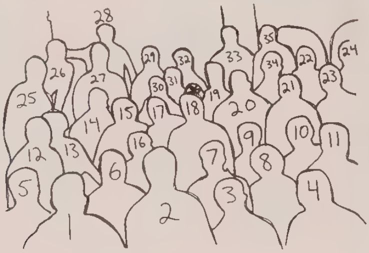
Fall Set- M/LT Radi, M/LTJG Wallace, M/ENS Graham.

Spring Set- M/LT McKinley, M/LTJG Stanton, M/ENS Vonier.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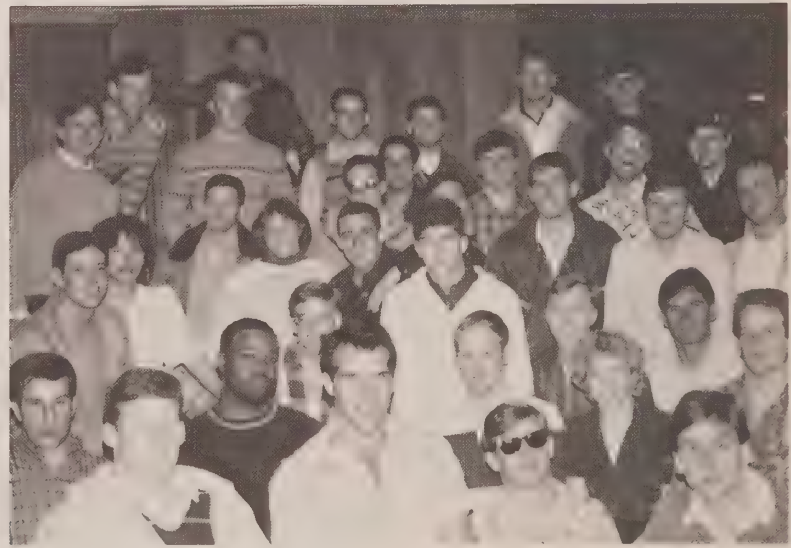
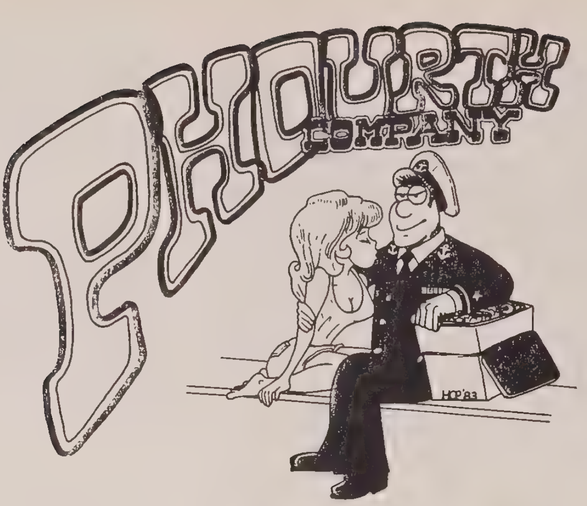
1. F. Frantz 2. D. Molthen 3. M. Arnold 4. D. Jenkins 5. M. Wilson 6. D. Lakins 7. G. Olson 8. L. Thompson 9. J. Farrell 10. P. Hunt 11. B. Kiddoo 12. J. Heavner 13. A. Furtner 14. F. Halliwell 15. P. Allinger 16. D. Radi 17. B. Lietzau 18. J. Reich 19. J.G. Hokaj 20. J. McKinley 21. P. Henkel 22. J. Scruggs 23. C. Shipper 24. B. Mysinger 25. B. Grant 26. E. Powell 27. M. Schaeffer 28. L. Vonier 29. B. Graham 30. B. Traub 31. J. Pandya.



CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: M. Pease, T. Mosher, P. Walsh, A. Casimes, D. Forney, D. Smith, M. Fairley, R. Beach, T. Gehan, M. Hile Middle row: F. Turner, G. Watson, G. Pease, J. Nowell, P. Rabun, M. Murphy, B. Bond, J. Stamos, D. Marango Back row: G. Schultz, R. McBride, M. Wilson, C. Donnelly, B. Muilenberg, R. Clark, J. Fusto, C. Richmond, R. Ulloa, P. Olivier

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: E. Mendoza, M. Fuzzio, S. Debonis, J. Williams, A. Cheney, F. Novak, M. Gilday, D. Siganthaler, M. McEnroe, D. Holzrichter Middle row: J. Baquer, D. Horan, C. Mills, P. Phelps, A. Bellos, C. Heckey Back row: J. VanCleave, R. Wileman, F. Devine, S. Cade, B. Thompson, M. Poindexter, R. Puliatti, R. Merriman, M. Waterman

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: T. Miller, R. Wilcome, N. Mann, R. Shaw, L. Gabion, D. Taylor, R. Round, T. Sutherlin, L. Hosack, R. Tokoro Middle row: D. Ballister, C. Sizemore, M. Diverde, N. Prout, J. Ward, T. Yamamoto, N. Dykhoff Back row: R. Stevenson, D. Roach, E. Bass, J. Fournier, R. Kruse, J. Mansoeti, J. Dahl, J. Ryan, M. Pilon


PHOURTH
COMPANY
HOP'83

LT Holman-4th Company Officer

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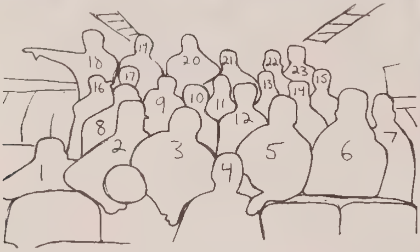
Fall Set- M/LT Currer, M/LTUG Sullivan, M/ENS Boggs.

Spring Set- M/LT Voightsberger, M/LTJG Zumbar, M/ENS Wells.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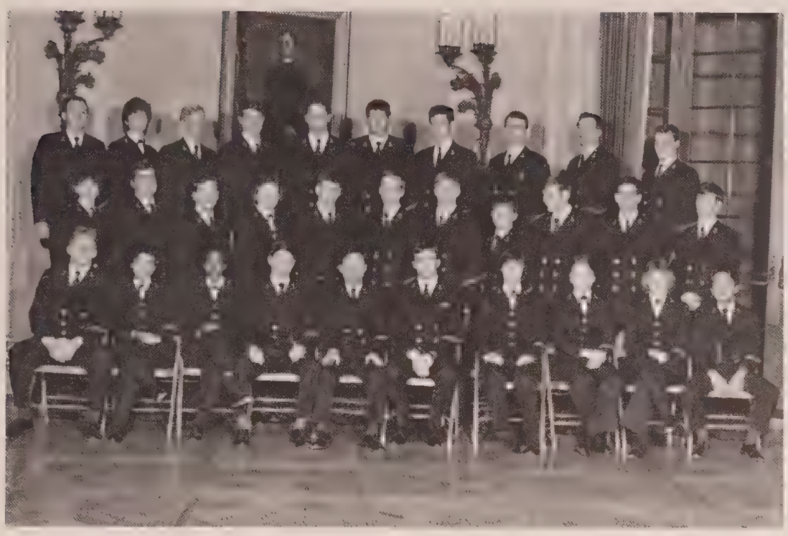
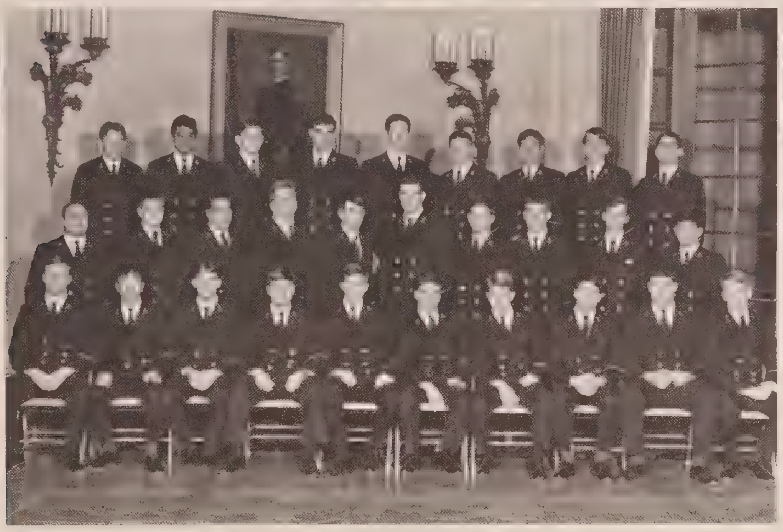
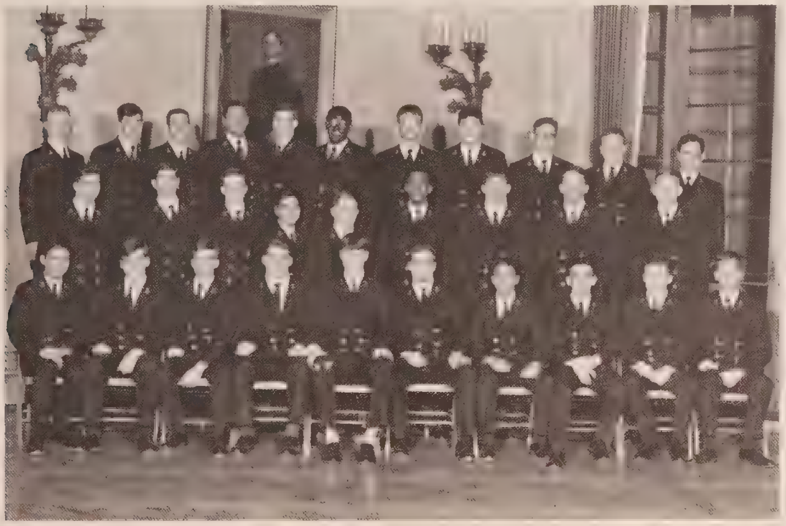
1. B. Grambrill 2. J. Baehr 3. D. Hopkins 4. G. Manly 5. R. Rivera 6. R. Boggs 7. D. Lestor 8. J. Murray 9. L. Pyie 10. G. Wells 11. S. Olevnik 12. S. Trainor 13. J. Currer 14. K. Honeker 15. C. Voightsberger 16. K. Zumbar 17. D. Davidson 18. J. Schoppy 19. V. Tisdale 20. E. Peterson 21. F. Morneau 22. J. Canny 23. A. Bai.



CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: J. Fellowes, B. Baker, M. Flaggs, J. Dorbin, S. Oh, J. Conklin, P. Futcher, S. Pfeiffer, R. Christopherson, L. Hiponia Middle row: K. Holdereid, J. Thompson, J. Mooney, C. Eppers, T. Ransom, D. Schmode, M. Thompson, T. Stubbs, D. Zevotek, R. Syring, T. Quigley Back row: D. Mitchell, V. Wall, J. Westerbeke, M. Eves, G. Debode, B. Murphy, R. Rabuse, S. Griffin, K. Blum, T. Mortenson



CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: E. Dean, D. Sun, J. Kowalewski, J. Loeblein, G. Ballard, D. Cuthbert, R. Cameron, T. Stout, D. Rhodes, J. Hanson Middle row: D. Dibono, J. Grill, M. Hauman, L. Switzer, G. Beygo, S. Grenier, W. Spear, J. Preddy, M. Phillips, L. Gomez Back row: D. Pimple, S. Mata, S. Kintzel, R. Selvy, M. Klooster, J. Kyser, R. Hoppa, T. Bourbeau, M. Berger



CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: C. Ramos, P. Butler, M. Boyd, A. Vangeli, K. Whitaker, R. Dansey, N. Cruz, M. Brilleslyper, J. Campbell, M. Lunde Middle row: E. Stechmann, W. Mores, S. Szymanski, G. Fernandez, D. Moynihan, G. Wright, J. Galambos, M. Powers, N. Kledzik Back row: J. Wilson, S. Bowen, G. Lecarl, R. Tabb, S. Mixson, E. McQueen, D. Eyres, J. Tranchini, J. Tatera, G. Fenton, F. Herreros

5th CO. USNA

Lcdr Reese-5th Company Officer

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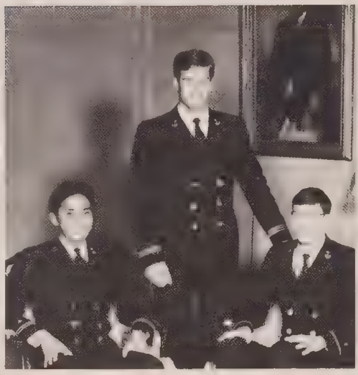
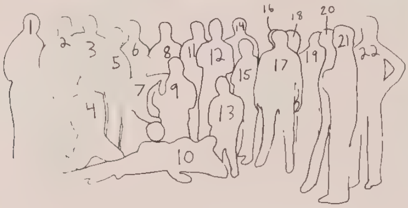


Fall Set- M/LT Dammeier, M/LTJG Mercado, M/ENS Philbrook.

Spring Set- M/LT Ellis, M/LTJG Riegel, M/ENS Miller.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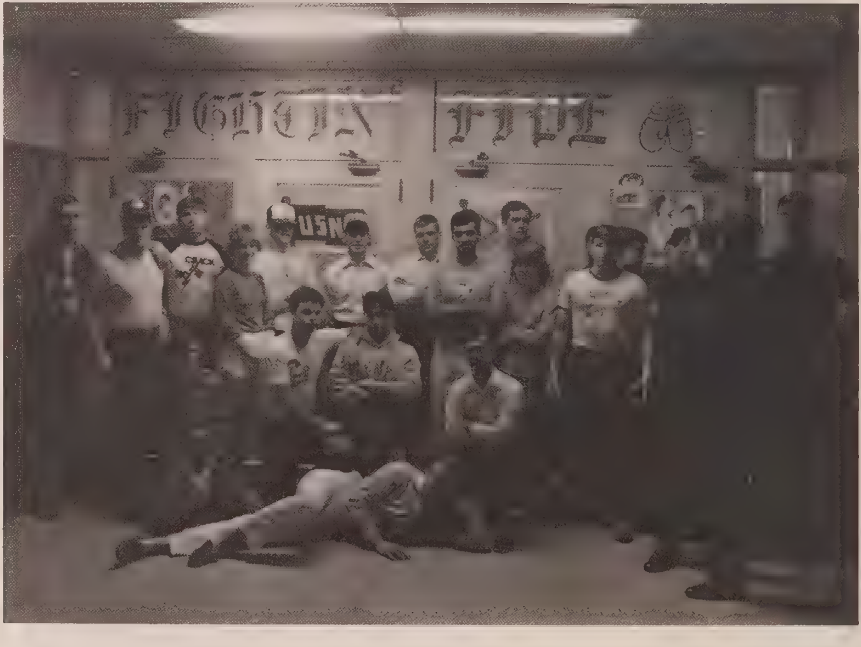
1. B. Laroche 2. B. Dammeier 3. J. Miller 4. M. Philbrook 5. H. Wolfangel 6. S. DuPont 7. T. Jewell 8. P. Ellis 9. V. Mercado 10. D. Anderson 11. J. Riegel 12. J. Cooney 13. J. Frye 14. J. harding 15. D. Pellette 16. D. Scott 17. J. Lovering 18. B. Hinkley 19. J. Doyle 20. J. Cerasoulo 21. R. Martin 22. T. Rexrode.


FIGHTIN FIVE
USNA

CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: S. Berninger, J. Herron, R. Speer, S. Kushino, A. Graziano, R. King, J. Bishop, B. Gehringer, R. Gonzalez, J. Abbot Middle row: J. Glaeser, R. Silva, J. Cook, C. Coucoules, T. Huff, P. McDevitt, D. Cassidy, C. Saunders, D. Neely Back row: D. Harris, P. Dallman, D. Goins, T. Marnane, D. Kiehl, A. Abramson, M. Mohr, D. Dugan

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: A. Webb, N. Laurenzano, K. McCartan, J. Belt, A. Landauer, P. Rouble, J. Hannink, S. Green Middle row: J. Flynn, E. Gardner, W. Fenton, G. Cozad, T. Huffstutler, L. Cedrone Back row: R. Ivey, V. Joy, D. Baker, S. Olsen, C. Pearson, T. Fritz, D. Price

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: K. Nibbelink, D. Byman, E. Burgess, C. Merrill, R. Elly, C. Montemayor, L. Hook, R. Garcia, K. Jackson, V. Caldwell Middle row: G. Hansen, J. Heard, M. Duffy, R. Romaine, K. Brown, I. Cassidy, B. Pearson, S. Donofrio, G. Gerson, J. Evancevich, A. Stewart, R. Pressly, J. Miller, K. Baughman, C. Brewer Back row: T. Falkner, K. Hanson, J. Foley, T. Forney, B. Porter, R. Olko, S. Everly, S. Winfrey, B. Barnett, R. Brooks, D. Collins, B. McGinnis

ANYTHING WORTH DOING...
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HARPER 89

Lt Moss-6th
Company Officer

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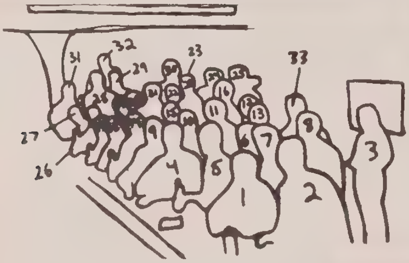
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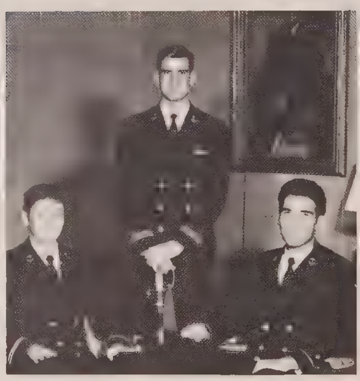
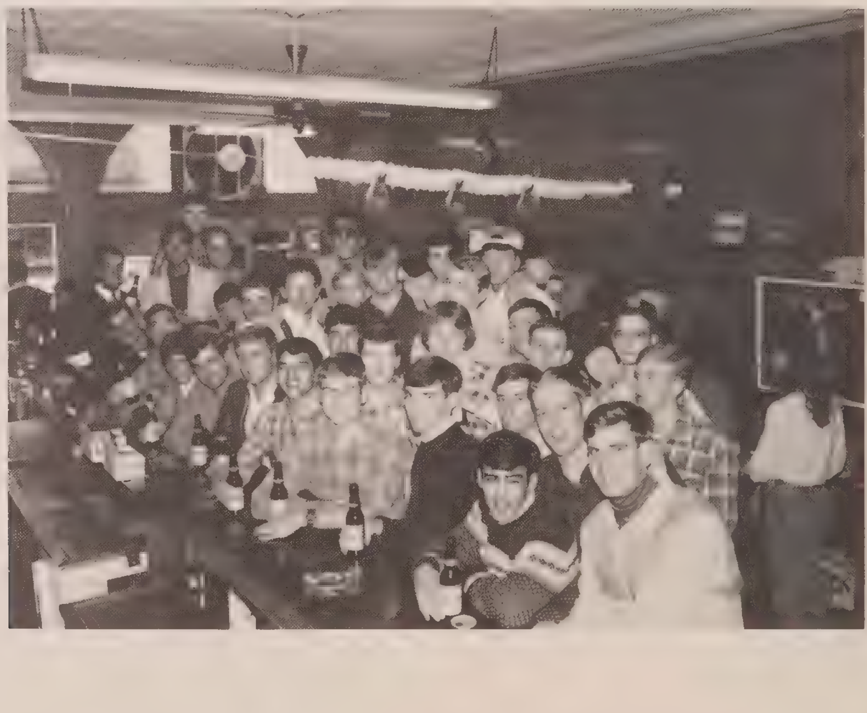
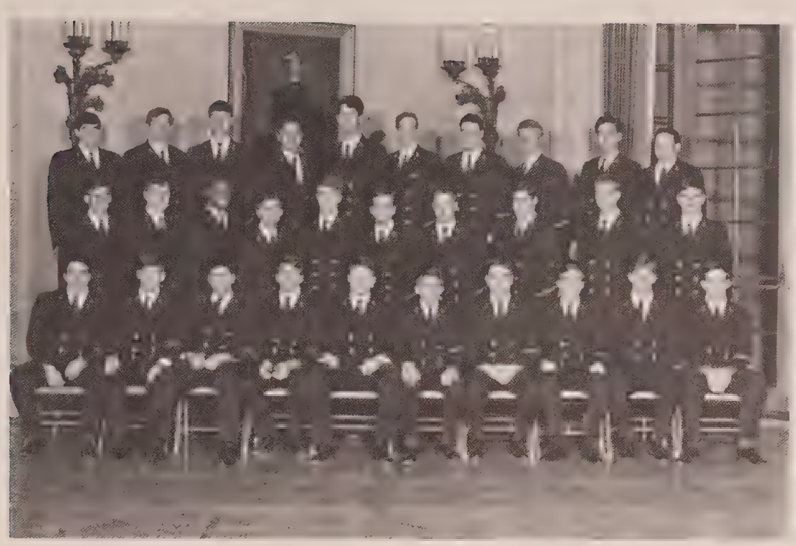


Fall Set- M/LT Macyko, M/LTJG Linton, M/ENS Thompson.

Spring Set- M/LT St. George, M/LTJG Sax, M/ENS Anderson.

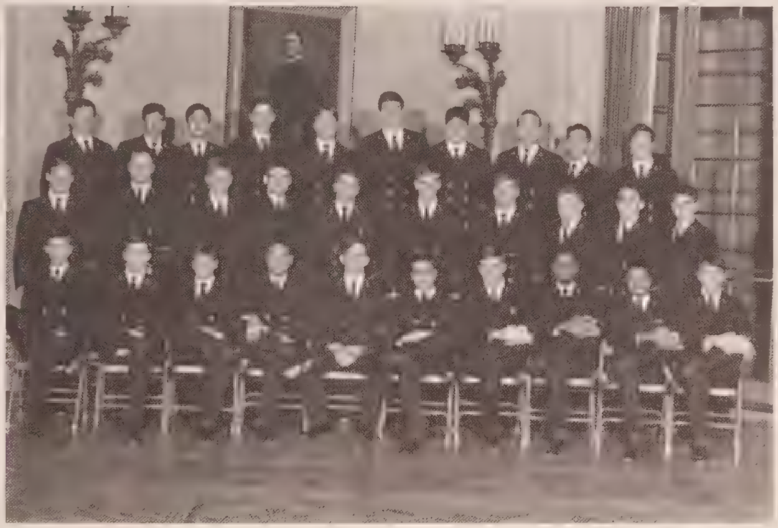
1. J. Stagliano 2. A. Macyko 3. B. Hind 4. J. Benner 5. E. Sax 6. J. Hille 7. P. Anderson 8. M. Koval 9. M. Seaver 10. C. Piersall 11. C. Sink 12. J. Drake 13. W. Omberg 14. J. Krepps 15. C. St. George 16. R. Page 17. C. Killmeyer 18. B. Collins 19. R. Gilbeau 20. J. Tofalo 21. D. Kelley 22. D. Krall 23. D. Montgomery 24. A. Ross 25. E. Reuter 26. D. Forney 27. F. Ressel 28. P. Manibo 29. W. Smith 30. T. Thompson 31. E. Roane 32. D. Linton 33. F. Gallo.

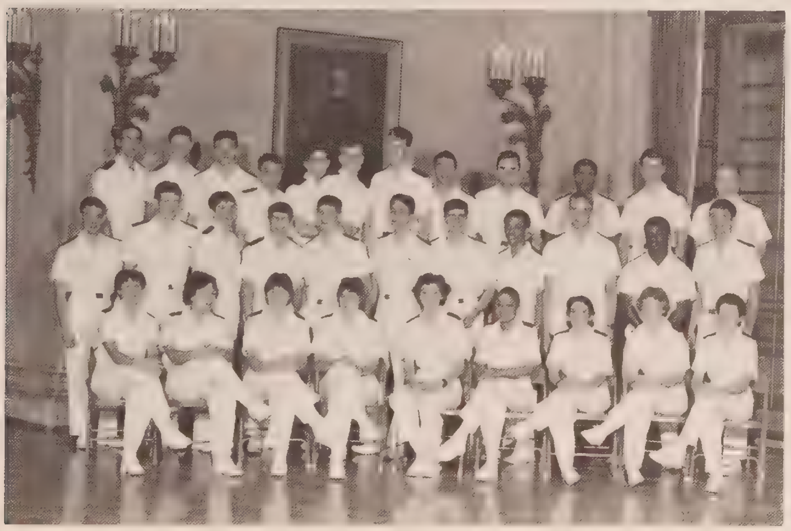




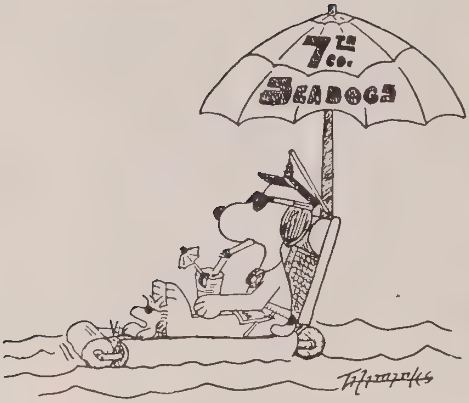
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: D. Adamus, S. Brawley, C. Garbelotti, M. Devin, K. Powell, T. Lutton, A. Daverede, T. Goaley, T. Mesora, K. McGann Middle row: E. Wills, J. O'Sullivan, R. Nixon, M. Marron, D. Boucher, J. Jorgenson, G. Carpenter, P. Mayer, S. Hilferty, D. Burg Back row: R. Gustafson, G. English, S. Randolph, M. Martinez, B. Poynter, J. Thien, D. Dacruz, T. McIntyre, M. Massee, T. Miller

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: J. Matic, J. Smith, T. Mohr, J. Payoyo, J. Wade, D. Martins, J. Horton, M. Maddox, C. Studevan, C. Lyter Middle row: B. Davis, D. Morris, J. Ireland, M. Brownell, P. Matthews, D. Schweizer, M. Fletcher, B. Williamson, D. Adamiak, R. Racoosin Back row: J. Schmit, J. Punelli, P. Hee, T. Costello, E. Pogue, R. Cobb, K. Mosher, R. Lumsden, R. Legenza, P. Douglas





CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: N. Pelosi, A. Parker, C. Carlixle, K. Davison, D. Edson, T. Smith, D. Villarreal, P. Reeves, S. Korol Middle row: M. Reddick, R. McSaveny, M. McGill, B. Pagel, R. Lamb, R. McClanahan, K. Doremus, C. Lucas, R. Powers, S. Fowler, R. Bodziak Back row: G. Miller, S. Donaldson, M. Holcomb, J. Dubinok, D. MacNeil, G. Ayers, W. Wallin, C. Benden, M. Parkyn, L. Dampier, G. Hodge, K. Gentry



LCDR Rudd 7th
Company Officer

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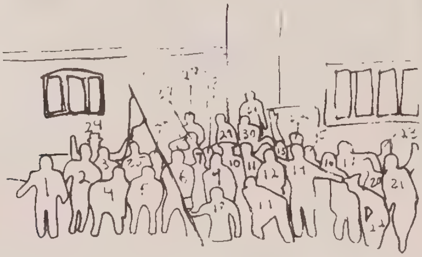
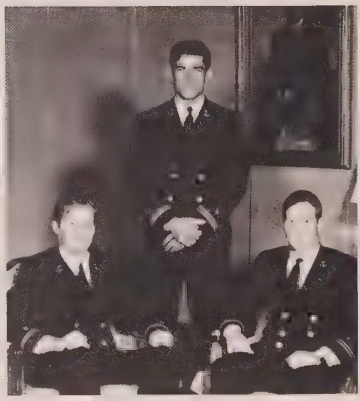
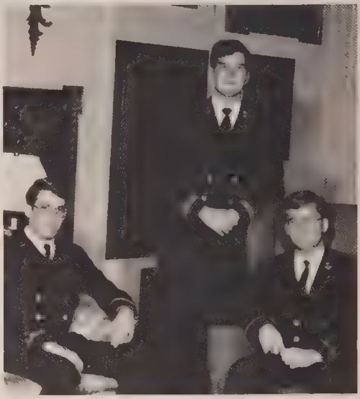


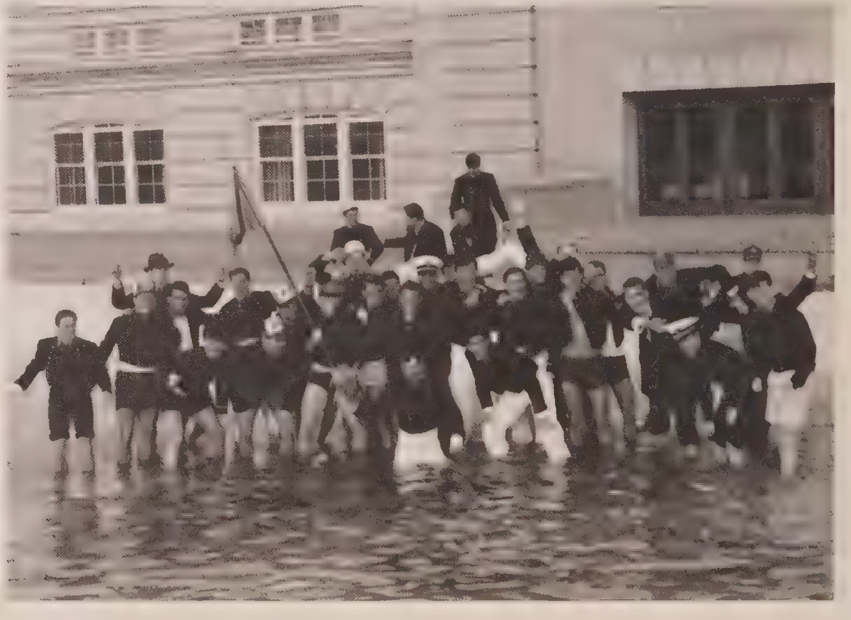


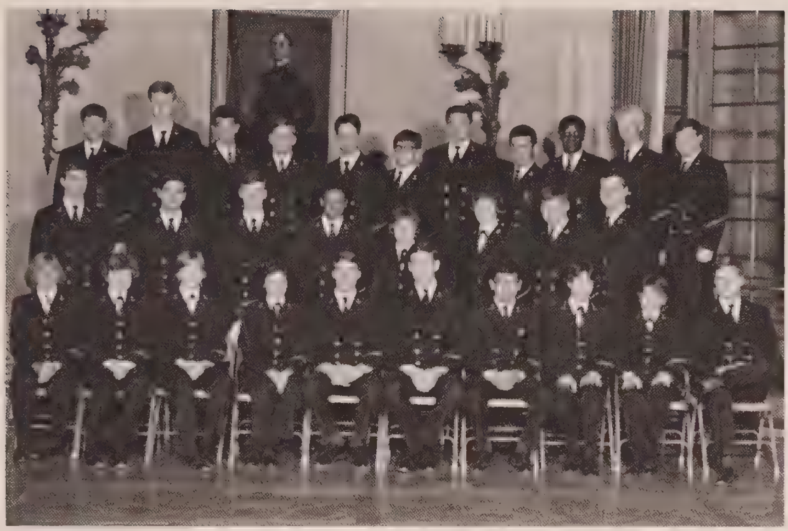
Fall Set- M/LT Rodgers, M/LTJG Corcoran, M/ENS Koeller.



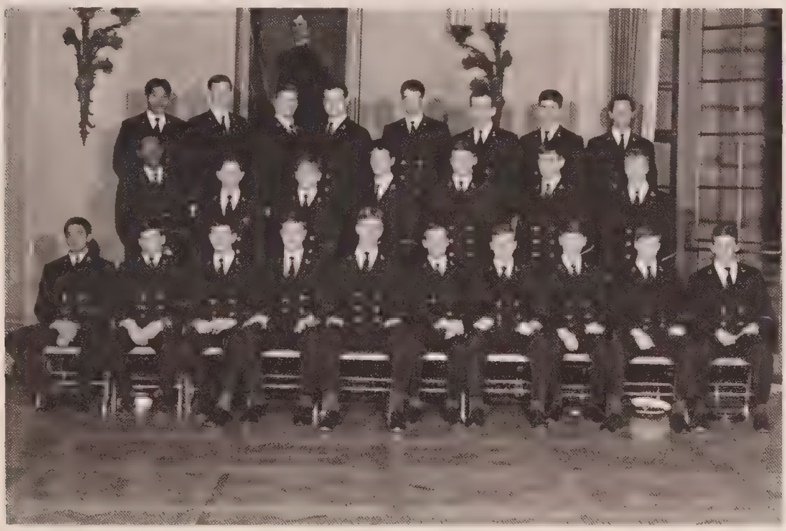
Spring Set- M/LT Vicini, M/LTJG Armstrong, M/ENS Savery.

1. L. Bryla 2. D. Schroeder 3. W. Lyon 4. M. Neff 5. S. Brummett 6. J. Wooley 7. J. Armstrong 8. S. Savery 9. G. McCarthy 10. T. Callaghan 11. M. Gubenski 12. B. Corcoran 13. L. Koeller 14. E. Vicini 15. C. Weber 16. D. Magness 17. M. Krechel 18. D. Karson 19. C. Rivera 20. J. Gogue 21. J. Rupp 22. P. Savage 23. D. Dixon 24. M. Hinton 25. V. Genco 26. J. Greenway 27. H. Tillman 28. S. Messer 29. J. Andreano 30. M. Powell 31. R. Fields 32. R. Aronson.

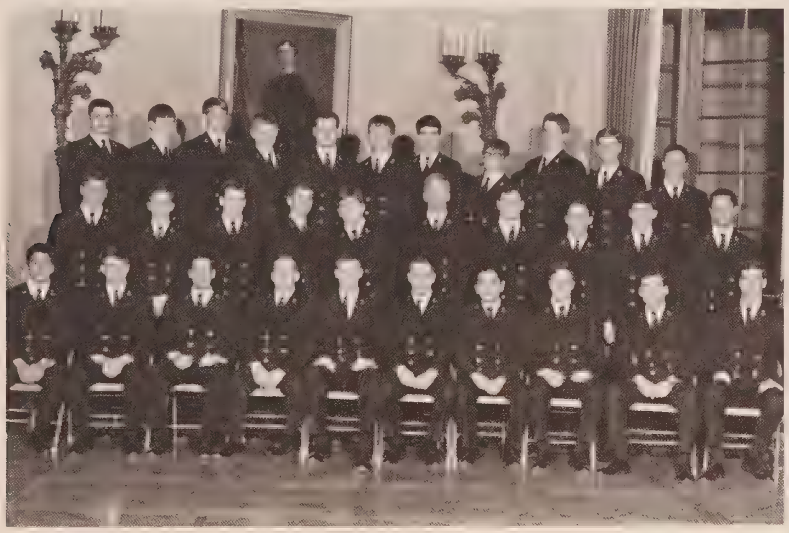




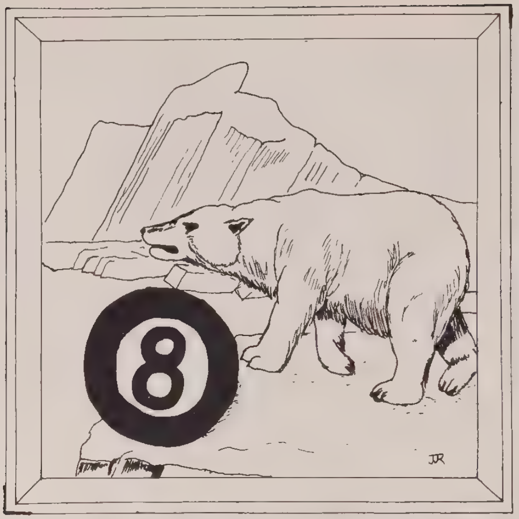
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: R. Beagle, M. Forehand, A. Webster, R. Wix, B. Flock, J. Schofield, D. Kumangai, M. Rawhouser, M. Murray, T. Horn Middle row: B. Comstock, R. Krause, J. McCormick, C. Manning, L. Nesta, D. Wuestenberg, G. Murphy, C. Clint Back row: J. Weber, G. Butler, J. Augustine, G. Gurbach, S. Chesson, E. Conan, W. Tillman, A. Litton, T. Walton, R. Brown, W. Biel

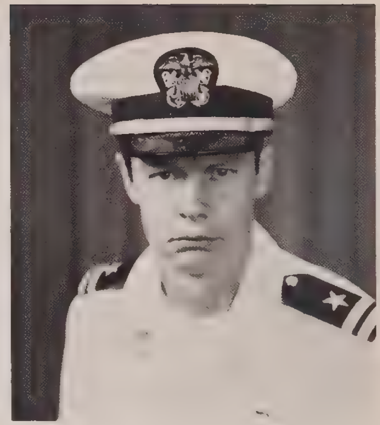


CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: M. Pleasant, D. Marquis, T. Olt, D. Brooks, J. Petrilla, A. Chase, T. Howell, R. Underwood, R. McArthur Middle row: L. Alexander, A. Delgado, E. Culpepper, W. Norris, D. Price, W. Peck, C. Buehler Back row: M. Johnson, D. Tuten, M. Fletcher, P. Sutton, T. Kerber, D. Becker, A. Mearig, B. Armes



CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: T. Allen, P. Nicodemus, M. Turner, J. MacMillan, S. Kahler, W. Jones, E. Potente, T. Wardell, J. Hudgens, R. Maus Middle row: S. Castro, C. Walden, S. McPhillips, J. Heatherington, F. Dodds, R. Andreas, R. Dennehy, D. Hale, S. Wizotzki, B. Dean Back row: D. English, M. Althouse, B. Omalley, J. Boener, Z. Clyde, T. Ovens, A. Laboa, C. Edwards, J. Fitzpatrick, J. Denuto, R. Shreckengost





LT Youngborg - 8th Company Officer

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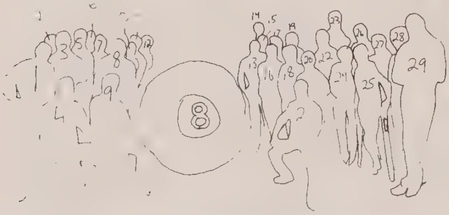
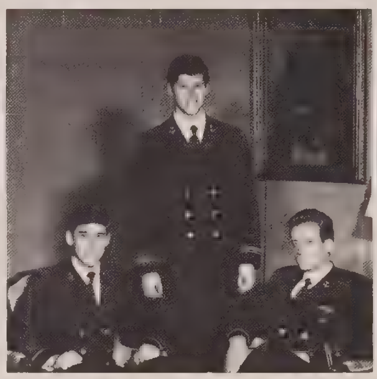
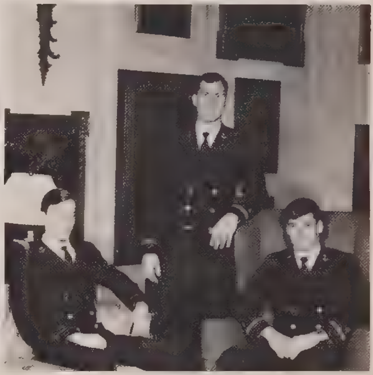
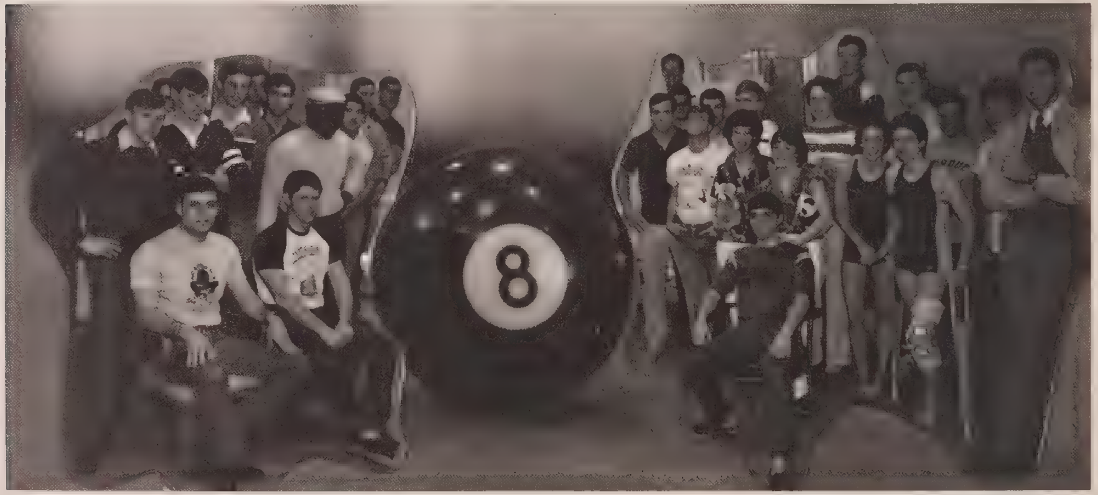




FallSet- M/LT Dacey, M/LTJG Woodruff, M/ENS Bartee.

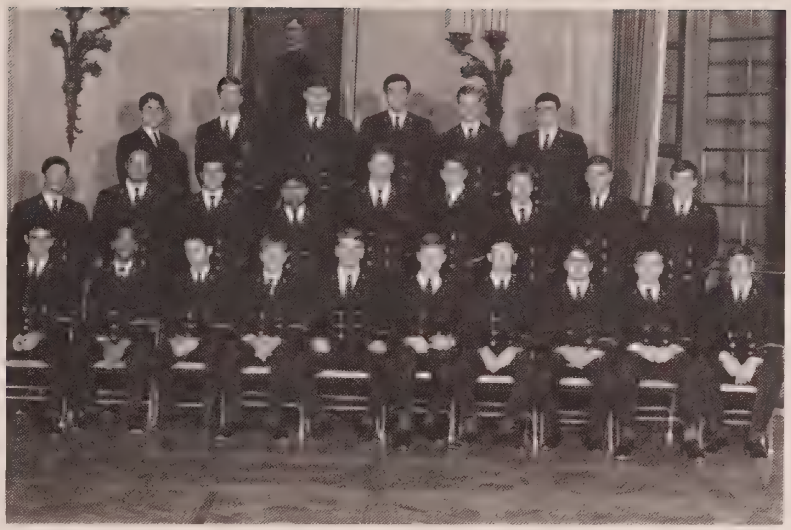


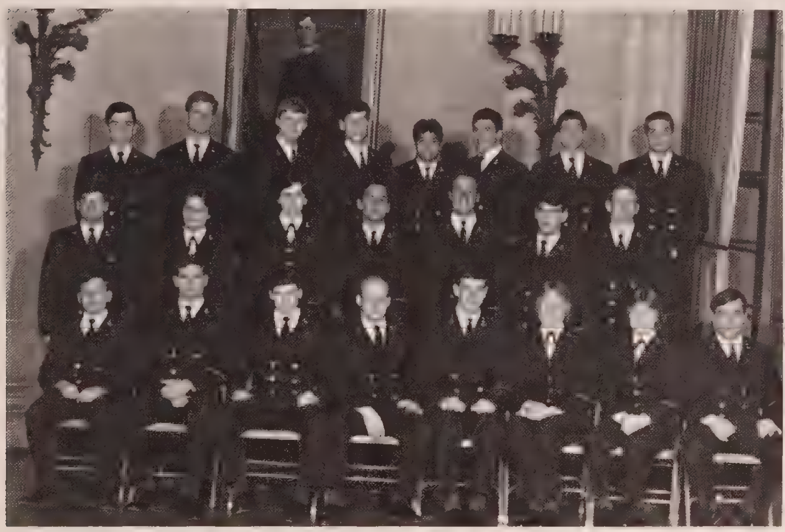
Spring Set- M/LT Weis, M/LTJG Guseman, M/ENS Cart.



1. M. Breen 2. T. Shindelar 3. R. Guseman 4. J. Loper 5. S. Thoresen 6. M. Cart 7. L. Bartee 8. A. Scissum 9. T. Dacey 10. S. Oda 11. H. Schurman 12. J. Weis 13. D. Wadsworth 14. A. Skehan 15. G. Woodruff 16. D. Clause 17. C. O'Brien 18. M. Zap 19. M. Phillips 20. K. Williams 21. G. Lester 22. K. Owins 23. P. Shankland 24. N. Ingerson 25. L. Brown 26. J. Holland 27. M. Chavez 28. K. Lui 29. J. Wilson.

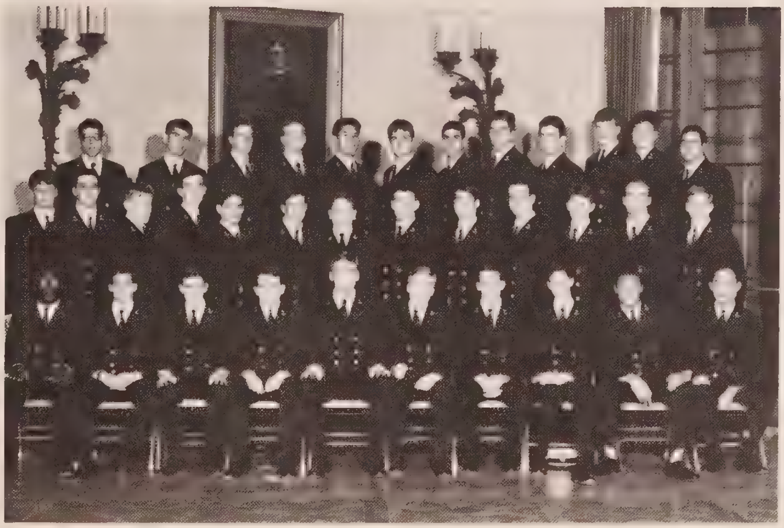
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: P. Lluy, J. Smith, A. Farrell, M. Newman, S. Bovington, W. Guerrero, A. Lopez, M. Chimicak, S. Eash, J. Gelinne Middle row: S. Kirschner, A. Ponturiero, J. Pagano, T. Dua, B. Krueger, T. Ivan, D. Myre, M. Waldschmidt, E. Renda Back row: D. Benson, C. Melcher, R. Olsen, R. Babicz, T. Green, S. Smith

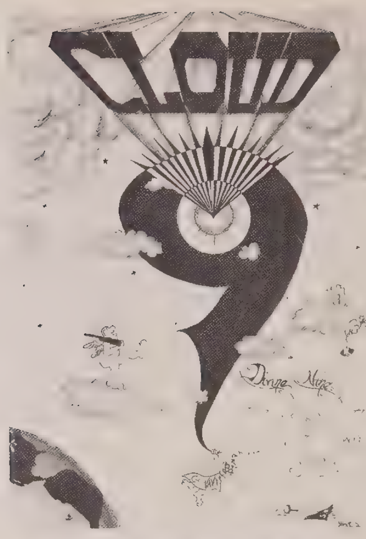




CLASS OF 1985''
Front row: M. Torbit, B. Wiseman, K. Brunini, W. Schmidt, M. Hajosy, D. Miller, S. Mahlum, D. Hume Middle row: J. Jensen, C. Thebaud, G. Dayoub, M. Miller, B. Ledbetter, R. Johnson, C. Lutz Back row: K. Jenkins, T. Lerch, H. Barr, D. Volgenau, K. Yamashita, M. Meloro, K. Heine, C. Weiler

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: R. Williams, K. Prusso, D. Burke, C. Wansley, D. White, E. Wolski, S. Jones, M. Amedick, J. Carroll, D. Grutal Middle row: T. Istvan, M. Miller, C. Matson, M. Swatling, R. Tolomeo, P. Grandelli, B. Feinstein, G. Meigs, P. Lynch, J. Semancik, L. Loepke, T. Marbois, R. Raus Back row: J. Ramos, E. Webster, S. Goodwin, J. Crouse, M. Nahoopii, E. Sauerbrey, E. Kyle, M. Koleber, S. Conners, S. Zike, W. Dunstan, A. Cyr





LCDR Leib - 9th
Company Officer

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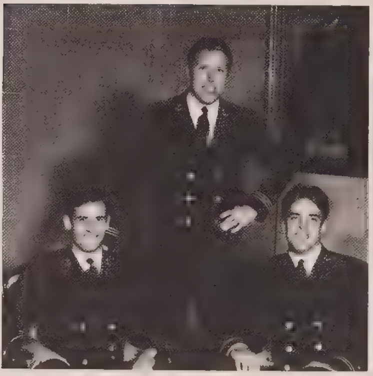
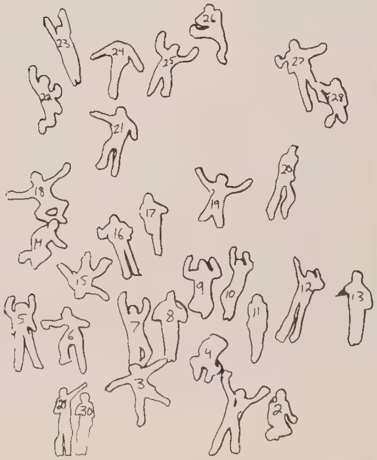


Fall Set- M/LT Lukenbill, M/LTJG Boddiford, M/ENS Ostrom.

Spring Set- M/LT Lukenbill, M/LTJG Gamerdinger, M/ENS Rivas.

1. B. Eikenberg 2. M. Keating 3. E. Feege 4. J. Weaver 5. B. J. Bigger 6. J.C. Harding 7. T.S. Smith 8. C. Montross 9. H. Hundley 10. J.P. Wilkinson 11. C. Husa 12. C. Colon 13. J. Boddiford 14. D. Eguchi 15. P.B. Yujica 16. J.L. Marana 17. K. Hymers 18. B.S. Watson 19. R. Williams 20. W. Hart 21. P. Gamerdinger 22. T. Crompton 23. C. Lukenbill 24. J. Rivas 25. C. Ballister 26. J.L. Johnson 27. M. Hapeman 29. CAPT. Flight 30. MRS. Flight.



CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: L. Naeyaert, B. Paulk, M. Nevins, A. Samora, G. Waters, B. Everist, Middle row: D. Hudson, M. Sakawiwa, L. Quinn, G. Haberlin, M. Quigley, B. Hammett Back row: D. Sheppard, D. Roper, R. Farrell, M. Strano

CLASS OF 1985:
Back Row: P. Lerke, R. Hyer, D. Harrison, J. Bruce, V. Bowhers, G. Locher, P. Reiff, A. Bota Middle row: B. Thone, J. Fordham, J. Nagle, W. Fitzgerald, S. Harrison, J. Clapp, T. Smith, R. Palladino, K. Leeds Front row: G. Watka, J. Godeaux, B. Hoffer, C. Yi, E. Wallace, B. Stegall, A. Assel, B. Poor, J. Winkler, R. Divito

CLASS OF 1986:
Back row: M. Rivandeneira, E. Harris, S. Wilson, F. Render, J. Vahsen, B. Hall, M. Cockey, M. Miller Middle row: F. Cardinalli, C. Long, K. Mastropaolo, W. Trovell, G. Black, T. Roberts, D. Greico, G. Minter, J. McNair Front row: P. Rodnite, T. Standard, B. Foy, S. Skrabalz, J. Gosney, B. Sturken, K. Berlin, B. Merz, J. Luntz, J. O'Connell

Maj. Wilson -
10th Company Officer

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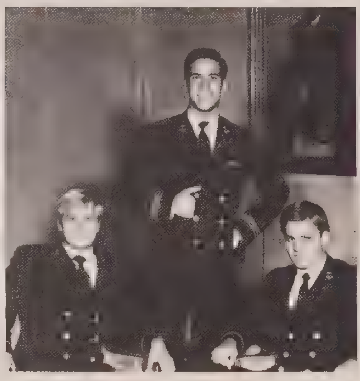
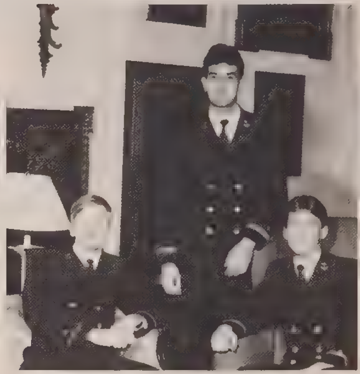
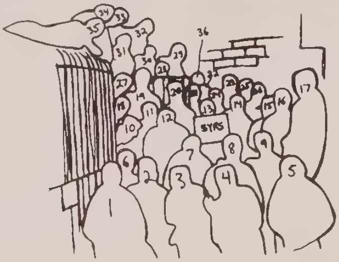


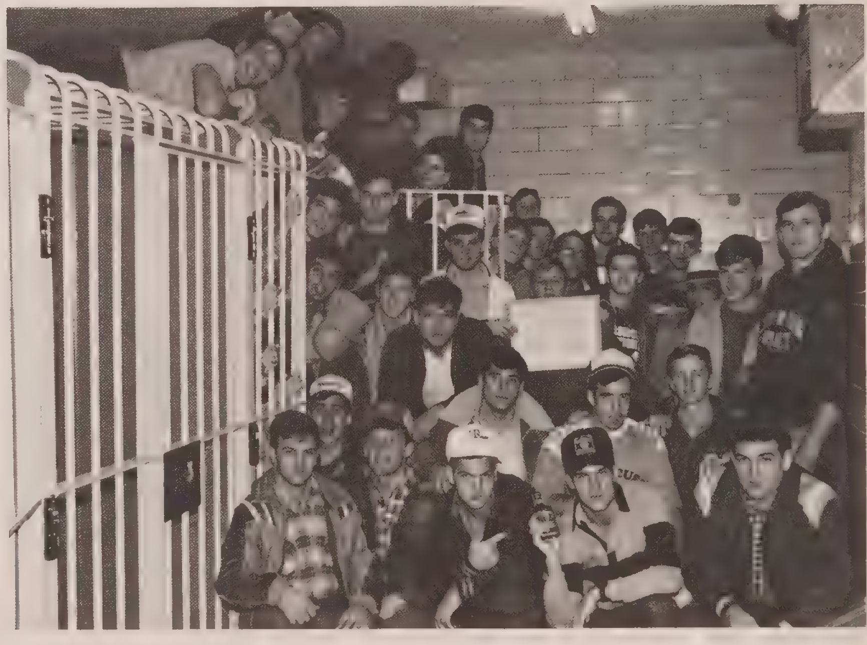
Fall Set- M/LT Creed, M/LTJG Groff, M/ENS Makovitch.

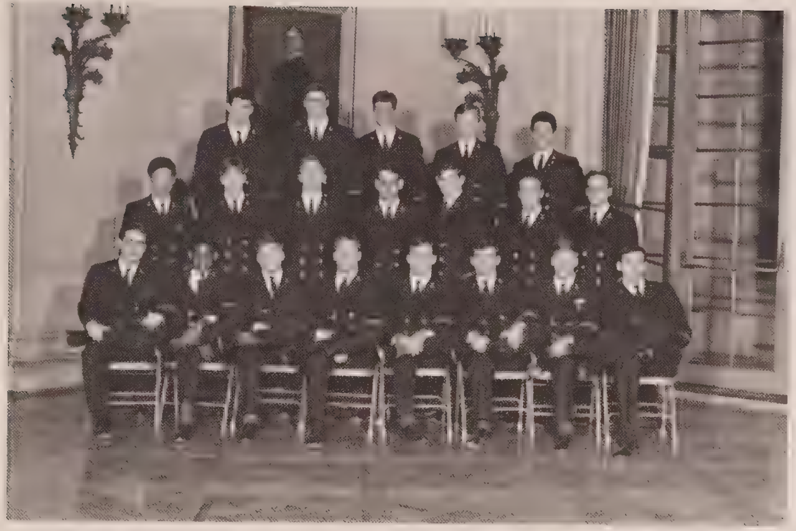


Spring Set- M/LT Bondura, M/LTJG Carlson, M/ENS Landrum

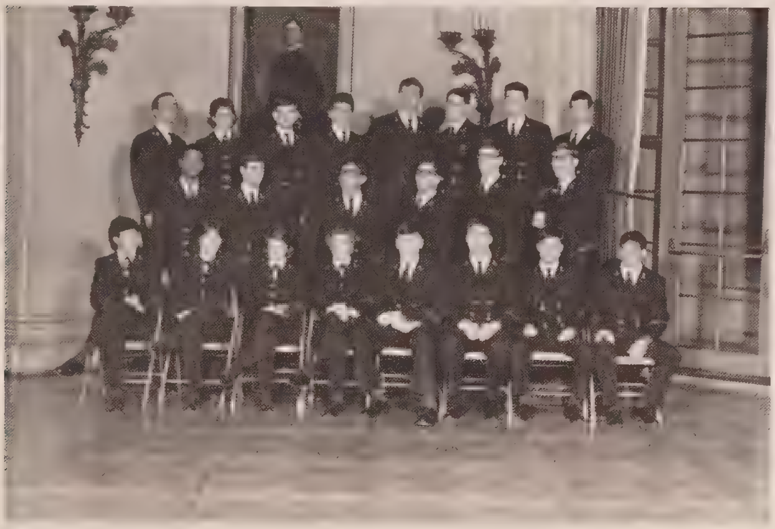


1. L. Traglia 2. M. Carlson 3. M. Mahan 4. R. Linnekin 5. B. Flannery 6. G. Murray 7. S. Baer 8. M. Nicholson 9. G. Smith 10. M. Kamyszek 11. B. Hooper 12. P. Marshall 13. M. Makovitch 14. B. Welling 15. M. Dumlao 16. L. Schonenberg 17. S. Johnson 18. S. Bondura 19. T. Casey 20. D. Groff 21. C. Landrum 22. A. Caldwell 23. J. Boyle 24. G. Dalley 25. R. Rusnak 26. P. Bouffard 27. M. Donner 28. D. Struble 29. J. Gori 30. P. Rockswald 31. J. Creed 32. B. Posey 33. J. Peterson 34. J. Jockel 35. D. Greenberg 36. T. Garcia.

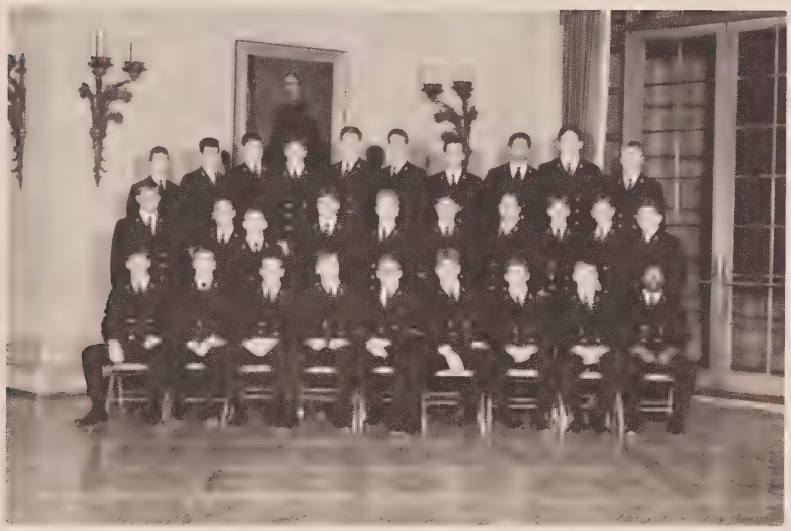




CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: M. Cedrun, G. Peoples, S. Szymanski, M. Ehlers, J. Fijalkowski, N. Freeman, M. Parsons, G. Marvil Middle row: W. Lee, J. Zwirner, J. Dunson, J. Escobar, S. Ceraolo, M. Plaisance, S. Chachula Back row: H. Overle, M. Guyll, B. McMasters, J. Mongan, J. Pasternak



CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: J. Goodwin, D. Shroyer, L. Dunbar. L. Blaise, J. Uhl, R. Dorrell, R. Nelson, B. Snight Middle row: W. Jones, D. Richardson, M. Trujillo, J. Shippey, T. Tees, S. Price Back row: V. Richardson, S. Speith, G. Floyd, C. Lindsay, R. Coombs, W. Thomas, L. Jaenichen, G. Waidelich



CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: S. Franklin, C. Campion, L. Kough, S. Graustein, P. Costello, A. Shaffer, J. Wallis, H. Dunbrack, G. Norris Middle row: S. Grimm, J. Kim, B. Sheedy, T. MCGarvey, D. Baggett, C. Jimenez, J. Kern, M. Donigan, M. Jordan, B. Kopchick Back row: P. Sneddon, T. Donoghue, K. Zingheim, R. Richey, M. Dorko, J. McAnanly, F. Beverly, K. Kasprzak, B. Reap, J. Hedlund

DUTY · HONOR · TAILGATERS · BEER · 11th COMPANY TIGERS

LCDR Kehoe - 11th Company Officer

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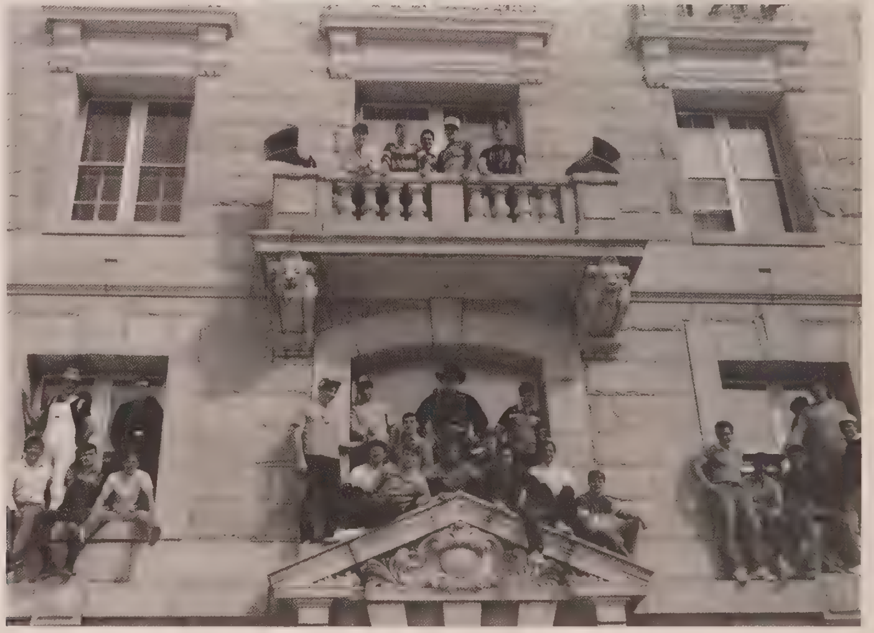
Fall Set- M/LT G. Faller, M/LTJG M. Rafter, M/LTJG J. Battle.

Spring Set- M/LT G. McGovern, M/LTJG D.C. Renner, M/ENS J. Rose.

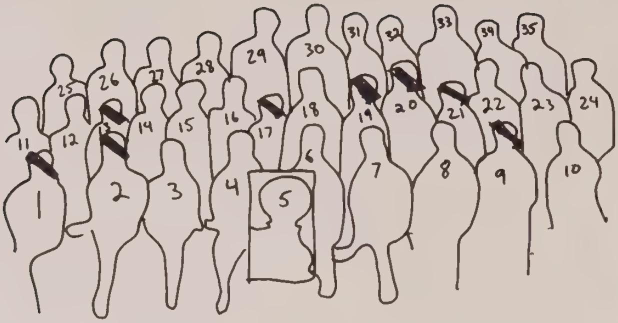
1. E. Takesuye, 2. K.C. Fitzpatrick 3. K. Wilson 4. C. McDonald 5. D.C. Renner 6. C. Faller 7. T. Mathews 8. L. Hayward 9. B. Wehner 10. J. Raynolds 11. J. Lett 12. J. Battle 13. J. Hudson 14. M. Radice 15. D. Barland 16. J. Anderson 17. R. Schott 18. J. Johannesen 19. K. Kelly 20. D. Needham 21. J. McGovern 22. J. Rose 23. P. Webb 24. P. Becker 25. T. Van Gunten 26. M. Rohrback 27. M. Rafter.



CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: G. Bressler, P. Higgins, M. Porter, B. Lewis, F. Petrosino, T. Hastings, A. Monoz, J. Albergo, M. Matteo, D. Holloway Middle row: D. Karabin, B. Castaneda, T. Williamson, G. Crabtree, J. Giron Back row: J. Sylvester, C. Gromek, T. Bowman, D. Aumuller, T. Ploeger, J. Ziemian, D. Stevens, T. Collins

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: K. Brooks, R. Morgan, T. Mulich, J. Stemple, D. Bixby, R. Fry, S. Munsch, S. Mooradian, B. Donohue, D. Pacious Middle row: S. Cramer, C. Crowe, M. Perdomo, S. Racine, F. Mitzel, B. Heaphy, C. Hull, F. Simie, B. Perry Back row: B. Byron, B. Fahy, T. Winter, J. Olmsted, J. Edwards, R. Hugenroth, H. Murphy, B. Genoble, S. Powers

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: J. Schell, J. Hennessey, M. Ashley, R. Knar, R. Choi, R. Richardson, M. Kenney, M. McMahan Middle row: R. Acosta, B. Doy, W. Keith, M. Pletke, J. Waite, T. Moses, D. Kaye, D. Spaceman Back row: D. Petersen, W. Harkin, M. Orzell, R. Gibbons, J. Fleming, P. Patton, H. Muffdiver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Lt Lorentz-12th Company Officer

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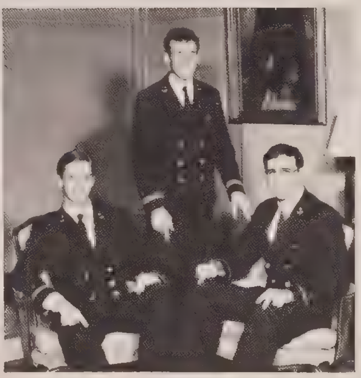
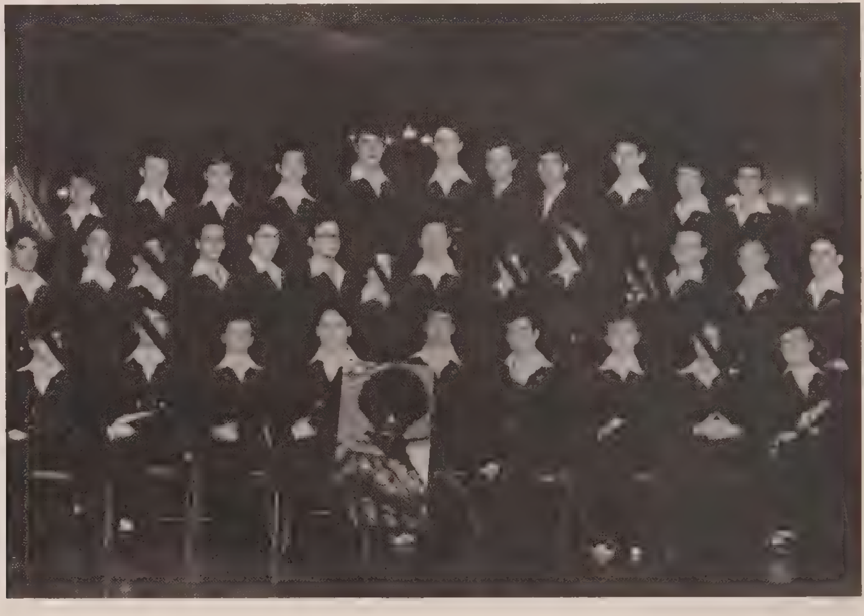
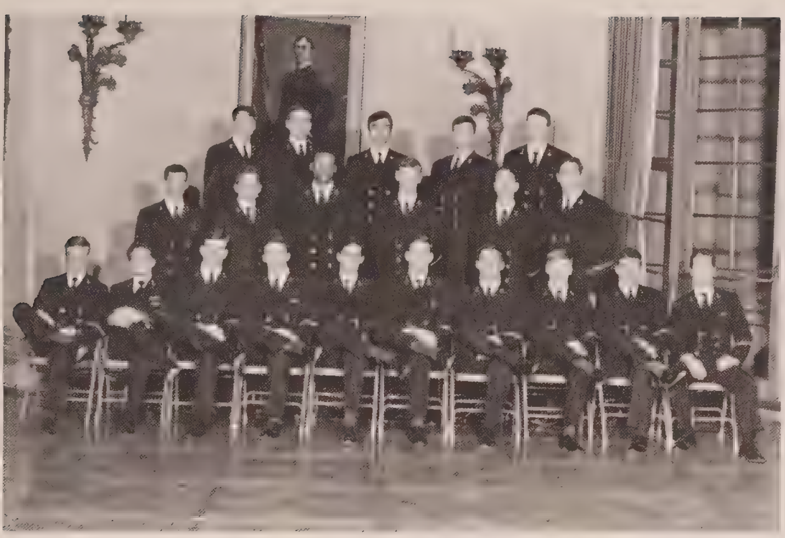


Fall Set- M/LT McKenney, M/LTJG Whitesides, M/ENS Emery.

Spring Set- M/LT Oravec, M/LTJG Miller, M/ENS Barbour.

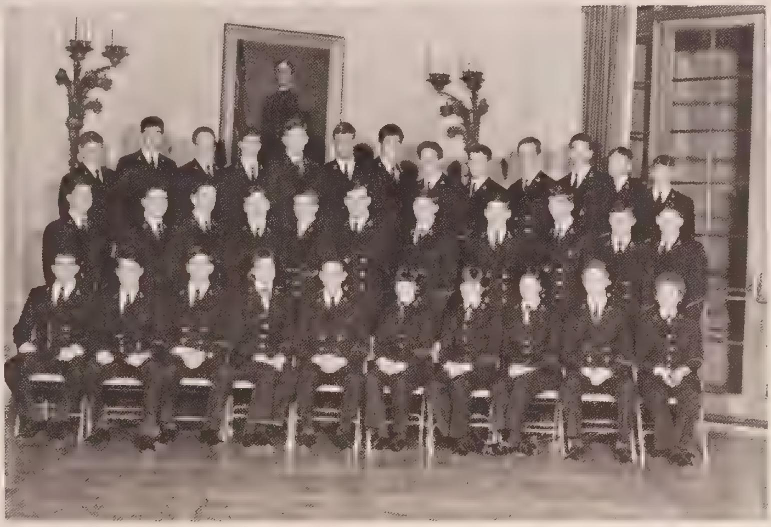
1. S. Lynch 2. W. O'Brien 3. D. Pass 4. C. Bresnahan 5. G. Hester 6. J. Shoemake 7. W. Dobbratz 8. T. Edwards 9. M. Kellogg 10. W. Oxx 11. P. Coronado 12. M. Coyan 13. B. Marin 14. D. Snyder 15. R. Torres 16. M. Oravec 17. M. Gideon 18. J. Monahan 19. S. Oldham 20. B. Budai 21. B. Holmes 22. S. Deangelis 23. R. Crigger 24. S. Flatley 25. D. Beemer 26. P. McKenney 27. S. Larsen 28. Tarquinio 29. J. Emery 30. J. Whitesides 31. J. Evans 32. J. Duran 33. M. Barbour 34. D. Hinderliter 35. J. Miller.

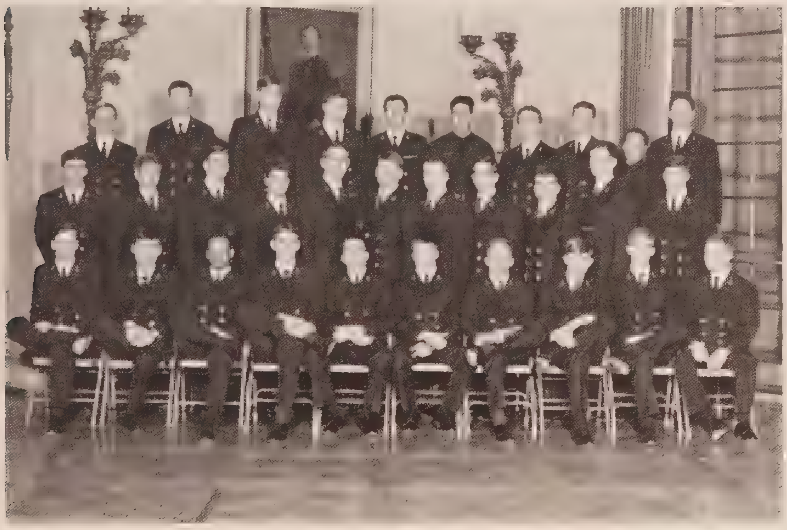




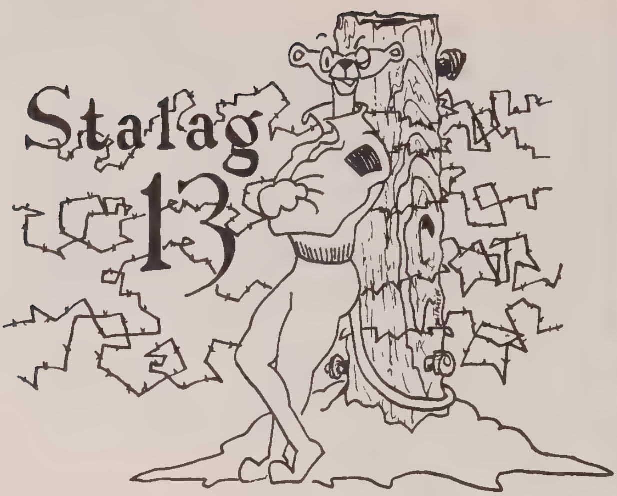
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: E. Baker, S. Gravini, R. Gradel, J. Funk, C. Cusumano, C. Hobaugh, K. Koehler, J. Hasbrouck, D. Conkey, E. Nielsen Middle row: P. Barr, T. Schaeffer, S. Skinner, D. Ruedi, G. Vandenberg, E. Dunn Back row: D. Sileo, C. Kirschten, F. Carothers, H. Summerfield, R. Oakenell

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: M. Montesanti, J. Williams, M. Stepaniak, E. Harman, W. Clark, D. Peck, E. Gilstad, G. Olsen, M. Rose, D. Harter Middle row: F. Fries, W. Young, K. Diederich, M. Gannon, J. Merritt, R. Dalton, J. Geier, L. Smith, E. Evans, M. Dashiell, E. Bush Back row: G. Brown, B. Burke, J. Edwards, V. Debban, K. Menke, E. Strong, P. Wilkens, S. Vahsen, D. Fisher, B. Minzenmayer, B. Wright, J. McNeilly, V. Meyer





CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: J. Welch, B. Kim, M. Jones, S. Harrison, J. Wilczynski, J. Lautrup, A. Devino, C. Corish, P. Allison, C. Miller Midle row: E. Irwin, G. Minogue, K. O'Malley, J. Digiandomenico, J. Layton, M. Henry, J. Pelkey, J. Calandra, T. Monks, P. Weigman, D. Ulsh Back row: B. Babcock, D. Merzke, J. Schmitz, E. Fudge, C. Wilson, M. Zlomke, S. Mitchell, P. Vance, C. Hughes, T. Millman'



Maj Noto - 13th
Company Officer

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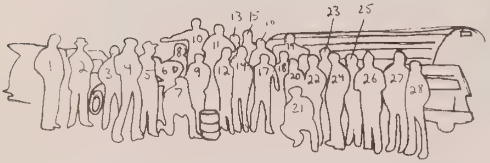
Fall Set- M/LT Hooks, M/LTJG Needleman, M/ENS O'Connor.

Spring Set- M/LT Yoper, M/LTJG Boyle, M/ENS Young.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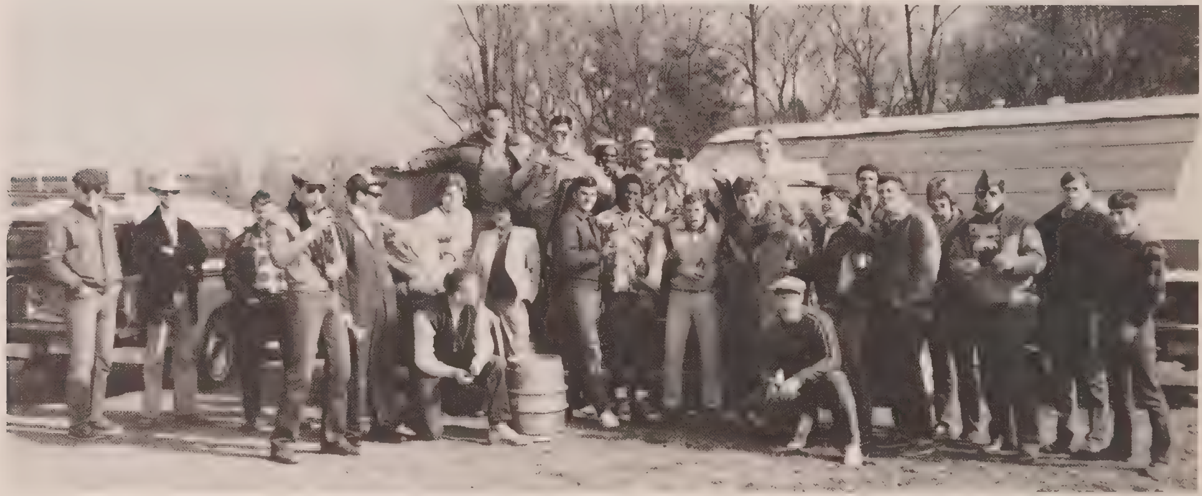
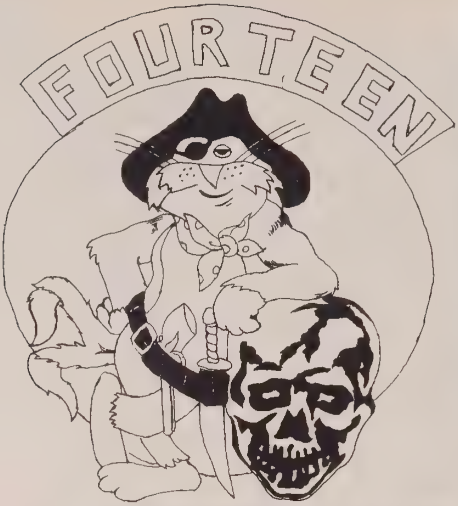


1. D. Snyer 2. J. Wiltenmuth 3. P. Holland 4. D. Phaneuf 5. R. Lago 6. M. Treadwell 7. T. Evans 8. C. Dolyniuk 9. T. Suerman 10. J. Hooks 11. C. Galuzzo 12. L. Boyle 13. J. Finley 14. M. Barclift 15. M. McMahon 16. D. Weimer 17. E. Pyne 18. L. Young 19. A. Smith 20. J. Ward 21. M. Needleman 22. G. Rusch 23. T. Bennte 24. L. O'Connor 25. J. Eberhart 26. B. Weinert 27. M. Feely 28. D. Yoder.

CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: S. Scannell, S. Spooner, M. Deppe, P. Nardi, F. Sutton, T. Busmire, E. Brady, D. Bunker, J. Laughlin, M. Pagnanelli Middle row: K. Howard, D. Etkins, P. Johnson, H. Lasell, M. Murray, C. Hatcher, J. Giangiuli, M. Brodowicz, M. Fallot, C. Noah Back row: J. Martinez, B. Matts, K. Olsen, J. Ringel, J. McCreary, B. Martin, P. Lawver, J. Taylor, T. Williams, I. Guibas

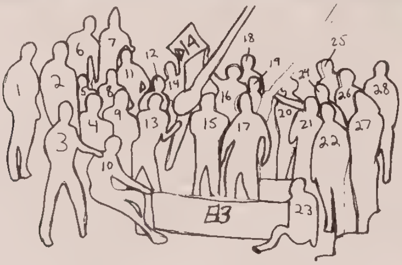
CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: M. O'Brien, R. Camalho, D. Larson, D. Samples, C. Collins, B. Mimms, P. Rabbit, B. Espe, R. Roland, T. Pedersen Midle row: B. Olds, G. Ellis, M. Long, D. Moeller, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Hernandez, D. Kim, F. Thola Back row: J. Matza, T. Stoner, Y. Prosperi, B. Ridings, J. Lombardi, T. Evans, E. Petruncio, M. Lysaght, A. Jones

CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: S. Kawamoto, M. Cernicek, G. Morin, G. Williams, J. Nobles, M. Willer, S. Jennings, L. Feuchtbaum, P. Lyons, B. Donovan Middle row: R. Perron, A. Swedean, B. Glover, B. Beil, A. Wierzbicki, C. Atwell, K. Ulisnik, P. Mansfield, K. Fujishege, R. Wohld, N. Peterson Back row: J. Snider, W. Sivertsen, M. Pruebstle, D. Parker, D. Wata, W. Carr, C. Lvtikainen, L. Shuttleworth, M. Kelly, D. Butterbrodt



Capt. Iaquinto
14th Company Officer

14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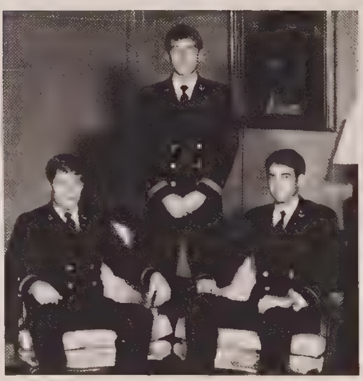


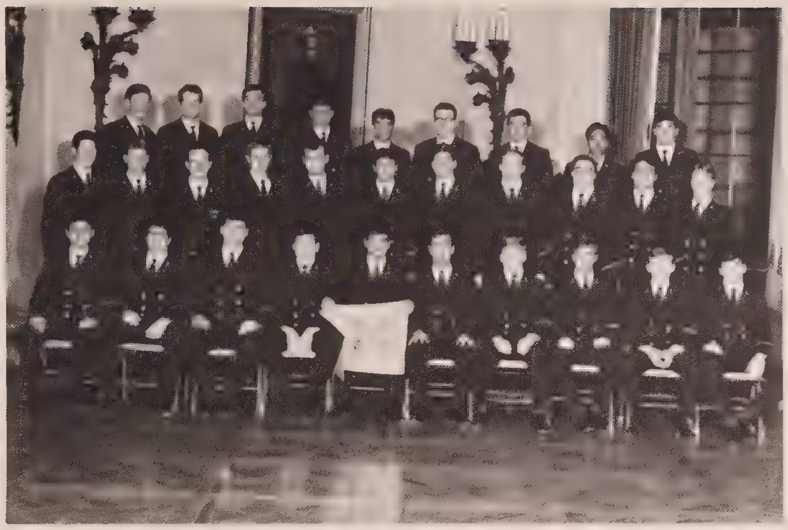
Fall Set- M/LT Pearl. M/LTJG Guliano, M/ENS Wise.

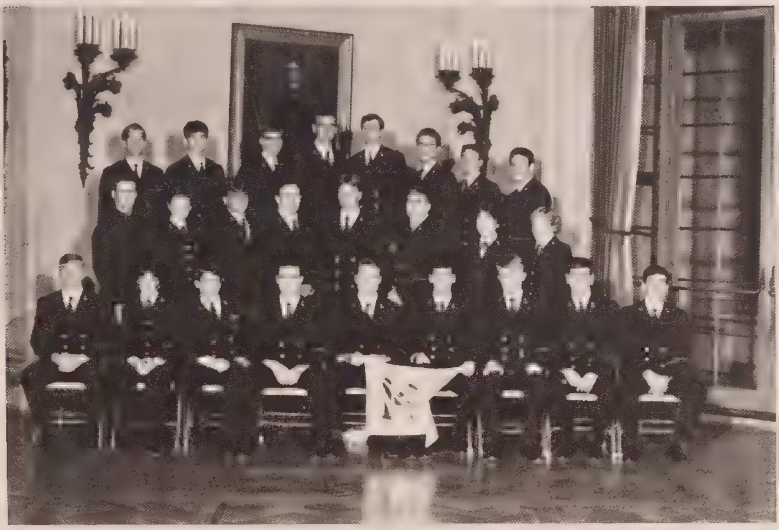
Spring Set- M/LT Kraft, M/LTJG Yuen, M/ENS Sink.

1. T. Dalpini 2. D. Simmons 3. T. Vindich 4. M. Hopgood 5. J. O'Leary 6. R. Ecder 7. J. McGill 8. K. Papp 9. A. Pollard 10. W. Larson 11. S. Noroel 12. R. Jentoft 13. J. Smith 14. C. Sink 15. C. Williams 16. R. Wise 17. F. Blundetto 18. J. Guliano 19. C. Murch 20. M. Pearl 21. T. Kraft 22. K. Watters 23. J. Soto 24. J. Spruill 25. G. Zuschlag 26. J. Yuen 27. P. Soares 28. J. Crockett.

TROJAN YACHT 83 We're Going To Turn You On.

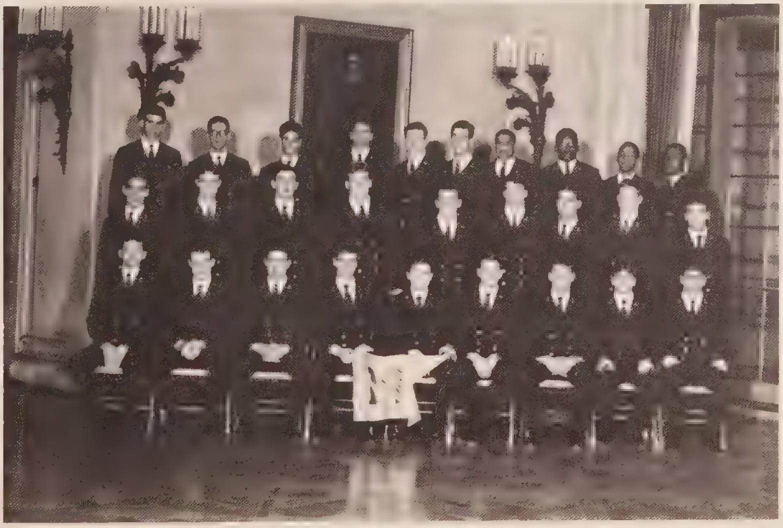
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: A. Coomber, T. Campbell, M. Lyons, J. Hemmen, R. Miranda, M. Galon, P. Erickson, B. Drummond, A. Bierbauer, R. Froncillo Middle row: M. McCracken, J. Cordle, P. Povlock, T. Dalton, G. Dimitro, M. Dvorak, R. Laufer, B. Murtha, S. Coulter, K. Dixon, C. Tettelbach Back row: J. Fluhart, M. Smith, R. Bower, M. Openshaw, P. Beaumont, J. Murray, J. Willson, A. Quintong, M. Allman





CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: C. Adams, L. Caputo, E. Smith, S. Kelly, S. Melton, R. Brown, J. McCord, R. Ing, J. Beel Middle row: D. Whalen, L. Falkenbach, F. Wagner, R. Hale, P. Bishop, S. Sobka, K. Weist, J. Carey Back row: R. Cissel, K. Clinch, M. Gregory, S. Grace, S. Callahan, M. Ottinger, D. Mellecker, L. Clay

CLASS of 1986:
Front row: G. Landkamer, W. Thurlow, D. Baca, A. Jackson, J. Jackson, S. Shaw, N. Weakland, P. Petri, C. Dodges Middle row: S. Conroy, E. Little, E. Knapp, T. Judge, T. Tonan, S. Giarrizzo, M. Green, J. Davis, E. Adams Back row: S. Varani, J. Chatelain, T. Olsen, M. Morrissey, W. Craig, M. Crane, R. Lloyd, A. Hutchinson, S. Wade, T. Jackson



15 Has It All
In Hand

LT Mair - 15th Company Officer

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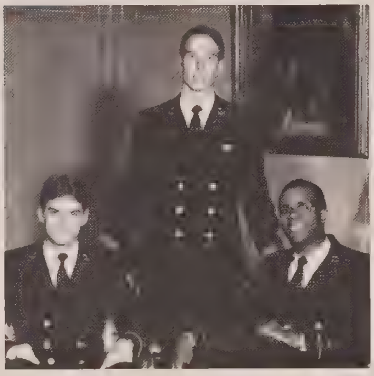
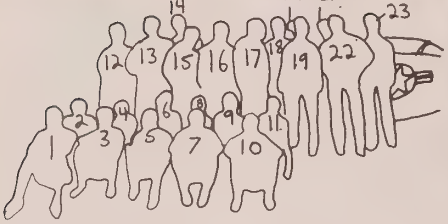


Fall Set- M/LT Woods, M/LTJG Stewart, M/ENS Tyree.

Spring Set- M/LT Jones, M/LTJG Hicks, M/ENS Taylor.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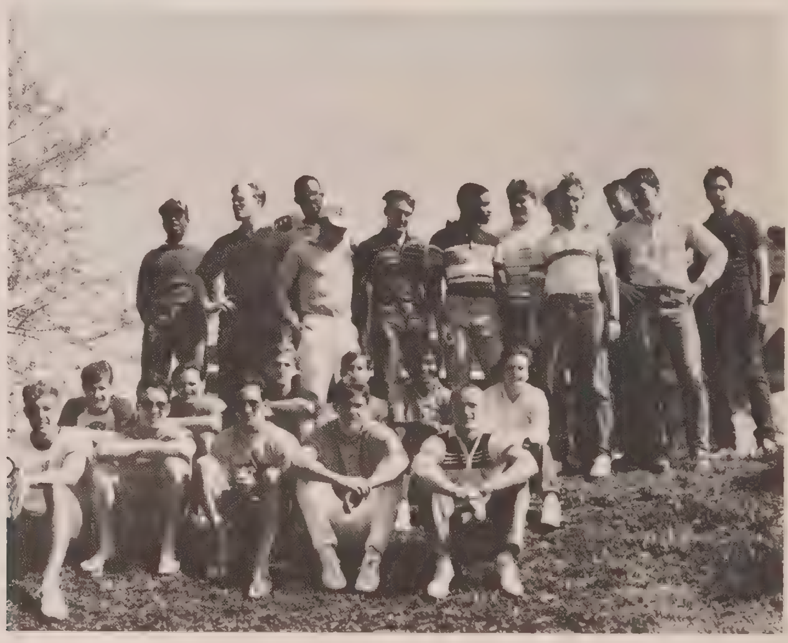
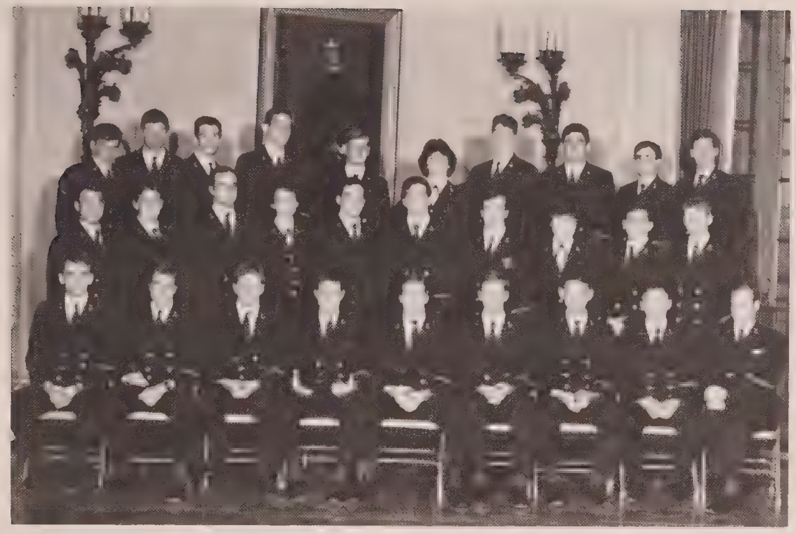
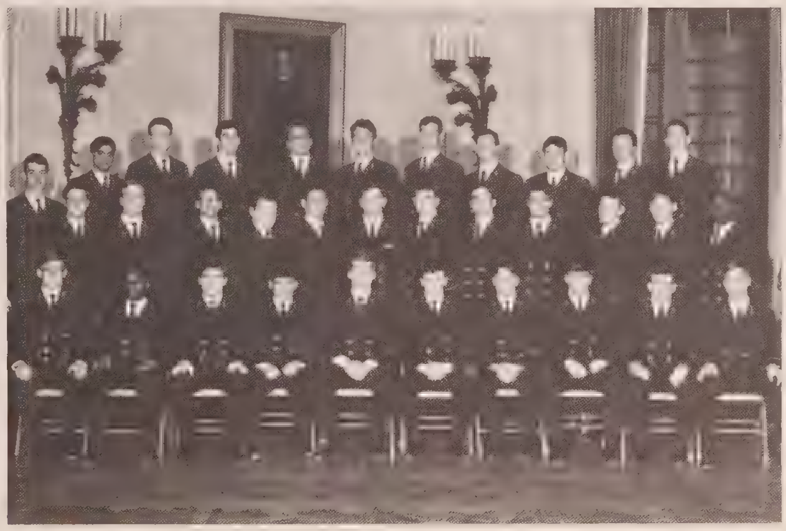
1. K. Parton 2. L. Ruggiero 3. S Hubeli 4. M Coughlin 5. B. Jacobi 6. R. Haskins 7. J. Stewart 8. B. Conrad 9. Y. Williams 10. D. Jones 11. K. Podolak 12. E. Jackson 13. H.B. Smith 14. B. Tyree 15. M. Molkenbuhr 16. D. Hicks 17. C. Smith 18. T. Bailey 19. M. Woods 20. B. McHugh 21. R. Taylor 22. P. Clark 23. P. Mahosky.

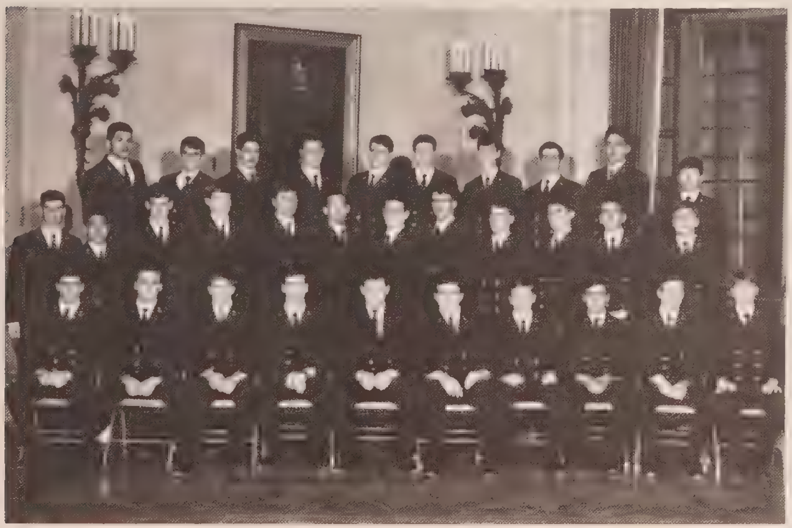




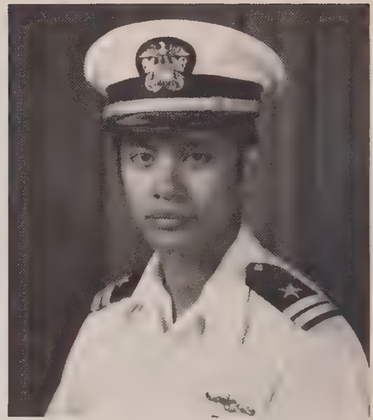
CLASS OF 1984:
Front row: D. Terwilliger, J. Schmitt, P. Dobbs, R. Knapper, D. Nedry, J. Prokopiak, J. So, T. Kymn, N. Miller Middle row: R. Budicin, J. Bates, R. Clark, N. Quick, F. Koprucu, S. McGinty, T. Wise, J. Schmitz, R. Cassetta, P. Springer Back row: J. Lamade, C. Sternberg, G. Murray, R. Czechowski, S. Bowman, L. Grammer, L. Seutter, A. Gomez, T. Pickerill, R. Wach

CLASS OF 1985:
Front row: D. Peterson, D. Atkinson, J. Hamman, P. Nguyen, M. Andreas, R. Brown, C. Smith, T. Gardner, P. Dunn, J. Grimson Middle row: E. Quinn. M. Boehle, P. Albert, M. Weber, D. Derbes, S. Titus, C. Merritt, R. Scrignoli, G. Garcia, W. Johannsen, D. Meeks, A. Coleman Back row: J. Walters, T. Hobbib, D. Boelsche, S. Genn, M. Colby, J. Henson, T. Plofchan, C. Hodges, M. Taylor, M. Casey, T. Croy





CLASS OF 1986:
Front row: J. Overton, P. Dietrich, C. McGee, J. Hassenfeldt, E. Nixon, R. Burger, T. Kersey, B. Velasquez, G. Campbell, P. Kwoka Middle row: R. Warnock, A. Sannicolas, B. Roper, E. Short, L. Zimmerman, S. Urbina, M. Lalli, G. Lawrence, G. Slook, C. Makuch, J. Bennett, R. Ewing Back row: R. Carriedo, M. Dalgetty, J. Maffei, M. Blumenberg, M. Napolitano, R. Dean, M. Mally, R. Starsman, R. Price, J. Barron



Lt. Arellano - 16th Company Officer

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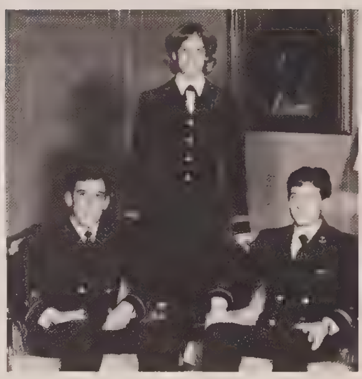
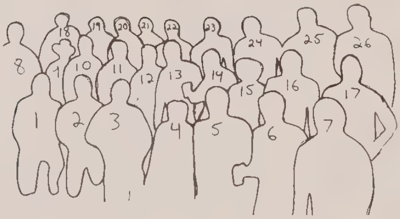


Fall Set- M/Lt McCrary, M/LTJG Stuber, M/ENS Sherrard.

Spring Set- M/LT Murphy, M/LTJG McKenna, M/ENS Greer.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1. S. Boracchia 2. E. Ferris 3. P. McKenna 4. T. Murphy 5. J. Sherrard 6. P. Sawyer 7. M. Salvato 8. D. Dober 9. C. Johnson 10. B. Robinson 11. D. Clague 12. J. Stuber 13. G. Stenstrom 14. M. Claps 15. C. Alexander 16. C. Bevilacqua 17. G. Harrington 18. T. Frakes 19. T. Carey 20. B. Greer 21. R. Festa 22. M. Redman 23. J. Depp 24. M. Labrador 25. D. Dickenson 26. B. Fauara.

Class of 1984:
Front row: J. Hartman, D. Baker, S. Neal, R. McDonald, M. Chase, D. Osen, A. Smith, M. Edwards Middle row: M. Patterson, T. Smyers, H. Matlosz, J. Aquilino, A. Sharp, W. Mazanel, A. Meurer, M. Johns Back row: J. Doyle, S. Rosky, C. Perkins, J. Foster, B. Jenkins, B. Stephens, S. Lanier

Class of 1985:
Front row: L. Ramirez, S. Benvenutti, G. Rosen, B. Smith, J. Anderson, M. Libonati, D. Fields, C. Taylor, R. Villar, M. Graham Middle row: J. Hull, A. Paul, F. Isaminger, B. Stone, J. Franke, B. Groover, S. Bugai, C. Drenter, B. Wooten, P. Soltesz, J. Bernardi. T. Logan, K. Adams, B. Conway Back row: T. Daniels, D. Harris, H. Mayer, B. Dill, J. Yancigay, T. Alexander, B. Melvin, A. Gibb, P. Redmon, S. Mack, J. Rist, A. Misiaszek

Class of 1986:
Front row: G. Janvier, I. Turner, C. Atkinson, J. Fietz, C. Simpson, K. Freeman, B. Calkins, M. Vermeulen, M. Testen, J. Ziobro Middle row: M. Pereira, C. Freise, T. Kelly, J. Russ, A. Hale, S. Craig, D. Koczela, R. Baczuk, R. Boho, H. Stallings, P. Luebbe, J. Paganelli, D. Dienst Back row: A. Broch, B. Gately, T. Holley, R. Malczynski, P. Salit, R. Kuzy, J. Wilson, T. Turner, K. Meenaghan, R. Proano, D. Reiber

17th Company

LT Armstrong-17th
Company Officer

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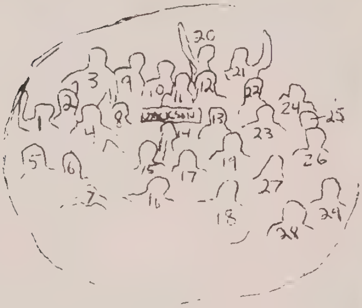
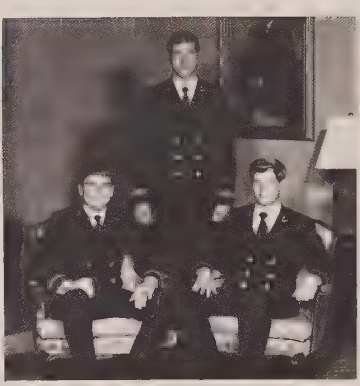


1. K. Menz 2. B. Flaskerud 3. R. Mahr 4. M. Johnston 5. M. Crosby 6. C. Loria 7. F. Shaffer 8. J. Fletcher 9. D. Roberts 10. B. Matthews 11. B. Riegel 12. C. Pietras 13. D. Nameroff 14. S. Jackson 15. S. O'Connor 16. J. Mathers 17. D. Rydholm 18. S. Steeves 19. J. Clark 20. C. Walker 21. D. Ellsworth 22. M. Hagerott 23. E. Baldwin 24. B. Koivu 25. S. Bubier 26. T. Kieth 27. J. McKeon 28. R. Chapleski 29. G. Haines (missing: E. Becker, J. Esper, W. McCool, R. Baldochi, and R. Cambell.)



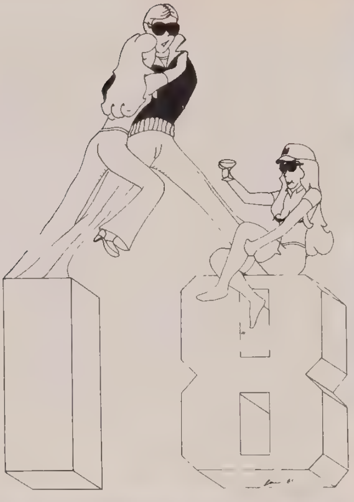
Fall Set- M/LT Chapleski, M/LTJG Ellsworth, M/ENS Rydholm

Spring Set- M/LT Becker, M/LTJG Haines, M/ENS Clark.

Class of 1984:
Front row: J. Lindsey, J. Pasola, W. McKinney, G. Swain, J. Lerchbacher, M. Salach, D. Lihani, M. Prusinski, C. Selbrede, P. Harkey Middle row: R. Rausey, J. Moulton, V. Gabion, R. Gundlach, W. Freeman, C. Loria, W. Faucher, R. Myers, B. Witte, D. Anderson Back row: L. Barker, D. McClary, M. Robinson, W. Wiedenhammer, C. Mauer, K. Whalen, J. Heiss, D. Berko

Class of 1985:
Front row: K. Miller, E. Coyne. T. King, T. Wiggs, H. Graf, K. Martin Middle row: M. Vance, R. Russell, J. Rosner, J. Noel, J. Berdegvez, J. Strieter Back row: G. Figgins, C. Burke, T. Hunt, J. Wright, M. Hitchcock

Class of 1986:
Front row: S. Rewald, M. Cintron, Q. Ramil, P. Leary, B. Solo, M. Mitchell, M. Black, M. Alegre, B. Pellegrin, B. Moore Middle row: J. Newton, J. Reich, J. Brown, P. Grabowsky, M. Feffer, D. Noltkamper, R. Testyon, B. Barnes, B. Hoffman, D. Ritmiller, M. Tegina Back row: B. Dyson, D. Pimpo, D. Krieger, R. Laemmle, J. Duecker, G. Dragan, L. Daugherty, C. Brown, M. Woods



LCDR. Blakey 18th
Company Officer

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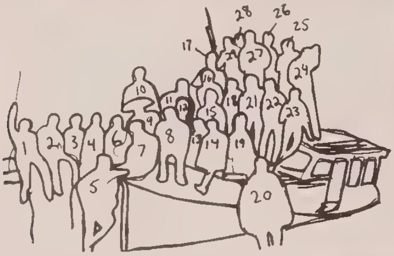
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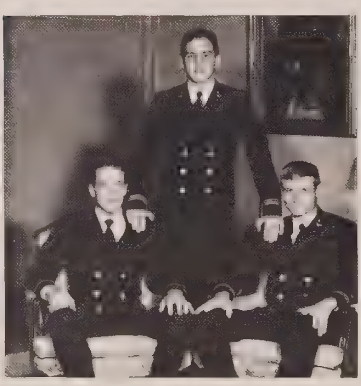
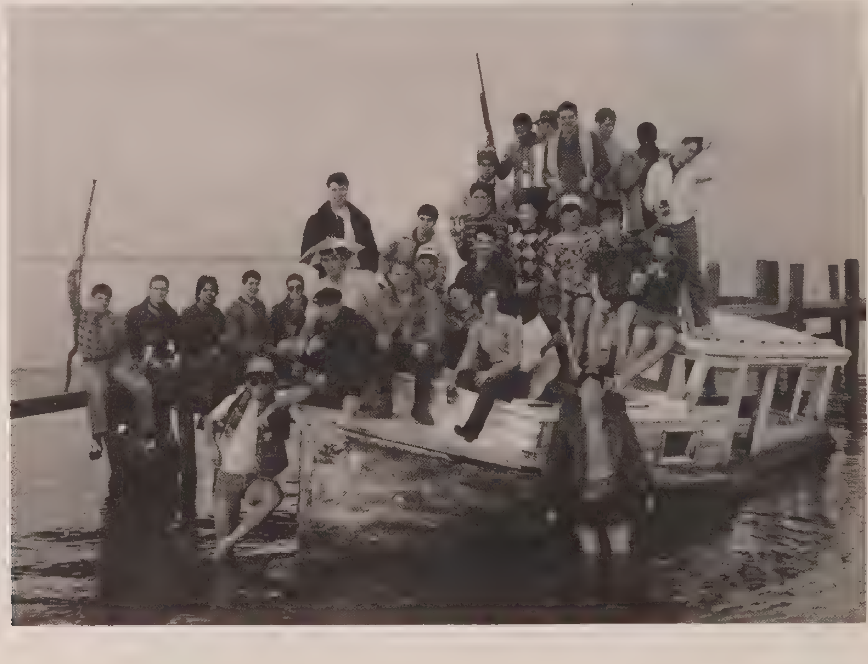


Fall Set- M/LT Drehoff, M/LTJG Galinis, M/ENS Gill.

Spring Set- M/LT Gill, M/LTJG Dellatto, M/ENS Reintjes.

1. E. Reintjes 2. M. Resnick 3. G. Santos 4. S. Wickerson 5. B. Moran 6. G. Kessler 7. R. Woodfork 8. M. Byman 9. D. McCall 10. G. Miksch 11. S. Gabriszeski 12. L. Gill 13. G. Mayo 14. A. Goehrig 15. M. Dellatto 16. M. Shippee 17. R. Convento 18. G. Brandquist 19. K. James 20. M. Olson 21. D. Roach 22. M. Kohrs 23. A. Laney 24. J. Gillesdie 25. R. Waye 26. M. Tammen 27. D. Drehoff 28. W. Galinis 29. J. Blake (Not pictured R. Hennelly.)



Class of 1984:
Front row: D. Cooper, A. Tolg, R. Aiken, K. Kilday, S. Talamantes, P. Cochran, R. Lee, D. Brumley Middle row: L, Clark, R. Richardson, H. Merk, M. Chipkevich, E. Wilson, K. Darden, K. Winering, D. Caldwell, D. Doster Back row: R. Sexton, S. Orren, R. Sheldahl, K. Tirman, M. Sheperd, G. Karpick, T. Downing, S. Hedges

Class of 1985:
Front row: T. Olson, G. Smith, S. Hillman, A. Solgere, T. Malick, B. Saxman, J. Walker, R. Nowak, G. McGiffney, J. Geis Middle row: B. More, L. Hickey, G. Milowicki, W. Johnson, G. Habel, D. Morris, C. Smith, B. Nolan, M. MCNamara, F. Gunsallus Back row: S. Boerigter, B. Higgins, J. Brightwell, D. Wood, M. Yniguez, T. Marshall, J. Miley, A. Andow, D. Deist, M. Huggins

Class of 1986:
Front row: J. Neal, P. Albata, J. Reinhart, A. Arredondo, G. McMichael, J. Horneff, T. Lawrence, F. Peterson, D. Perez, A. Jarusewski Middle row: J. Ryder, J. Whelan, C. Dougherty, N. Connally, J. Rucker, T. Malliet, E. Mehalko, R. Collins, T. Forey, G. Vincent, K, Iiams, S. Sutherland, J. Ohman Back row: J. Gephart, D. Driftmeyer, T. Kitchen, D. Hanlon, J. Coe, M. Bellinger, J. Koehr, J. Current, S. Cannon, B. Sprayberry, P. Sita, E. Tillman

NINETEENTH 19 COMPANY

Lt. Locklear - 19th Company Officer

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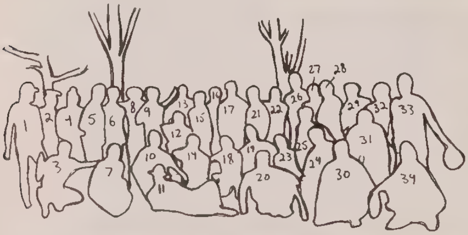
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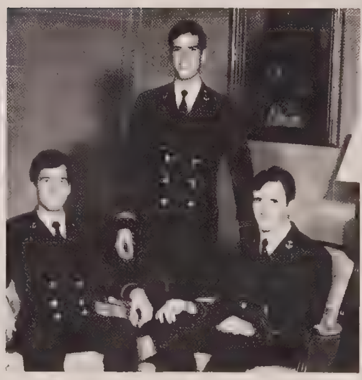
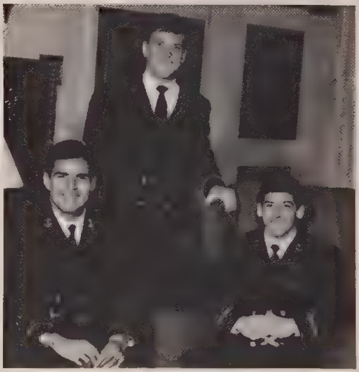
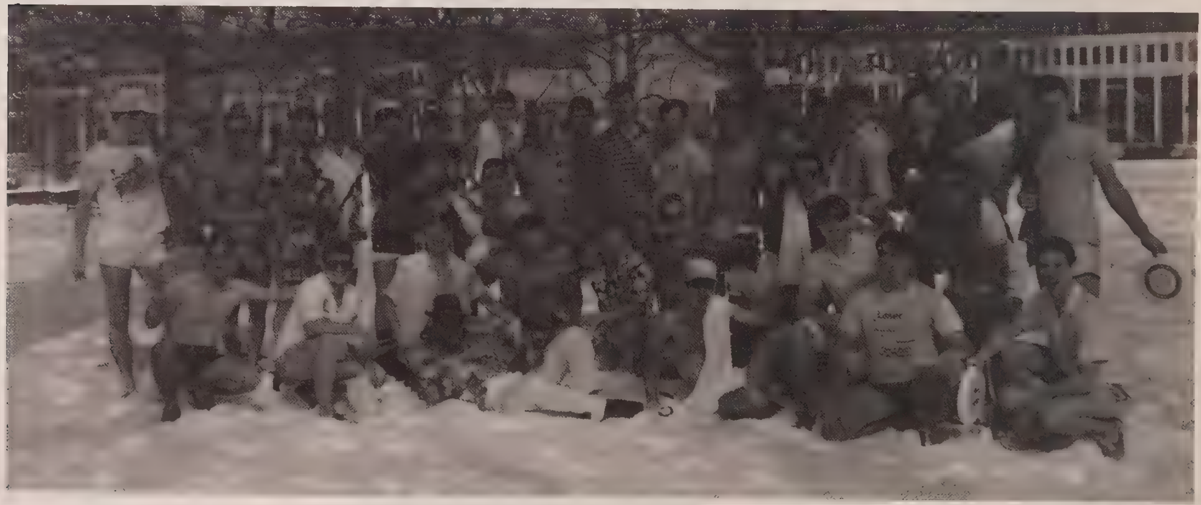


Fall Set- M/LT Ramsey, M/LTJG Formey, M/ENS Mahoney.



Spring Set- M/LT McGee, M/LTJG Zahm, M/Ens Alcala.

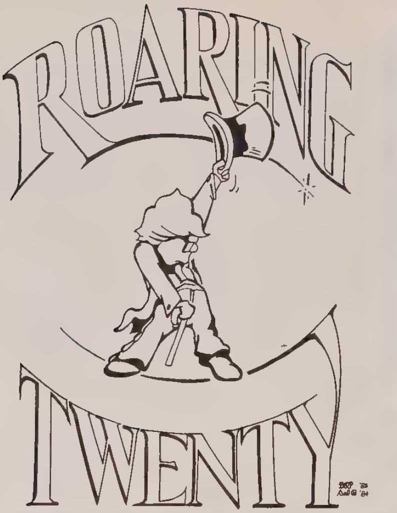


1. K. Kornchuk 2. T. Corcoran 3. L. Zahm 4. A. Hofley 5. M. Melillo 6. T. Cheamitru 7. P. Siegrist 8. A. Wilding 9. C. Sitarski 10. M. Poirier 11. C. Butler 12 W. Powell 13. L. Comerford 14. D. Saba 15. J. Amy 16. F. Forney 17. B. Belcher 18. B. McGee 19. G. Miller 20. B. Gahn.

Class of 1984:
Front row: P. Gawryzewski, S. Vogelsang, M. Wallace, C. Hamner, S. MacArthur, L. Price, G. Navin, J. Brown, M. Stolarski, M. Jacobson Middle row: S. Atkin, M. Granier, P. Arenos, T. Onorati, T. Mauro, D. Hall, K. Bradquist, L. Ellis, D. Gellene, W. Blue, W. Elliot, G. Williams Back row: R. Sawyer, S. Rasplicka, D. Vanderschoot, D. Burns, M. Purcell, J. Quint, R. Hollenbeck, S. Williams, A. Hale, N. Enriquez

Class of 1985:
Front row: B. Williams, A. Gross, S. Wells, S. Simpson, A. Yetman, R. Bush, B. Clark, K. Anderson, L. Bever, C. Betton Middle row: T. Hanson, S. Reichard, W. Burchell, S. Pimpo, D. Barham Back row: S. Platt, C. Denman, J. Syverten, J. Budway, D. Burton, J. Sheldrup, T. Sylvester, S. Carlson, W. Bell, S. Bongardt, M. Gradwohl, G. Garbesi

Class of 1986:
Front row: T. Quesada, J. Malloy, S. Outlaw, J. Guy, M. Glavy, G. Glards, E. Wentz, S. Helmers, J. Delia Middle row: R. Salvanera, P. Needham, K. Tempus, W. Whaley, M. Ware, N. Sawyer, U. Maleda, K. Dalamer, D. Houser, A. Shuma Back row: J. Emerick, B. Bickford, J. Flores, J. O'Donnell, J. Miranda, G. Procak, J. Martinelli, A. Schneider, M. Sullivan


ROARING
TWENTY

Lt. Sloane - 20th
Company Officer

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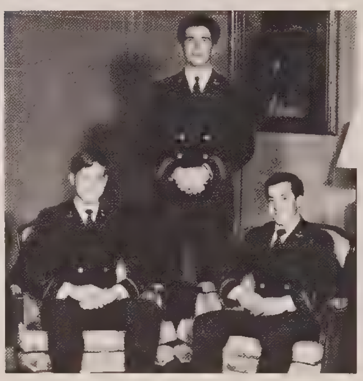
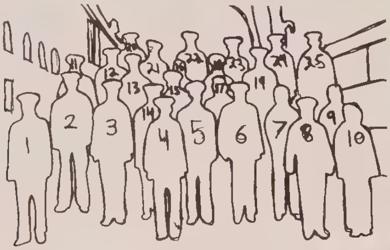


Fall Set- M/LT Muphy, M/LTJG Ditullio, M/ENS Benson.

Spring Set- M/LT Wirsching, M/LTJG Benson, M/ENS Foley.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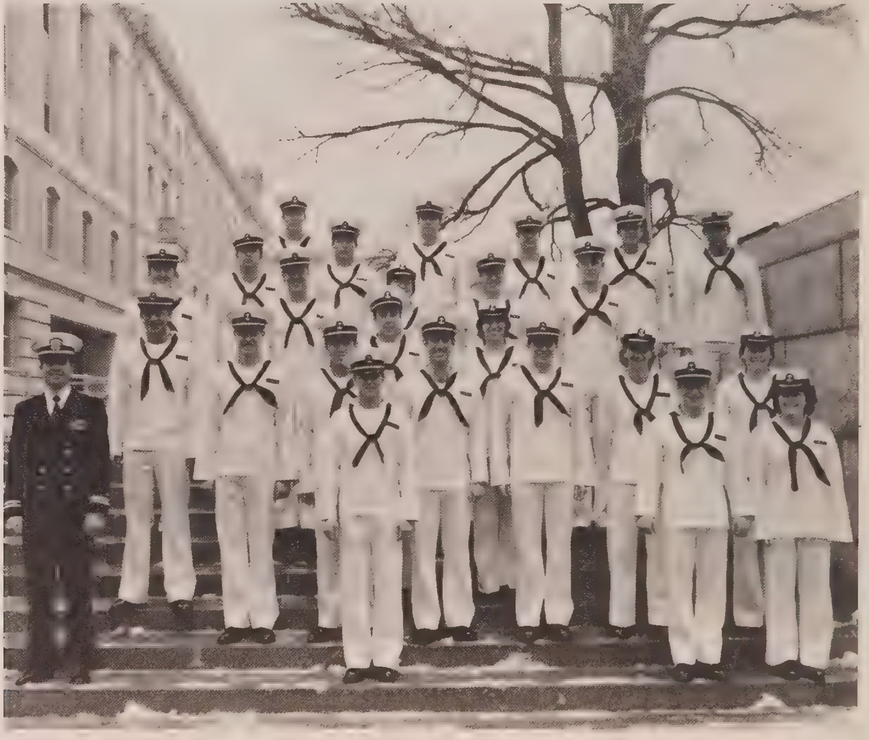
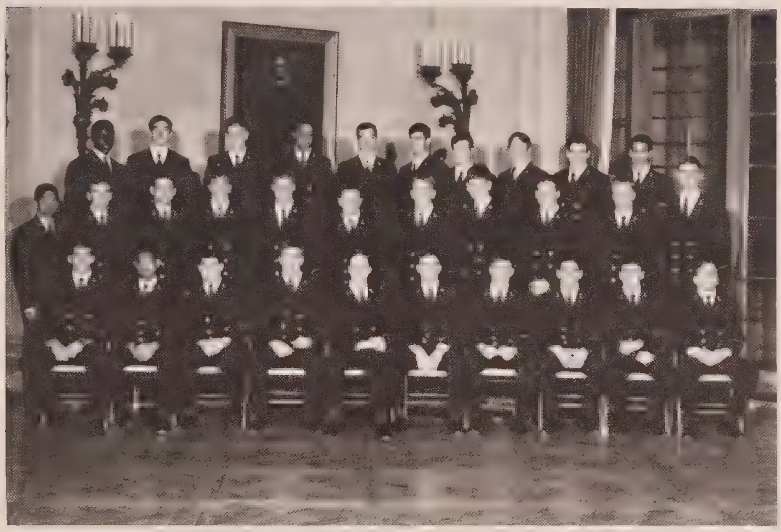
1. LT. Sloane 2. C. Deltoro 3. J. Benson 4. J. Mulligan 5. D. Diorio 6. D. Holcomb 7. L. Hinkley 8. P. Ditullio 9. N. Schiavetta 10. C. Gaul 11. R. Hayes 12. R. Fuchs 13. K. Levins 14. J. Garrava 15. M. Foley 16. L. Thomas 17. S. Koye 18. R. Jordan 19. M. Kanakis 20. S. Wirsching 21. M. Skidmore 22. S. Murphy 23. T. Fernan 24. J. Hunter 25. R. Guest.



Class of 1984:
Front row: W. Hosch, E. McCarthy, G. Shore, R. Cox, R. Espinosa, M. Lopez, B. Wiegert, T. Rogers, C. Frederick Middle row: S. Ripley, A. Bell, S. Heyward, J. Hannon, D. Ratte, W. Belt, K. Peckenpaugh, M. Avila Back row: A. Grosskurth, C. Bagwell, T. Dietz, T. Meadows, D. Booth, K. Scott, T. Cuff, G. Heruth, T. Wing, M. Garcia



Class of 1985:
Front row: J. Skufca, H. Castillo, R. Snow, T. Polinchock, T. Park, F. Sheehan, E. Maufield, V. Zaccardi, S. Dueker, J. Thomas Middle row: A. Castillo, B. Muxlow, R. Walzer, J. Polo, E. Doyle, M. Haumer, T. Landefeld, D. Oliver, C. Wilson, M. Dahlin, M. Siewertsen Back row: P. Harris, J. Hoyle, P. Criswell, J. Biggs, K. Gue, T. Bates, D. Cooksey, D. Island, T. Moore, B. Dejoie

Class of 1986:
Front row: T. Burket, S. Moore, T. Luscher, R. Fresquez, T. Wagner, J. Smith, D. Caballero, S. Davidson, L. Vazquez Middle row: T. Simoes, B. Allen, E. Roberts, S. Gureck, D. Baczkowski, S. Alman, T. Collins, T. Metzger, J. Sommer, T. Brown Back row: A. Mayeaux, C. Green, F. Bijak, J. Hornberger, P. McLaughlin, D. Landwehr, C. Dunn, D. Ball, K. Williams

BLACKJACK

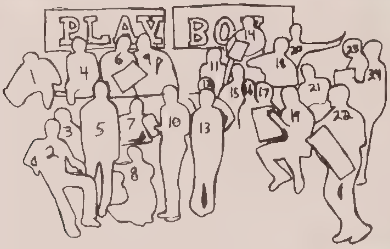
21

Maj. Berle - 21st Company Officer

21

Fall Set- M/LT Blankemeyer, M/LTJG McCollum, M/ENS Ishikawa.

Spring Set- M/LT McCollum, M/LTJG Wilcox, M/ENS Shatynski.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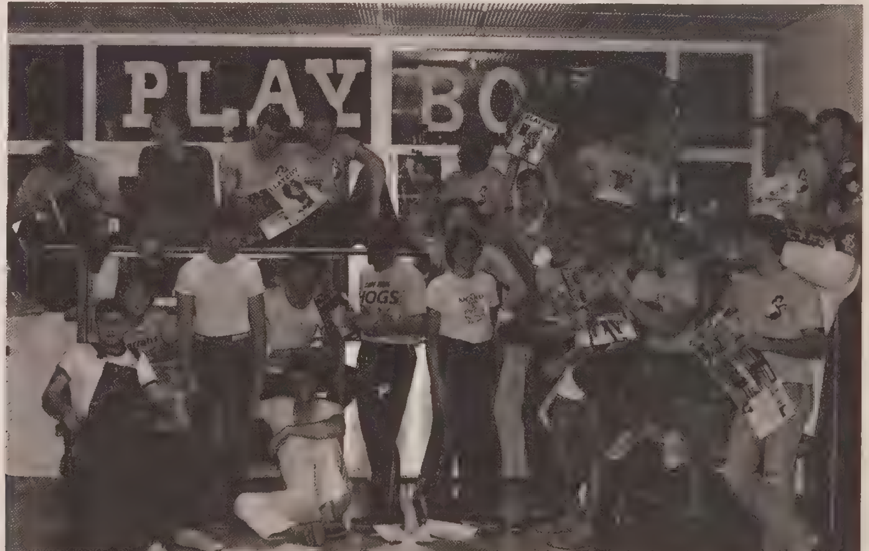
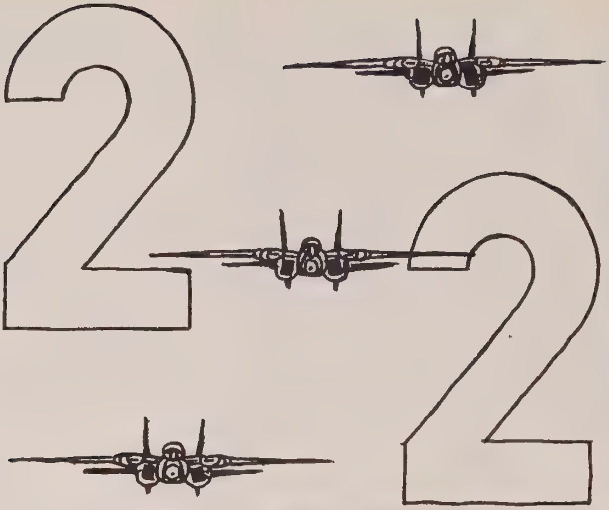
1. B. Sheppard 2. L. McCollum 3. T. Ishikawa 4. E. Ryder 5. J. Mullen 6. T. Batzler 7. B. Mattingly 8. E. Lester 9. P. Fanta 10. B. Murphy 11. D. Gaston 12. J. Nolan 13. R. Voor 14. J. Nielsen 15. M. Gallagher 16. J. Wilcox 17. F. Calle 18. S. Shatynski 19. B. Gott 20. F. Blankemeyer 21. M. PRice 22. G. Ellard 23. S. Brooks 24. T. Burt.


PLAY BO
HOGS

Class of 1984:
Front row: C. Martini, B. Kocher, J. Stefanko, W. Mergen, A. Menendez, R. Collazo, J. Clark, J. Tajiri, K. Wagoner Middle row: D. Adams, J. Lazevnick, J. Hartman, H. Morrison, F. Fegan, E. Armistead, S. Turner, M. Vermaat, N. Palmiotto, J. Roquebert, J. Deal, D. Kowalick Back row: R. Ernst, S. Spearing, D. Suriano, T. Luke, J. Montgomery, D. Griffin, M. Jelepis, S. Newman, S. Gordon, C. Lynch

Class of 1985:
Front row: L. Henigan, K. Patton, D. Grossmann, T. Callaghan, S. Siletsky, R. Quinton, A. Kiefer, J. Peters, M. Flowers Middle row: G. Hess, T. Olson, D. Pflieger, M. Hasty, S. Kennedy, M. Coonrod, S. Miernicki, E. Campbell, A. Zdanowicz, J. Connors, T. Parham, K. Freitas, M.Livingston Back row: D. Williams, C. Springer, J. Marshall, J. Moraytis, J. McDonald, T. Tinney, M. Licholai, E. Mullen, E. Whitehouse, E. Mogelgaard

Class of 1986:
Front row: B. Davis, Y. Isaza, M. Lorrin, P. Munaco, M. Quinn, L. Simonian, D. Selberg, K. Chernoch, M. Lowman, J. Herlihy Middle row: T. Dempsey, G. Estrada, R. Bazan, J. Manser, J. Clopeck, J. Bailey, G. Maiden, L. Noguess, K. Colton, F. Acosta, P. Kohli, P. Morocco Back row: P. Obsitnik, D. Metzbower, L. Harris, G. Miles, S. Masi, R. Vork, J. Drew, F. Arata, J. Masterson



Capt Connally-
22nd Company Officer

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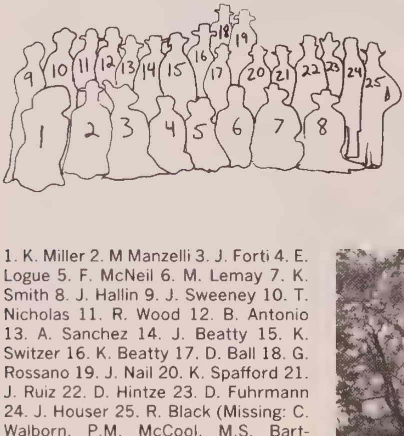
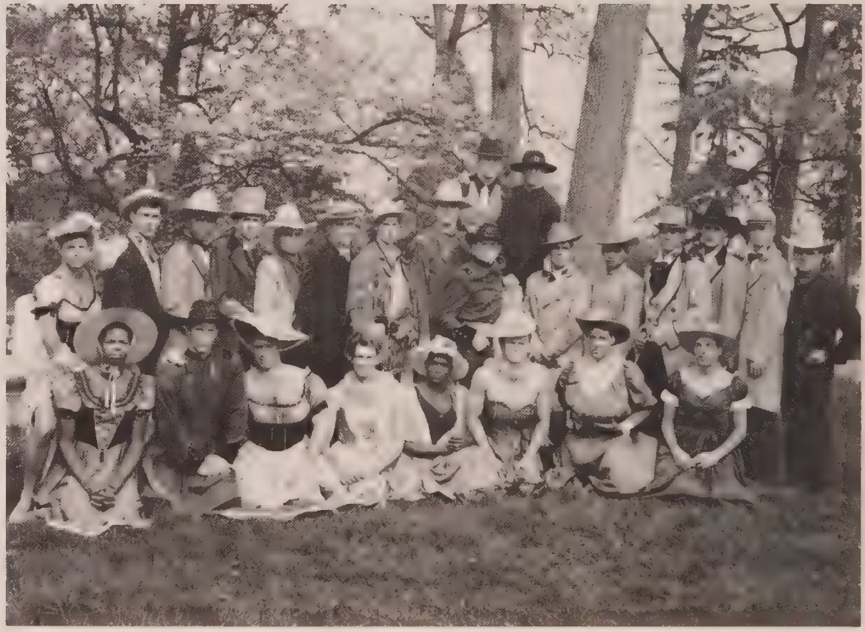
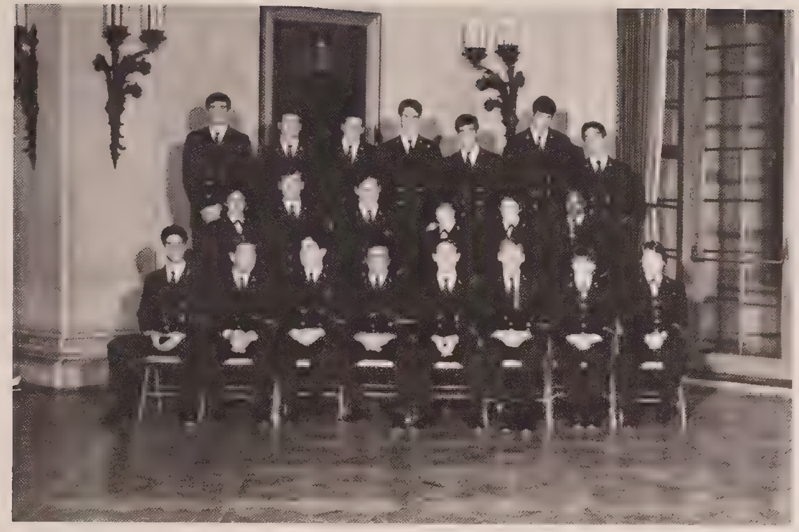


1. K. Miller 2. M Manzelli 3. J. Forti 4. E. Logue 5. F. McNeil 6. M. Lemay 7. K. Smith 8. J. Hallin 9. J. Sweeney 10. T. Nicholas 11. R. Wood 12. B. Antonio 13. A. Sanchez 14. J. Beatty 15. K. Switzer 16. K. Beatty 17. D. Ball 18. G. Rossano 19. J. Nail 20. K. Spafford 21. J. Ruiz 22. D. Hintze 23. D. Fuhrmann 24. J. Houser 25. R. Black (Missing: C. Walborn, P.M. McCool, M.S. Bartkowski, B. Cianella, K. Hancock, W. Ryon, J. Brzostek, K.Wilson, T. Vaughan.)

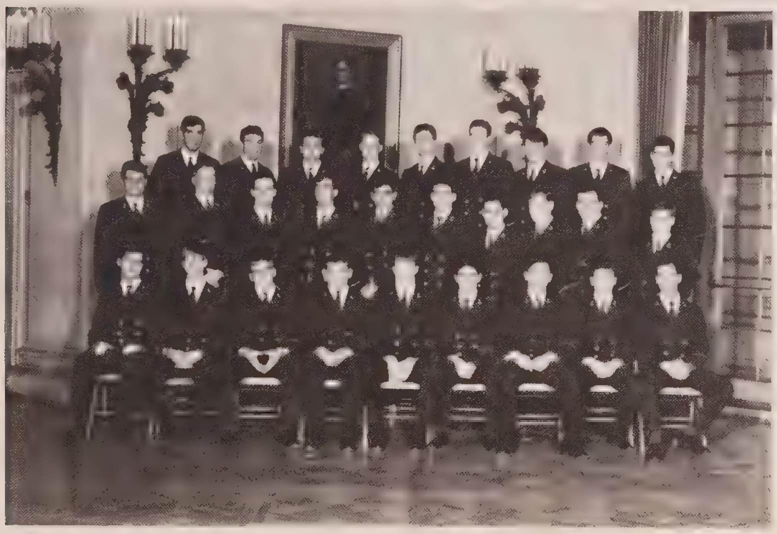
Fall Set- M/LT Switzer, M/LTJG Black, M/ENS Nicholas.

Spring Set- M/LT Lemay, M/LTJG Ball, M/ENS Brzostek.

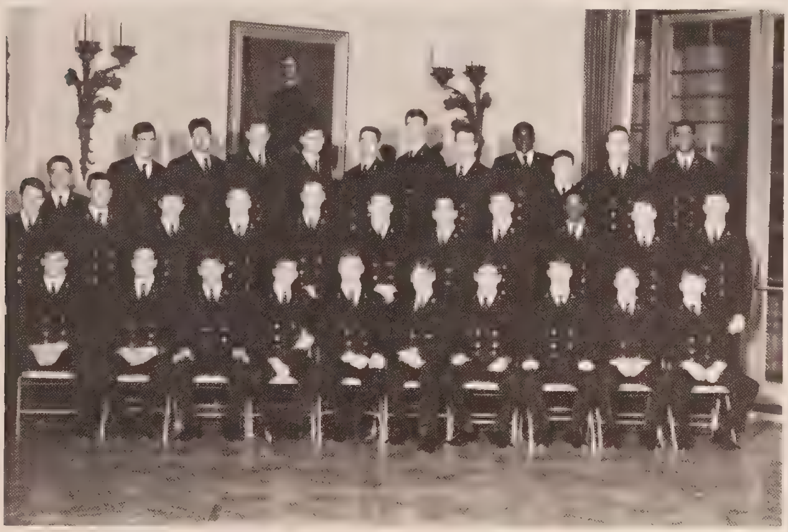




Class of 1984:
Front row: J. Riley, K. Kircher, M. Quinn, E. Flores, E. Rice, S. Blau, S. Honan, D. Hardin Middle row: E. Barrish, B. McIlvaine, J. Wilcox, S. Soleng, K. Farnett, I. Fortune Back row: P. Willette, K. Everill, S. Campbell, T. Leach, D. Tellaw, J. Judy, J. Sawitsky



Class of 1985:
Front row: G. Beyke, S. Pohl, J. Grippo, R. Poitras, L. Roberts, T. Krueger, J. Figuerres, M. Hawkins, M. Lester Middle row: S. Field, R. Johnson, M. Borrosh, M. Midgley, P. Salgado, G. Anderson, R. Price, M. Smith, C. Giles, C. Reynolds Back row: P. Richmond, T. Schoenborn, M. Randolph, D. Bertchtold, J. Nixon, J. Royal, J. Wilcox, D. Lynn, R. Young



Class of 1986:
Front row: T. Kolongowski, W. McLeod, D. Baugh, D. Conaway, E. Olenick, M. Magee, J. Murphy, C. Hickey, G. Cruz, T. Howard Middle row: B. Jemison, J. Addison, P. Morrissey, E. Fenton, W. Crouch, W. Finn, D. Long, P. Simonsen, C. Bruske, T. McElroy, D. Ray, C. McLelland Back row: W. Balch, D. Hagan, C. Orwoll, D. Stopkey, J. Donnelly, T. Bachmann, D. Opatz, J. Reed, J. Wynn, D. Hostetler, A. Allen

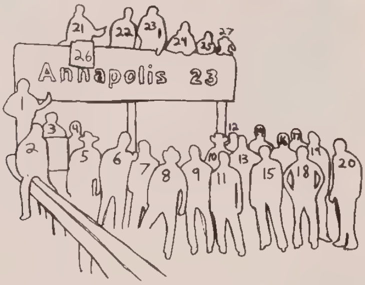
23
The Wildmen

LCDR. Keuhlen -
23rd Company Officer

23

Fall Set- M/LT Huffman, M/LTJG Hans, M/ENS Worley.

Spring Set- M/LT Newmeyer, M/LTJG Sundt, M/ENS Stacia.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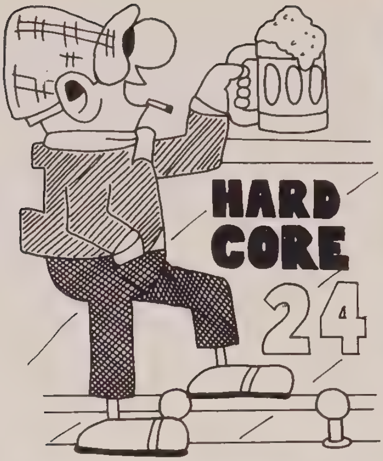
1. L. Petrone 2. T. Bonnett 3. C. Ray 4. J. Hoch 5. K. Kammerer 6. T. Rebhorn 7. W. Farach 8. R. Hans 9. K. Talbert 10. P. Boyne 11. R. Herb 12. M. Huffman 13. B. Stacia 14. R. Giles 15. T. Spriesterbach 16. S. Miller 17 K. Newmeyer 18. J. Scanlan 19. S. Sundt 20. B. Lewis 21. A. Mangan 22. M. Ploof 23. M. Silva 24. M. Worley 25. M. Watson 26. B. Corolla 27. Percy the Wildman.

Annapolis 23

Class of 1984:
Front row: R. Sichau, D. Wallace, J. Leanhart, M. Baker, B. Newton, P. Esch, J. Collins, H. Gilreath, B. Allman, E. Elkin Middle row: G. Quist, L. Dion, J. Goff, G. Hook, J. Cunningham, G. Carradini, M. McCann, J. Sauer, K. Astrup, P. McCabe Back row: W. Wilson, D. Sanchez, S. Ridder, R. Dohoda, F. Crespo, G. Frey, J. Bishop, M. Miller, J. Lamontagne

Class of 1985:
Front row: G. Sladcik, S. Osborne, J. Orr, D. Commons, K. Bianchi, G. Miller, D. Loesch, J. Kindschuh, P. Slyh Middle row: S. Knauer, S. Nelson, S. Rauch, L. Lescari, D. McDuffie, J. Ulbricht, B. Johnson, K. Reimer Back row: B. Paige, D. Yurovich, S. Callahan, C. Perreca, E. Francis, F. Proctor

Class of 1986:
Front K. Collins, J. Ihlan, M. Reilly, M. VanDurick, J. Jaquet, J. Smith, G. Partney, B. Marlett, T. Losciuto, R. Dalton Middle row: D. Smith, B. Walter, B. Bryant, R. McGuirt, C. Laporte, J. Tavares, T. Greenlee, J. Kresge, R. Lorentzen, R. Gomez, A. Gomez, J. Casares Back row: E. Cavallaro, B. Beverly, S. Chapman, B. Parks, P. Roberts, V. Peoples, K. Clark, A. Walther, T. Hall, K. Cart, G. Mazenko, G. Thompkins


HARD CORE
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Lt. Luti - 24th
Company Officer

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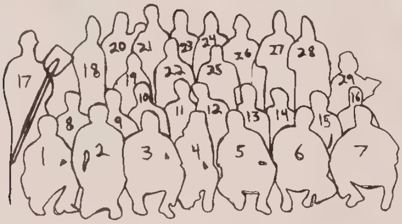
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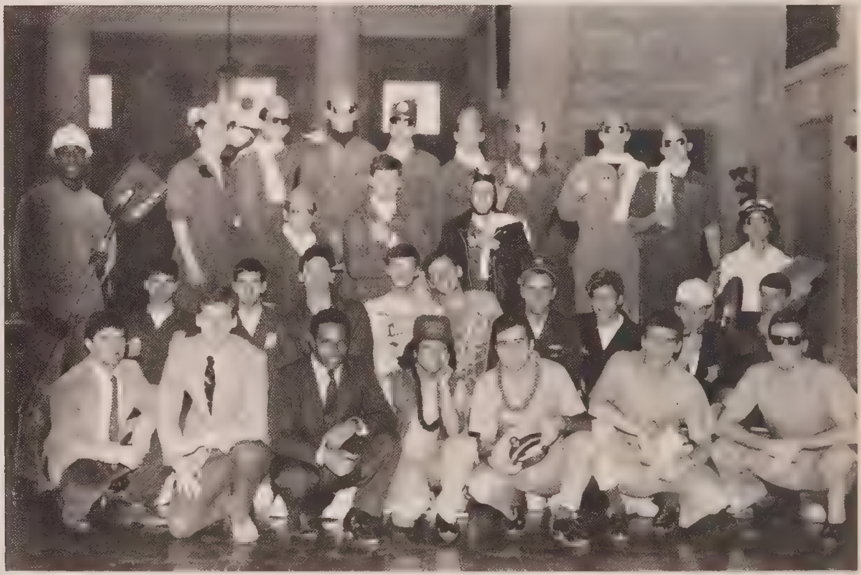
Fall Set- M/LT Kulick, M/LTJG Woods, M/ENS Lavoie.

Spring Set- M/LT Bostock, M/LTJG Rubin, M/ENS Quartiere.

1. D. Evans 2. M. Stapleton 3. K. Hale 4. V. Villanueva 5. A. Maraoui 6. D. Smith 7. V. McAneney 8. B. Kulick 9. M. Quartiere 10. M. Alevizos 11. A. Readen 12. R. Herzog 13. M. Lavoie 14. J. Nelson 15. D. Ogram 16. W. Weir 17. L. Williams 18. R. Gross 19. D. Barnhurst 20. R. Bianchi 21. S. Buck 22. T. Bostock 23. W. Fairchild 24. C. SEN 25. E. Schendell 26. T. Criger 27. R. Woods 28. J. Rubin 29. S. Smola.



Class of 1984:
Front row: N. Smith, J. Pendola, G. Crabtree, A. Saccavino, J. Daniel, B. Lipphardt, L. Ryan, J. Lyon, M. Heaphy, R. Lawrence Middle row: G. David, D. Petitt, J. Graham, C. Schwenker, T. Manley, M. McCutcheon, R. Kametz, J. Coogan, P. Desjardins, S. Allen, L. Gaines Back row: D. Abell, M. Hagan, K. Canady, G. Stahl, S. Peters, B. Doyle, G. Herlong, W. Wright, B. Wrzeszcz, C. Brown

Class of 1985:
Front row: K. Myers, J. Huey, J. Villanueva, R. Croce, D. Cooper, M. Kessler, C. Johnson, K. McElroy, S. Smith Middle row: N. Slater, J. Hudson, D. Hudson, L. Phillip, M. Smith, D. Carson, M. Beattie, R. Hooker, P. Mooney, S. Edmiston, M. Little Back row: M. Denno, D. Buckta, D. Hasson, S. Logan, D. Haack, L. Wright, J. Beach, M. Stevens, D. Morgan, J. Ellis, M. Mudd

Class of 1986:
Front row: R. Gilmer, L. Cariello, J. Puzan, C. O'Neill, W. Wostbrock, T. Mulhearn, J. Winebrenner, R. Baerga, P. Moan Middle row: M. Menninger, F. Williamson, R. Plant, G. Hall, S. Meloche, J. Fritts, A. Freedlund, J. Lindgren, M. Eakes, D. Brammer, N. Azzarita Back row: M. Angil, J. Griffin, A. Kirkpatrick, B. Wakefield, J. Sanchez, E. Keeshan, J. Pasichuke, D. Saffold, J. Johnson, M. Bayly, E. Brown, R. Poinsette

US NAVAL ACADEMY
ΣM
83

Lt. Pottenger - 25th Company Officer

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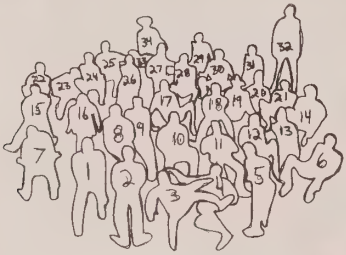
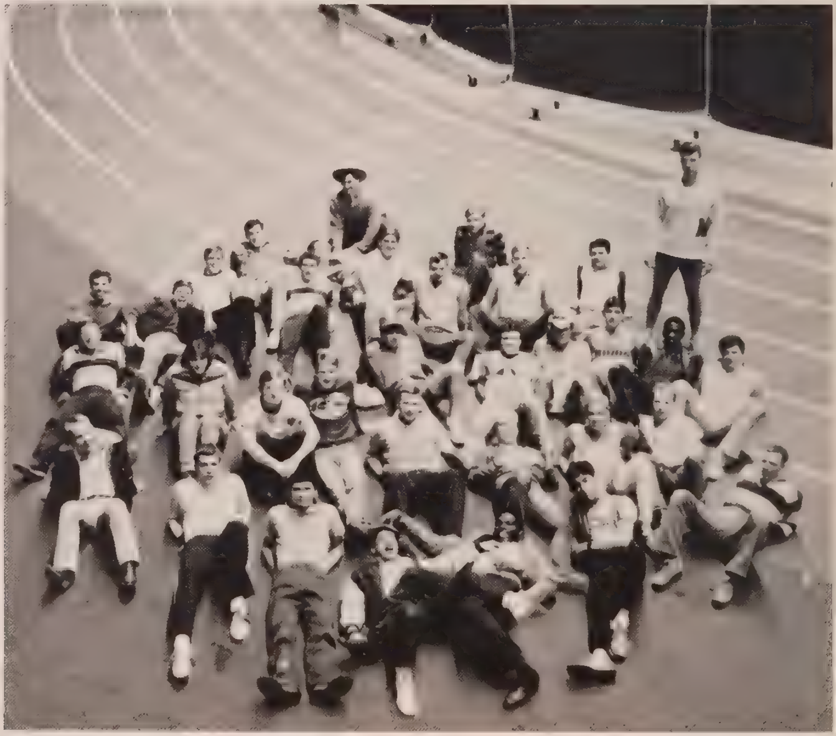
Fall Set- M/LT Hahne, M/LTJG Davis, M/ENS Molloy.

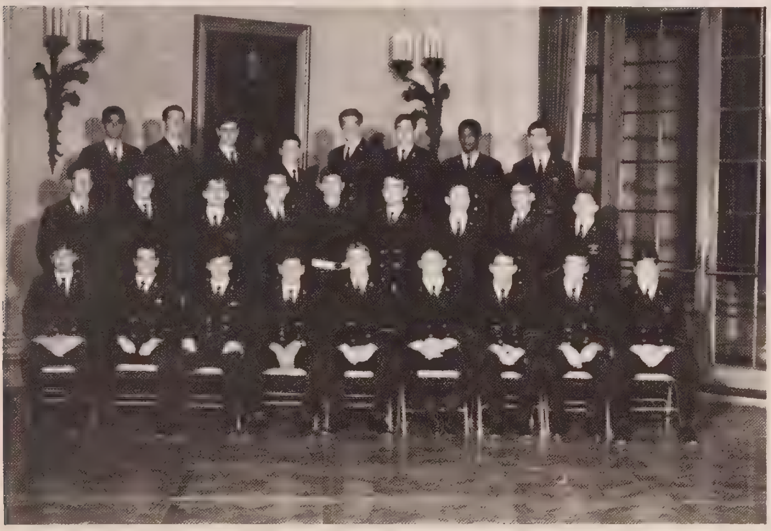
Spring Set- M/LT Pearson, M/LTJG Molloy, M/ENS Dunn.



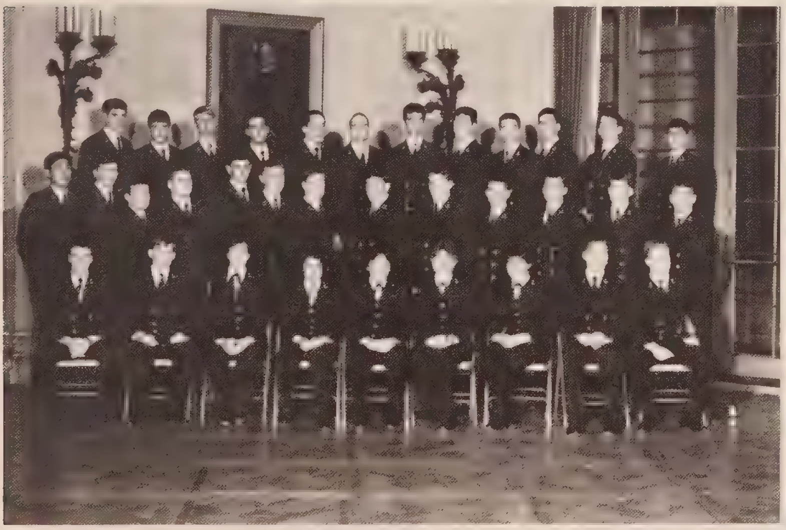
1. W. Stevens 2. P. Protacio 3. D. Rubin 4. W. Hicks 5. S. Wu 6. M. Beall 7. J. Siebert 8. M. Davis 9. D. Pearson 10. D. Hahne 11. K. Jones 12. K. McCarhty 13. D. Barhtolomew 14. T. Carrigan 15. J. Giessner 16, K. Brown 17. M. Eddy 18. L. Molloy 19. B. Voigt 20 K. Heimerl 21. M. Edmondson 22. K. Rowland 23. G. Reeves 24. D. Brooks 25. D. Smith 26. J. King 27. J. Butler 28. K. Peterson 29. C. South 30. C. Kelly 31. D. Walter 32.J. Miller 33. J. Ebert 34. A. Dunn.



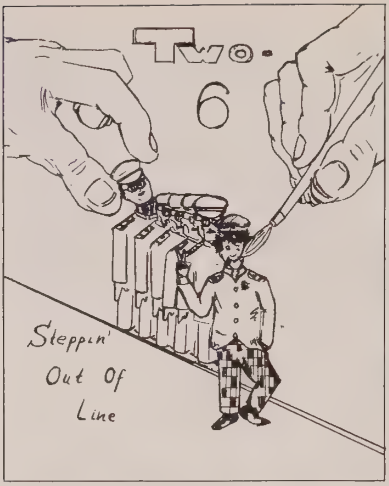
Class of 1984:
Front row: S. Nelson, R. Mize, K. Belland, B. Stolley, L. Dahl, J. Wilhelm, V. Pratt, M. Fillis, G. Pregel Middle row: D. Landess, E. Rosen, B. Hawley, T. Stubblefield, B. Goodrow, R. Muldoon, P. Bollinger, W. Hudak, P. Bernard, M. Gerhardt Back row: J. Andrews, P. Joseph, R. Stowe, N. Rich, B. Wittick, B. Butler, J. Weires, G. Thomas



Class of 1985:
Front row: V. Otero, P. Gonda, J. Bonomo, D. Ballard, D. McNamara, A. Lewis, J. Nolan, G. Holmes, D. McDonnell Middle row: R. Dezelon, T. Smith, J. Trettin, D. Koch, P. Butler, D. Lesser, J. Ward, T. Urban, K. Kettel Back row: P. Piercey, S. Newton, T. Holt, T. Taylor, C. Reese, G. Morrow, C. Pierce, J. Devers



Class of 1986:
Front row: E. Phillips, B. Hoppes, E. Martinez, B. Quiones, J. Dumlao, S. Fink, P. Peterson, K. Huntley, D. Redmond Middle row: J. Lee, B. Huguenin, T. Bruce, J. Williamson, R. Calton, F. Rife, G. Pointon, J. Eustace, M. Leeney, R. Magee, B. Applewhite, R. Goodwin, B. Berryman Back row: F. Davis, J. Lobb, D. Jones, W. Mills, R. Tysinger, C. Kensington, S. Fay, J. Kozan, D. Loeke, K. Hwietniah, T. Hushey, L. Hagood



Lt. Thieman - 26th Company Officer

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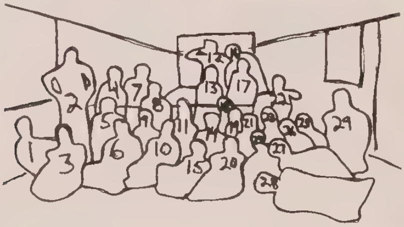

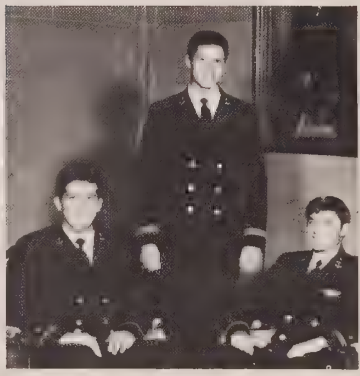

Fall Set- M/LT Mauro, M/LTJG Mundt, M/ENS Smith.

Spring Set- M/LT O'Hara, M/LTJG Zingler, M/ENS McPherson.

1. E. Jones 2. T. Mitchell 3. G. Cerezo 4. J. McPerson 5. D. O'Hara 6. F. Martin 7. A. McKee 8. D. Kuhlmann 9. D. Yeatman 10. J. Pasch 11. R. Rodriquez 12. A. Vazquez 13. C. Jones 14. G. Zingler 15. T. Connally 16. J. Montgomery 17. J. McQuade 18. R. Bingham 19. B. Jones 20. J. Yates 21. M. Theberge 22. J. Reilly 23. L. Smith 24. M. Mundt 25. B. Bell 26. K. Mulvaney 27. M. Gregorich 28. L. Giannotti 29. M. Mauro.

MAYBE
THIS
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FOR YOU

Class of 1984:
Front row: R. Curbeam, N. Crump, J. Graves, J. Hamann, C. Dickerson, D. Johnson, J. Stewart, K. Stevick, J. Oleson, J. Bournes Middle row: L. Marshall, J. Grabarek, C. Sonderman, K. Braithwaite, G. Brand Back row: E. Byrne, G. Douglas, W. Doyle, M. Ogara, T. Quinn, D. Sousa, J. Hirst, J. Waugh, M. Flynn

Class of 1985:
Front row: J. Hurley, T. Ruiz, K. Buss, B. Creager, P. Menzies, S. Williams, K. Smith, O. Johnson, J. Bizzaro, B. McGinn Middle row: A. Lawerance, R. Carlson, A. Kerr, P. Schuhlein, M. Camp, T. Dunkel, B. Makridis, N. Honan, A. VanOrden, G. Becht, B. Barton Back row: A. Curtis, G. Adams, J. Delcamp, L. Brown, C. Cox, F. Butterworth, T. Lowry, D. Woodruff, T. Fasanello, G. McKenney, J. Ruttenberg

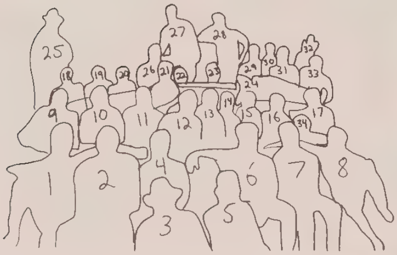
Class of 1986:
Front row: D. Shannon, J. Danda, K. Ryan, B. Dibble, S. Kirby, R. Urbano, K. Wolfe, M. Taylor, J. Durand, C. Malone Middle row: M. Walls, B. Semple, M. Tharp, S. Langley, J. Shaffer, P. Stith, T. Furlong, D. Bouchard, E. Chase, J. Grandfield, P. Hall Back row: I. Pierce, A. Ellison, B. Johnson, J. Kuhn, D. Eves, K. Wettschreck, M. Riley, M. Williams, E. Goodman, C. Allen, D. Cooper

LCDR. Danco - 27th
Company Officer

27

Fall Set- M/LT Kenney, M/LTJG Beekman, M/ENS Bissenas.

Spring Set- M/LT Leland, M/LTJG Mills, M/ENS Edgelly.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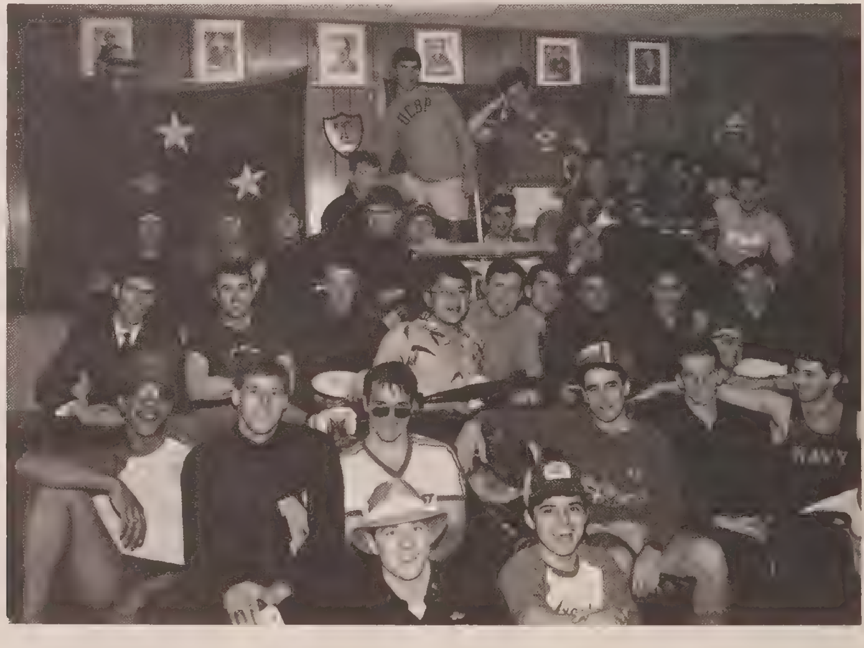
1. A. McCoy 2. C. Mallox 3. M. Blasik 4. M. Belton 5. S. Mills 6. E. Solar 7. C. Gibson 8. D. Halling 9. R. Zapata 10. R. Paisley 11. P. Adams 12. S. Young 13. S. Kramer 14. M. Schoonmaker 15. R. Woodson 16. J. Edgerly 17. M. Chromazak 18. W. Schulz 19. G. Anderson 20. E. McNamara 21. D. Reis 22. R. Dabbs 23. R. Hartman 24. D. Heiilen 25. D. Sellers 26. W. Bissenks 27. B. Seitz 28. P. Raimondo 29. D. McGuine 30. D. Waugh 31. H. Atienza 32. J. Kenney.



Class of 1984:
Front row: M. Helinski, J. Taverna, M. Young, K. Malloy, C. Phifer, J. Lochner, H. Carrington, B. Karditzas Middle row: S. Walton, B. Gass, H. Murdock, L. Moore, K. Monahan, M. Ohlhaver, J. Fogerty, J. King Back row: M. Sullivan, D. Moore, T. Daseler, J. Arnoso, A. Nichols, M. Nichols, E. Fippinger, J. Rodriguez

Class of 1985:
Front row: D. Moore, C. Neira, W. Hirsch, C. Rush, M. Migliori, S. Bishop, M. Lewis, F. Taboada, D. Chen, F. Knehans Middle row: K. Chrisman, P. Rosmilso, D. Asjes, J. Moosmann, M. Kolp, J. Stewart, J. Sigler, C. Griffith, D. Germano Back row: T. Moxness, N. McCallum, R. James, T. Decelle, T. Malpartida, S. Ploof, B. Castleton, J. Pietkiewicz

Class of 1986:
Front row: B. Cabana, G. Jessen, K. Linn, J. McNutt, P. Powell, G. Stafford, H. Hughes, K. Smith, K. Kranker, T. Doran Middle row: T. Lester, C. Lopez, Y. Yarger, T. Frizzell, D. Gleason, B. Skimmons, J. Singel, P. McFadden, H. Banda Back row: M. Wharton, Z. McNeal, C. Kowald, L. Lundstrum, P. Marquis, M. McVay, M. Flores, A. Palaganas, J. Judith, A. Kovach

Capt. Christman - 28th Company Officer

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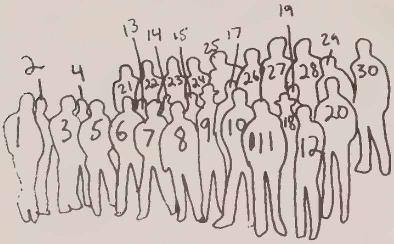
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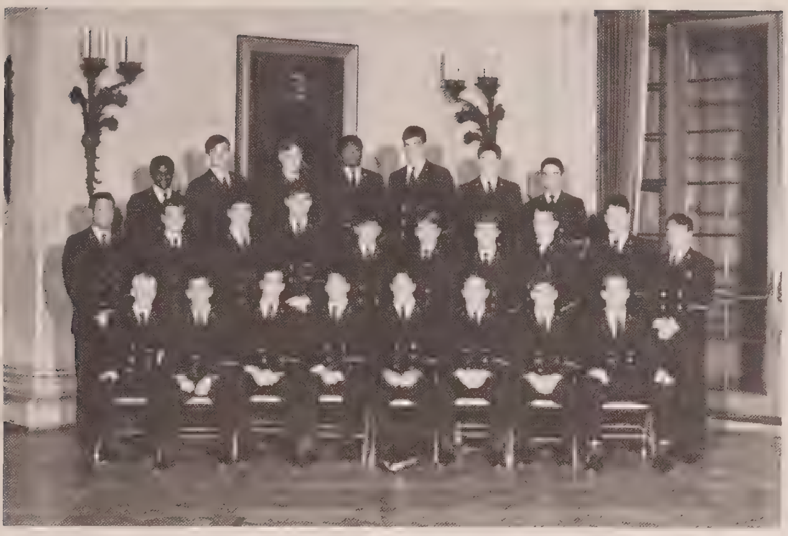
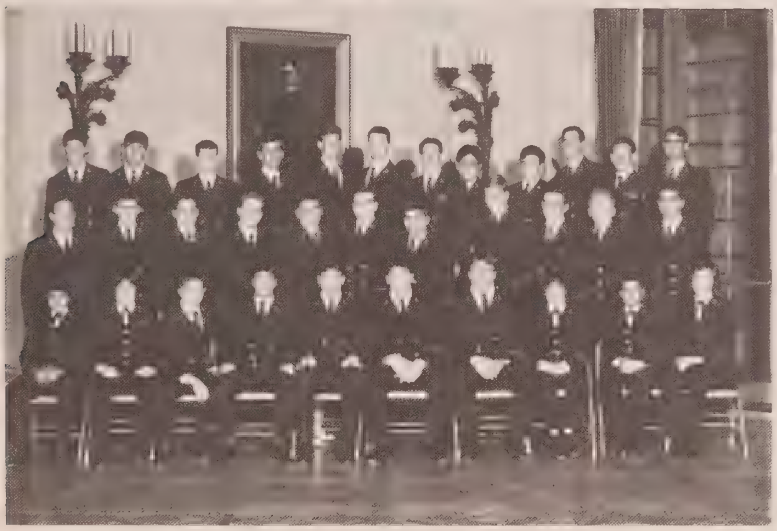
1. S. Burt 2. C. Carter 3. R. Whelan 4. J. Wood 5. J. Davis 6. D. Emerson 7. J. Hall 8. E. Harkcom 9. A. Griffith 10. K. Hauer 11. F. Henderson 12. C. Bowling 13. K. Johnson 14. W. Liston 15. J. Blackwell 17. M. Donner 18. D. Nobles 19. B. Loyola 20. H. Frank 21. K. Bedell 22. J. Recor 23. M. Gubojh 24. R. Wileman 25. C. Rice 26. G. Moller 27. A. Smith 28. A. Gray 29. C. Canby 30. C. Henkel.

Fall Set- M/LT Nobles, M/LTJG Carter, M/ENS Smith.

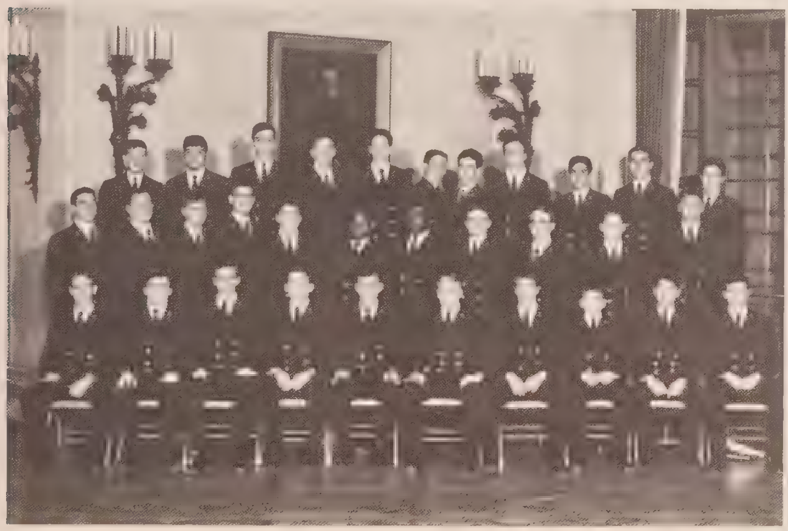
Spring Set- M/LT Griffith, M/LTJG Moller, M/ENS Blackwell



Class of 1984:
Front row: J. Ennis, T. Johnson, G. Sterling, T. Callahan, D. Marcum, M. Mullen, C. Fricker, W. Stephens Middle row: T. Bruner, R. Eason, D. Depman, J. Schlegel, M. Clark, T. Wertz, A. Pulliam, D. Marr, A. Galsgaard, J. Wasko Back row: J. Howard, A. McLean, M. Cebulski, T. Andrews, M. Rahn, R. Garland, J. Intintolo



Class of 1985:
Front row: B. Bolivar, C. Gaulke, J. Debauge, K. Perrone, J. Vanbrabant, S. Kowalkoski, G. Sears, K. O'Neill, L. Bugg, G. Neumann Middle row: M. Henderson, A. Lawhead, D. Mitchell, J. Blakely, J. Baldyga, S. Macolino, S. Bamonte, L. Olson, K. Richcreek, R. Getty, C. Kirkbride Back row: M. Schatzle, E. Olson, B. Goddard, B. Reed, J. Johnson, J. Rosati, L. Gage, G. Lastra, M. McKay, T. Kane, K. Reeds, J. Robertson



Class of 1986:
Front row: K. Milliken, C. McCarthy, E. Burke, B. Klosowski, G. Salvato, J. Dingess, S. Murphy, S. Kibbey, C. Chun, D. Braswell Middle row: R. Rupp, J. McMullin, M. Johnson, S. Schrader, S. Borsch, E. Totty, M. Lupton, J. Pitts, J. Brockett, K. Windbigler, B. Quinlan Back row: M. Daghir, A. Ospina, M. Marriotti, G. Kearns, K. Arneson, A. Brookins, J. Davila, L. Petersen, C. Soler, T. Shumaker, N. Swanson

Lt. Payne - 29th
Company Officer

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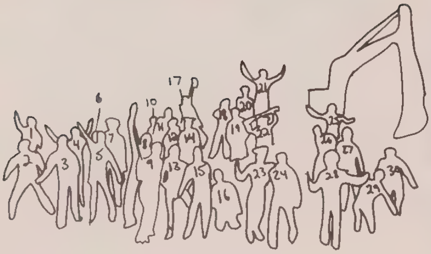

Fall Set- M/LT Coles, M/LTJG Carsen, M/ENS Lafreniere.

Spring Set- M/LT Hoffner, M/LTJG Moran, M/ENS Dowd.

1. E. Bressler 2. T. Looke 3. C. Youngblood 4. R. Moran 5. H. Dorman 6. N. Yang 7. A. Plewniak 8. C. MUeller 9. N. Doerry 10. P. Corwin 11. J. Stephenson 12. J. Hughes 13. B. Larson 14. T. Vegel 15. S. Culpepper 16. L. Dibler 17. M. Lafreniere 18. C. Bumbaca 19. Y. Hoffner 20. C. Banewicz 21. W. Freitag 22. J. Coles 23. C. LUcas 24. W. Smith 25. M. Hamilton 26. J. Leary 27. M. Dowd 28. H. Miranda 29. D. Braswell 30. R. Bartlett 31. B. Obo 32. W. Pain 33. C. Rane.

Class of 1984:
Front row: J. Alber, J. Parillo, G. Zamka, J. Churbuck, R. Wilhelm, R. Goins, T. Summers, V. Martinez Middle row: M. Stys, M. Groody, E. Meyer, T. Nolen, W. Orton, J. Scholl, T. Ray Back row: C. Deleon, W. Paulson, T. Miller, G. Price, J. Miller. J. Morrow

Class of 1985:
Front row: P. Schnorr, P. Hanlon, K. Hollis, J. Clifton, M. Alexander, E. Oliver, T. Cates, S. Speed, E. Bowers Middle row: V. Kreeger, G. Watts, B. Doud, T. Loeblein, M. Pecaut, V. Leung, T. Johnson, R. Weathers, S. Bai, G. Losee, J. Day, B. Buswell, J. Roberts, J. Carver, R. Arcaro Back row: A. Dickerson, C. Williams, G. McKinney, T. Williamson, J. Moulton, J. Kehlenbach, T. Varallo, P. McKinnon, T. Jones, J. Alas, L. Datilo, T. Delaserna, P. Ryan

Class of 1986:
Front row: G. Arthur, R. Cassillas, C. Wagner, E. Rupp, P. Lawrence, D. Dufresne, K. Mauch, R. Malski, N. Russell, L. Okamoto Middle row: D. Ward, A. Sandor, R. Beyers, L. Wilborn, C. Bencal, J. Leonard, R. Lindsay, M. Parker, D. Rhodes, C. Hebert Back row: D. MacFarlane, T. Curry, D. Dixon, L. Reynolds, C. Lombardi, L. Maye, A. Groves

Lt. Pearsall - 30th
Company Officer

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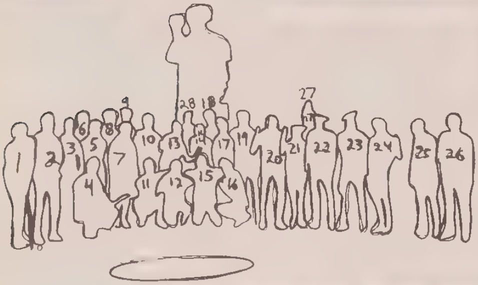
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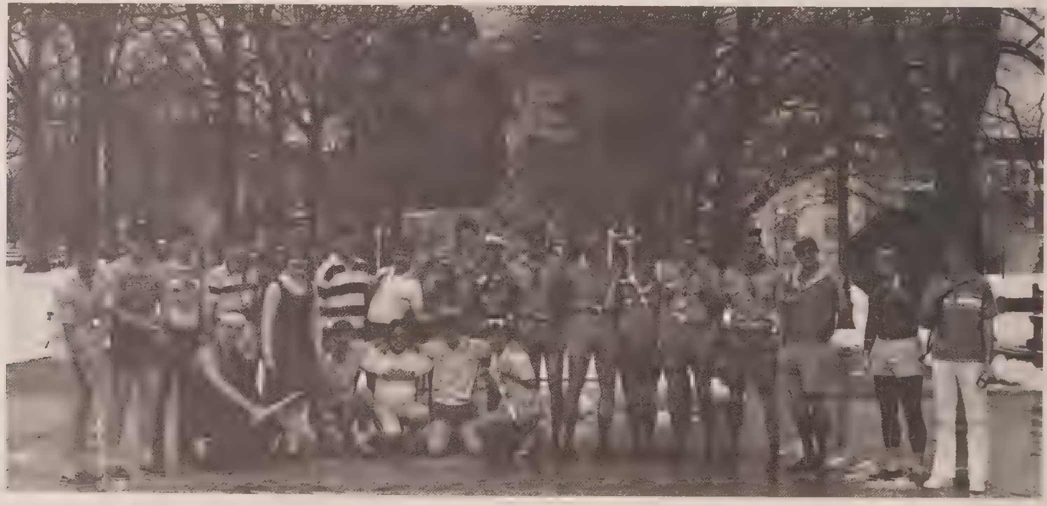
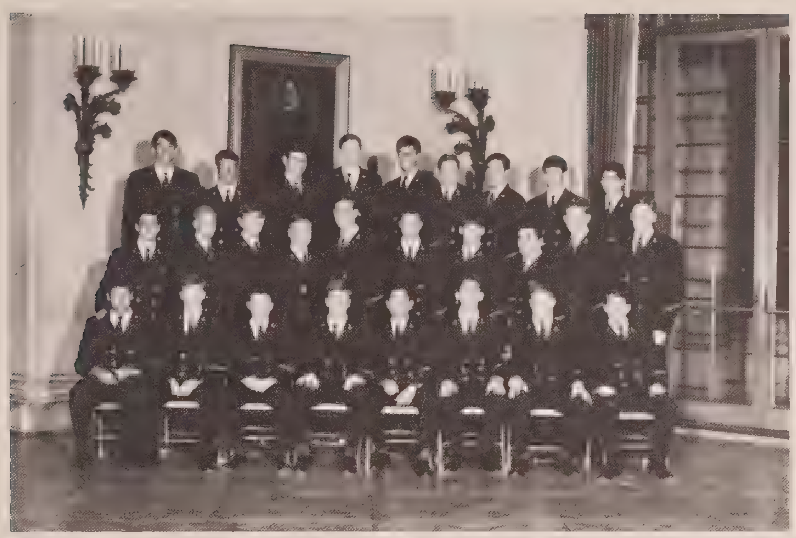
Fall Set- M/LT Yourkowski, M/LTJG Bond, M/ENS Thomas.

Spring set- M/LT Simkins, M/LTJG Dee, M/ENS Polk.

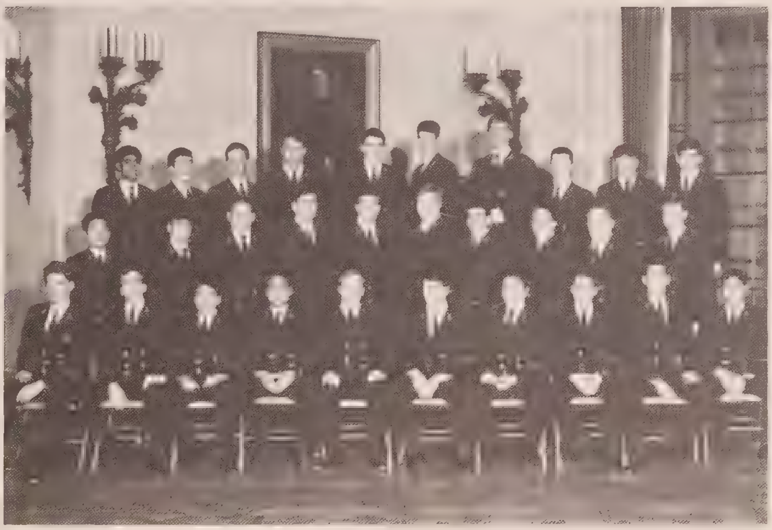


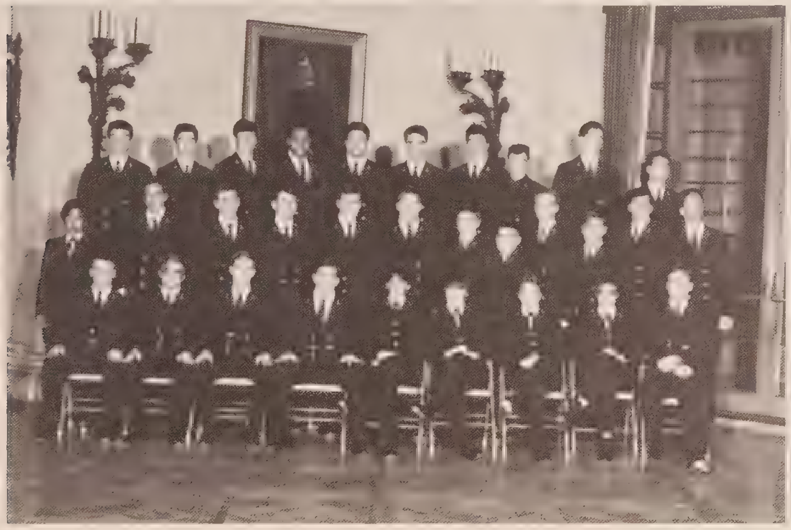
1. M. Ortega 2. M. Klorig 3. J. Dee 4. J. Yourkowski 5. F. Eissler 6. A. Tanski 7. C. Simkins 8. P. Pritchard 9. T. McKavitt 10. P. Puccetti 11. R. StJohn 12. R. Musico 13. T. Thomas 14. M. Hull 15. S. Philrott 16. L. Yustak 17. L. Cowden 18. M. Bowers 19. R. Hoffmann 20. M. Murphy 21. K. Wetterskog 22. E. Borowicz 23. D. Valaik 24. T. Luffy 25. T. Bond 26. A. Small 27. W. Crozier 28. J. Polk



Class of 1984:
Front row: B. Caraveo, J. Long, A. Slawson, W. Deroche, N. Vinzon, T. Beck, F. Adams, T. Jones Middle row: C. Hollingsworth, J. Przbyszewski, R. Broadston, B. Scidli, M. Burgess, S. Mohs, D. Schleicher, G. Alberto, K. Woltersdorf, D. Denneny Back row: T. Birdsong, R. Olds, I. White, A. Lamsom, D. Hoover, S. Wright, R. Inman, M. Barranco, J. Lara

Class of 1985:
Front row: J. Edwards, M. Shigley, J. Legaspi, P. Zarate, G. Wolski, B. Goehler, P. Mathews, P. Turner, P. Brown, R. Rutkowski Middle row: K. Kaneshiro, K. Collum, W. Bachmann, E. Waigand, D. Taylor, A. Bruno, J. Baratta, C. Shelden, M. Petouhoff, D. Barron Back row: D. Cuyno, B. Arnold, S. Cassidy, T. Schill, T. Watson, K. Fitzgerald, S. Smith, S. Devore, G. Langford, J. Dorn





Class of 1986:
Front row: R. Garay, T. Allman, J. Taylor, B. Chase, S. Smith, C. Laws, P. Secrist, P. Reitan, N. Schley Middle row: S. Jones, B. Haste, W. Rauscher, M. Jones, E. Wahlstedt, T. Steffy, C. Kenyon, B. Brown, P. Walsh, S. Burton, A. Patterson, K. Johanson Back row: F. Sullivan, J. Hopkins, J. English, D. Edwards, G. Nikitenko, C. Ainsworth, J. Collins, S. Evertson, A. Schweickhardt, R. Schmitt

Lt. Schlientz - 31st Company Officer

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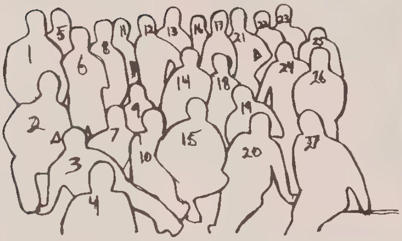
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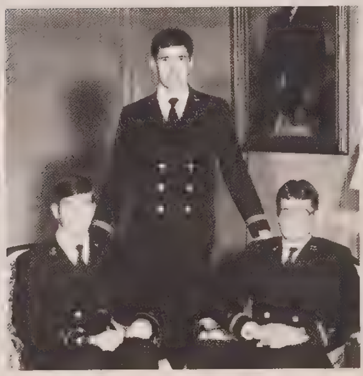


Fall Set- M/LT Cassity, M/LTJG Rahme, M/ENS Stuart.

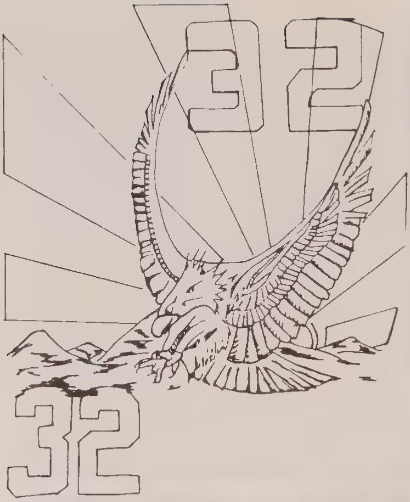
Spring Set- M/LT Vormbrocke, M/LTJG Ockerman M/ENS R. Barhite.

1. D. Roth 2. R. Barhite 3. S. Laverentz 4. E. Rahme 5. F. Lastar 6. S. Lewia 7. B. Taylor 8. S. Pollack 9. T. Stuart 10. B. Berman 11. L. Sawyer 12. T. Lombardo 13. R. Schieke 14. S. Ockerman 15. C. Russak 16. A. Cassity 17. S. Fischer 18. T. Davis 19. E. Ricketts 20. M. Thompson 21. M. Vormbrocke 22. J. Bors 23. R. Gross 24. M. Brown 25. D. Diorio 26. C. Lee 27. R. Sauer.

Class of 1984:
Front row: M. Boulden, D. Ditton, J. Reape, T. Mologne, D. Jung, S. Thatcher, T. Calabrese, L. Gacusan, C. Kilburn Middle row: J. Carroll, M. Michaud, E. Clayton, G. Krueger, L. Lewis, T. Draper, J. Wiggins, D. Yablonowsky, D. Shupinski Back row: T. Forrestal, P. Hogan, J. Steckel, M. Potochniak, J. Lenda, P. Lengyel, R. Peterson, J. Gufford, W. Butler

Class of 1985:
Front row: M. Flagg, R. Fullerton, M. Cortesio, N. Peters, R. Hall, J. Manzano, E. Gunning, G. Torres, W. Harrington, J. Gaviria Middle row: R. Ransier, S. Card, B. Mai, G. Clark, D. Porter, A. Thompson, D. Alberto, J. Canvin, J. Luther, A. Cardon, M Merren, C. Sims Back row: P. Martino, D. Hamby, J. Reeves, K. Ross, C. Schott, A. Fremuth, J. Milligan, J. Peters, P. Severs, M. Walker, S. Krowtow, M. Christman, R. Webster

Class of 1986:
Front row: C. North, M. Stratton, J. Bell, K. Barnes, R. Ceres, P. Vantassel, D. Bateson, B. Wise, J. Bamonte Middle row: P. Head, J. Durand, G. Stachelski, M. Blair, J. Dorey, M. Smith, P. McCarthy, C. Price, M. Spears Back row: M. Giauque, D. Stedham, J. Meier, B. Batchelor, J. Crouse, S. Brady, V. Butler, J. Krege, K. Reiman, F. Bulico, P. Vloedman



LCDR McMunn - 32nd Company Officer

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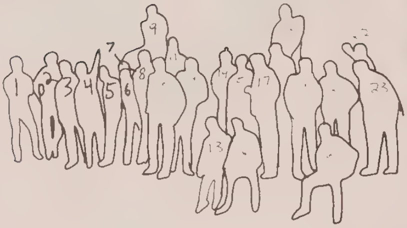
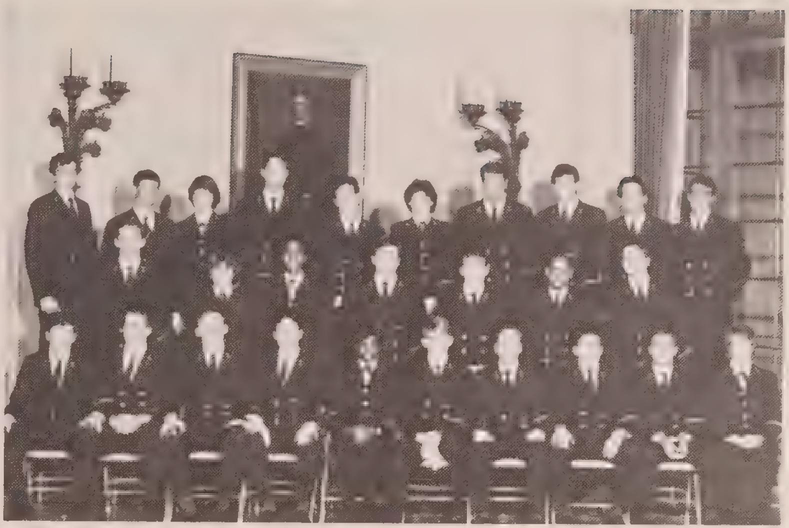


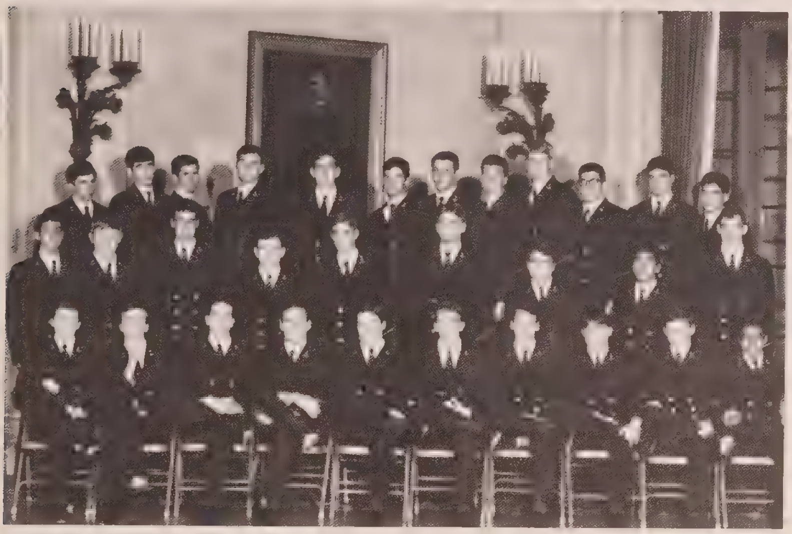
1. T. Deluca 2. J. Murphy 3. E. Kirkley, 4. T. Cunningham 5. H. Keith 6. E. Wheeler 7. D. Nagle 8. S. McCormidk 9. F. Ramirez 10. J. Laufer 11. R. Crowers 12. J. Knudsen 13. J. Wright 14. K. McClusky 15. J. Fisher 16. J. Toyooka 17. S. Butts 18. M. Boehle 19. B. Ricketts 20. B. Tolbert 21. P. Alexander 22. K. Ingalls 23. G. Fears

Fall Set- M/LT McClusky, M/LTJG Deluca, M/ENS Wright.

Spring Set- M/LT Crowers, M/LTJG McGeorge, M/ENS Ramirez.

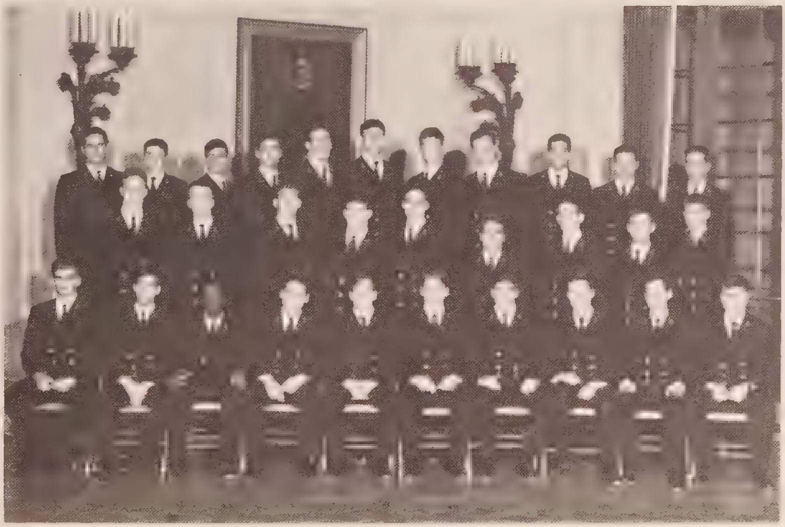
Class of 1984:
Front row: C. McKenna, D. Thomas, P. McCawley, B. Degroff, J. Davis, W. Campbell, W. Sympson, A. St. Pierre, L. Freeman, B. Bradley Middle row: R. Russell, D. Petersen, C. Stephens, M. Becker, M. Storto, D. Wright, L. Campbell Back row: P. Hullinger, W. Watson, C. Kerr, S. Porter, D. Woods, K. King, M. Kalish, H. Gibson, W. Cebak, S. McGann

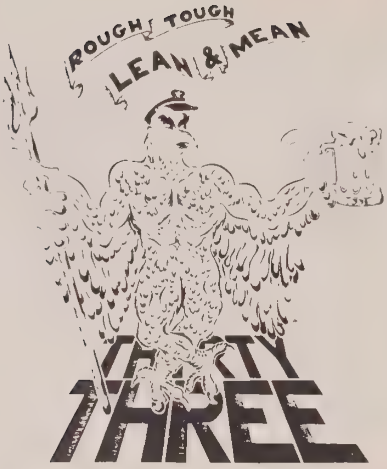




Class of 1985:
Front row: D. Flint, R. Hadley, M. Schaeffler, D. Lawton, C. Ryan, R. Earle, R. Duncan, G. Whitfield, G. Witt, R. Alfaro Middle Row: P. Stamps, C. Pfeiffer, J. Hein, J. Deranian, R. Vaughn, S. Nicholson, J. Denardo, J. Bucayan, E. Brzezinski Back row: R. Etkins, D. Wray, B. Wain, M. Skelly, W. Fitzgerald, D. Matzke, M. Shihadeh, J. Borneman, C. Steigers, S. Panico, C. Burke, S. McAllister

Class of 1986:
Front row: J. Ruth, D. Moses, J. Johnson, K. Enriquez, T. Cann, J. Adams, J. Wiemann, J. Young, D. Pedro, A. Boyd Middle row: J. Mosher, P. Shelton, D. Clark, C. O'Keefe, E. Merrill, L. Partida, G. Hubbard, J. Gensure, B. Flashbart Back row: I. Jerk, T. Smallow, T. O'Keefe, T. Rivers, G. Oliver, G. Schildmeyer, G. Pfeifer, T. Hirsh, L. Hoyt, M. Jarrell, D. Jordan





LT Sarao-33rd
Company Officer

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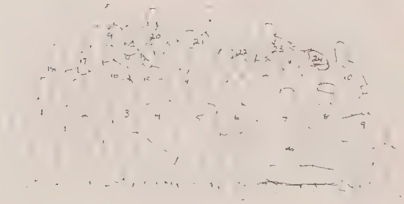
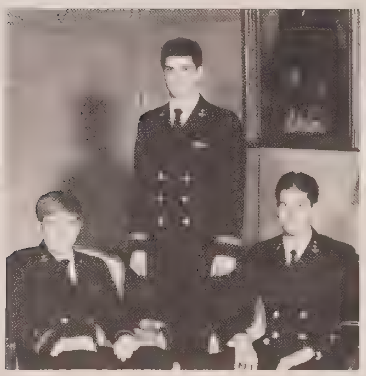
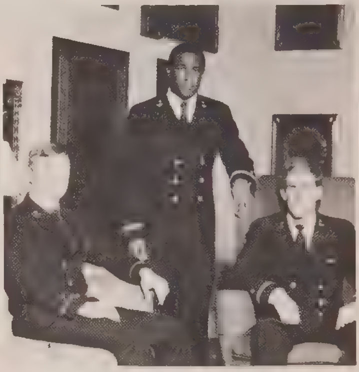
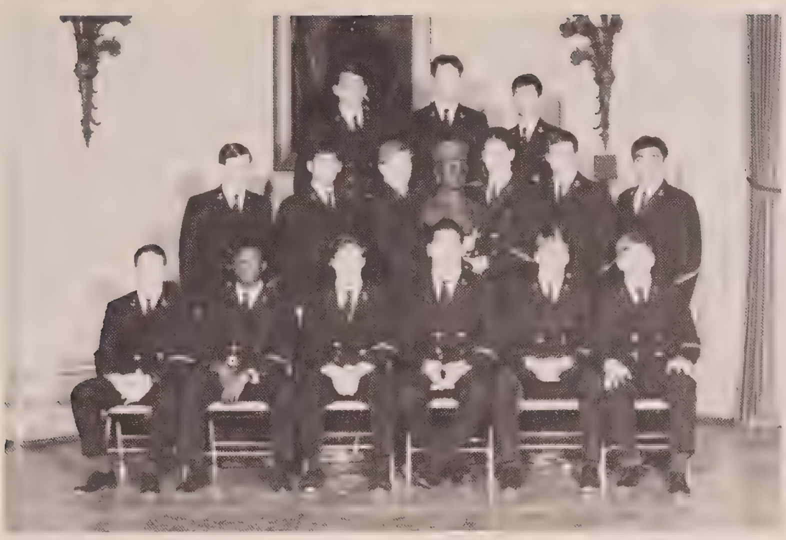



Fall Set- M/LT Isabelli, M/LTJG Hauge M/ENS Haugen


Spring Set- M/LT Mackay, M/LTJG Thompson, M/ENS Kelln

1. K. Carr, 2. R. Kamay 3. D. Kelln, $. B. Fletcher, 5. P. Haynes 6. P. Stitt 7. H. Smith 8. T. Snyder, 9. T. Hauge 10. R. Hayes 11. S. Carroll 12. M. Thompson 13. M. Isabelli 14. A. Muna 15. T. Boussom 16. P. Morrison 17. Luithly 18. L. Mackay 19. G. Soderstrom 20. T. Sedlack 21. W. Mountford 22. W. Cusack 23. K. Enriquez 24. D. Carr



Class of 1984:
Front row: L. Haynes, S. Rasbury, J. Vautier, J. Johnson, K. McCallum, G. Hoy Middle row: V. Donlan, N. Buck, C. Cooper, C. Haugen, S. Lott, M. Pitpit Back row: J. Hinen, W. O'Connell, A. Alabata

Class of 1985:
Front row: R. Haidvogel, T. Klimczyk, P. Lankau, J. Pierce, J. Rocha, C. Earl, W. Smith, R. Sham, S. Kulsa, K. Walls Middle row: R. Dishman, D. Mahoney, J. Vandiver, C. Shiefer, D. Selvy, S. Steadly, C. Sharkey, H. Gilliam, R. Goffi, G. Wolfe Back Row: W. Gabel

Class of 1986:
Front row: H. Winters, B. Hubbard, D. Jacobson, A. Esaki, K. King, K. Goeser, J. Holyfield, R. Radcliffe, G. Jackson, E. Miranda Middle row: D. Greene, R. Wheat, C. Kinsey, D. Lachance, R. Black, W. Flood, W. Kostrub, M. Shellhammer, J. Rexroad, S. Deguire, E. Coulter, K. Lang, M. Meltzer Back row: D. Tanner, G. Sherman, W. Sherer, M. Barth, S. Pendegrass, M. Roeckell, D. Beldy, A. Krumel, P. Klansek, R. Olson, M. Popeck, K. Lee

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SLS '83
"the Club"

LT. McWhorter-34th Company Officer

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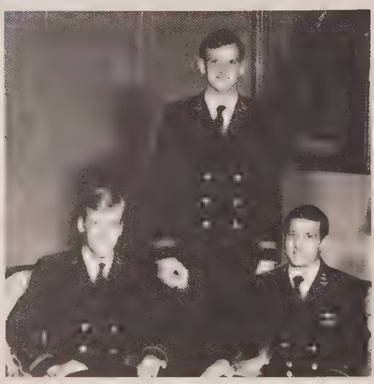
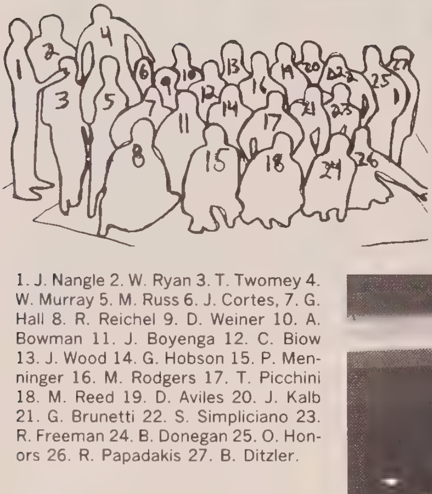


Fall Set- M/LT Bowman, M/LTJG Freeman, M/ENS Donegan.

Spring Set- M/LT Papadakis, M/LTJG Hall, M/ENS Hobson.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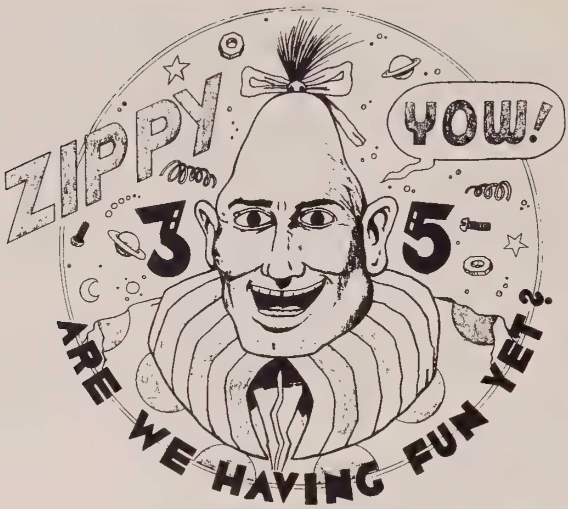
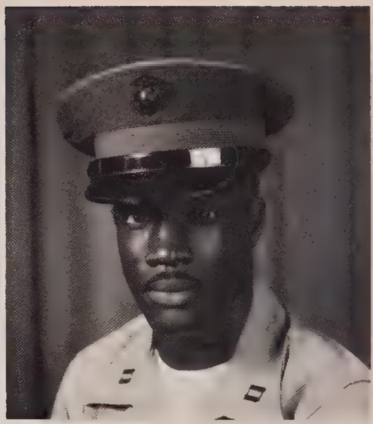
1. J. Nangle 2. W. Ryan 3. T. Twomey 4. W. Murray 5. M. Russ 6. J. Cortes, 7. G. Hall 8. R. Reichel 9. D. Weiner 10. A. Bowman 11. J. Boyenga 12. C. Biow 13. J. Wood 14. G. Hobson 15. P. Menninger 16. M. Rodgers 17. T. Picchini 18. M. Reed 19. D. Aviles 20. J. Kalb 21. G. Brunetti 22. S. Simpliciano 23. R. Freeman 24. B. Donegan 25. O. Honors 26. R. Papadakis 27. B. Ditzler.

Class of 1984:
Front row: L. Crow, M. Kasprzak, L. Law, M. Stevens, K. Storey, L. Stovall, M. Collins, M. Gwin Middle row: K. Hays, M. Kirby, T. Fisher, H. Ward, D. Collins, A. Embestro, S. McGaugh, R. Tillery Back row: C. Lindsay, V. D'Andrea, N. Duffy, D. Campell, W. Harms, J. Rees, M. Sprudlin, D. Steindl, J. Derdall

Class of 1985:
Front row: R. Duzan, S. Nasson, K. White, T. Ellegood, D. Brodeur, A. Otero, C. Rauch, R. McLean, S. Boone, S. Pettit Middle row: G. Mangente, R. Luman, A. Trotta, S. Cull, R. Burgard, R. Clark, D. Schroeder, B. McDonald, J. Litonjva Back row: J. Monaghan, K. Watson, S. Chambers, W. Wheatley, S. Belair, D. Herrington, G. Peters

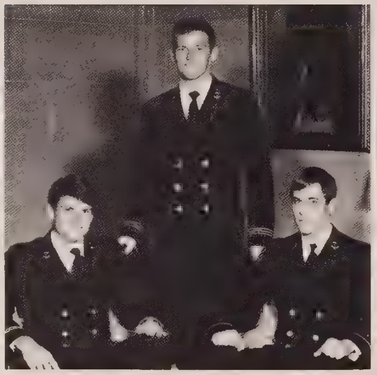
Class of 1986:
Front row: A. Metroka, P. Pall, R. Coffel, R. Stryker, C. Hager, T. Conlon, J. Worman, J. Baker, R. McMullen, T. Crook Middle row: H. Silva, H. Papa, S. Foster, J. Howo, S. Cronquist, J. Dwyer, J. Novack, W. McCormick, T. Smith, P. Gibson, S. Cook, A. Farina Back row: H. Nicolay, K. Casey, J. Surina, W. Rohm, R. James, C. Cooley, J. Mailloux, B. Skillman, T. Rigolo, R. Prior, J. Lagasca, M. Taylor


ZIPPY
YOW!
35
ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?



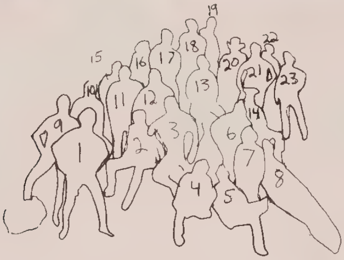
Capt. Robinson - 35th
Company Officer

35

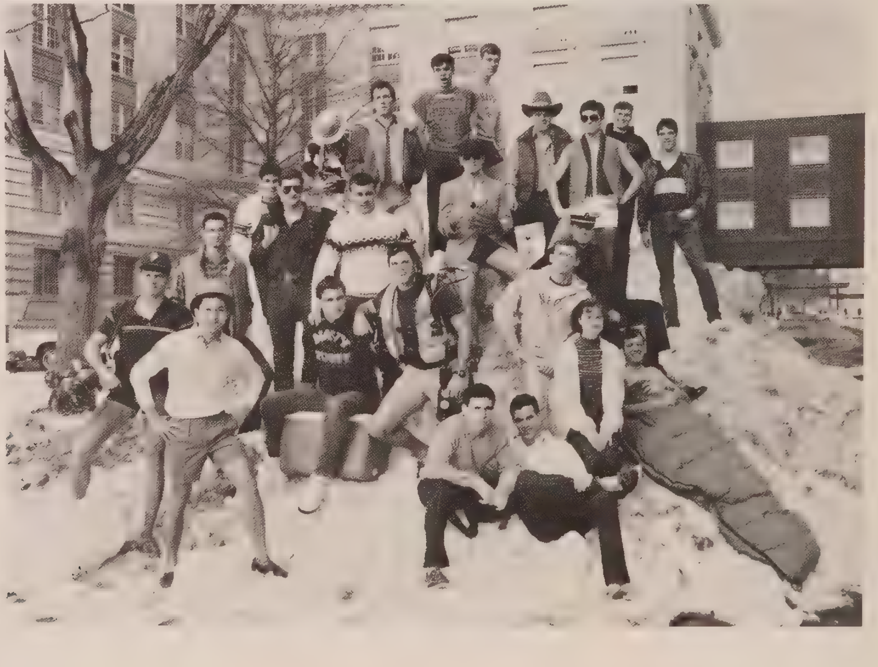


Fall Set- M/LT Loferski, M/LTJG Lantz, M/ENS Boice.

Spring Set- M/LT Vernet, M/LTJG Ramicone, M/ENS Page.



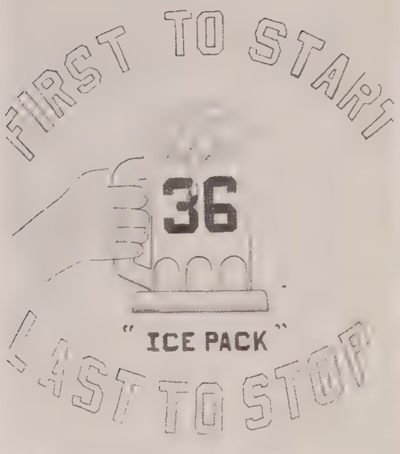
1. B. Hardesty 2. W. Hall, 3. G. Ferris 4. E. Halpin 5. T. Healey 6. R. Lantz 7. G. Welch 8. M. Smith 9. A. Laferski 10. J. Boorujy 11. B. McKibben 12. S. Zotti 13. M. Kubiniec 14. J. Huggins 15. P. Ramicone 16. J. Sheehan 17. B. Daitch 18. G. Abitante 19. K. Boice 20. J. Snyder 21. F. Vernet 22. B. Williston 23. J. McCormick.



Class of 1984:
Front row: A. Levit, C. Amiaga, D. Chase, M. Moran, S. Miller, M. Edson, C. Kramer, W. Knudson Middle row: A. Vagnoni, R. Beasley, S. Poindexter, C. Flood, P. Howe, J. Baldwin, L. Hamilton Back row: D. Schmieley, D. Bomberger, M. Cannice, S. Starling, C. Crisp, B. Kumangai, J. Jordan

Class of 1985:
Front row: M. Kessler, K. Vogt, J. Miceli, L. Gonzalez, R. Rhoe, T. Kwon, D. Ormond Middle row: C. Dierkes, R. McClary, B. Hale, D. Donovan, E. Kenyon, D. Kyto, A. Thompson Back row: R. Wellborne, T. Bechter, W. Ward, M. Nies, T. Dougherty, M. Rubino, J. O'Niel, D. Lafave, M. Morris, W. Whitbeck

Class of 1986:
Front row: K. Fallon, R. Rodriguez, B. Loveless, B. Edmonds, K. Bogdan, T. Fortin, K. Schletter, M. Larabee, J. Kilby, T. Califano Middle row: J. Swanson, D. Livingood, H. Rainone, K. Boska, J. Dibble, R. Killian, J. Pool, B. Moore, V. Gordy, L. Kovanik, M. Sakaguchi, M. Thibodeau
Back row: G. Malley, P. Demers, J. Keels, E. Hassi, P. Gardner, M. Pietkiewicz, M. Cadwell, R. Morin, J. Blastos, J. Young


FIRST TO START
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"ICE PACK"
LAST TO STOP

LT Dawson - 36th Company Officer

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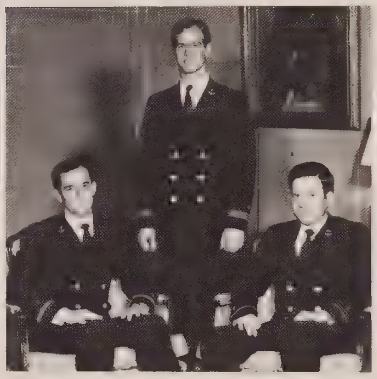
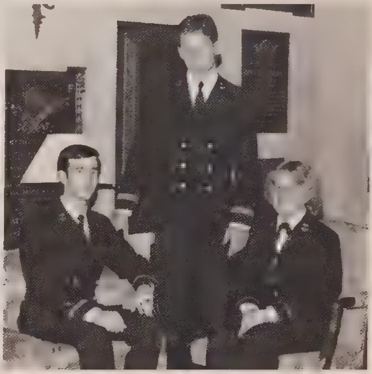
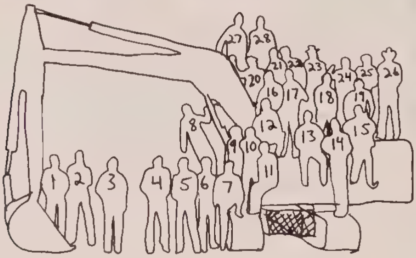


Fall Set- M/LT Stone, M/LTJG Wilkins, M/ENS Snell.



Spring Set- M/LT Modly, M/LTJG Hendricks, M/ENS Thompson.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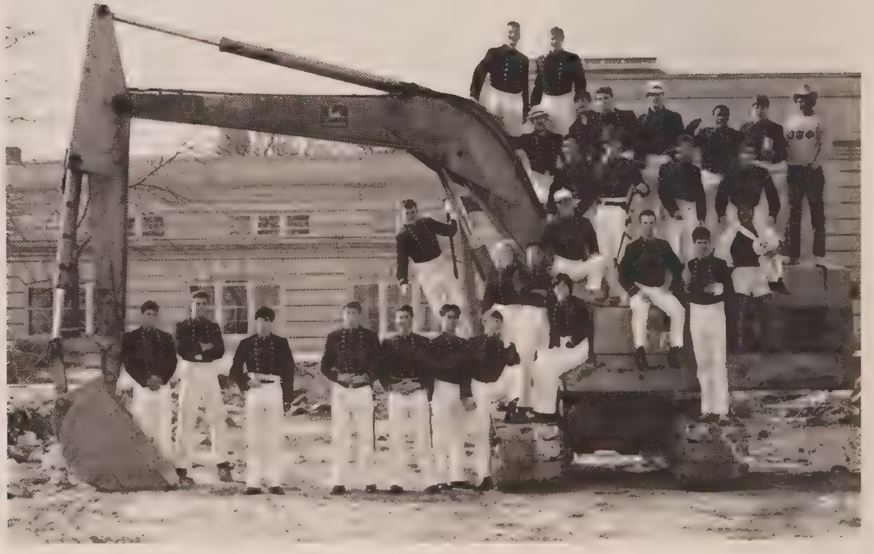
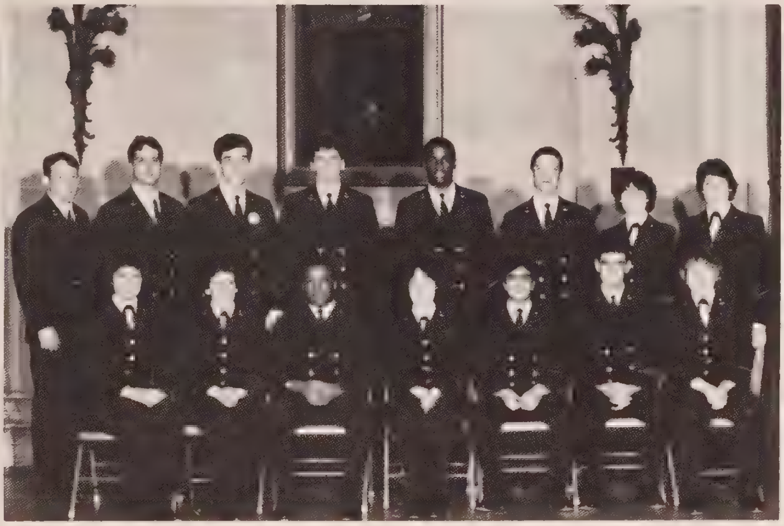
1. A. Sayer 2. W. Flannery 3. T. Maynard 4. J. Rixey 5. J. Puiris 6. R. Delrosario 7. R. Byrne 8. D. Horgan 9. M. Thompson 10. A. Manglicmot 11. N. Thompson 12. W. Wilkins 13. K. Herzog 14. C. Morgan 15. S. Recca 16. A. Rouska 17. M. Stone 18. C. Anderson 19. C. Kiser 20. D. Hendricks 21. J. Bergen 22. T. Modly 23. S. Hiester 24. K. Wilson 25. R. Haberstick 26. C. Raines 27. M. Sagerholm J. McHugh.



Class of 1984:
Front row: S. Todd, C. Frasse, J. Bartkoski, D. Stoddard, G. Keller, D. Nicoson, H. Nepf, B. Mohle, A. Menzel Middle row: R. Baker, A. Kim, T. Aguilar, B. Martin, T. Capasso, M. Kelly, B. Armstrong, T. Goodlett Back row: P. Finney, T. Owens, C. Zublic, J. Weistroffer, G. Peters, T. Evans, D. Brown, S. Jones

Class of 1985:
Front row: C. Monk, L. Casity, B. Hacker, M. Roche, M. Coury, J. Swartz, S. Weaver Middle row: G. Sweeney, E. Pierson, T. Schwarz, T. Mikkelson, B. Davis, R. Armstrong, A. Kreis, N. Heckman



Class of 1986:
Front row: M. Finley, J. Avery, T. Osborn, S. Lopez, G. Broussard, J. Hilke, A. Lynch, G. Hale, M. Wells, N. Zaffiris Middle row: K. Grochow, S. Orourke, B. Hudson, M. Mishik, J. Barnes, S. Rumph, P. Kuplinski, D. Young, S. Sepanski, M. Tuneff, K. Paro, L. Aguilar. Back row: G. Kobler, W. Kiestler, J. Anderson, K. Krause, J. Mayberry, G. Blanchard, S. Quinlan, D. Grennon, L. Ratcliffe, H. Lowe, D. Sheridan

SCIENTIA
CHECK-OUT DESK

FIRST CLASS

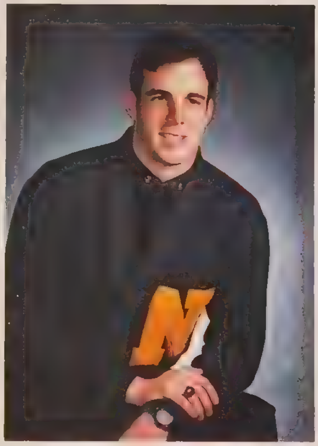
IN MEMORIAM

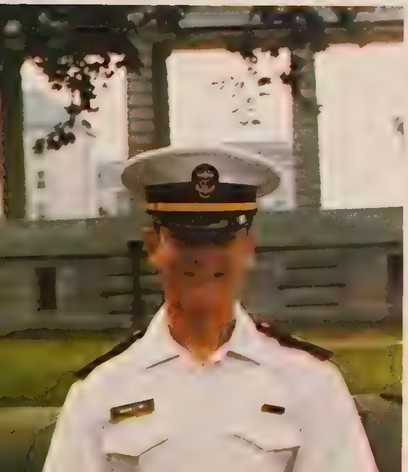
Jeff Korn

Bill Sisler

Frank Groves

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THOSE WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.





David W. Acton
Dublin
California
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power Submarines
Dave

Dave came to the Naval Academy after first serving two years as an enlisted nuke. Claiming his appointment was a "permanent release from the holds of nukedom," he aspired of being a P-3 pilot. However, after two years of spreading anti-nuke propaganda, the 2/C summer revelation struck. Hard work and lots of money was where Dave belonged

Best known for his ability to be in the rack by eleven every weeknight and still pull a 3.4, Dave also had an uncanny ability of finding "navy good deals." He was cruise co-ordinator youngster and first class year, and watch co-ordinator youngster and second class year. He even volunteered for a submarine cruise over spring break and with USNA buying ended up with two days in the Bahamas, five days in Ft. Lauderdale, and only two days on the sub.

Perhaps Dave's biggest conquest of the Navy system occurred at the mandatory-attendence Plebe mixer. There, Dave ended up meeting Patricia whom he has dated ever since. Even though he tended to lose count of his weekends each semester as an underclass he still didn't see enough of her. They became engaged during his first class summer, with wedding bells to be ringing in May.

We can only wish prosperity to Dave and his submarine career which will probably be a "piece of cake" for him.

Dennis G. Bevington
College Park
Maryland
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power
Bev

Bev grew up in faraway and exotic places like Rome and Thailand. His family finally settled in College Park and Bev, fed up with partying fools at U of M, decided to come to the Academy via NAPS.

After coasting through Plebe year and doing his time with "The Dude" for a year, Bev felt it was time to loosen up a little. Always a frustrated swimmer, he felt the need to practice his stroke one night. The only problem was that it was 30 degrees outside and he was wearing his overcoat.

And, of course, there was Hood- Hood and Dennis always got along well . . . There was the burlesque routine on the steps of coblentz, being found by the Judge in full Hawaiin garb, somehow forgetting who it actually was he went to see up at Hood, and, of course, Mindi . . .

Bev helped out in the monumental task of breaking in Tony the Zoomie. He was always the life of any party with his raspy renditions of AC-DC and his rather queer blue sneakers. Fast 1&2 would have been nothing without Dennis although a combination of the Rat and the snowblowers almost got him one night.

First Class summer found Dennis on his way to the West-Pac. Plebe detail was quite a change from Subic Bay. The glory of submarines appealed to Bev in the end. Whatever he does for the rest of his life, we all wish him the best of luck. He came to the Academy as a model Plebe and left as a model Firstie: at least as far as all of his friends are concerned. Seperately they came, together they left. Always one of the boys.

Brian T. Costello

Terry L. Board
Louisville
Kentucky
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
The Count

Terry, known by some of his close friends as, "The Count", came to Annapolis from the backwoods of Kentucky. Because of his hillbilly educational background, Terry enlisted for 20 months attending the boost program in San Diego so he could gain acceptance to USNA. A hick in every sense of the word, he can be quite difficult to communicate with at times, especially after he has had a few drinks. Because of his non-engineer interests, plus the lack of time and fun associated with engineers, he chose the political science major. He has a particular interest in the soviet union and is a firm believer that "We should never have stopped Patton."

On weekends one can find Terry and his TR7 at one of the local girl's colleges. Not one to leave the ladies alone, he maintains a file of pretty women he has known, knows, or hopes to know. He spends many hours on his favorite pastime, chasing "Chicken of the Sea". He always looked forward to leave so he could return to Kentucky to become better acquainted with the girl he had met on the previous leave. He always returned from leave with a new one to replace the one he went home to see in the first place. Best wishes to him and his time in the fleet.

Robert Joseph Chastanet

Robert S. Breuil
Fort Pierce
Florida
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviator
Bubba

Bob came to the cold, cruel north from beautiful Florida where people are friendlier, girls are cuter, cars are faster, and most importantly, it's warmer. Bob made two mistakes that first year: he joined crew and picked EE as a major. He quit the first mistake when he decided that sleep was more important than physical fitness (a philosophy he still holds to today, and is exemplified every time he stands sideways). Unfortunately, the second mistake would cost him more sleep Second Class year than crew would have in four years.

Ah yes, Second Class year. After soaring to academic heights and living a pretty normal Midshipman life (except for rooming with the Bean-Head) for the first two years, two things hit Bob: EE and Fred. EE hit Bob every four weeks, but fred hit him all the time. When it looked as though bob would survive "Plof." Rim, The Shark, and compression by swelling head; Liz dropped him right before ring dance and D.C. started calling him "Mr. Breuil" again.

Oh well, firstie year would have to be better, right? I mean Bob had a Corvette, a new Company officer, and there are lots of college girls in Maryland— even if they are yankees! Oops! You mean it's not ten hours from Clemson to USNA?! Thanks Fred!! Goodbye to six weekends: "Book-em"! but never one to stay down (or awake) long, Bob quickly made up for lost time by helping to form the fast crowd with Jerome, Brian and John "T.A." Mcloughlin. Now that Bob's found out how much fun he can have ashore, he's decided on P-3's as a career choice: Subs are designed for Japanese - sized people, you know. I'm sure Bob is well on his way to happiness in the skies over Keflavik!!!

Kenneth Ikeda

Robert J. Chastanet
Wayne
New Jersey
Chemistry
Medical Corps
Chaz

New Jersey produced yet another one. Chaz comes from the northern part of the state off exit 153B of the parkway. When he arrived in Annapolis he had many doubts about USNA. After some initial adjustments, it turned out he liked the adventuous life of a mid. He was rarely seen throughout the day with involvement in D&B, and after evening meal he lived in the library returning only for taps or his calculator

A real brilliant individual and a hard worker as well, Chaz established himself as an academic stud from the start. He continued to perform well younster year avoiding the syndrome and then went to West Point during second class year on exchange. He survived Woodland and has a battle scar over his his left eye to prove it.

As a chemistry major he was highly sought after by Hymie, but with the help of the Academic Dean he avoided the Nukes. Bob is destined to attend medical school adding another 7 years to his present 5 year commitment. Oh well, good luck with everything-DOC!

Jerome A. Clark
Stillwater
Oklahoma
Math/Computer Track
USMC

Sometime in July of 1979, Jerome "Smiley" Clark left Oklahoma in search of humidity, a haircut, women to abuse, women who abuse, and a chance to get in debt. His quest ended at Annapolis which, during the next four years, would provide the answers to all his dreams.

Plebe year brought him 2-d "cool breuil". Jerome was horrified to discover that there was yet another person on earth that was as messy as he was. Meeting mark proved that roommates are fun to abuse. Gwen proved that Jerome's charm was not all-powerful, although she couldn't resist smoothing out his gig-line occasionally (down big boy)— but she still wouldn't let him smile!

Youngster year gave him a chance to breathe. Instead, Jerome panted! Making four dates for Saturday nights, and then waiting until the last minute to decide which one to use! Hey, he even did it for formals — pity the girl that bought the new dress!!

Girls aren't everything, especially since we couldn't go out during the week. Water fights, cards, roommate-wrestling, and making pup-tents for the Youngsterettes became the rage. Soon we were Firsties: Corvettes, Plebettes, Youngsterettes, Star Trek, Hood, getting pulled over in front of Goucher dorms, Sunday night dinners, grotesque over-development, computer all-nighters, bikini underwear, sloe-gin, fast car club, slovenly roommates, flinching, flexing, little curlies, tight squeezes, marathons (and I don't mean runnin'), cutting it close—then acting cool about it, snaking, yawning in technicolor, champagne letters, LBJ, aborted loves, fieldball, "I got yours, you get yours" philosophy— which extended into Varsity letters, sex, and girl-chasing-—dreaming about that (15th) body, the 3-0 barbers, and last-minute biographies made his stay here complete. Now Jerome will be sorely missed by both his roommates and his "kills". Good luck stud!!
R.S B.

Brian T. Costello
Pompton Plains
New Jersey
Operations Analysis
Navy Air
Brian

Candidate Guidance had to do alot to convince this Jersey boy that U.S.N.A. was a good deal. With visions of football stardom and heavy partying, Brian showed up ready for college life. When Brian discovered all of the restrictions, he gave up his dreams of stardom for a better time. A good time was never far from this gin drinking don juan. After rooming with the "Oude" for one year, it was a welcome break to have a live in zoomie for a semester to abuse and show how to have a good time in genaral. Being a charter member of the Dock club and Dinghy team almost put a scar on his "outstanding" performance record. Too bad they don't put how many conduct cases you avoided into the whole man concept or Brian would have worn six stripes his First Class year. Brian felt that his hula contests and Newport summers with Bruce Springsteen groupies, and his losing battles with the Mighty Rat were getting him nowhere, so he engaged his New Jersey flower, Rosie, and hopes to God he gets P-3's in order to keep an eye on her at all of those wild aviation parties. She'll be a welcome addition to F.A.S.S.T. I hope Rose has a good looking pair of pajamas or she won't be able to help Brian convince the Annapolis Police that he shouldn't be locked up for screaming around town in his 9.99's His fine voice was a welcome rock and roll addition to the First Company choir. How he convinced the higher ups to give him Company Sub-Commander is still a mystery to all. Seperately they came, together they left, one of the boys.

Eric S. Disher
Fairfax
Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Dish

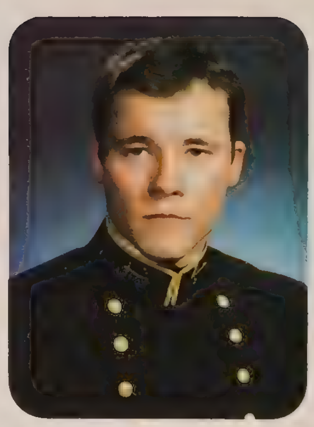
Dish came from sunny Puerto Rico to this fine institution on the Severn. While making his mark at the Academy, his family thought it would be safer to keep a closer eye on him and so moved twice, both times closer to Annapolis. After laughing his way through Plebe summer, the easy going Dish settled down to Academics. His settling down lasted about 15 minutes-the length of his attention span. Deciding to face the challenges of Ocean Eng. and full membership in Pismoe, Eric learned that even the EMBC would not mean stellar grades. Although he did lose his reserved mid-store parking place. Eric tried his hands at 150 football for two years before making his contributions to intramurals. As a member of the Company football team and Battle Axe team, he got his practice on the Varsity hall ball squad. Dish managed to kick back for a semester; donning his Topsiders to work on his tan while sailing the Navy's finest fighting vessel, the Astral. Never one to stay back and study, Dish joined the First Company Glee Club and earned his gold Dock Club card, not to mention his Rat Quals with fast. He'll leave this place with good memories from weekends including the Stones, Easters, and Cape Cod. His nomadic and free-wheeling nature stretched from a summer in Hawaii to Spring break in Antigua. By good non-study habits, Dish managed to keep his eyes for air and avoid the Glow Navy. Once he pins those wings on, Dish will be able to keep the high speeds to the air. Eric's going to miss his apartment and friends at USNA. We wish him the best of luck in the future. One of the boys.
E D.

Brian P. Dunleavy
Springfield
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Marine Air
Levy

Brian came to USNA an ex-jarhead from the city of Brotherly Love. We weren't sure if he could speak, but we knew he could grunt left and right in some unintelligible howl. If you couldn't tell Brian was a Marine by looking at him, all you had to do was wait until he took off his shoes. You immediately knew that his feet had been in some smelly trench for quite some time. Talk about chemical warfare! Brian's feet are the latest and foulest USMC nerve gas development-they gag you to death

Brian quickly got settled in at USNA. He got fried for being UA and for drinking something a little stronger than Kaydet Crush in the hall during his Third Class year. Then, somehow, a stop sign, pole and all, found its way into Brian's closet one dark, dark Saturday night. Brian also found himself trying to destroy Georgetown U. with the rest of the wrecking crew.

Brian grew and matured by Second Class year. He displayed his patience and maturity by punching out the moow and an Air Force Capt. on two separate occasions. Brian was an outstanding member of F.A.S.T. I & II. Brian really out did himself as Rat Master for the ski trip He wiped out Smitty and almost got mattress skiing into the 1984 Olympics. Brian was a proud charter member of the First Co. Dock Club. He was often a leader of the First Company Boys Choir. First Class cruise carried Brian to his paradise on earth, the Phillipines. Brian really enjoyed his cruise, but he came back with one souvenier that he didn't bargain for. But he sure shopped around for it. First Class year, Drill Officer Dunleavy led Fun One to an outstanding drill season? First Class year also found Brian in a brand new pair of pajamas . . . in Fran O'Briens. Brian had no qualms about the girls he met. We often wondered if he had any scruples at all, but Brian would always comeback to us smiling, "a kill is a kill." Brian will always be affectionately remembered. One of the boys PKH



James J. Flores
New York City
New York
Political Science
Surface
Jim

Jim came to us from the Big Apple after a year at Columbia University. Jim has transitted through the Naval Academy as a semi-philosopher. He has always said that the USNA has been the most thought provoking experience ever. If you ever wanted some sound advice Jim could be counted on giving if you asked

As an athlete, Jim was a man of all sports. However, he will be remembered as being our point guard that led fon one to several victories. Jim also established himself as a true Latin lover, beginning as early as Plebe year. Not one to boast, Jim's adventures were known only by those around him. First Class summer Jim almost succumbed to the wiles of the senoritas in Spain. Jim's easygoing style will be remembered by all.
KK

Robert P. Girrier
Huntington
New York
Political Science
Naval Aviation
Big Bob

Big Bob came to the Naval Academy from the great state of Long Island. The Class of 1983 is fortunate to still have Bob Girrier as a member. He specially requested to become Class of '82, but it was disapproved, although it did go through his Company officer. As it was, Bob managed to complete his major, Political Science, in three years. Since he felt bad being seen so often around the Academy in civillian clothes during Second Class year, he decided to do something about it-he spent most of First Class year at American university. There he pursued an advanced degree, among other things. In less scholarly activities, Bob proved his ability to stand up under heavy discipline by becoming a Naval Academy dinghy sailor. He was considered the fastest finn sailor on the team. Bob was known for upholding the high standards of the Brigade. He once found a rack so unsat he trashed it, out the window, into T-court; his room-mate's rack. There were many other outstanding achievements: Supe's list, participation in NAFAC, Company mug hurling, crab immitations, having one bar of soap (large) last an entire semester, and, of course, a new love every weekend. Bob has made many life-long friends since he has been here and accumulated a rich experience in the process. If Bob had the choice to do it all over again, there is no doubt that he would do it the same. After graduation Bob hopes to join the elite corp of Navy men who wear wings of gold.
NF

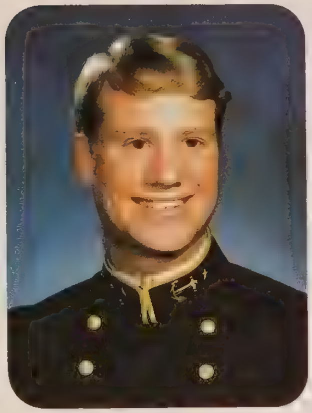
Jeffrey D. Gordon
Hatboro
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Subs
Jeff

J.D. arrived in Crabtown from the bustling metropolis of Hatboro, Pa. Always one for the unpredictable, he resigned himself to become one of Hyman's boys. Although he began his four years as a Soccer star, his diversified athletic talents surfaced in fun one's sports. Not one to leave his skills on the field, Jeff became a member of the Hall Ball gang and a charter member of those snowshoe skiing fanatics known as F.A.S.T. Over his scholastic career, Jeff's antics kept everyone amused. Who will ever forget his charades in Chicken Ruth's, coach's backyard or the dog pen, his initiation into the E.M.B.C. or his weekend escapades with his sidekick Ernie. As his career as a member of the Silent Service unfolds, you'll find Jeff sailing his boat under the seas wearing his derby and devouring a box of pretzels from home. One of the boys

Mark L. Gorenflo
Herndon
Virginia
English
Nuclear Power
Higgie-Baby

The Academy saved Mark from a certain future of destitute and aimless wandering on 6 July 1979, when he reluctantly accepted the title of officer and gentleman. Since then, Mark has risen to the pinnacle of success as a Midshipman. But, alas, the road to the top was a rough one full of many setbacks: how could Mark forget his first two- Smitty and Mosely. It was their enlightenment that brought out the hidden side of Mark: Elvis Costello. To keep Elvis from slipping back into his alter ego- Mark -he was required to carry Elvis' picture and glasses at all times. If the Firsties didn't give him enough trouble, his roommates did. Will he ever forget Bob's penchant for neatness, Dempsey's unique aroma, Kirk's passion for frostbite, or Jerome's humility when he repeatedly beat Mark in Backgammon. For that matter, who will forget Mark's cool, level-headed, crisis-management approach to defeat: tap-dancing on a Backgammon set/combination cover, or hurling a loaded Samsonite into his locker after registration

After overcoming Plebe Year, Mark handled school like a 3.94 academic stud. He still played, but never in one of those slow Friday night card games. The Condo was fun to play in, except when it came to blondes with broken arms (no curfew?). The shower was also fun: who could forget his whistling rendition of ''The Marine Corps Hymn'' or ''Anchors Aweigh'' — interupted by an occasional ''brigaaaaade attentioooon!'' (Mark was destined for six stripes- and he knew it). First Class Year bore the sweet fruits of his labor: Brigade Commander, Trident scholar, and Rhodes scholar. Mark is one of the rare few who fit the mold of the perfect Midshipman—perfectly. We're proud of him—as the fleet will also be
RSB



John W. Guthrie
Camp Lejeune
North Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Air
Arlo

Arlo will leave the Academy as he came, a true Marine. At the time of his arrival his family, complete with a father of 28 years of Marine service, lived in the glorious town of Quantico, where Arlo will be heading after graduation. In fact, the only time that will looked at home during our four year adventure was when he was cleaning his rifle at Quantico. After what the rest of us called Plebe summer (Will had a Plebe day-who was Sampson anyway?) Will had a real ''buddy'' for a roommate; he's still trying to get the PKP out of his clothes. Will knew how to keep his nose clean, though. While his two youngster roommates were getting fried for setting off fireworks, he was busy giving academic aid to a classmate. Will had his first ''F'' at four weeks that year but recovered from the shock in time to pull it up to a ''C'' and earn his stars. Being a nice guy Will took in a second Ocean Engineer for a roomate Second Class year. There were some rough times, but Will survived and even got to his First Navy dance that year. Will's final year here included three stripes, stars (again), still no fries, and a chipped tooth during the struggle Because of all this, except for the tooth, the ''sub-marines'' called loudly, but Will's devoted to Marine air. Will left as he came, an All-American Marine, and we all wish him the best of luck
KI

Paul Karl Heim II
Seaford
New York
Oceanography
Navy NFO
Paulie

Paul came to Annapolis from Seafud, Long Gisland, with a Lacrosse stick in his hand, bound and determined to eradicate the letter ''R'' from the English language. He fell in love with the place immediately and had no qualms about expressing his pleasure in being here. Youngster year Paul made the Varsity Lax team and learned to respect nature, and to keep it in his pants from a little green man. Second Class year was not a happy period for Paul. First, he was cut from the Lax team, but to make up for this, he followed in the footsteps of Frenchy by coaching the J.V.'s. Next Paul lost Daaugnna, who of course was a pissa. This led to the forming of a cult known as ''Paulie's Angels'', which later retired to Schaefer city; but now who knows, T.M.?! Through these troubled times, Paul never forgot the virtue of sharing, even if it did lead to an occational strange kiss. Paul was instrumental in having the boys adopted by the Molz's and ''The Coach''. As well as being the Company keg master, Paul was also active in the Dock Club, First Co. Boy's Choir, and the Geototramid Wrecking Crew, but he would never hesitate to throw the sweat pumps on line. A cronic snorer, we wish Paul the best of luck in Pensicola. One of the boys.
BPD

Bret A. Hicks
Woodbury
Georgia
History
Marine Corps
Bret

When this young man appeared on the scene at Canoe U. from rural Dixieland (does a place called Woodbury really exist?), everyone knew it. Whether it was his voice sounding off with a loud southern drawl Plebe Year, his loud laughter in the hallways (why is he always smiling?), his constant singing in the hallways of mother B. will somebody teach that guy how to sing!), or his loud hollering during Plebe detail, everyone knew it when Bret was around. Bret was also known for his vocal support of his favorite sports teams, and especially his support for Hana Mandlikova (he was accused of being a Communist because of his support for this Czech tennis player) However, the thing Bret was most famous for was his undying devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ His love for his God and those around him was evident in both his words and his actions. This is one thing that is sure to remain the same as Bret heads off for a Acts 20:24 stint in the Corps, after which he plans to return to Annapolis, his new adopted home
BAH

Brian F. Hodges
Boca Raton
Florida
Ocean Engineering
USMC
Fred

Brian came to the Academy as the all-american boy, wide-eyed and innocent, ready to experience and learn about the world. What better place to learn than USNA? Besides, wasn't James Bond a Naval officer?

Four years later, Brian has achieved all his goals . . . well, almost all.

Living a pretty quiet life in high school, Brian was all too ready to burst upon the college scene But for over a year and a half, he couldn't break out of his old mode. No thanks to his "social saboteur" the "Dawg."

But during Youngster year Brian discovered rugby (thanks Demps). This gave Brian a chance to earn that Varsity letter and go to Rugby parties where he learned how "real men" treat their women. John, Jerome, and 1/Bob spent the better part of the last two years trying to re-educate Fred, with little success. Even Dave has tried to help him. But Brian insists that he doesn't need help. He'll leave the G.O.B.V.C. when he's good and ready. Actually, we all think he's pretty ready now (look to the skies, Kerry).

If nothing else, Brian has weight-lifting. When you believe that strength can solve everything, you spend a lot of hours in the weight room. Unfortunately, the only thing that really grew during his four years here was his head (don't hold it against him, he does drive a 'vette and now at least there's one part of him that's proportional to his rib-cage). Brian is definitely physical, his trail of destruction includes Baker's knee, Ernie's tooth, Bob's eye, Bob's back, Ken's headphphones, Dave's clock, many fixtures in Bancroft, ad infinitum.

Brian will join his Corvette club buddies, Jerome and Bob (followed by T.A. McLoughlin) down in P-cola. We all wish him the best.
KI

Thomas H. Hodgson
Newark
Delaware
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Ernie

Tom came to Annapolis just after finding his roots and returning to his home state of Delaware. This was convienent as it made home within reach of his high performance dart. Tom made a habit of bringing half his house back to Bancroft each weekend. After all who can do floors without the mini moke, or survive without a space heater. A charter member of the First Company Choir, FAST, and the '83 tailgating diehards, Tom managed to get little studying done on weekends. He spent his more lucid moments jumping out of perfectly good (?) airplanes, scuba diving, playing lightweights, Batt lacrosse (baw, baw!!), Batt tennis, and Company soccer Tom's biggest mistake at USNA was losing his glasses during the first week of Plebe summer and allowing Paulie to see him in his geekers. Post graduation plans include a legal change of name and a dog named Tramp to replace Fritz. After commissioning, Tom heads for the submarine fleet. Two submarine cruises didn't dim the glow around him. If he can't get an apartment with some of the Boys from Fun One the back seat of his Dodge will do. Tom leaves the Academy four years of his prime (?), one front tooth, and years of reruns. Ernie will always be remembered as one of the boys.
TH

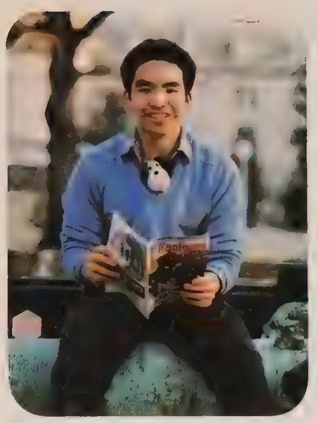
John R. Houfek
Sheboygan
Wisconsin
Economics
Navy NFO
J.R.

J.R. came to USNA from the teeming metropolis of Sheboygan, Wisc. (the bratwurst capital of the world) and set out to put it on the map. Not only has John proved he is an academic whiz, but his athletics are just as good. Plebe Year found him on the Swimming team, but sleeping on the floor was too much for him, so he made the switch to Company sports, where he has been a star ever since. Over the years, John has piled up some impressive beer drinking statistics, and is one of the few Mids who can claim to have slept on the Company officer's office floor. John has busied himself at the Academy by participating in various ECA's. He has been a member of the Dockclub since early plebe year and participated in F.A.S.T. 2 as a Second class. JR's ultimate triumph was in being king of the wrecking crew on Georgetown tramid youngster year While trying desperately to avoid the campus police, JR, KC, and Levy did everything from breaking into a closet to attending formal dances to trying to blow the place up. The memory of JR beating up a bed will live with us and the Georgetown students forever. Second Class year, John was Class President and mellowed out quite a bit. He really didn't let go until Army, where he received an indoctrination into the evils of grain alcohol punch. Though he has never taken a back seat to anyone, John is looking at a career as a Navy NFO. Always in the mood for some fun, we all look forward to seeing JR when the wrecking crew reunites in the years to come Good luck Johnny! One of the boys
KCP

Kirk Hymes
Altoona
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Marines
Home-body

Kirk comes from the friendly town of Altoona, Pennsylvania. So things could only get livilier. While most Plebes complain about the loss of social life, Kirk was ecstatic. Excitement began in the room. Kirk's biggest love was sleep and his roommates had a love for late night rumbles. Exit all patience and enter the Corafram Enforcer. When the rumbles began, the shoes flew. What an arm!

Freshman year ended and with his new found freedom, Kirk moved on to bigger and better things. Hello Holly! Ugh . . . Can I have my arm back? Sorry about the cumberbund Mark. Kirk's love life at Goucher may not have been much, but it allowed his roommates to expand their tentacles of abuse. Who would save Kirk? His roommates? Heck no . . . we're having too much fun. Of course . . . as always the Lt. comes through and cancels Kirk's weekend liberty. Woe is me . . . reduced to disco dogpen. But what's this California lovely doing here? Through the years many Mids have met their future brides in dogpen and being a strong believer in tradition, Kirk soon became engaged with this California dream. The change was drastic! What happened to all that free spirit? Kirk became known as the "home-body" his Senior year. Those dreaded bells approach. Good luck to you both . . . We love you . . . Enjoy Marine life.
JC



Kenneth M. Ikeda
Colma
California
Economics
Nuclear Power
Monk

July 6, 1979, a day that will live in infamy. It marks the start of a four year hermitage for the Monk. The Monk was once an undersized gloid from California, named Ken. Upon arriving at USNA, his consciousness was expanded by many: the Diddler, Arlo, Beanhead, 2-D Bob, and the Head. His funmeter became uncontrolably pegged when he learned that it would be three years before he would have to wear civies again, and dating another woman would be impossible for the first year (Ken would later explode in ecstasy when he found out that by taking duty for everyone he could avoid leaving the bowels of Bancroft indefinitely-except for leave, in which case he could bee-line it to Veronica's house).

Life inside the walls, however, did not prove to be total euphoria. Ken found out how much fun march-ons could be-especially when wearing a 6'4" football player's raincoat on his 5'5" Japanese body. Enter "the Monk". Rooming with "the head" was trying-trying to survive! But with the help of "Dawg", Monk pulled through. Except, of course, when it came to his "Linda Blair" outburst while the OOD was listening, or when returning to the launch site of his "Class-A" firework show. At least he came out with really good excuses for staying in the hall.

First class year was the toughest. No more room tours to serve, duty became a less appealing alternative and leaving was soooo easy. In the face of temptation, he turned to coaching sports. After going 1-7 in b-ball and 0-8 in ltwt football, he turned to the outside world (worse than Hari-Kiri). Then, after adding 3 JV b-ball players and still folding, Ken went off the deep end and went Nuke power and volunteered to coach another sport. We hope you keep on running free and reading comics Ken-San!
RB

James M. Kuzma
Steubenville
Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Kuz

Kuz rolled in here from the tough town of Steubenville, Ohio, the third in a line of Boat school basketball brothers, and just about had this place figured out from day one. Finding it tough to put his big feet into anyone else's footsteps, though, he quickly made a name for himself both on the court and off. Always there in times of need or for just plain hell raising (usually with his buddy Dick), Kuz left a lasting impression on whomever he met. Surviving on pain pills, athletic tape, and ice bags, he could not give up his affectation for large orange balls, no matter what the odds, and terrorized the courts for four years without regard for life or limb (what joints?).

Between basketball and weekends, he even found time to study a little; though never too much to interfere with a good hall-ball game, where once again his maniacal tendencies surfaced. Kuz's second best natural talent was his uncanny knack for finding a female companion anytime, anywhere, and for any occasion (and we all thought he had a face only a mother could love!). Kuz pulled one last surprise on us when he decided to make his commitment a deep and silent one. We all wish Kuz the best in the future and know he'll do great wherever he goes.

One of the boys.

Juan P. Llarena
Miami
Florida
History
Naval Aviator
Don Juan

Juan came to the U.S. of A. from Cuba as an infant fleeing from communism, but not without a tug on Castro's beard and a warning, "watch it buddy, I'll be back". The beanhead will always be remembered for his B.S., his raincoat, his B.S., his nose, his B.S., his flatulence, and most of all, his B.S. (It's no surprise that this History major is getting an "A" in Philosophy.) The Bean Head was at all times a man of frugality, buying a $350 car - well, actually $500 after it broke down on his first trip. But heck, it gets 8 miles to the gallon and it has a real nice car stereo. He is also a man of romance, meeting women from the far corners of Spain to the laundromats of Florida. Juan swears it's that stylish raincoat that gets them everytime. He can really show a girl a good time, with his roommate's car and money- but he really hates to borrow stuff. He can really court a girl too, like sending her a tape of the songs they heard together-too bad he never heard from her again

Juan lives like a king-all it takes is a little persuasion, like persuading the financial officer to give him $400 of his funny money to pay off his Spain debt (but man, it was worth every penny), and his roommate to lend him money, be it $20 or $500 (no one will be happier than Juan when his roommate gets his Nuke bonus). The Pinga man is above all else unique, a true Latin lover. And if after reading this you don't know what type of person he is, "I don't think you understand!!".
KMI

John McLoughlin
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Physical Science
Aviation
Mac

John came to the Academy with the belief that all a man needed was a fast car, a fast plane, fast women, and very fast feet. Well, that's all changed now. The only fast things John is capable of now are produced on the track and in his dreams. Being a prankster at heart, John has an unmatched capability of arousing a person's anger. What better way to start Monday morning off than with John playing alarm clock by banging your head against the wall. John also has a fear of losing his throwing arm. For his friends that resulted in a growing immunity to a pain you ladies will never know. John's only outstanding achievement freshman year was keeping up with a woman who had as much drive as him and making it thru Monday track practices. Sophomore year came and John dropped his "Sandy" ways. From there it was on to Exit 29 to quench his thirst. Goucher was exhuberant until it became obvious that many girls were meeting this same wonderful red-headed man who was great in . . .

When it came to women, John's standards were always the highest. Oh-oh, then who's that red-headed "lovely". That's O.K., though, the summer nights up at Ocean City were quite cold, it meant seeing that wonderful roommate of hers. Exit Red and enter Stac. Look Brian . . . I can't believe it either, Jerome. John's two running buddies were devastated to see their fellow stud reduced to playing kissy-kissy and smooch-smooch. Take off that stupid grin Kirk, we won't lose him to your kind. The future means good times, Jets and a losing battle with his receding hairline.
JC

Keith C. Phillips
Depere
Wisconsin
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
K.C.

KC first set his eyes on Mother B when he reported in on I-day. Being the innocent lad he was from Depere, Wisc. (notice the past tense) KC really didn't know what he was in for. Early during his plebe year he set his sights on Hyman's program and, after a slow start, soared to academic heights. When he wasn't working out (which was usually done from his rack), you could find him doing just about anything. A member in good standing of the Georgetown Wrecking Crew, KC stood ready to bail himself, Leavy, and JR out of jail. Also a terrorist on F.A.S.T. 2 and 3, KC spent the days literally blazing down the slopes with a half-mustached elf.

One summer evening, he was even spotted swimming in the Annapolis Harbor behind the afterdeck in his summer whites. But who can forget when he teamed up with JD to paint a hotel room with feathers and grain punch? An avid Packer and Brewer fan, KC acquired the taste of victory in the form of Tequila, grain, G&I's, and chocolate donuts. Also known as ''Queef'' and ''the Turtle'', KC established a reputation as one of the nicest guys around, who could always find time to help someone out. Off to glow with Hyman's best, he will be remembered as a good buddy to all who knew him. One of the boys.

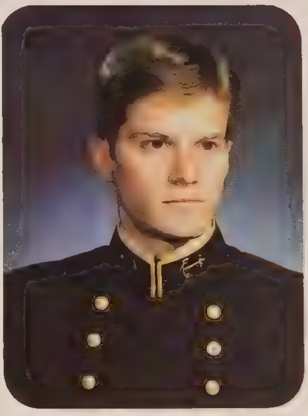
JRH

Lewis R. Powell
Scottsbluff
Nebraska
Systems Engineering
United States Marine Corps
Lew

Obliged to serve, Lew came to the Academy from the plains of western Nebraska. Prone to making short stories long, plebe summer severly restricted his freedom of expression; but was not severe enough to prevent such profound statements as, ''we play Virginia at home'', a fact which fun one '83 will long remember. Lew occupied himself at the Academy by pursuing his hobby, Systems Engineering, and also managing the profits and losses of computerized baseball. 1/C year Lew traded in phone bills for gas bills when his high school sweetheart turned fiancee transferred to Towson State University.

As he leaves the Academy, he will travel on to marriage, the Marines, and all of life under the guidance and direction of the Lord Jesus Christ.

LRP



Gordon Smith
Mobile
Alabama
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Smitty

After three years of being a Navy enlisted man, Smitty decided to move to higher ground, so he headed for Annapolis. He figured that he could be as good as the other officers he had seen, and he could definitely use the extra money. After laughing his way through Plebe summer, Smitty turned into a good pleber for Plebe year. The year was spent working hard, going out with JR and Keith, and listening to Bert's attempts to sing. Youngster year saw Smitty becoming one of The Boys. Things haven't been the same since. Highlights of the year were becoming a member of the Dock Club, the First Company Choir, and the Geototramid Wrecking Crew. After getting to know brother Ernie, he learned how to get around Newark as if it were home. Second Class summer saw Smitty teaming up with Paulie for road trips to Long Island every weekend. Curls were numerous that summer with extra baggage around the middle the result. Second Class year was quite the year. Hard work and hard play.

Christmas leave saw Smitty becoming a member of FAST. The spring found Smitty keeping the stats for the J.V. Lacrosse team coached by Coaches Schultheis and Heim. Smitty hopes to become a Navy NFO if his allergies will let him. Smitty was just one of The Boys.

GAS

FUN ONE

INTERSTATE
83

Michael S. Astleford
San Diego
California
General Engineer
Naval Flight Officer
Mike

On July 6, 1979, the nightly news reported that a strange figure wearing a cowboy hat, Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, and docksiders was headed toward USNA on a skateboard. No sooner than the San Diego kid became a Plebe than he had a major medical trauma that would mark him for the next four years: Z-burger overdose. The "Rack" started his career by sleeping on laundry bags in a closed closet during Plebe summer. He soon qualed for "Varsity Rack" and challenged everything from bore-us-alls to Plebe Chemistry

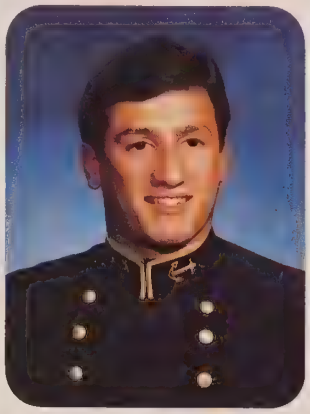
In his waking moments, "360" had time to become a Hubbard trained man which forever set his disposition toward Plebes. As a member of the "Fearsome Foursome", Mike hosted many a sessions of "guess-and-go-down". Late night sessions of D and D, along with an insatiable desire for weekend female companionship, met head on and defeated a USNA drive for Naval architects. First class year found Rack hopelessly in love with "real cars" and a "parrot". Driving the "Z" is just like what?!

Whether terrorizing Plebes, breaking his nose for the lightweights, or sacrificing his fingers for sailing, "Rackstar" always supported the Boat school. Good luck in your quest for NFO wings and remember—when in doubt, sleep on it. "AAAAEEE, 360"
WW/G

Danny L. Casmey
Monmouth
Oregon
Physical Science
United States Marine Corps
"Danny"

Dan came to us from the Marine Corps after a year of vacation at NAPS and lost no time in letting everyone know that it was the Marine Corps to which he would return; and the sooner the better. Plebe year Dan did a disappearing act by running cross country and track and it wasn't until youngster year that everyone realized he was a member of Second Company. By that time, Dan had already changed majors more times than we could count and, realizing he wouldn't be able to major in cross country or track, he decided to try his hand at Physical Science Youngster year, a certain young lady entered Dan's life and for the next two years he spent his weekends up in Pennsylvania; that is, when he could escape the books

Dan's four year battle with academics and the PCR brought many frustrations but, due primarily to his hard work and dedication, he was able to succeed with them as well as with anything else he attempted. Summers found Dan spending his free time earning his jump wings and Scuba Diver's qualification. (Take leave? Why would I do that?) First Class year found Dan engaged to his OAO in Pennsylvania but with little free time as a result of his escapades during Army week. It was then that Dan's true talents emerged and he became an official member of the Infamous Nine of Second Company. Graduation will find Dan married and back in the Marine Corps where he truly belongs. It's been great Dan and good luck to both you and Loyce. Semper Fi!
C.W



Javier M. Covelli
Winter Springs
Florida
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Jeff

Javier came to Annapolis from sunny Florida being able to bench 290 lbs., but yet found himself unable to push a 27oz. broom. Everyone thought that it would only be a matter of time, but we, and the Academy underestimated him!

So began a career of opposites, which saw such amazing things as a mellow easygoing guy become a regular member of the infamous EMBC, and a stocky kid who hates to run, ran like greased lightning on a "certain" November night

Never having lost his sunny smile, and aquiring an RX-7 to drive it around in, Jeff was never at a loss for women, or shall I say girls . . . for a guy with only two arms he could juggle like he had ten!

The "naughty nine" and the rest of us will miss you as you pack your things and head off for the future, but a friend in Jeff is a friend for life, and I'm looking forward to having you on my wing, flying the fast ones out of Pensacola

John D. Croce
Paulsboro
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Chow Call

John came to USNA a card-carrying member of the Elton John Fan Club from the bustling Philadelphia suburb of Paulsboro, N.J. A natural leader, "Chow Call" assumed the weekly ritural of announcing ". . . stations have been changed." Following the example of his favorite upperclass, he spent his afternoons on the bay with a chart in one hand and a stadimeter in the other. But his most remembered spectical of Plebe year was the annual "dining in", as John acquired a taste and then an aftertaste for the infamous "Buffalo Brew".

Youngster year brought the celebrated dance lessons and the late night hours of a real major Rocket continued that tradition secondclass year, though John spent many an hour examining the "sun" in search of the ultimate in cars. Settling for a loaded Grand Prix, he spent a leisurely summer in Hawaii and was convinced that Nuclear Power was the only way to go. Senior year with the "boys" has proved an adventure but soon John will be driving down to Orlando with the T-top down, Dylan on the radio and grandmom's home cookin' on his mind.

John D. Dace
Gainesville
Florida
Management
USMC Air
Chicken Strips

JOHN DAVID DACE left sunny Gainesville, Florida to attend NAPS, and ultimately ended up in Annapolis that unforgetful 6th of July as another one of "THE BOYS" of Second Company. John hid from the company his whole Plebe year, and could usually be found on the tennis courts playing varsity tennis. He missed being a Plebe on a squad table by staying on tea tables year round and eating his steerage favorite-CHICKEN STRIPS. This culinary delight also became his nickname. Youngster year brought John into the company scene, but "THE BOYS" were usually at the Army-Navy Club, or Charlie's, or under the bridge with their friend Jack. Second class year was not a good tennis year, but this didn't stop John though as he became one of the party organizers of the company. Who could forget the JBCR & RE with the fire extinguishers and boxer shorts, or the Blowout on the Bay with Purple Passions, or those trips in the Vette with the Bandana Boys to the Marriotts of D.C. The end of second class year brought John (the modern day KWAI CHANG) to a party at Indy and a summer of school, YP's again (he never could get away from those boats), and the Vinson

Well now, first class year is underway and John is still striving to party the hardest and pass a class or two. We know he will graduate without taking a PE TEST on time (thanks to the good Doc and his endless chits), but when he sets out, either surface or air will have him for their own Remember John, you will always be a great friend to us all, but above all, Pensacola, BABA O'REILLY, and "THE BOYS SOUTHERN CONTINGENT" wouldn't be the same without you
CDK

Neal W. Davidson
Alexandria
Louisiana
Political Science
Navy Air
Nealo

Neal has been bouncing off Naval Academy walls now for almost four years and not one of us is yet sure of exactly what his gig is. A true son of the South, Suh, Nealo charged north from Alexandria, Louisiana to take advantage of all the free food he could eat. Nealo made many friends and, never satisfied with the common, everyday names of most of them, he proceeded to give nicknames to practically everyone in the Company. As a Political Science major, Nealo was never one to be over enthused by academic pursuits, thus earning the self-inflicted nickname of "2.0" As an original member of the "Boys", Nealo contributed to the delinquency of Mids at the "JBCR+RE", the Liberty Bowl, the Marriot, the "Blow out on the Bay", Fran's (with amazing regularity), the French Quarter, and of course, on the multiple assorted road trips and miscellaneous parties. A master of "the Gator", 2.0 was always ready to roll on any dance floor. Neal's ways have somewhat changed in the last year though, since he started commuting in to his Poly-Sci courses from marvelous Gaithersburg, Md., and his priorities have had to be somewhat altered. Still undecided about his service selection, Nealo definitely has his heart set on the air community. Whatever you decide to do, Nealo, we all wish you the best of luck, and then some.
JH

Evan R. Edwards
Rensselaer
Indiana
Management
Navy Air
Chief

Evan came to the Academy a seasoned partier, and managed to keep this reputation during these past four years. Not one for the drudgeries of Plebe life, the "Chief" fled to the Varsity Sailing team for a safe harbor

Youngster summer, Evan went to the western Pacific. Quickly learning about the opportunities which awaited him in these distant lands, Evan was very rarely seen aboard ship. But knowing him, we feel sure that his intentions were good. Second class summer was a wild time for the "Words".

First class year brought a lot of excitement for "Words", starting with the summer, as he took charge of his very own YP. A lot of money came with this job, though. It's amazing how so much can be spent so fast Along with being Captain of the Sailing Team, Evan also became Editor of the Trident Calendar. This, along with the hardships involved in being a Management major, makes it hard to believe Evan still kept his socializing up to his regularly high standards

Evan plans to go Navy Air, and if he goes at it with his usual hard drive, he will have no problem becoming an outstanding pilot. Good luck to ya, buddy.
TAH

Benedict D. Espe
San Diego
California
Applied Science
Nuclear Submarines
Beeean

Ben arrived at the boat school a confused, long-haired, scrawny kid fron sunny San Diego, and will probably leave as a short-haired, bigger (not by much), and even more confused kid. Always known for helping out classmates during Plebe Summer and flopping down the halls in oversized corframs, he was labeled by his classmates as first "Foot" and later just plain "Foo " Ben always loved that one. One memorable occasion was when he called a female Firsty on regimental staff "a man" during an inspection and got sent to Regimental come-around. Later on at Canoe U. he made greater strides with Malapropism, and earned a new nickname when he greeted the Supe with "Hi Admiral, I'm Beean." Greatly known for his swimming prowess, he earned the title of "5-Star Rock" on the Varsity sub-squad. A great lover of study and hall social life, Ben surprised us all by getting smashed on two beers every two months or so. Ben had a "mid-course guidance change" during his youngster year. After struggling through 8 weeks, Ben saw the light and changed his major from EE to Computer Science. According to the Dean, he couldn't change his major just because he wanted out of Nuke Power

Despite all this, Ben's QRP rocketed and he secured a permanent place by the computer at Ward Hall. Ben will put his major into good use in the nuclear power program, driving submarines, despite what the admiral thinks about computers. Ben also participated in the Catholic Choir, rising to the post of Secretary, and spent a couple of semesters as a "Greyhound of the Severn" when he couldn't find a sport. California grown and California spun, look for Ben to spread some California sun in some dark control room deep in the blue Pacific

David A. Fisher
Arnold
Maryland
English
Nuclear Submarines
Dave

Good morning, Admiral, your Honor, the Board will plainly show the Middie that now glows before you was caught red handed studying English; studying English of a most unnuclear nature. This will not do!!

Dave thought that he would fool everyone by sneaking into the Nuclear Navy as an English major. The thing is, this Maryland native and currant Arnold resident managed to pull it off. Just a hop and a skip from Crabtown, Dave came to USNA with high hopes and pleasant memories of civilian college life. Managing to survive the hostile environment of plebe summer, Fish had a mild first semester. Then he came head to head with Mr. Marine himself. How he managed to survive all the napalm bracing-up, and thirty minute continuous rate come-a-rounds is unfathomable to those who have never experienced hell!! Youngster year brought much needed relief, and second semester he saw the light and changed from Marine Engineering (HGR'S favorite) to English, a pleasent change. Second class year was a breeze, except for the departure of a roommate and close friend Steve Kennedy. First class year brought on all the luxuries of life, but Dave soon found that conduct work took up more time than homework

None the less, Fish managed to survive the onslaught of Company,conduct cases long enough to finish those lab reports and English papers the night before they were due. Now that Dave has become one of "Rickover's boys" I wish him the best of luck—and may he survive even that. Study hard, Scu!!!
FKW

Anthony R. Gallop
Coeur d'Alene
Idaho
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Andy

Andy comes from a wild place west of the Mississippi where the trees are green, fishing is good, men are men, and the livestock live in fear. During his first months here, he earned his nickname of White Works by becoming a plank owner on the excused squad.

Youngster year found Andy busy enjoying Systems Engineering and wasting away his spare moments (precious few) becoming a double ace mouser and arguing gun control with Schleprock.

The weekends during second class summer gave Rop a chance to relax between the weekly bustramids and earn the nickname Two Beer Gallop attempting to fly around the Marriot after his second brew. Second class year will be remembered for the many road trips north in search of the Holy Grail - or something; Andy still doesn't know what he's looking for up there.

First class cruise was a carrier for Andy, and he divided his time on cruise between living a jet dream and inflating plastic bags.

With the occurance of first class year, Andy has alternately pursued and been pursued by academics and the mystery romance. Rop has mastered everything he has attempted here with the exception of writing a half page letter in an hour or less, and all he lacks are those "Wings of Gold". Wherever you go Andy, be it to answer the call of the wilderness, the wild blue yonder, or wedding bells and a stationwagon - Godspeed and the best of luck.
R

Donald J. Haas, Jr.
Peru
Illinois
Computer Science
USMC Air
Haaser

Donnie came to Annapolis from the cultural mecca of Peru, Illinois where crowds have been known to flock to see a band called "the Jerks", and then bop 'til they drop. This all happens after $.50 oldstyles at a place called "The Pub". Plebe year Haaser excelled academically to the point of winning a seat on the highly acclaimed AC. Board. At this time he was also faced with a choice between the Gridiron or graduation and reluctantly chose the latter. After an "enlightening" youngster cruise to the uh, er Virgin Islands, Don returned to U.S.N.A. and became a member in good standing of the "Dock Club." A "Sunshine Soldier" by no means, Don could be found at the Club in almost any weather. As a youngster, Hossman realized that there were some things you just couldn't learn in Peru.

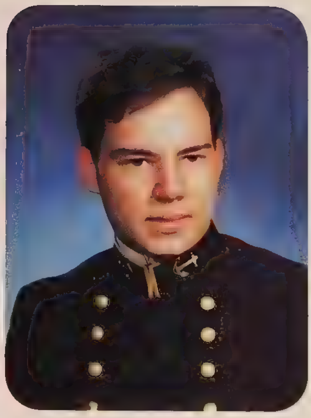
As a third year man Don channeled his efforts to travel and with boundless energy became a near legend in Foxy's '68 Galaxy. Countless trips to "the 'Vouz", Georgetown, and even a 3 day excursion to Florida over Easter break '82 had Hossman in the co-pilot's seat, keeping the crew in line and entertaining the crowd. Don also gave much time and effort to introduce Tony the Zoonie to the Navy way of life. As a firstie, Don became our Vice-President and finally decided that studying wasn't so bad after all. Where ever Don goes after graduation, we're sure he'll succeed in his five year military career.
BD

Timothy A. Herndon
New Orleans
Louisiana
Marine Air
Herndog

The military was nothing new to Timothy Alfred Herndon. Plebe summer was a party for him after four long ones at M.M.A. Midn. 4/C Herndon could not only swim like a fish, he could drink like one too. Practice makes perfect! New Orleans was our first encounter with Tim in the stick When he said that we were going to fly high, we flew high. And the ride didn't stop once we touched down

Protramid brought out a few of Tim's better traits. For instance, Stroh's for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Leave found Herndon spending time in North Carolina with some kissin' cousins Here he found his favorite food, Beaver! Mech "E" Herndog, in anticipation of long and exciting weekends first class year, bought a new '82 Firebird, SE. Plans were altered by a couple swell guys, the Rocket and Wild Bill.

Graduation sees Herndog on his way to the land of hairlessness. Pensacola follows this unhairy experience in hopes of the F-18. The sky is the limit for Tim. Best of luck; We love Ya.



Steven R. Herrmann
Centralia
Illinois
Economics
Navy Air
Mellow

Straight from suburgiaville, U.S.A. and the bosom of the American dream, Steve came to Annapolis from fabulous, fun-filled Centralia, Illinois. On arrival at USNA, Steve was shocked to find that there was more to life than Cardinal baseball, 3 hours of tennis a day, and small town sweethearts. Plebe summer brought about the conception of the ''Born to Run'' squad and Steve was off and running to plebe year and Charlie's, not to mention the library. With youngster year came hours spent on the Docks and, for Steve, the continuation of his highly pilgrimage to the Temple of Nimitz. Never one to worry about grades ''Mr. Concerned'' soon began his intimate relationship with the world of Economics.

Always known for his zany, devil-may-care approach to life (''Come on you guys, somebody has to sweat it . . . ''), ''Mellow'' opened a second chapter in his life story over second class summer. With Jimmy Buffet as background music, and as a charter member of the O.C.I.C. and the ''3-C'' summer experience, Steve pillaged many a village and soon had to head for the mountains of Bavaria to explore new party resources. Academic year took Steve Herrmann, M.D. (a man of extremes) and ''The Boys'' to all ''48'' continental United States to make parking lots of D.C., the Penn Center, Memphis, Rosenshein's on the Bay, Myrtle Beach, and Indianapolis. Finally, first class year brought out the charm in those chinese eyes and ''Herrmann's Harem'' became the talk of Fran O's and many a pre-football breakfast with the Boys. Who knows what's next?

Good luck in the sky, Steve, and we all hope you have as much fun finishing your life story as we have had helping you open it. Take care, buddy, and keep in touch.
JRH

John R. Hults
Memphis
Tennessee
Oceanography
Surface Line
Hultsy

A wild-eyed southern boy from the word go, Hultsy arrived at the Academy for plebe summer and immediately became the spiritual leader of the infamous ''Born to Run'' squad Never known for his industriousness in the academic arena, Ooh was, however, the master at being able to do well enough to get by, no matter how bleak the situation appeared. By youngster year, ''The Boys'' had become a close knit group and Hultsy began to show his true party colors. Weekends found him in D.C. at the Army - Navy Club, or out on the city docks with the rest of ''The Boys''. Hot on the tail of youngster year came second class summer, and Hultsy was part of the ''3-C summer experience'' that ravaged the entire eastern seaboard

Second class year came and road trips to Myrtle Beach, Indianapolis and Ocean City replaced D.C. and the Docks for weekend social outings. While most of us bought sports cars with our loans, Hultsy tooled up from Memphis (home of the Liberty Bowl) in a baby blue '54 Caddy to begin first class year

Always the innovator, Hultsy initiated the Saturday morning ''Fellowship Breakfast'' during football season that year. A little pre-Army fun that year found Hultsy earning his ''Black N'' along with the rest of the ''Naughty Nine''—the crowning act of his four years by the Bay

An Oceanography major, and a true lover of the deep blue, John will surely find his niche in Surface Line. Good luck, partner, we'll all miss you

Andrew F. Jensen, III
Marlton
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Drew

Drew arrived at USNA from the metropolis of Marlton, N.J. in a whirlwind of calculators, pencils and Mech E notes. Having established himself as the vulch-out king of plebe summer, and successfully passing through the pains and rigors of plebe year, he was ready to arm himself for battle and entrench himself in Mech E warfare. As long as Fred's logistics and communications lines kept intact, he was able to keep on top of the world of statics, dynamics, and heat transfer. But what happens to us all seemed to happen to Drew as well. Soon he was known as the Leonard Nimoy of his major, as he was always in search of gouge. Drew found himself setting up housekeeping at the library, plowing through endless pads of engineering paper and enjoying many 'late nights and red-eyed mornings' only to discover that his dreams of a high QPR slowly faded away

Now that Andy has discovered that you don't have to be a bull major to go Surface or Corps, he will bring his good nature, his honesty (he was a unanimous selection for Company Honor Rep four straight years), and his mother's chocolate chip cookies to whatever branch he chooses. It's been really great having you here, roomie Take care, God bless, and smooth sailing, eh?
FKW

Christopher Kiergan
Indianapolis
Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Elf

Chris Kiergan alias the Elfman, came to the Academy from the thriving metropolis of Indianapolis, Indiana where the most fun they have all year is the 500. Chris has been groomed as a Midshipmen since his conception in 1961. He is one of three Kiergan's that have walked the halls of Bancroft. In fact, if it was not for the Academy his family would only have half of a furnished house

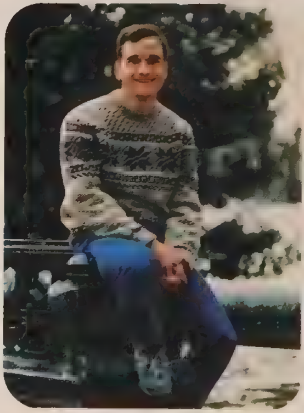
During Chris's first couple of years at the Academy he was your typical small town boy, quiet, unassuming, with a devoted girlfriend at home. He passed those years keeping a 3.2 grade point average in Mech E, playing in Co. intramurals, and running an occassional marathon

Then came second class year and a seven year commitment. Chris started this commitment with a celebration and ended up with seven years plus thirty days of restriction. Since then Chris could be found in the wardroom, the Jacuzzi at the Marriot, roaming the countryside looking for a party with the boys or chasing Woops. As for what is in store for Chris in the future, nobody is really sure, but my guess is he will be Florida bound. Well, one thing is for sure; he is a good friend, and our Academy days will be sorely missed. Good luck from Chicken and the Boys
JD

Alan W. Lenz
Annapolis
Maryland
Surface Line
Alan

Alan was born on the crest of a wave, proclaimed a Surface Liner from birth. Adjusting to Naval Academy life was not difficult for Alan, the son of Navy's supreme athletic mastermind coach 'Pep' . After four weeks of Mech ''E'' and a zero on his statics test, he settled into the docile world of Oceanography. Time at USNA for Alan is just time away from the sea. ''I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,'' ''and all I need is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by.'' Fair winds and following seas. May God bless you always
DAF

Joseph A. Mokris
Franklin Lakes
New Jersey
History
United States Marine Corps
Joe
UUU-RAHH



Walter T. Molano
Flushing
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Walter-Tee

After 4 years at Molloy, Rudy and Nelly packed Wally off to Annapolis. During his four years at Navy, he established himself as the resident liberal of the First Wing. Known for his pioneering in the testing of the Admin. Conduct System, Wally found the Cookbook interesting as he managed to dodge all the fries possible. Perhaps that is why he took all those law courses.

Wally did a short trial period with a local kid named Joni, but he finally met up with Mary Beth, HIS O.A.O. from Centralia

Navy accomodated Wally well; he hopped to Europe 4 times free, spending little time waiting in airports but having more time in the Beerhalls of Munich and Cafes of Paris. As a Preppy abroad, he partied in Morocco and conmounded the Germans in East Berlin. Wally also brought some of Europe back with him, establishing the finest Deli in Mother 'B'.

Despite a 3 year devotion to Navy Air, Wally tried out for Nuke Power to pay off his Visa bill None the less, he was sorrowfully let down and will fly anyway. With afterburns on and flaps up, Wally will make the big connection with M.B. after graduation.
GOOD LUCK AND FLY NAVY.

Amado M. Parra
Ocala
Florida
Political Science
Cryptology
Sex Dog

Mike came to Annapolis from the sunshine of Florida and wasn't about to let any of us forget it He carried University of Florida sports so far that most of ''the boys'' became ''Gator haters'' just to stick the needle in the old Sex Dog. A bonafide sports buff, Sexy trampled anyone or anything in the path of the mail box on the day his weekly Sporting News arrived. From his extensive readings on the subject of sports, Mike acquired an incredible bank of trivia knowledge that nauseated most of the rest of ''the boys.'' By Second Class year, however, Sexy had struck an acceptable compromise between sports and an occassional 'social' outing with ''the boys.'' He solidified himself as a true party animal, seeker of good times and man of the world that spring with an amazing display of endurance, as a four man contingent of ''the boys' steamrolled Myrtle Beach—Suuueeey!!! There was no holding him back at this point-weekend road trips took a back seat only to Monday Night Football on his personal table of priorities. Unfortunately for Sexy, PCR ranked rather low on that same list and Mike found himself bolstering his professional knowledge on the Greyhounds of the Severn for a few weekends first class year Take in the bow line Sexy!

Seeking adventure in an otherwise dull and boring Army Week, Mike and eight other loyal members of ''the boys'' set out for a little 'spirit related' fun in the Yard. What followed will no doubt go down in the history of this illustrious institution as the 'Great Jimmy Legs Caper.' Mike and the rest of the 'Naughty Nine'' received Black N's, while the Brigade lauded them as heroes-much to the dismay of the administration. Thirty days restriction was a small price to pay for the kind of notoriety that gives a spot in the conduct Hall of Fame. Sexy will leave us for either the Supply Corps or Cryptology. Good luck bro, stay out of trouble and keep in touch
SH

Robert M. Piroumian
La Crescenta
California
Physical Science
Navy Air
Piro

Piro left the land of endless summers to join the party animals of Second Company in the summer of 79. It wasn't long before Piro distinguished himself as Wuba Commander (Parents' Weekend). He was honored with that title for his four years here. Piro was also recognized as a fine athlete earning two varsity letters in 150 lb Football

He is truly a unique individual. With the conclusion of his youngster year Piro decided to conclude his military career. Civilian life was the only one for him. Piro left in fine fashion by clearing a local dance floor to the song "Take This Job And Shove It" and a final skinny dip in the Michelson-Chauvenet fountain. Navy had Piro hooked for good though. Before the begining of Second Class year Piro had once again cut his hair and joined the Boys. Since then he's created many weekend adventures. Most we'll always remember. Some we'd like to forget. Second class year brought many a Marriott weekend. With Piro's help, the Boys successfully turned Abbey's into a parking lot on numerous occasions. The most memorable was probably the Tinsel-Head, tension breaker weekend. Of course no one could forget the first annual JBCR&RE at Army that year (the Penn Center Inn won't). Many can only barely remember

Spring break took a few of the Boys to challenge the New Hampshire slopes. Manchester, NH was not ready for Piro and the Boys that week. Beowolf's in D.C. was not prepared to deal with Piro's dancing on the awning outside the second story window either. That will teach them to expand the dance floor. We're all looking forward to reuniting with Piro in Pensacola after graduation to tear up the south

Michael J. Quinlan
Plymouth
Massachusetts
Aerospace Engineer
Naval Flight Officer
Looza

It all started in Plymouth, Massachusetts in 1979. Mike Quinlan was prepping himself to enter Syracuse University as a freshman Engineer when the waves and sea grabbed his attention When we heard "you Looza" echo through the halls of Bancroft, we knew that Mike was at USNA to stay. His favorite phrase stuck with him as his nickname for the endurance. However, his great attention to detail and continuous hard work plebe year also saw him called "Mr Concern" and "Mom". Unfortunately for the striper organization, Quince loosened up after a few weekend excursions with "The Boys" and became a leader among party animals rather than men. Truly a memorable evening as Looza was ejected for being caught by the newspapers during his outbursts of craziness: JBCR&RE, wrestling in the snow, etc. Although Mike was always the life of the party on the weekends, Mr. Concern came to life every grading period as Mike continued in Aerospace Engineering and maintained better than a 3.0 GPA

When it came to athletics, the Looza was the winner. A member of Navy's Cross Country Team as a plebe, Mike decided to train himself to be one of the best marathoners in school. For service selection, Quince had another moment of insanity and thought he wanted to go Nuc. But a few words of advice saw Mike back in the sky as a Navy NFO. I hope P-cola is ready for him because Annapolis will never forget him. Good luck Looza, stay a winner
RP

Andrew H. Schlaepfer
Ithaca
New York
Political Science
United States Marine Corps
Drew

In the spring of 1979 Andrew was minding his own business as a frosh at Principia College in Illinois when he received an emergency telegram from USNA. It seems that Adm. Lawrence was putting together a Company full of total party animals. Drew immediately made his reservation at the Hotel Bancroft.

Nobody could pronounce his name, therefore it was logical that Drew would be the first one of the "Boys" from 2 to get a nickname. He made it easy for us by saying "Navy Crew Sir!" Thus, Crew Drew was born. With Drew as their Captain, the plebe Lightweight Crew team won the Eastern sprints for only the second time in Navy history.

The only thing anybody remembers Crew doing youngster year was putting down Hubbard Hall as his leave address for spring break (the place gets locked up over Christmas). Second class year, however, the true Schleprock emerged. His duties second class year included class Secretary, Squad Leader and Officer-In-Charge of nightly push-up parties in the barn on 3-3

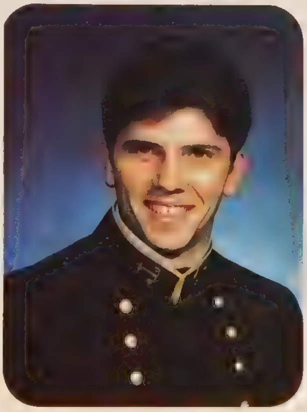
Drew set his sights on a flaming plebe summer as a Platoon leader ("How do you spell my name, mister?") and then led "The Boys" as Company Commander. Not a bad record for a kid from Ithaca, New York, and the best is yet to come

Alan D. Silver
Spruce Pine
North Carolina
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Aldo Cella

"Disco Al, the Teacher's Pal" rolled in from the hills of North Carolina to start his career as a Midshipman. Coming from a "dry" county, it did not take this country boy long to establish himself at the local watering holes. "Life in the fast lane" here at Navy did not cause Aldo to lose contact with his hometown sweeties. He always received the most interesting mail from his Cadre While on youngster cruise, Midn Silver learned that three is never a crowd. Fly them friendly skies

Second class summer gave many interesting and exciting memories but few memorable experiences Uncle Bud took care of him. He was at the Center Stage of the Academic Arena and also the Mariott Arena on the weekends A wink of the eye and a spin of the bottle and Al was back to Mother Nature Al was an integral part of the Company basketball and Lt. Wt. ftball teams He had many outstanding moves on the field, both in season and out

Al received his own platoon first class year but still found time to excel athletically and socially Second Company's dancin machine decided to join the Nuclear Power program Nuc school will be a breeze for Aldo but we wish him luck in surviving those extended tours away from wine and women We love Ya Aldo, just like a brother
TH & EE



Michael T. Simmons
Daytona Beach
Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Turtle

It was in the summer of '79 that a skinny, sun tanned kid from Daytona Beach sauntered in thru the gates of U.S.N.A. Coming from a rock-and-roll background, "Turtle" was an instant hit at his youngster's come-arounds for his consistent ability to 'stop the music'. Having had enough Florida sunshine for 18 years, Mike opted for a 73 day luxury vacation somewhere under the atlantic ocean for youngster cruise. With his eyes glowing and and his chest shining from two sub pins, Mike dove into his 3/c masochistic Engineering courses with zeal that would make Rickover jealous

Starting as an innocent plebe, "Turtle" was soon corrupted and could be seen finishing off kegs at tailgaters or 'looking for his head' at Franny-O's. Initially timid with the ladies, Mike solved that problem mathematically by discovering the inverse relationship between shyness and alcohol consumption. Academics always agreed with him and after a semester as 2/c Company Commander, he landed the ultimate 1/c skate job: a non-marching 3 striper billet on Brigade staff (Asst. Ops.)

No one really knows if it is was the call of the silent service or his Visa bill that convinced 'the dancin fool' to go the way of $6000 and three month periods of all male companionship. We do know, however, that he'll be a great success
GSW

John D. Streit
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Oceanography
Navy Air
Doug

"Those who trust in the Lord are as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abides forever. As the mountains surround Jerusalem, so the Lord surrounds his people from this time fourth and forever."

Everyone puts his faith in someone, or something, during his lifetime. Our lives are controlled by what we believe, whether our beliefs are valid or not. While he was at the Naval Academy, Doug decided to let the Lord be the one to control his life. He learned to put his faith in Jesus Christ, and in what He claimed to be the truth

"Unless the Lord builds the house, they labor in vain who build it; Unless the Lord guards the city, the watchman keeps awake in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to retire late, to eat the bread of painful labor; for He gives to His children even in their sleep."

"But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my dear bretheren, be steadfast, let nothing move you, always give yourselves fully to the work of the Lord, for you know that your labor in the Lord is not in vain." PSALM 125:1, 2 PSALM 127:1, 2 I CORINTHIANS 15:57, 58

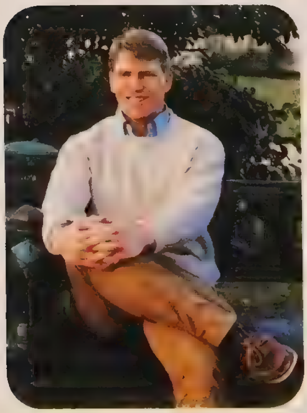
Tyrone M. Thames
Fayetteville
North Carolina
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Ty

We've all heard of the Land of the Ladies but few of us have had the opportunity to visit there, Well Tyrone lived there under the Carolina Sunshine for 17,886 years. He ventured out of this land on a sunny day in June and was captured by a spirit promising great adventures and fair weather sailing The result was a transporting from the Land of Sunshine to the Land of the Plebes

Tyrone left North Carolina in search of education and yearning for knowledge. He found quite a bit more. Despite all else he has still managed to do well here. His quest for wisdom now leads him to yet another world. The underworld of Nuclear Knowledge. I wish him luck as he goes down in his ship to the sea

Tyrone remember as you've always thought: You want to integrate me into your anonymity because it is my right you think to be like you. I want your right to be like yourself

I would additionally like to say hello to Tony and Shellarnetta an older brother and a younger sister of Tyrone's. Thanks to his Mom and Dad. As well I would like to say Good luck and do well Joey who is a younger brother and member of USNA '86. "May God Bless You All."



Michael R. Vermillion
Columbus
Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Mike

Mike came to us from the midwestern town of Columbus, Ohio. Having never seen a ship before, he adapted to the Navy fast and managed to make it through plebe year in the easiest manner possible

Choosing the treacherous path of Mechanical Engineering, he survived the "Rocket" and Wild Bill but his grades came down as his weekends went up. Of course, the big weekend came in February of youngster year when he met his one and only lady. Intramurals were his specialty with being a soccer ref. a highlight, but he'll never beat his perfect record as a fieldball coach

First class year brought a new car (one with a muffler) and the interview with the Admiral Choosing a life underwater, he did the most practical thing with his bonus; he spent it

As graduation approaches the wedding bells grow louder with nuc school close behind. We look forward to seeing him in Orlando Bark

Floyd K. Walker, Jr.
Waldron
Arkansas
English
Surface Line
Keith

Keith saw the Naval Academy for the first time on I-Day when he arrived from the small town (60 miles to the nearest McDonald's) of Waldron, Arkansas. Plebe summer went well, although he was heard walking through the halls saying, "Tick tock, I am a clock." Floyd's Plebe year was very interesting. Between academics, the "baddest" second classmen in the company, and a gasolene powered M-16, things were always lively.

Floyder found youngster year a lot smoother with the exception of Flash Gordon of the Physics Department and a sinusoidal love life. Keith established himself as one of the highest scorers in Second Company fieldball history; where he was affectionately known as Pinky.

First class year had great potential with unlimited weekends and the Stango in the parking lot; however Keith's knee had other plans for him and things were delayed for a couple of months Through the good and bad times Keith kept working, taking things as they came. It was a pleasure rooming with him and I wish him happiness in the Surface Navy and everthing else he does.

DJ

George J. Walter
Sudbury
Massachusetts
Operations Analysis
Navy Air
Chip

Hailing from Sudbury, Massachusetts, George C. Walter (known by the aliases of "Chip" and "Chub") arrived at this institution with lacrosse on his mind. Before he could get on the field though, he had to survive plebe summer with the famous "Sausage Links" and all the trouble that came with him. Chip's plebe year was spent working hard on lacrosse, with the exception of many trips to Charlies with the "Under the Bridge Boys" and their friend "Jack."

Memories of youngster year center around the famous trips to D.C. with stops at Benny's and the Army-Navy Club. The party at the Army-Navy Club is when the boys really became close, but the pictures of Chip getting close are just too kinky for anyone to see

Second class year brought the end of Chip's lacrosse career. Without a sport to play, Chip turned his agressive instincts toward company lightweight football. He played an incredible defensive line and on offense he had a mean pair of hands (a fact that could be seconded by Amy)

First class year brought with it Wardroom Presidency, trips with the party animals, and a lot of extra weight around the middle. As the year draws to a close, Chip will head toward Florida to learn to fly, but he will always be remembered as a true friend to us all. Our days at the Academy will be sorely missed, but all of us will be together in Florida, so see you there. Good luck to you Chip, from all of the boys.

CK

George S. Whitbeck
Clearwater
Florida
Computer Science
United States Marine Corps
General

That fateful day in July of 1979 (which is a blur to most of us) was the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition for George. The path he took to USNA was somewhat unique. Born in Syracuse, New York and living in Saudia Arabia for several years before settling in sunny Florida, George decided to put off entering Annapolis until he earned his party quals at the "North American Party School."

George marched through gate 1 intent on marching out four years later with an Aerospace Eng. Degree and an F-14 ticket to P-cola. In most respects he was a model plebe: He could memorize an issue of "proceedings" in one hour, was a veritable marching machine, and knew more pro-knowledge than most Company officers.

In the fall of youngster year, George had to resort to a flip of a coin to decide between changing majors or seeing his latest sweetheart. It was later reveiled he used a two headed coin that Cathy supplied

The 'General' was really busy 2/c year. He got "married" twice, once to the Navy and once to the girl who made USNA lose one Aero major

Whatever his M.O.S., the Marines can be assured that they are getting one gungy human in the 'General'. Get used to that nickname, George, because everybody will probably call you that someday

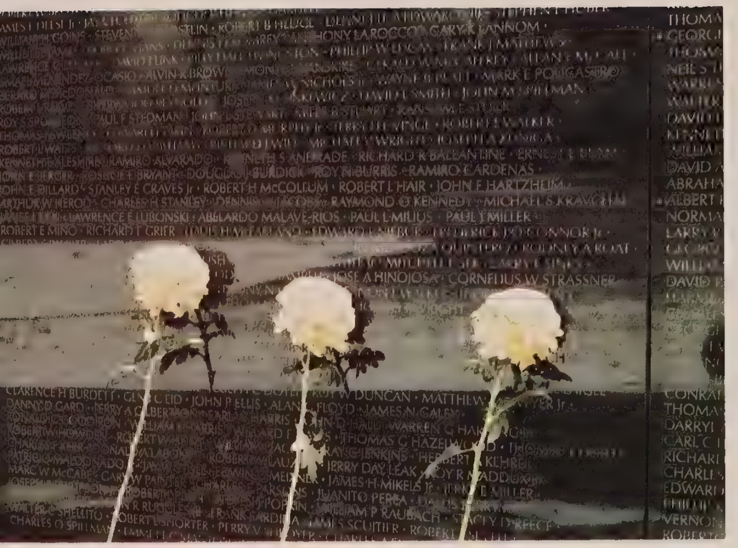
MS

James E. Yotz
Enumclaw
Washington
Political Science
Navy Air
Polly

Eric began applying to the Naval Academy with hopes of some day becoming an outstanding nuclear power candidate. He would constantly read in dimly lighted rooms in hope of getting one of those really nifty glasses you get from medical. Then, one day, it happened. All the wine, women and song got to him and he became a new man. He entered the Academy as a newly born flower-child. The barbers had a field day getting him ready for his new career. Although he tried to avoid getting into mischief, he somehow managed to be the center of attention, and often by the wrong crowd. His antics range from sweeping "nuns" off their feet to doing the same to our Jimmy-legs. Lucky for him he had a natural ability to talk his way out of, and sometimes into, some "HOT" situations

In any case, he now has the background to leave the Academy and enter the elite group of Navy fighter pilots. Eric, I'll see you in Pensacola. Meantime, good-luck, stay out of trouble and remember to save a few MIGS for me

MARYLAND
GLC 21


ROBERT H McCOLLUM · ROBERT L HAIR
ABELARDO MALAVE-RIOS · PAUL L MILIUS · PAUL J MILLER
JOSE A HINOJOSA · CORNELIUS W STRASSNER
JOHN P ELLIS
JERRY DAY LEAK
WILLIAM P RAUBACH
JAMES SCUITIER
CHARLES O SPILLMAN

LOOSE DEUCE

ACADEMY CREW

Pamela J. Allinger
Wilmington
Delaware
Physical Science
Supply Corps
Pam

Growing up with Pam at Navy has been quite interesting, with many good times as well as some bad ones. Pam started out very quiet and reserved and as the years passed, she didn't change too much—outwardly at least. She would like us all to believe that she is sweet and innocent, but her close friends and roommates know her beyond that. Daily life with Pam has definately been amusing—We have never seen anyone brush their teeth as long as Pam does We swear she won't have any teeth left by the time she's 25! Who could forget the revolving door that Santa gave Room 1132 for Christmas Plebe year?

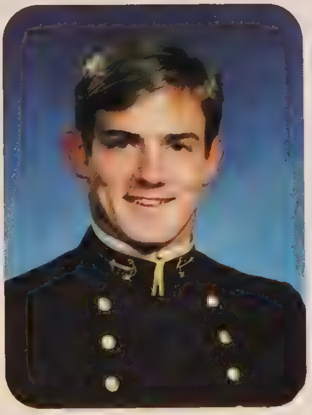
Popcorn wars during the easy going days of Youngster year were always fun, especially when Alvin cleaned up! That was also the year Pam became an "enlightened engineer."

As we progressed into a long Second Class year, Pam brought along an extra friend, and Bell telephone will never be the same.

First Class year began with a 45 day adventure in which Pam realized that Surface Line was not for her, and that she could sleep the majority of the day. Liberty in Toulon included Fawn, exotic pig roasts, and "No problem. . . if you like . . .", which Pam didn't. Once Ac year began, Pam assumed the duties of AcO and developed a dislike for green markers and "SHP's." Having deserted gymnastics after 3 brutal semesters, First Class year found Pam in her second year on the Crew Team, where she excelled, and instigated the pull-up club, always encouraging and motivating her teammates.

Pam, we wish you the best of luck, and may no one ever see you without your hair curled and combed.

AMF, LAT



Michael J. Arnold
San Jose
California
Applied Science
Supply Corps
Judd

One of the Dynamic Duo from Northern California. Plebe year was highlighted by a run-in with the Platapus and many hours on the wrestling mat.

With youngster year came 150's, the "11 o'clock buzz", and "the next company function."

Second semester brought the Dynamic Duo together along with the Redhead. This led to domestic tranquility and revealing study hours. They say second class year is the toughest and Mike did everything he could to make that statement true. Another lightweight season brought an N-star But, Army week ended in a bang and left the Duo's future hazy. When the smoke cleared Mike and his partner in crime brushed off quite a bit, and then entered first class year as second class while the final third of the room was contemplating how six stripes would look

First class year brought another N-star and a quest to revitalize Third Company tailgaters Judd has left his mark here at the Academy, but it has been a two-way street. Mike's advice to those we leave behind is - remember they can get harder, but they can't get any longer.

DJM

Anthony R. Basile
Newton
Connecticut
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Mama Basile

Tony came to the Boat school from Connecticut by way of Rhode Island. After spending some time in the real Navy, Tony spent a year at NAPS preparing for his eventual success at USNA

While at NAPS, Tony's alias Mama Basile, somehow managed to get a OPR over 4.0 and finish first in the class Adjustment to life at the Naval Academy was difficult. This was illustrated by his academic and physical collapse. Tony suffered the ignople fate of receiving a few B's, though he didn't receive any during his stay. Tony didn't do his workouts in the library

Lacking the speed in the shorter races, Tony turned to the marathon as an outlet for his energies, putting in some notable performances at the Penn relays. G.W. Birthday, and New York City Marathons. Personal triumphs aside, Tony was an integral part of the Company and willing to help anyone who asked.

Second class year, Tony decided he needed a break from USNA so he went to the Coast Guard Academy for a semester. While there, he managed to enroll in an Italian course at Conn College (90% women). To top things off, 1st class summer he went on a foreign exchange cruise to where else . . . Italy. Tony set a record for changing service selections 5 times in one week. The winner in the end was Nuclear Power, but Tony will be hard-pressed to find a sub big enough to train for a marathon. He is sure to succeed and will prove a valuable asset to the Nuclear Navy

JR

Kenneth W. Fancher
Altus
Oklahoma
Physical Science
USMC Air
"Fanch"

Ken came to USNA from good ole Altus, Oklahoma. He was a firm believer in working hard, but always liked to play just as hard. Ken and two of his football buddies were members of an elite group; the only mids ever to be caught red-handed by the Dant scaling the wall

Ken's greatest contributions were to the Navy football team. Winner of the Admiral Mac Award youngster year, he went on to earn three varsity letters playing linebacker for the middies. Ken achieved many of the goals he set for himself in academics and athletics. With service selection rapidly approaching, he still hasn't decided whether he'll be wearing green or blue in P-Cola Whatever the choice, we know he'll make an outstanding pilot.

John M. Farrell
Severna Park
Maryland
Applied Science
Navy Pilot
John

John came to Navy from a little town up river called Severna Park. He lived so close to the Academy that he left home a half an hour before his reporting time with a copy of reef points and yard gouge already under his belt. A distance runner at heart, John thought the three mile run was the best part of pep. He spent four years on the Cross Country team, but due to a high school injury, never ran a race. Instead, he turned his talents to managing and road racing. When John wasn't running, you could be sure to find him in Severna Park (but not at his house).

John came to the Naval Academy with a single goal in mind; to earn a set of golden wings. He constantly had this objective in mind and never let anything come between his eyes and flight school

A lifetime east coaster, John fell in love with San Diego on youngster cruise. Three weeks of carrier flight OPS were a dream come true for this shuttlebug. John's second class year accomplishments numbered two: 1) applying his accounting knowledge by auditing his midshipmen's budget records, and 2) getting back his plebe summer girlfriend.

John took off in May for a 7 week vacation in Denmark and left Kathy and his 280-ZX at home. Every Friday aboard the Danish ships, you could be sure to find John on the quarterdeck awaiting liberty call. Those Danish beaches, castles and nightclubs were a welcome sight after five hard days at sea

John returned to his car in July and brought back something special for Kathy. After a chapel wedding in the fall, John and Kathy will be off to Pensacola and a good life together. God bless you both.
WKL

Frazier W. Frantz
Sicklerville
New Jersey
Applied Science
Supply Corps
Friz

Friz came to the Academy from the shores of southern New Jersey wearing a pair of regulation P.E. shorts and sporting a fashionable ''high and tight.'' With the support of letters from mom and dad, Friz sweated through Plebe year with flying colors. As an upperclassman, he assumed the role of the ''God of 4.0'' and began to show signs of relaxation — he actually removed his uniform during study hour. To make himself feel more at home, Friz recruited his girlfriend, Stephanie, to the University of Maryland

As a Second Class and as a Firstie, he spent most of his time wearing #85 on the gridiron and occasionally asking directions to the Nimitz library. Things would not have been the same without the camraderie and friendship of both his teammates and classmates. While he will be shouldering a lot of gold on Brigade staff during the spring, his most rewarding experience occurred during First Class summer when Friz directed and starred in his own production, the ''Frantz Connection'' as a squad leader on Plebe detail. By leaving his destiny in the hands of the Lord, Friz approaches life with a smile on his face and a sparkle in his eye. Good luck '83!
FF

Ann M. Furtner
Arlington
Texas
Political Science
Surface Warfare
Ann

Ann came to Canoe U. from Arlington, Texas ready for anything that they could give her. She was always a spirited individual and her ''Go Navy, Sir!'' could be heard anywhere in Bravo Company and then some. One for good pranks, she helped mastermind a recon which left the Regimental and Brigade staffs in red ribbons for the final formal inspection of the year. After being shut up by her Plebe summer squad leader for asking too many questions, Ann eventually found a reason for everything under the sun . . . ''But the thing is . ''

The middle two years had Ann trying different sports and boyfriends as she furthered her studies in Political Science. Her huge chow packages were always well received, much more so than her inverted sleeping and study times. She continued her lack of sleep (which her stateroom-mates gladly made up) through 1c Cruise, where she had an unyielding fascination for unreps, and an even greater desire for vert-reppers

During First Class year she moved to the front of the Brigade to cheer for the football team with the ''Third Company rah-rahs''. Good luck Ann as you join the finest fleet in the world, whatever you may choose
''W P F ''
PA, IH, LT

Robert G. Graham
Bowling Green
Kentucky
English
Surface Line
Bob

After the shock of plebe summer, Bob soon adapted to life at Canoe U., and became active in several ECA's including the Navigators, Drum & Bugle Corps, and French Club. Following plebe year, youngster cruise was a welcome relief and 3/c year posed no real problems for Bob

Second class year saw Bob leaving D&B and becoming more involved with the Navigators as he sought not only to develop himself professionly but also to strengthen himself morally. On his 1/c cruise, Bob had a blast and also saw a lot of the Pacific (3 weeks underway!) Well, Bob, guess nothing else can be said except ''Fair winds and following seas'' to you and others who will soon be ''haze gray and underway ''

William H. Grant, Jr.
Pleasant Grove
Alabama
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Buck

If there is one thing Buck did learn during plebe summer, it was how to shave. This feat is still accomplished almost every week by the man-child. His youthful good looks match a warm southern personality, but don't try to rush this good ole boy. Buck always gets where he is going, but at only one speed- slow. The times when Buck did go fast included a two year stint as a coxswain on the heavyweight crew, and two years as a varsity offshore sailor. Sailing parties were most fun because bar hopping included constant ID checks for proof of age. As a sailor on the blue, Buck often turned green-a color he will learn to love in the fissionable fleet

Francis E. Halliwell
Staten Island
New York
General Engineering
United States Marine Corps
Frank

With the Marine Corps in his plans, Frank came to USNA from New York City and the Borough of Staten Island. After surviving plebe summer without punching out Reuben, Frank went on to be a 2.5 history major. History proved to be a little too strenuous with all those long hours, so Frank eased over to a 3.5 Engineering major. Even Wild Bill couldn't take the fire out of that TI-55

It took Frank a little longer than most to identify certain items in Bancroft Hall. He caught on to his room fairly soon, but it took him nearly half way through youngster year to properly locate the head. One night, his rack mysteriously moved to the Eastport docks as Frank cruised the piers looking for Ripper and the "Modester"

First class year, after his second plebe summer as a squad leader, Frank got the billet he always wanted- Company Drill. Nothing like an early morning brief with the Major! Luckily, the random number generator came up on our side

Come spring, Frank will graduate as one of the few and the proud. The best of luck to you Frank, and to the United States Marine Corps.
MGS

Robert F. Harris
Waterville
Maine
General Engineering
Supply Corps
Bob

Bob came down from the Great White North wearing his tuk, and bringing his subtle wit to keep us smilin'. You have to have a careful ear or you may miss some cracks from third company's prankster. The antics reached a peak in Bob's third class year with the grand opening of the soul kitchen on 1-2, for those nights when the wardroom food wasn't fit for sailors or crew jocks.

Bob checked out a number of sports before settling for the USNA varsity offshore sailing team. He fit right in with the physically punishing reaces to St. Mary's and Oxford. Bob sure could grind a mean wench

We thought we were going to lose Bob to the NPQ communities after a crushing back injury during Bob's second class year. But, after a great deal of tender loving care and lots of R&R, it looks like Bob will still get that Navy air billet. We sure hope the Jets in P-cola treat him better then the cars at U.S.N.A

Jeffery W. Heavner
Baltimore
Maryland
Management
Intelligence
Heavs

Some people's nicknames seem to fit them perfectly and plebe year the "Heavs" put his on like a tailor-cut suit. The real Heavs came to light as a youngster with the advent of the weekend. Wasn't her number 267-HOLE? Throw in two Karens and a Kim and you get a picture of his wench activities. How did we do against Army that year Heavs? He finally settled down when he met his girl from Marymouth

Never inclined towards Nimitz or Halsey, Heavs could be seen daily resting up for a roadtrip in the Heavsmobile. With the exception of his bodily emissions, Heavs was always a "load" of laughs and fun to be with. The Dundalk kid never let any of us get down and I will always regard him as a brother. Let's live it up in the restricted line! We made it Bud!
DR

Paul G. Henkel
Lake Shawnee
New Jersey
Oceanography
NFO
Renks

Paul came to the academy from a small secluded town in north Jersey, but he was far from secluded. Paul was a quiet guy Plebe summer. His quietness didn't last long though. The real Renkel surfaced the first weekend of academic year. It didn't take long for the dirty half dozen to form and Paul was a charter member. Do you remember the women's bathroom in the circle theatre or the Beach Boys concert, Paul? I didn't think you would. Guess that AA meeting with "J" didn't help. Paul's partying didn't end Plebe year though. Youngster year added the weekend and a whole new dimension. I'm sure the weekend of Polivier's party at the Thrift Inn was one that Paul wishes he had never taken. Through the year Renks has somehow managed to stay out of trouble. He has witnessed more "Class A's" than anyone I know. I hope the good luck lasts

Paul has been a good friend and roommate over the years. His good natured humor and light hearted attitude have been an inspiration to me. Thanks for the help and guidance in times of need. Also the patching up when necessary. Keep it up, and keep in touch. Go Navy Air! P.S Remind me not to let you do any creative bodywork on my car.
WFT

Ignatius Hokaj
Bethel Park
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
IG

IG came to us from the steel city, rough, tough, and ready. He started out that way, breaking tamborines and doors everywhere he went, and wrestling in his spare time. His true self surfaced youngster year when he gave up sports for singing and dancing. That was also the year that "Hok-Charm" made the scene and every girl that laid eyes on Tom (Have you ever tried to introduce an IG in a loud bar?) fell in love with him. The girl that he finally picked went away so he went in search of the girls of the Navy. Times got tough so he eventually used spirit to get close to the best of the pack, making his way to head cheerleader and loving every minute of it

He always had a facination with barbers, starting with his haircut Plebe year. He went on to become a barbershopper in the third company tradition and acted out the part weekly before formals.

Hok, an Ocean Engineer, didn't believe in studying, but luckily he had all the profs that made life easy for him. Life outside the yard should be easy for Hok-Man as he goes for his wings of gold with our best wishes behind him
BEK

Pete Hunt
Dayton
Ohio
Nuclear Submarines
Huntstein

Pete, known throughout Bancroft as "Huntstein", came to the Academy solely for one reason: to get a free education. While validating Plebe Summer, he came real close to being the 1st Plebe casualty when he took a strain at Regimental come-around. When Academic year started, Huntstein (being a true Econ major) quickly saw that the opportunity cost of sailing was come-arounds, P-rades, company tables, and plebe year. So he went for it. Huntstein immediately fell in with the third co. undesirables and the Dirth ½ Dozen. Partying, rumbles, recon raids, throwing fruit at cars in the midstore parking lot, and douching firsties were his strong points.

Pete was always a fun guy to party with, always full of energy but empty of wallet. So he seeked out the economical outdoor partying spots: the docks, the shack, the house, the school Pete passed right on up the ranks making trips to Maryland to see the wife and kids (?) in his revitalized, white spray painted '75 Vega with the Porsche engine, body rot, "rack and pinion steering", and broken hatch. Pete was always one to speak his mind. This got him into trouble a few times over the years . . . How about the Awards Assembly at that fancy yacht club? In the fall of firstie year, Pete defied the law of isotopes and proved to everyone that yes, Econ Majors can go Nuke. The best of luck to a great guy and don't forget the 3 magic words . . . DIVE, DIVE, DIVE!
CS

Dwight Jenkins
Plattsburgh
New York
Economics
NFO
Prankster

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the Naval Academy- I met Dwight. His whimsical way of dealing with life was his trademark. As a proletariat, Dwight's first encounter with the flaming firsties was a little tongue and cheek action with Prissy Crissy. After summer camp the prankster continued his antics as a member of the crew team. After all, it made more sense to row rather than walk to the Weems Creek watering hole. As in everything he does, Dwight aimed high and in Syracuse he attained his goal- a silver medal in the National Rowing Championship As Dwight looks toward the air that is in his future, let's hope he remembers his roots are in the water with an oar in his . . . hand?

Bruce E. Kiddoo
Northridge
California
Computer Science
Navy Air
Kid

Bruce joined us here at the Severn River Boat School following in his father's footsteps. A computers jock, he trudged through academics with the gouge and around a 3.0. You might say that he's just a chip off the old taco. His curly hair, much shorter than the afro which he wore during his time in the San Fernando Valley, always had that ''just cut last night'' look. Kid was not very at home with the women, so he spent most of Youngster year carousing with the Modesters. Then he met Corny and we thought that we would never see him again on the weekends. That flame died and a fire started at home during second class Christmas, only to be doused by a Maryland girl in the spring

After 3 years of saying that he was going to be a west coast sailor, Kid finally saw the light and with his good insight will be joining the ranks of those who roam the open skies. We, from the Thirsty Third, wish him well as off he goes, into the wild blue yonder
ITH

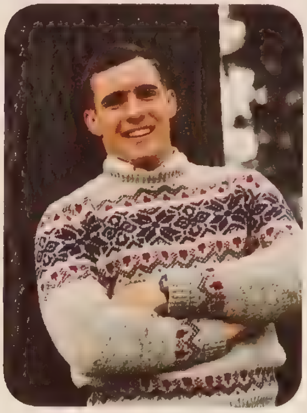
Darryl D. Lakins
Pleasantville
New Jersey
General Engineering
Surface Line
Lakes

''Lakes'' came to USNA from Pleasantville, N.J. via NAPS. It only took him a few weeks to establish a deep ''friendship'' with a certain Firstie who added an interesting dimension to Plebe year. Youngster year saw the addition of the ''morgue'' to Third Company and Darryl was a charter member. He and the other two residents of the ''morgue'' shared quite a few fascinating and unique adventures. Four years of Engineering and rock squad haven't been easy, but on graduation day, the Navy will be gaining a fine officer
MAW

William K. Lietzau
Sudbury
Massachusetts
Political Science
Marine Corps
Bill

Bill came to Navy from the quaint New England town of Sudbury, Mass. A class act from 1-day, Bill's career at USNA was marked by success and achievement. Against all sound advice, Bill sold himself short by 4.0-ing in Poli-Sci, but not before laboring through three years of ''the Vlad'' and a summer in Germany stranded on the way to Moscow. A lion among men, but a mouse among women, Maddog never found the time for those emotional entanglements and has yet to see the Hood College campus. Respected as a peer leader by all, his lifestyle is best characterized by one-liners such as: ''commitment to excellence''; ''no compromise''; and ''self discipline.'' As company honor rep., however, his integrity was not so rigid as to preclude bending a little in order to dip into the chow packages of his classmates. Nothing escaped the sticky fingers of the every-hungry Leetz. After some polishing up by his roommate second class year, Bill assumed the conn of first batt and began the thankless job of playing scapegoat to six confused officers

A down to earth striper, Bill will be remembered most for his unwaivering commitment to God The cross on Bill's ring is no meaningless emblem but is admittedly the symbol of everything he lives for. A super guy in all respects, Bill's dedication and lighthearted style will carry him a long way. Best of luck Leetz! See you in the Senate!
MBS



James E. McKinley, Jr.
Bradenton
Florida
Physical Science
Marine Air
Mac

I met Jim on a ship, or should I say in a crew shell? We both spent many hours getting familiar with the Severn River, The Hour of Power, the shell, the catch, and maybe even a bit too familiar with the seat and the oars. It was during crew season that we found we had a few things in common. We both liked women and drinking, and we sure didn't see much of either on the crew team. Besides, rowing was literally a pain in the a—. So after two years of rowing we were persuaded to get into a new sport. (how much persuasion did we really need?) Cheerleading was the perfect sport for Jim, he always wanted to have an audience. Plus what other sport allows excessive drinking in season? As for the women, Jim could flirt with all the girls on the team as well as all the opposing team's girls. The best part of being on the squad though was the road trips. ''How about those road trips? Oh yeah!'' Of course, there was the Boston College game where Jim got Commode hugging drunk or more recently, the Arkansas game comes to mind How about that bath tub? There's no problem though, Jim drinks, he gets drunk, and falls down No problem. Yet in the past two years I still don't know what Jim likes most about cheerleading One thing is for sure-he's got a permanent grin that runs from ear to ear. Oh well, you know what they say, ''he who grins, sins!'' Jim's obviously getting more than his share. I can't really abuse Jim too much about cheerleading because I'm describing myself to a tee. We get enough abuse from everyone else anyway

I would like to say that people like Jim are what this academy produces more than any other college. A close friend who you know will always be in touch. Thanks for all the good times Jim
IWK

Daniel J. Molthen
Hillsborough
California
Physical Science
Navy Air
Molth

One of the dynamic duo from Northern California, He came to USNA after a year stint at Naps. After cruising through a typical plebe year, Dan found youngster year a challenge as to were and when to go over the wall and how not to get caught. You could say he enjoyed first class as a youngster, since he would not see his first class year until February '83. Youngster year also joined the second half of the dynamic duo and F 2 together with Dan in the same room, which was almost the beginning of the end. Second class year hit Dan in the face like a ton of bricks. At four weekers with a whopping .8 qpr and a 4000 offense, it seemed all over for our happy go lucky Mid. Twelve weekers brought better grades and a class "A". Smoke and army don't mix, do they Dan? Needless to say, the dynamic duo spent much time together in the ensuing months, becoming regulars at the "Early Morning Breakfast Club" and learned every ones name and face. At graduation '82, room 1032 produced two second class and a brigade commander Physical science was good to Dan in his somewhat first class year. His grades skyrocked, tailgators flourished, strange parties emerged, and third co. fieldball awed opponents under Dan's coaching. Even though, at times, Dan seemed to be out of control and off the wall, he could be heard wandering around the halls of Bancroft saying, "I've got everything under control".

William R. Mysinger
Green Forest
Arkansas
General Engineering
Navy Air
Chicken George

No one ever really knew where Bill came from. Rumor has it he was from Arkansas, but we knew he was just from somewhere out there in "Chicken-land." Bill eventually made it through Plebe "PEP" despite numerous bodily ailments around 0545 every morning

Youngster year found George out in town ripping down and re-building houses for the Wy's and not just on weekends, either. But the money was good, topping the Navy's 100 per, so Bill just kept putting in time

Second Class year, Chicken man was deep into Systems Engineering, but watch out for those Mech-E courses. The combination of entrophy, the Rankine cycle, and Lt. Murashige's midnight escapades proved George to be the ultimate thermo veggie. So, Bill turned to other interests, namely Kim and cars. He left his mark in the Emporium parking lot-at least a little bit of red Pinto paint on the lamp post. We thought he might be a submariner for a while, what with Y-backing and all.

First Class year, the OPS BOSS occassioned Silopanna Road every afternoon to make sure that the fiancee hadn't escaped. He still couldn't dazzle us with his brilliance, but his stories were perfected almost to the point of being believable. Graduation will most likely find Bill with true chicken wings, hopefully at Pensacola with his ham sandwich in hand. Best of luck to you, Bill—Fly high and proud!
MGS

Gregory P. Olson
Urbandale
Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Greg

Greg is a truly remarkable person. Where would you expect to find an Aero major with a 3.8 cum. during study hour? Either in some hole in the library or at least hard at work in his room, right? Wrong! Greg used study hours to roam from room to room and engage in one meaningless conversation after another. Thus, the phrase "Olsonizing" was coined and became popular throughout the Brigade. "Has your room been olsonized yet?" was a common question during study hour. Though Greg's face was not always a welcome sight to the classmate who wanted to study, when someone was lost on a problem, he ran to Greg. The kind of guy who can forget his appendix for an exam but still ace it by deriving the formulas, Greg never hesitated to put his work aside and help his less fortunate, non-genius classmates. Yes, Greg was a sharp one, but he didn't make it through USNA on brilliance alone. Greg was a worker, highly respected by all of us. He was the kind of guy who would do a good job just for the sake of "doing it right". Greg spent his afternoons wrestling other Mids and many a night wrestling the Aero-labs. A truly remarkable mid, He could never really relax long enough to be a mid. Greg's hard-nosed attitude will carry him far. Good luck Greg. See you on the Space Shuttle.
WKL

Jay T. Pandya
Needham
Massachusetts
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Jackal

Most of Jay's problems centered around studying and sleeping. He never was truly comfortable at the Naval Academy with regard to these daily compulsions. Nevertheless, he was motivated to take advantage of the many opportunities within reach including instructor qualification at Marine Mountain Warfare school, airborne wings, scuba qualification, ground school and VTNA flight training.

Coming to the Academy as a respectable AAU swimmer, he became disillusioned with swimming after plebe year in favor of more exciting waterpolo and fencing. Stars were not too difficult for Jay to earn plebe year but academics really began to challenge him as an upperclassman. First Class year saw Jay determined to make it through Ocean Engineering. He put miles on his new Turbo Spider 2000 and enjoyed his favorite pastimes; windsurfing, rockclimbing, skiing, traveling and meeting as many pretty girls as possible. Perhaps, someday he will find the right one. What more can we say! Jay will definitely sleep better now that it is finally over. Good luck with Navy Air!

A. Edward V. Powell II
Miami
Florida
Applied Science
Navy Air
Edward

Edward came to "Mother B" from Miami, Florida, representing the purest form of the All-American boy. He originally thought he was going to Pensacola, but his orders got fouled up and he was assigned temporary duty at USNA. He applied his managerial skills early as Assistant Procurement Officer in charge of doing cost-benefit analysis on the mattresses at USNA. Edward could be found studying late into the night, for during study hour he was maximizing the benefits of his billet. Edward always seemed to be busy with some sort of duties during study hours.

Second class year came and He took on the responsibility of Food Services Officer. His seemingly endless supply of chow kept us satisfied through many an evening. Yes, academics were there and Edward was sort of there. Ed had to make sure he left with 20/20 vision so he limited his reading to one chapter a week. But even in his busy schedule he found time to stay in training. Youngster year found him bicycling through town daily. Second class year came and all he needed was running shoes. Good thing he had a car first class year-Lanham is a long walk. When the weekends came he was ready with his Tony Llama boots and Stetson hats, ready to mezmorize even the youngest of babes. First class year also brought VT-NA which was his real bread and butter. Then again, anything that had to do with flying was his bread and butter. Yes, Navy Air is his true love and come 1983, the Navy will be signing on a fine addition to any ready room.
PH

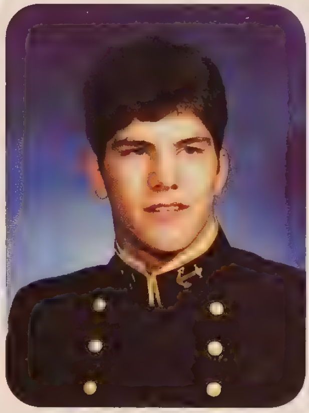
David A. Radi
Huntingdon
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Intelligence
Rods

Rods came to USNA from Huntingdon, PA, via the "City of Champions". Nothing much was heard from Dave plebe year except tales of being on the football "meat" squad. A little nectarine had the same impression of him one night in Ocean City when he fell asleep on a bar stool with a lit cigar in his mouth. Women were attracted to the Rods like iron shavings to a magnet. Speaking of shavings, remember when the girl from Marymount needed to borrow your Norelco? Rods took lessons on how to appreciate real rock & roll and how to conduct oneself at a concert. He must have forgotten that a parking lot is not the proper place to relieve oneself. All seriousness aside, Dave's life centered around scoring on tests, the football field, and with people in higher places. His professional attitude, high integrity, and philosophy on life were a big influence on everyone around him. His natural role model personality led him to the billet of company commander. As far as women were concerned, the Rods had one on his mind at all times, Kris "Radi". Looking forward to visiting you at the White House to discuss Soviet foreign affairs!
JH

John P. Reich
Levittown
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Marine Corps

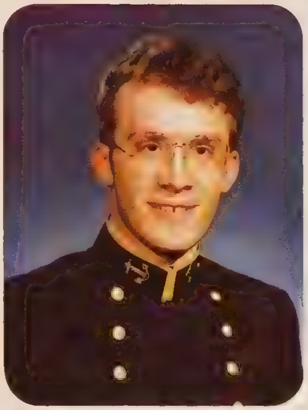
John rolled into the Naval Academy from Levittown, PA. Although he was a recruited wrestler, we were unprepared for the career which developed before our eyes. John's wrestling career was highlighted by three Eastern Championships, four trips to the National Tournament and placing 4th, 3rd, and 2nd in the nation. John did much more than wrestle during his four years. Any weeknight John could be found hard at work to complete his physical science major. On the weekend John was never seen. John maintained a dual identity during his four years. On weekdays he was a mid, but when the weekend rolled round John became a Penn State resident. After 3 3/4 years at the Academy John succombed.

We all wish John and Tracie the best of Luck. The Marine Corps will be lucky to have John and his dedication.



Mark G. Schaefer
Albuquerque
New Mexico
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Schaefdog

From the wasteland of Albuquerque, New Mexico, Mark came to the East coast for the first time on July 5th. In outstanding shape, (an 8:05 miler), he breezed through pep all summer. On the first day of class, Schaef was so professional that he carried around his MHP all morning to take notes. After bracing up for a whole semester, all that soon wore off. His roommates had grade problems so he was happy with a 2.95. A member of the pep band, Mark wore his leather mexican hat while cheering on the Big Blue. Skating through plebe and youngster year he stayed mostly out of trouble, but you won't see him arguing with a McDonald's manager, chewing out a company officer, or driving a Mercury Comet anymore. Originally an aero major and future NFO, Mark bagged out to mech e. Opting for an underwater cruise first class year, he found that he liked McKee's Navy, and consequently chose nuke power as his service selection. Best of luck in the future, Mark, and always remember, Run Silent, Run Deep.
FEH



John T. Scruggs
Seattle
Washington
Economics
Surface Line
Scruffy

Fighting off Mount St. Helens and the rain of the Pacific Northwest, John left Seattle for the Navy and USNA. The team of Scruffy, D.J., and Fanch proved to be too much for the class of '80 to handle on I-Day, and the room was disbanded starting off 4 years of USNA experience.

Scruffy was originally a Systems Engineer, but when he became interested in graduate work in foreign affairs, he switched to Econ. After statics, Econ was a breeze, so John turned to wargaming and racking. He was an expert in both fields. He was president of the Military Studies Association and also received the Department of Energy Conservation award four years running for never needing the overhead lights.

John had great influence on all his roommates. Their primary duty was to shake his arm twice a week in order to keep his self-winding watch running. Seriously, though, most of his roommates are doing quite well . . . at other universities. It seems that only the Supe appreciated Prof. Scruggs talents. After a bout with the admiral, Scruffy settled on Surface Line and a return to his beloved west coast. Whatever the future holds, may the best of luck come your way.
MGS

Chuck Shipper
Warminster
Pennsylvania
NFO
Ripper

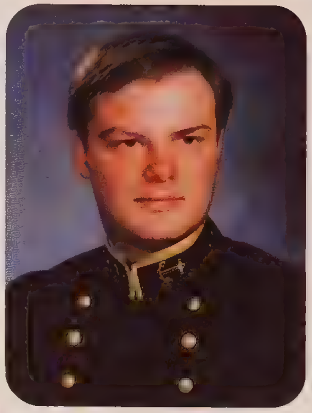
Chuck started out his career at USNA with a bang. The first time out, parent's weekend, he came back to the hall with a pair of mirror sunglasses in quite the overbearing state of mind. He was accused of being a drug addict. It was all uphill from there. Chuck didn't take much time to show all of us his love for the easy life.

Yes, when Chuck got drinking he transformed his 5 foot 8 inch frame into that of a professional wrestler. He would take on any or all comers with or without their consent and without any relative conception of their size or strength. There was never a dull moment plebe year. How many pieces of fruit are still stuck to firsties's cars? Better yet, how many upperclass regret going to Nimitz because they got nailed with a bucket of water on the way back.

Weekends quickly became a steady flow of liquid carbohydrates, whether it was practicing the tower jump after taps Saturday night, or just making casual visits to the porcelain God, the dirty ½ dozen was not far behind.

Then came the Fiat X1/9, until he decided that it had a 10 foot turning radius. Plenty of room, right Chuck? Don't worry though, the captain never found out you hit his car, or did he?

Yes, Chuck is definitely an example of leadership by personality. Anyone would follow him into a bar. Bancroft Hall has seen its share of empty beer cans, and if the bars in Pensacola are as willing, the Navy will have one hot back seater. The best of luck to you Chuck, and Godspeed.
PH



Michael B. Stanton
Brockton
Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare
Mike

If anyone best characterizes the charisma and vitality of Boston, it is Mike Stanton. This Irish-Catholic prep came to USNA from the land of boxers and brought with him the competitiveness and enthusiasm that were characteristic of his efforts at Navy. Whether in the classroom, in Nimitz, in Bancroft or on Dewey, hard work was a way of life with Mike. Son of Bond, brother of Marvin, and father of Gouge, Stats was the Mech E wizard that was always ready to help out the baffled problem solver.

Not one to restrain his emotion or his opinion, Mike could always be counted on to tell you when you were wrong. If there is one word to describe Mike, that word is "intense". No matter what he did, Mike always set the dial on max. Whether the Surface Navy will be better or worse after meeting Mike, we don't know, but we do know that it will never be the same. Lots of luck Mike. We know we'll be hearing about you.
WKL

Lisa A. Thompson
Tunkhannock
Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Navy Air
Lisa

Who is faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, and only 60 inches tall? Lisa Thompson, the supermunchkin of third company. They recruited her for basketball but she was too short to even sit on the bench? Plebe year, Lisa was involved in many extra-curricular activities. . . now who was that person that kept you so busy? It looked like wedding bells for a while, but second class summer took care of that. Lisa always did have a weak spot for fly boy LT.S.-actually, any type of Lt. How about youngster cruise.

Second class summer really brought out the best in Lisa . . . dancing on tables at Quantico, breaking up fights at the Mar-Bar, and surviving the pool party at Oceana. Yes, we did have some fun . . . several times. Second class year Lisa practiced her driving skills in the Buick Regal. Her parents have no idea how many road trips that car has seen

First class summer was the road trip to beat all road trips, to L.A. and back. The punk glasses really added something. Lisa finally got her RX-7 and the roads will never be safe again. We've all made it to first class year and we've all grown up, but Lisa still buys her clothes in the children's department. She has always been great with short jokes. Lisa's tall enough to fly and that's all that matters. She's headed to P-Cola and nothing will hold her back. Lisa, you've been the friend we've always needed. Thanks. Love, Barb and Spike
CRB, BAB

William F. Traub
Vineland
New Jersey
Marine Engineering
Submarines
Willy

Willy came to the Academy well versed in two things: sailing and partying. Which one were you recruited for anyway. His skill in sailing became evident when he taught our plebe summer instructor how it was done, but it wasn't until ac-year that we really saw what Willy was made of. He fell in with the wrong crowd and after only three weeks was receiving temperance lectures from "J" with the rest of the dirty half dozen. In an effort to clean up his act, Willy took to becoming familiar with the MHP on Sunday mornings-wish he would have cleaned that up though

He also helped his roommates out by unclogging the sink with a shoe horn after a Saturday night binge. As an upperclass Travoob seemed to learn his lesson and became fairly successful hiding his partying. Well then again he didn't do such a great job at Army youngster year. That stairwell didn't have a restroom sigh as I remember. He also learned that one should never force anything lest you have control of yourself. Enough of the dirt though, since Willy's sailing prowess deserves equal time. He came here with more trophies than you can shake a stick at and is still setting them as a skipper of the class "A" yacht

Over the years Willy has been a great friend and has supported everybody in their times of need. After two and a half years as roommates I know this more than anyone. Having already made his service selection in October, Willy is looking forward to plenty of time under water rather than on the surface. Better have those kids before it's too late

Lawrence W. Vonier
Kailua
Hawaii
General Engineer
Surface Warfare
Larry

Larry was a quiet boy from Nebraska when he joined us after a year at NAPS. He didn't really seem too sure of what to do on weekends after he had taken all the possible pictures and done all the window-shopping he could. It was here that a certain group of fun-loving drinkers came into the picture. It took him some time to mix in and participate in our drunken conversations and antics, hence the nickname, the invisible plebe. This is surprising since he habitually turns red in the face after two beers

By youngster year an amazing transformation began taking place. . We haven't decided if it was all our doing or if the fact that he moved to Hawaii in the mean time had some effect. Either way, Larry-Brah's days of quietness were over. The pendulum was swinging the other way Events like his unconscious battle with the moon monsters or passing out with his eyes open after a dining-in showed that our boy had changed. Changed yes, but not in every way. He still had the annoying habit of being surpassed only by a turtle in slowness. Take, for example, the fact that he purchased his first car 6 months after getting his loan.

All kidding aside, Larry is the most likeable individual that we've ever run across and we hope our friendship lasts forever. Catch you out on your "spruance" in the years to come . . . . Baz Never did get that one to stick, did you?
PH, BT

Michael C. Wallace
Versailles
Kentucky
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Mike

To the guys,

The friendships we've built and the great times we've had (from the Buzzard to the Sierras) have made it all worthwhile. Take care and keep in touch. To Mom and Dad, Thanks for your support
MCW

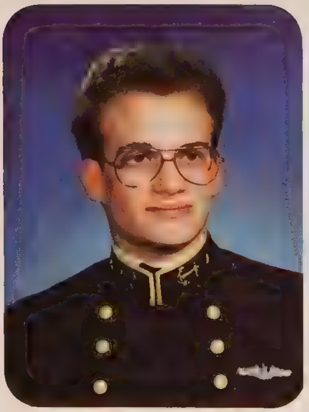
Mark A. Wilson
Seymour
Connecticut
Political Science
Cryptology
Moon

Mark, better known to his friends as Moon, arrived at USNA on that fateful July 6th morning more nervous than he'd ever been in his life and wondering what had ever possessed him to turn down a scholarship to USC. It didn't take him very long to settle down however, and firmly establish a charter membership in the thirsty third "morgue"

During his four year stay, Mark surpassed academic standards with ease to the point of earning the description as a "walking TV Guide". He did have a run-in with a "tight rucking club" youngster year which kept the Moon behind the clouds for a while, but when he recovered, he soon had the dogs howling in the cemetery and the grainfields. A first class cruise on a Mexican ship permanently satisfied his craving for Mexican food, and he was even heard to promise that he would never complain about the US Navy again. Mark is leaving us with a new wife (after four years of faithful courtship) and high hopes of future happiness
DDL

Virginia is for lovers.
adidas

THIRSTY THIRD



Joseph S. Baehr
Centerville
Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Joebaehr

Joe Baehr, our man from Centerville, will be known forever to the boys in the 4th as the most confused man ever to walk through the gates of USNA. To this day he can't tell the difference between celery tonic and beer. He could never figure out why celery tonic blurred his vision. For awhile, he thought that his eyeglass prescription was wrong and believing that Bancroft Medical Eye Clinic was located in Santee Basin, he often dropped off his glasses for repair

Each fall, Jose' Beer would treat the boys in Four to the fruits of his annual pilgrimage back to his Ohio pumpkin patch. (We never knew they made Pumpkin Pizza to go!) Jeaubare was confused into beliving that Submarine life was the best, so we'll see him in the briny deep! A-A-H-O-O-O-G-H-A, A-A-H-O-O-O-G-H-A!!

Ari M. Bai
St. Louis
Missouri
Oceanography
Geophysics
Airhead

Ari joined the mid ranks in July 1979. He flew in from St. Louis, Missouri, the "show-me" state. They say you never get to know a person until you have lived with them. Well . . . . Ari is truly a rock-n-roll fan with a taste of acid: Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin and Jimi Hendrix respectively His oriental techniques (karate) really helped him in the new wave rumblemania during plebe and youngster years. If asked, you could easily say that Ari is the world's best chef Give him a cup of rice and look out

Second class year brought trouble with the thing next door. The thing didn't like beautiful loud music

First class year will definitely be a year to remember for Ari. His brand new classic 240-Z needs a tune-up, a new heater, a new sun roof . . . . It's not as bad as it sounds, though. This classic car led Ari to discover the first occurence of the Hoodshipman. Here comes the weekend and there goes Ari, to his little Hoodcycle. I heard him talking in his sleep one night, "Hoodcycle yum Hoodcycle yum . . . ". Hoodsville sure must have its share of sweets. Ever wonder whether Ari used his share of unlimited weekends? He will go down in history as the only mid to have unlimited weekends and that includes duty!

Mr. Bai is an "Ari" of all trades. From Hoodsville to a whole year without duty. Good luck in you F-14!!! Hey Ari, it's MILLER TIME!
RAM

Richard A. Boggs
Fayetteville
North Carolina
Physical Science
Surface Line
The Bogg

Richard Boggs, The Boss, was an Army brat as a kid who finally saw the light and decided to go Navy. It was either that or he decided to add at least a little class to his life Rich has kept a relatively low profile while he has been at the Academy, spending most of his time mated to his rack. It wasn't until second class that Rich gained the preeminence he so justly deserved. We are still trying to figure out what Yvette meant by "Thanks for the gift". Then there is Rich's constant companion, Tigger. Tigger is a bit of a tomboy-she loves to play football and baseball Of course, as with any other athletic stuffed animal, she has had her share of cuts and bruises, undergoing both knee and eye surgery. Rich has become a bit overprotective though-he refuses to let her play with his roommates anymore

Between naps, Richard has found time to be a track gimp for three years and holds the record for the most injuries by a manager. He was also a member of the D&R during plebe and youngster years (in order to get "extra" weekends away from Mother B), a member of the MSA (much to the amusement of several DM's), and even attempted to play bridge (we pity his partner). Rich spent his last summer at USNA in Hawaii (by luck) on cruise and also terrorized the plebes during detail Rich has also found time to be a good friend and roommate. We will miss him even though he could use some taste in his choice of music. Rich leaves the Academy to be a surface liner. Good luck and fair swimming!!
GJM

John T. Canny
Issaquah
Washington
General Engineering
Navy Air
Geddy Lee

John Canny was born to a poor weightlifting family in Washington. Raised on powdered protein and raw meat, John came to the Academy to play football. Leaving the varsity team, John "Geddy Lee" Canny turned his attention to the first "BS-attalion" football team. Next to pumping iron with his best friend the Bogg, John liked to do a little head butting and hucking on the side. Listening to the classics was by far his favorite pastime However, many an evening he could be seen lounging in his room mellowing out to a little Rush or Black Sabbath

It was in his second class year that Geddy's real love for powder became known. Road tripping to Colorado with his hand trained ski team, Geddy had many opportunities to "take some air" In fact, he got into taking air so much that he is looking into a place in Florida called P-Cola where they say he can take a little air every day. Surface Line is going to miss you John, but hey, it's their loss man Good luck in the clear blue skies John
JSC

Jeffrey S. Currer
Des Plaines
Illinois
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Cobra

Jeffrey S. is the third of three brothers to join the naval service. He also inherited from them a sense of duty and responsibility to his men, which he proved by passing up the big six-striper position and taking just three so that he could serve the company . . .

But, Jeff ain't all work and no play. In fact, one time in Colorado, he drank Scotch 'til Dawn (And then he tried to drink Dawn!). (Vodka isn't a good substitute for ice in Scotch). The question is "ARE THE GIRLS SAFE?" . . .

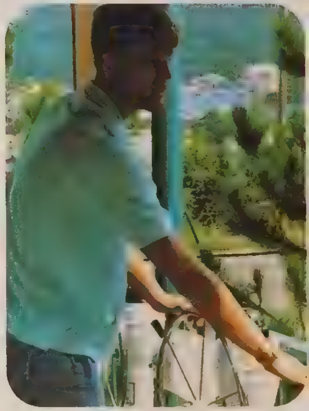
Though most people don't know this, Jeff was once a world class gymnast. He was the only guy we ever knew who could do a forward one-and-a-half into a jaccuzzi and live. But his gymnastic career ended on the softball field when he tried to retie a shoelace while stealing second base.

Trading in perfect vision for $6,000 and an all expense paid trip to Idaho Falls, Jeff abandoned his dreams of flight for the ultimate deep dive-(So what if your brothers won't talk to you?). Good luck in subs. Bubble, bubble . . .

Richard K. Davidson
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Dick

Dick came to the Naval Academy from sunny Virginia Beach with the sole purpose of abusing as many people as possible. Needless to say, he was quite successful in this pursuit. Dick was known throughout the hall for his pleasant personality and delightful demeanor, from which a discouraging word could always be heard. For three years Rich was a omni-present force on the basketball court, only to abandon round ball his senior year and become a member of the First Batts Black Badness. For four years Dick has taken care of the Bird, acting as mentor, maid, and generally being a real "mother". When one pictures Dick as he existed at good ole USNA one sees him forever dribbling that ball, racking intensely, or raging out of control, but rarely at the books. If there was a way to make the workload easier, quicker or to avoid it altogether, Dick knew it. I still remember the night Dick sat me down and taught me all he knew. As I recollect, it was the best five minutes I spent at the Naval Academy.

The one thing Dick loved the most, more than racking, drinking, and even sex, was insulting other people, from which his nickname was derived. His favorite sayings were "stop back when you don't have as long to stay" and "not only no, but hell no!" I remember he once slipped and said something nice, but he quickly corrected himself and took it back. Yes, how can we go on without Dicks' daily dose of demeaning dialogue? The Marine Corps will never be the same! Best of luck, Rich.
JGS



Frank Free III
Elizabeth
New Jersey
Mathematics
USMC Air
Okie

Okie Free came to USNA with just two simple goals in mind: to attend more Navy basketball games than his childhood hero, Chesty Puller, and to be named President of the NAAAA (Naval Academy Athletic Apathy Association). Remember, you can't tell the players without a program!

Frank Free was to fourth company what Oscar Madison was to the odd couple, which made him the leading candidate for company First Lieutenant. His affinity for clean living was evident not only in his room standards, but also in his personal fitness program. (Who else would train for the Marine Corps Marathon on two packs of cigarettes a day and three bottles of scotch a week . .?)

Fighting the typical midshipman stereotype, Frank can often be found cruising the Jersey shore in his battleship-grey Chevy van with "BB-62" across the plates . . .

Sub Umbra Petri!

Robert A. Gambrill III
Wichita
Kansas
Chemistry
Surface
Bobby G.

On that memorable day in July, Bob left the "Land of Ah's", Kansas that is, and came to USNA. He quickly showed himself to be a very motivated and professional pleber, so much so that his name became synonymous with "Gunge" and "Stellar". Bob survived life with Jim Sterrett, and come arounds with Berto-J. He took out his frustrations from long days in the chem lab mixing up who knows what, on the poor unsuspecting defenses of other fieldball teams, and in running the O-course year round trying to break two minutes. Bob never sang in the shower, but his voice filled the chapel every sunday. Hood College even had the opportunity to hear Bob's voice on one memorable weekend. And he'll never forget Easter weekend in New Orleans with Paul or the woolying of unsuspecting souls. Bob never was at a loss for food with the weekly golfball boxes he received, and how could he get by on 5 1/2 hours of sleep a day is beyond me. Little did anyone know that Bob would aspire to the heights of Ben Casey and try for med-school. Those long nights at Nimitz are sure to pay off in Bob's future . . . in more ways than one! Best of luck, Zoom

Matthew E. Green
Phoenix
Arizona
Mathematics
Marine Corps
Matt

Matt is fourth company's "only" man. He's the only man we know from Arizona, he's the only man to go to "disco" Dahlgren during his first class year, the only man to attend the Severna Park High School 1982 Senior Prom, and the only man to attend the Annapolis Area Senior Citizens Christmas Ball. Additionally, he is the only man from Fourth Company claiming to have ever seen Frank Watt, but we have no reason to believe this is true .

Matt Green's childhood dream was to grow up to be a short Mexican like his roommate .

From a long line of aviators, everyone always thought that Matt would end up a pilot, especially since he and his co-pilot Ron Ness were often on Saturday nights, taking off and flying, without a plane but with "20-20" vision

Matt is choosing the Marines as his service selection because Twenty-Nine Palms reminds him of his home sweet desert home . .

Go get 'em you cactus flower . .

Kenneth S. Honeker
Brookside
New Jersey
General Engineering
Nuclear Power
Hawk or Hock (in Jerseyan)

One of the "Turnpike" boys, Hock brought with him that touch of class that only New Jersey could provide. Who could forget those immortal words uttered youngster year, "Get bent Tony!" But this treatment was not reserved for his foes alone. Hawk's fortunate roomates received custom designed sheets, mineral oil hair lotion, and "Agent Orange" plant care while he sent fruit baskets to his neighbors .

Ken always worked hard at his engineering classes. The problem was the Mechanical Engineering Department failed to notice. Little do the profs in Rickover know of his independent study in the field of "Pocket Rockets"

Athletics filled a major part of his four years at Boat school. They were hard to fit in around drill team practice and YP squadron. From the First Batt gridiron to B-Team hockey, Ken was always putting out for Navy. One NHL scout was heard to say, "Honeker is just like Bobby Orr, after he ruined his knees." Hawk's new found passion is skiing. Winter finds him dividing his time between North America's premiere slopes, Vail and Stinkfoot (not to mention picking the blue jean out from between his teeth) .

Ken's plans after graduation are up in the air. He might just move his barber shop from first wing to third wing . . .

Good luck, and Hook them Goats!

David M. Hopkins
Salinas
California
English
USMC
Hop

Dave "Grandpa" Hopkins, the grand old man of Phoamin' Phour since 2/C year, wandered into USNA from Salinas, California via the fleet. Plebe year, Darth Rader and Jasbo had no effect on Dave's veneer of California mellow. Dave even took time out to serve at Charlie's

Throughout plebe and youngster year Dave found new ways to break regs, win friends, and influence people in higher places. Unfortunately, Hop's efforts were not nearly so successful with Actramid's buddy, Captain K. Dave'e karchergram was good for at least 15 days of the early morning breakfast club, musters and inspection. But, he can proudly boast that he has not yet been encarcerated for jay-walking or genocide. But that's about it

Dave was, how do we say, as faithful as old Ben. You could set your watch by Dave's sliding through the door at taps . . . . safe. Studies . . . what are they? Papers . . . lots . . . all done the night before

In short, the Hopper had a good time-"damn the grades, one more round!" Sworn to fun loyal to none- that was Dave until - - - - Terry; a 5'2" brown-eyed brunette native Floridan. Within four months the wildman was DOMESTICATED. Beer bashes and wild women gave way to social functions with one lady. Submarines and months at sea were replaced by the shore time opportunities of wearing green

Dave and his lovely bride enter the electronic wafare branch of the corps. The best of luck to two of the luckiest people in the world .
RR

Herbert A. Hundley
Trenton
New Jersey
General Engineering
Navy Air

After a brief stop in Rhode Island, Herb arrived at Canoe U with books in one hand and a crew oar in the other. Soon Herb found crew to much for his knees and traded it for the factory Before long he was an honorary member of Seventh Co. Living up on the mountain was a small problem for his best friends, but good times were had in the Sab-A-Roo. (That won't be forgotten.)

A platoon commander even during his own plebe summer, Herb worked his way up to a well-deserved battalion staff position by first class year But everyone always knew Herb was destined for success at the Academy and his professional attitude eventually was reflected in his order of merit .

Herb's probably leaving the Navy to enter the Mean-Green Machine, but won't be lonesome, as the better percent of '83 appears to be going corps

Good luck Herb What are friends for!

Gary J. Manley
Malden
Massachusetts
Oceanography
Marine Corps
High Malden Drifter

Gary Manley, the High Malden Drifter, deeply considered his brother's career at USAFA and the Air Force and promptly decided to come to Navy. As a plebe, Gary was the envy of the company as he perfected the Manley disappearing act—climaxed by Gary's being questioned by one of our firsties as to whether he was actually in 4th Company. This wouldn't have been too bad, if it wasn't that Mr. Craig had only lived across the hall all year and paid daily visits to borrow the newspaper. Another one of the '80 grads who knew Gary intimately was Frosty McDaniel, who awoke one cold morning to face Gary, his bucket of snow and his cohorts, Hop and the Spic. Gary also proved to be too illusive for the Admin. Conduct System.

Youngster academics didn't phase Gary. When in need of a formula or an answer. Rackman utilized his own brand of PFM, Manley Math, to fabricate new equations and answers out of thin air that were always good for at least half credit. He amazed his roommates with his alertness after bouts with the pad-monster, his love for his woman-machine—his '73 Torino and his unbelievable luck at any card game

Through 3/c and 2/c years, Gary was the guardian of the ''other'' member of the Wolfpack, Oscar Homolka, until Oscar's demise during the summer of '82. Yes, the same mind that allowed Oscar to die while he had fun in Hawaii also stuck his dog with the name of Stupid.

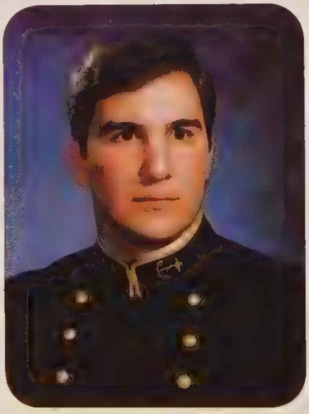
First Class year brings Gary into the world of Hoodtramid. Whether or not his victim's roommates are present—NOTHING stands in the way of the Man's amorous exploits. Gary leaves USNA to cruise in tanks in the Corps—GOOD LUCK!
RR

Richard A. Moore
Orlando
Florida
Mathematics
Surface
Hulk-II

Rich came to us from the sunny terra firma of Florida with three things on his mind basketball, women, and lifting weights. Rich excelled in the first passion with great prominence The latter two lent to his philosophy on life: ''Don't go out with a girl you can't lift''. Another passion of our dear classmate was the art of physical intimidation-his favorite target, upperclass. During a session of a non-dead ritual, rumbling, he saved his roommate by helping an upperclass qualify for VTNA without a plane. How's your back Hank? Really? Step aside!

Another interesting thing about Rich was the number and variance of chits he accumulated This was nearly equalled by his similar taste in women. If she was old enough to sit on the table, she was old enough to . . . . Rich will also be remembered for his ''cadance'' for the marching he never did. To this day he still thinks a column left is a political movement and a mile run is something you do to make taps

We wish him the best of luck as he figures out a way to squeeze out of the Navy and possibly go ''civilian line''. What a deal!!!
AMB



Francis A. Morneau
Las Vegas
Nevada
Oceanography
Special Operations
Frank

Frank came to the Naval Academy after escaping from a prep school in Nogale S. Plebe year saw Frank go from company commander to letter winner in one felled swoop (black N that is) As the pack mellowed youngster year, Frank could usually be found at Pinchoff making a stand with a bottle of whiskey and his friends.

Second class year Frank invested in a piece of fiberglass complete with a state of the art Blaupunkt playing his favorite music by Barry White, The Go-Gos, or Bach. Frank also spent much of his spare time touring a certain part of New York he took a fancy to. Frank had strong feelings toward the things he held dear-his family, his friends, and first batt football. He never let any of them down. Good luck Frank!
TEP

John T. Murray
Moore
Oklahoma
General Engineering
USMC Air
J.T.

Tommy came to USNA from the land where ''the waving wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind comes right behind the rain''. When we think of J.T. we think of a man of great luck. In just one semester, he got the greatest gouge profs (Wild Bill and the Rocket), a sun-roof installed free of charge in his convertible, a highly sought after position in the great Bancroft Medical jawbreaking experiment, and plenty of non-chargeable weekends during which he could spend all of his accumulated cribbage winnings

John owes his high CUM to his hard work and studying. And he used his time efficiently too! Who else can study and snore at the same time? John was always so confident of his grades that he spent all of most finals weeks catching up on the classics (everything from Shogun to Dune of the Dune)

John will probably be best remembered as the founder of the Fourth Company Forensic Society and the coiner of its motto, ''You're wrong! I don't care what you say! Don't confuse me with the facts!''

Good luck in F-18's Be they blue or be they greens

Duane E. Nestor
Belle Fourche
South Dakota
Math
Navy Air
''Dewey''

Undoubtedly, Dewey would make nearly everyone's list of top 10 favorite people. Can't we all recall many an enjoyable evening sharing a chew with Dew, or just plain Poochin' with the Fourche!

Duane was always a go-getter. How else does one ever achieve the position of Wardroom Club President?

Despite his love for fresh air and the great outdoors, Dewey will forever be known as the crown(ed) prince of air pollution, a somewhat dubious distinction which has destroyed more ozone than Naval Academy Buses! (This guy voted for ''Mexican Meal'' for tailgators) . . .

One of the gungiest mids ever, Dewey frequented ''Semper Ei'' meetings in fresh first wing haircuts, munching box lunches at the lectures, and saluting pictures of his childhood hero, Chesty Puller . . .

Roll them tanks, Du-ane!

Stephen R. Olevnik
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Navy Air
Steve

When Steve's parents woke him up during the dark hours at 0700 on I-Day to go to that place where the grass was kept so nice (the Naval Academy) he knew that the next four years would be a struggle. Steve's philosophy to get through four years at the Annapolis Yacht Club with sanity intact became ''lay low and don't get caught!'' And sure enough, when he wasn't busy not getting caught, he was laying low — about two feet above the ground in the corner of the room called the Rack.

Steve's parents stopped answering the phone with hello while he was at the Academy-they'd just say ''yes, we accept the charges''. That and going home every weekend was Steve's secret formula for graduation, as he settled into life as a scientist after teasing the AC boards for the first two years and never letting them get him.

The ever present spector of grades, conduct, and some ''terrific leadership'' kept Steve at the Academy on Thanksgiving his second class year and the chance meeting of a very special person (beat Army!) changed his ways as he found out just what more free time could mean. Of course, some of that ''free time'' he had to create on his own with studying on a 'not to interfere' basis!

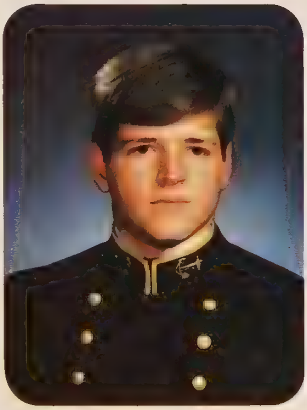
Steve's looking forward to seeing life from a different viewpoint in the future — the view from a cockpit of a fast plane in an endless blue sky!

ETP

Thomas E. Peterson
Largo
Florida
History
USMC Air
'Pete'

The graduation of T. Elliott Peterson proves that you can get through the Academy and still maintain an overly optismistic attitude toward life. Leaving his family and friends in Florida, Elliott packed up his frisbee and came to Annapolis. Never one to let academics interfere with his overall education, 'Pete' quickly became a history major. 'Pete' released his physical tensions by perfecting the social grace of ''two fisting'', hucking Friz, sailing with the Captain and his all-girl crew, or working out his ripped up knee. Elliott's constant search for adventure and his casual demeanor will serve him well in Pensacola after graduation, or after a short stint at sea or T.B.S.

SRO



Loyd E. Pyle
Inverness
Florida
Economics
Navy Air
Zilla

Lloyd E.'s story began when he drove through the academy gates in his white Eldorado with the Longhorns on the hood (complete with Citrus County plates . . .)

Loyd always was a big hit with his girl Shari (eh, . . . or Sherry) probably because he was nearly as well equiped as his longtime friend and associate, Jimmy Grimnace

Zilla, as he was known on the Gridiron, paced fourth company's football teams during his four year tenure. But football was not his forte; ask anyone on the massive slopes of Stinkfoot and they'll agree ''he's the best we've seen in these parts since Claudette Longet''. Loyd, an outdoorsman and environmentalist since childhood, barely edged out Dewey to win the fourth company's Clean Air Act petition signing contest, otherwise known as the ''fight for life''

A one time nuclear power candidate, Loyd saw the light (which happened to be in a cocpit instead of a reactor). See you in Pensacola! (Don't you have relatives from that area?)

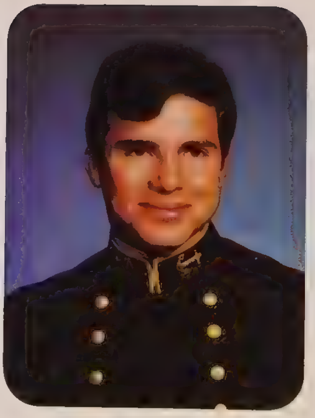
Gerald A. Rivas
Pueblo
Colorado
Physical Science
Supply Corps
''Salty''

Heraldo crossed the border, with his fake green card, in the trunk of a '64 Chebby, hoping to find employment on the shores of the Severn. But, he couldn't read the signs, walked past the wardroom workers entrance and wandered into Bancroft Hall finding himself part of the Plebe Indoctrination Program

Jerry, the self-proclaimed lady killer, told us that none of the girls he ever went out with ever minded how short he was But they never hung around long enough to attest to that fact

The only time Jerry was ever put on report was when he accidentally confused the Officer of the Watch with the guy from Taco Bell and yelled to him, ''Hey Gringo, Sixty-nine Tacos!''

Following in the footsteps of one of his favorite Second Class PERSONS, Jerry hopes to be found in Athens, Georgia next year. Go NEEB, Fight! (Can you imagine Rivas' Loaf?)



Richard C. Rivera
Ft. Washington
Maryland
Political Science
Nuclear Surface
Spic

The Spic still had his 48 mile umbilical cord attached when he arrived, having traumatically parted with his home in suburban D.C Mom and Pop were nice, though, and even adopted a few more degenerate mids. Never one to just sit around, 'Roids' has participated in the Catholic Choir, two musicals, and the Glee Club. His musical experience led him to many great adventures, including serenading the Maj. and living it up in New York, New Orleans, and Hood College. The mental Spaz had his moments: fetching snow, never understanding a good joke, and never being able to tell the time off of a menu

Although he was always quick to jump in and help, Rich's somewhat diminutive size allowed him to take flight, while not volunteering in some cases, during rumbles. One December, second class year to be exact, Rich took a flight to Memphis Donning his now infamous bathrobe and goat hat, he managed to get on TV after shouting obscenities and committing insanities. He did have a little help, but Rich could be counted on to lead the charge. If there was a charge to be led

Rich's commitment to his ideals and his friends is unparalleled, among stripers, anyway Many relied on his support in good times and bad with his fiery. Latin blood helping to give a New perspective to any situation

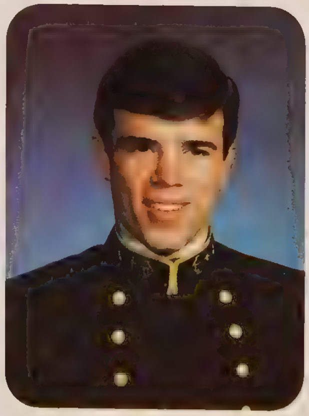
If I may quote some good ''grandmotherly'' advice, ''Be good, Richard!'' and have a ''hole'' lot of fun as a Surfact Nuke Most importantly, though, ''Vaya con Dios!''
MO

Joseph G. Schoppy
Gibstown
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Bird

Even though Joe began life at a disadvantage, in South Jersey, he never lost hope of a better life-the Naval Academy. Going the Naps route as so many have before, Bird learned the principles that guide him today. His philosophy includes, ''It's only my third shower today,'' and ''Let the maid do it,'' and the ever popular, ''Hey Rich, turn off the lights on your way out.'' Between Rack afternoons and Shoopy sauna's, Bird found time to participate on 7 brigade championship teams, with two more expected this year

When he wasn't requesting long weekends as a youngster or dining out with Julia, Bird found time to deal with his classmates help, like the time helped me get fried for swearing at the AOOW. His favorite response to any query was, ''Whadda ya' kiddin' me?'' Any brilliant revelation of the painfully obvious was greated equally by, ''You've got a good point there, on top of your head.'' Joe always gave something of himself, usually for me to clean up. After 3 1/2 years together, I'm getting time off for good behavior because the Bird is being kicked upstairs (from 3-3 to 3-0) to become our fearless Batt Subcommander His only concern now is who is going to clean up after him. Never one to let a good thing pass without grabbing it (providing it was within reach), Joe has committed (a very good choice of words) himself to the silent service that glows-nuke subs. So, $2,400 richer and with his Julia by his side, Joe bubbleheads into the sunset

Bird, good luck and good riddance
RKD



Edward T. Sullivan
Silver Spring
Maryland
Applied Science
Navy Air

Ted had already been accepted to Duke when he found out that his umbilical cord would only reach as far as Annapolis

Next to John Neeb, no one has fed as many fourth company mids as Mrs. Sullivan, and The Hotel Sullivan was the staging ground for many a fourth company movement order

Ted was a terrific guy and a friend to all. He was such a nice guy that even he took advantage of himself and he spent many a weekend standing his own duty

Ted was such an understanding guy too, he was always able to see all six sides of the situation With his management and accounting experience Ted is one of few midshipmen to have received offers prior to graduation from H&R Block because he fits into their personnel profiles

.

E.I. proudly led Fourth Company onto the parade field where many a P-rade judge was heard to queery, ''Hey, did this guy have his pre-com today or what?''

Good luck in F-14's! (Do they make square cockpits?)

NAVY
151
CREW

Michael W. Thurman
Centerville
Ohio
Mathematics
Special Warfare
Mickey

Mike came to the Naval Academy with all the enthusiasm of a fixed cat. His life was in shambles until he met up with his first friend-The Bogg. They became as one, and together they joined the YP Squadron in hopes of command at sea After running aground, their visions of YP Commodore quickly faded. Mike met several new friends with his purchase of a new Sony Trinitron. But, he ate them.

Between Pepsi and Haagen Daaz, Mike stayed healthy enough to row Varsity Crew and squeeze in an occasional trip to Akron. Best of luck always with the SEAL team, wherever your duties may take you.

Vance S. Tisdale
Pensacola
Florida
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Tiz

Straight from the Cougar Bar in downtown P-cola, our boy Tiz traded in his Tomcat for a Sturgeon and a valuable career in the nuclear Navy . .

But it wasn't all a bed of roses for Vance Tisdale, spending all those long weekends "catching up on homework and pumping iron." Additionally, the added responsibility of spending all that hard earned 3-striper, "P-rape judge" liberty really put the strain on his grades. If not for the great sacrifice of time Tiz put in as head judge, today he might be a Rhodes scholar

Regardless of how strapped for time he really was, "Nathan" Tisdale always managed to save some time for relaxing. "The oldest established permanent floating crib game in Bancroft" will be legend for years to come. And he liked to drink beer, too, on special occasions (like his birthday). Just ask F.M. Watt's ankle

Lots of luck to you and Kori. Glub, glub

Stephen C. Trainor
Herkimer
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Stephen C.

Steve came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Herkimer, New York, wielding Truth, Justice, and the American Way, and bending steel in his bare hands (They don't have tall buildings in Herkimer). I mean this guy was s-o-o-o-o clean cut that even his alligators squeaked

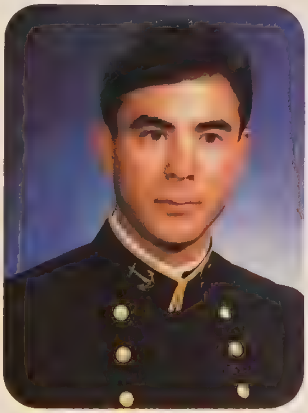
Steve was always a real "one girl" man-(one for Friday, one for Saturday, one for Sunday . . .), but he always knew that the institution of the family was sacred. That's why he's still shopping for a brother-in-law-(Ya' gotta watch who you bring home for dinner)

Steve (McTrainor) wouldn't want this to get around, but the only reason why he came to USNA was because Ara Parsiegian retired Although we don't know a more Honorable Man than Stephen C., he never could help South Bend-ing the truth just a little bit, and he has the liberty to show for it .

Go get 'em, you Irish Tomcat, you!

Charles E. Voigtsberger
Ventura
California
Economics
Navy Air

HEIGHT: Negligible WEIGHT. About right for height SEX: Occasionally HIPS: Negligible WAIST Negligible CHEST: None TURN-ONS: Protramid, plebe indotrination system, wine and cheese hot tub parties, roller skating in Venice, California, academic summery sheets, Proposition 13, Valley girls, avocado salad, pita bread, Jane Fonda TURN-OFFS: Uptight people, Republicans, proposition 13 (he's ambiguous on this issue), war, peace (he's ambiguous on this issue, too) FAVORITE BOOKS: Malibu Beach on Fourteen Dollars a Day, MHP, A Message To Garcia HOBBIES: Surfing, do-it yourself lobotomies, volleyball, lighting bonfires, putting out bonfires (guess what . . .) FAVORITE MOVIES: Annapolis-The First Year, CNO Sitrep Series, Fast Times At Buena High, Old Spice Commercials GOALS IN LIFE: To be father of the solar powered Navy ("Like it burns clean, man") to have a private audience with Cindy E. eating pudding, to model midshipman uniforms for G.Q



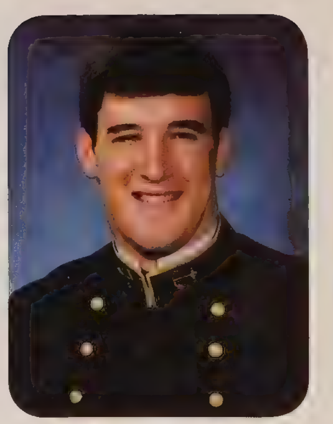
Frank M. Watt, III
Bethesda
Maryland
Math
Supply Corps
"Who"

Our records indicate that one Frank M. Watt, III attended the United States Naval Academy with the class of 1983, but no other substantiating evidence exists. Rumor also has it that he played Navy Football, but no roster lists him. We asked Frank's roommate about him and the conversation went like this

Us: Do you know Frank Watt?
He: Frank what?
Us. Yes.
He: What did you say?
Us: That's right.
He: What's right?
Us: Oh, I don't know!
He. Third base

Further, no muster boards list him as ever having been present for any formations, march-overs, or drills, and class lists indicate only absences

Frank Watt, where are you?



Gregory Wells
Binghamton
New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Greg

Our man Greg came to the Academy from Pinghamton, NY, just down the road from downtown Outerspace .

Greg had a terrific stereo and a great appreciation for the classic rock bands (Lips Inc.?) Perhaps he owes his fine ear for music to spending too many hours in the marine propulsion labs or wearing out the batteries on his Radio Shack home sonar kit .

Armed with a knack for clarity and organization, Greg managed to confuse everyone, including himself, about everything he ever said to anyone about anything concerning something, at anytime, no, when he was adjutant, or was it sub-commander, . . . uh . . . wait . . . no . . . page 42 yesterday . . . 32.2 ft/sec2 . . . Tiz? . . . I'll come back later, thanks

All the best to you, Greg and Cindy . . . Ping . . . Ping .

Kevin S. Zumbar
Alliance
Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Zoom

Three years ago Zoom cruised to Annapolis straight out of Alliance, Ohio. Why he chose to give up Buckeyes, fast cars, and Ohio State girls for 6-N days, Ham Francisco, and Forrestal lectures is beyond comprehension. Zoom is definitely well suited for Navy life. In spite of Okie's abuse, his aquatic nature earned him a letter in water polo, (no not Batt water polo, real water polo). His aqualung traits did not end there. Each year he managed to validate swimming and in so doing made his roommate look exceedingly helpless by comparison. His future plans will keep him in the water . . . in fact it should keep him under the water. Maybe he should change his name to Zoomer just so it will rhyme with his new home. Of course Zoomer has more on his mind than glowing, but Kathy wouldn't let me write any of that. All in all, Kevin has been a roll model for all to emulate. His hard work and ambition will follow him wherever he goes and he is sure to be a success at all that he attempts. God be with you. Go Navy
RAG III

Navy's Downhill Racing Team

Service Selection Night

Nuclear Service Selection Night

Bud Edney as a Midshipman?

Rally

Rally

PHOAMIN' PHOAR

Darren L. Anderson
Salina
Kansas
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Darren

The summer prior to his entrance to U.S.N.A. found Darren Anderson in southern Canada and northern Minnesota leading eager boy scouts on canoe trips into the wilderness. He would often travel all day, by foot or canoe, through all weather, only stopping to eat occasionally. His hair grew long and his beard ragged- a true modern mountainman

A strange transition began on 6 July 1979, one that was not completed until service selection This man who craved the outdoors, open fires, fresh air, and privacy chose nuclear submarines This decision did not take those of us in Fighting Five by total surprise. We first began to suspect something when this experienced trailguide, who slept for months in the open air, could not sleep with the window open. By and large, his company-mates were baffled as to why Darren chose to deny the open fields of the U.S.M.C. and the open seas of the surface fleet to relish in the neutrons of 20,000 Leagues under the Sea.

On the serious side, we will all miss Darren's pipe (cough), his gouge, and his ability to figure out fluids problems that boggled us all. But most of all, we will miss Darren. Good luck, God bless, and thanks

BFD

David M. Bliesner
Bellingham
Washington
Chemistry
Marine Corps
Grunts

He came to us in an indirect route, via Tulane and then Western Washington University. Dave is a man who will settle for nothing less than what he wants and he wanted USNA. His wide and varied background, from university student, to construction worker, to midshipman often led to deep and unique insights as a firstie, upon which many of us came to depend. This experience also placed Dave in the special role of father figure (of course his gray hair may have been a factor). The same determination that brought Dave to USNA, despite the many obstacles, instilled in him the deepest possible convictions and ideas, combined with an impeccable integrity. Dave's idealism was often challenged, and we could always find him at the heart of the latest company controversy- all those calculators adrift just did not ''add'' up. But to those of us who know him best will always remember his ever incredible ''Bliesner Luck'' (the only man who can earn a B and receive a D). If this ''Luck'' does not overcome Dave, we expect to hear of his resounding exploits in his beloved Marine Corps Artillery

DA

John F. Cerasuolo
Massapequa
New York
Political Science/Economics
Nuclear Surface
J.C.

Johnny, the Snoz, Cerasuolo, affectionately known as J.C., relatively in the shadows of Mother B through youngster year, burst into the limelight with his stellar steam studies and his wires wizardry. Not too shabby for an Econ and Poly Sci QPR high double major. Johnny met up with a much more sedate crowd third class year and was never fried for being duicmod again After being beaten with a drumstick at the Hall and Oates concert by a wild band of Notre Damies 2/c year, Johnny was determined to dominate woman. Debbie and Jennifer were soon at his will. He is now known to frequent the Pleasure Chest. The 2/c cruise proved J.C. to be a clever card player but not a clever service selector. Although he was a fine Marine, he was convinced to be a bubblehead

His last two years here are best remembered for road trips to JMU, attempted road trips back from Notre Dame in a four man Fiat, skiing trips to Pennsylvania, Lax broadcasts in the wind and rain (care for a beer 'Dant?), broken collar bones, and scuba diving in the Keys. 1/c year brought us out to San Francisco, North Lake Tahoe, and Yosemite but Johnny's checkbook brought him back to Massapequa (where?). First class year should prove to be even more exciting once J.C. gets his nuclear power bonus. Favorite saying: ''That's a max mega bufu being fried ASAP OBSTCR by the BOOW for dragging your grease hose through First Regimental Side Smoke hall at 19:15 CMDT midnins't regs niner tack, Charlie.

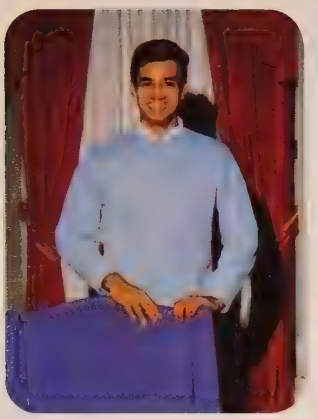
BEH

Bob Clyborne
Minnetonka
Minnesota
Math
Nuclear Power
Rac

A firm believer in the Vikings and the North Stars, Rac left Gods gift to mankind, the boundary waters, to educate the rest of the world. This gentle Yak herdsman from the land of the towheads made a great impression on his plebe summer squad leader who never grew tired of calling his name. With academics taking up about an hour each semester Rip Van Clyborne was able to maintain his position as captain of the Varsity Rack team

When awake, however, Rac was a bundle of fun as his flaming curls burnt a place in the hearts of many a young lady, with a little help from the infamous towbird, of course. Now that his future is linked with that of excited atoms, his friends will best remember him by his exploits at the Naval Station. Enough said.

DS



Joseph M. Cooney
Hayward
California
Political Science
Surface Line
Joe

Joe started his life at USNA as a hard worker with a strong determination to become a U.S Naval Officer. He struggled through plebe year academics and like so many of us managed to just keep his head above water

It was at the beginning of youngster year that Joe realized his decision to come to Canoe U was a good one. For at this time Joe met the girl of his dreams at Disco Dahlgren. It must have been true love or else Joe wouldn't have put up with Bob, Trish, Mother Crabitz, Grandma, Aunt Gertrude, Aynur, or the host of characters in Joe and Michelle's life which make rooming with him so interesting.

Joe's favorite ECA has been counseling classmates who either couldn't jump off towers or jump out of sinking relationships. We're all proud of Joe and we know he'll make a fine SWO and that he'll be happy living wherever Michelle tells him to

DG

Bruce F. Dammeier
Tacoma
Washington
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps
Fuhrm

Always willing to lend a hand, we could always count on Bruce and he rarely turned down a request for help. Often this "revolving door" was to the detriment of his roommate- why else would his subcommander had a 1.61 at eight weeks? This attitude, combined with his sunny disposition, made him difficult to dislike, no matter how hard you tried (how many times can a reasonable human being listen to "O What a Beautiful Morning" at 0710?). His trusting nature made him the victim of numerous practical jokes- right Jim and Pat?- but his willingness to forgive allowed us all to end up laughing, even when our jokes had a tinge of bad taste

Originally bound for surface line, Bruce's ill-timed eye surgery allowed him to turn his dedication and hopes to CEC, a service for which he is better suited. As a man of God, Bruce is an inspiration to us all. It is our wish that God will continue to richly bless his life, as Bruce has blessed ours.

DA

James W. Doyle
Chelmsford
Massachusetts
Oceanography
Navy Air
P-head

It would take volumes to describe all of the adventures of Jim Doyle since he left God's country in Massachusetts to come to Annapolis. Jim studied hard throughout his academy years, often spending one to two hours a week on homework. One of the Pinhead's favorite men, Jim could often be seen strolling B-O in Marine Corps green, keeping the boys in line. As one of the foremost counts of Marymount or on a D + D trip into Fran O'Doyle's, Jim was never one to let the boys down. He was christened "P-Head" by a confused Italian woman who mistook his head for a tropical fruit at Army/Navy '81.

Jim would always make the most of any situation. P-Head and the rest of the six often enjoyed the activities at Checkpoint Charlie, where the Tuborg Light never seemed to go out and the laundry had to go out on Fridays. When Smoke Hall needed a new leader, P-head was highly recommended by a "loyal classmate," his company officer, and even the Commandant of Midshipman to assume this position. After a successful three year tour in 32, Jim was so well liked that it was felt that another company should also benefit from his fine example. Fifth Company became Jim's new home and soon things were back to normal again. Above all, Jim was a man you could count on at all costs. No doubt he will recover from those knife wounds in his back as he continues on in the Navy or the Marines or whatever

JEF

George DuPont, Jr.
Chicopee
Massachusetts
History
Marine Corps
Skip

I came, I endured, and I graduated!!!

GD

Patrick E. Ellis
Jacksonville
Florida
General Engineering
Navy Air
Pat

Pat is a very unique person. He is very squared away as a leader, squared away as a roommate, not very squared as an academic mind and apparently a square to women! He is respected throughout the Fifth Company as a member of the Brain Trust, as a good squad leader, and company commander. As a roommate he sometimes forgets his manners and makes the sink brown from his tobacco habit

Academically, Pat loves the gouge and would rather memorize equations than understand them. Women are Pat's real problem though. He just can't find that special someone to be his very own. I'm sure he will one day though

One other quality sets Pat apart from the rest of us. His favorite sayings are "Get a job" and "Get a haircut." Need I say more about the night at the ballgame. By the way, did you ever get the blood off your shirt? Also, remember the football game against Patches? Those were the good old days when "Fighting Five" lived up to its name. Pat made sure of that

Sean M. Freeman
St. Joseph
Illinois
English
Marine Corps
Sean

"The most fearful hell imaginable would be to meet the person that you could have been."
SF

Jeffrey L. Frye
Elizabethtown
Kentucky
Resourse Management
Surface Warfare
Jean Claude

Jeff wandered to USNA from Elizabethtown, Ky. and the academy has never been the same. Whether or not he was navigating the banks of the Severn or navigating the slopes of Wildcat in New Hampshire, Jeff was always the first to admit that he was lost

Jeff could never decide if he was really academically inclined or not. Occasionally he would get a strange light in his eyes and disappear for several months. Then he would show up the night before finals and want to play D&D. When not occupying himself with the former pursuits, Jeff did extensive research on fluid dynamics. His paper on fluid flow from a bottle is still studied in many circles

Jeff called his car the "Beast" for its age and manuvering ability. He never complained about the gas mileage and we hope he can afford to keep it running in the years to come

David J. W. Gwilliam
East Hartford
Connecticut
Political Science
Surface
Gwills

Well, what can be said about one of the most wild ruckusing partiers on the East Coast? Dave came to USNA from Connecticut with a sense of duty to God, Country, and Jim Morrison. Dave is a die hard fan of the Manila Folders, and speaking of baseball, Dave sure loves those dugouts Remember youngster year at Army or do you?

One thing that stands out in his career at Navy is his relationship with Trish. Dave and Trish have been inseparable since youngster year. Don't get the wrong impression though because Dave is not tied down to anyone. People who are tied down drive from Norfolk to D.C. every weekend from first class cruise to see their lady loves. Does that description fit anyone you know Dave?

We will all miss Dave but he will always be remembered through his memorial study desk at Nimitz Library andhis sometimes "savage" behavior. The Mid store will also miss Dave as their glove and cover sales just won't be the same without him. Gwills, we all wish you good luck in the fleet. Jacques Cousteau also sends his regards
JMC

CALIFORNIA

Joseph C. Harding, Jr.
Lemoore
California
History
Nuclear Power
Mike's Roommate

Joe descended to USNA from the small California settlement of Lemoore. During plebe Summer, he quickly won himself a place in the hearts of his classmates with such famous naval sayings as "Vic, weren't you supposed to bring the muster board this time?". Undaunted, Joe, being the good Navy brat that he was, bounced back to meet the challenge of Academic Year head-on. Unfortunately, he did not get the better end of the resulting collision as it took some fancy footwork during finals in order to obtain sat-dom after sporting a 1.26 QPR at the 12-week mark

Joe took this as an omen that academics were not going to be his forte here at USNA and settled into a nice, cozy history major. Although his grades are not outstanding now by any stretch of the imagination, they were apparently good enough for Admiral McKee and upon graduation, (knock wood) he will be attending Nuke school vice Pensacola as was originally planned. Always the one for lively dinner conversation, Joe will be welcome in almost any wardroom. Pride runs deep!!

Brian E. Hinkley
Conyers
Georgia
Resources Management
Naval Flight Officer
Hinks

Brian E. Hinkley came to us from the thriving megalopolis of Conyers, Ga., "Home of the Chinese Restaurant, Lucas' Ranchhouse and a part of the past that lives today." A man of limited experience when he arrived, and shy by nature, Hinks quickly learned the ways of his northern counterparts. Snow angels in the yard and beach balls in the summer were results of his new friends. Hinks was quick to display his artistic talents after a few drinks. Unfortunately, the sheet posters he created never made it off his bed. Hinks was also noted for knowing a menu at all times-even if it was the same one

Brian settled down youngster year and worked at developing the true Savannah Banana image. Although a management major, he concentrated his studies in Far East relations Countries of particular interest were Korea, India, Japan, and the Phillipines. Extra curricular interests included attempted land speed records in small foreign cars. A major setback occured 2/c year, namely a brick wall. (Happy anniversary Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley) And who could ever forget 2/c Army-Navy (except for Hinks and his friend Lt. J. Daniels). Hinks got a lot out of Actramid/Protramid (especially New London, right Joe?)

Brian also proved himself an avid ski fan. The weekend would have been perfect if Denise hadn't lost the keys and Becky and his folks didn't call. 1/c year holds great potential for Midn Hinkley. A Navy Air candidate, surface line was ruled out for Hinks because of the infamous "wreck of the Philo T. McGiffin" which scarred his surface record. Good luck, Hinks
JFC

Timothy A. Jewell
Rockville
Maryland
Management
Navy Air
TJ

TJ hails from West Point, New York, and showed the good taste to attend the Naval Academy despite his being an Army brat. Upon his arrival at USNA, TJ began on what has been a continuing crusade to reform the Brigade's room standards. To reward his efforts in this field, Oscar was moved out of company as a Firstie where he could only do minimal damage to the company's room inspection average. Famous for more than his shocking personal cleanliness, Carlton was often found gainfully employed at some of the area colleges during free time on weekends. Generous by nature, Carlton would always be the first to volunteer to watch the door and keep away the undesirables at Sorority parties

Tim owned a red Oldsmobile which served him faithfully for his four years as a Midshipman. Tim's Taxi was famous throughout the Brigade, parts of Philadelphia (mostly sidewalks), and is still a favorite topic of conversation at a MacDonalds in College Park. Although there were several eye-witnesses, Oldsmobile still claims that their cars can't do that

TJ will be rolling into the fleet, pursued by the bees and several of his fans from Hood headed for a jet somewhere. We wish him luck and know that wherever he may end up, things will never be the same again. Good luck, Tim.

Brian L. LaRoche
Enfield
Connecticut
Political Science
Navy Air
Roach

Brian was commonly referred to as "Roach" or "Chet" arriving at the Boat School after an inspiring, if alcoholic year at NAPS. Unfortunately, it wasn't 1933 and he wasn't graduating from the German Naval Academy. Nevertheless, he preached Mein Kampf from atop his desk and made Adolf Hitler the inspecting officer during many a study hour. Mein Kampf should adequately describe his first 2 years in Engineering. Like Moses though, he saw something burning, his commission instead of a bush, and changed majors quickly to Political Science (QPR high).

Roach was famous for many things including an intense dislike of plebes, and an amnity for women who bite. His antics often times raised ethical questions such as why 16 year old girls belong in Dahlgren-(Chester you molester). The air waves became safe once he left WRNV. Drunk DJs at 2 am were not cutting it.

Told that he was too stupid to be a nuke, one summer he reached for the sky and Navy Air. If you see a German Messerschmitt over P-cola, that's Roach. Check your six for the Dizzbatt Roach and remember planes are like women-"just grab them by the ears and . . . . ."

John L. Lovering, Jr.
Centerville
Massachusetts
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Meph

John came to USNA from the cozy shores of Cape Cod with the desire to become the next Hyman Rickover. Having been an athletic stud in his high school years, Waddly attempted to continue this same course of action at USNA. However, it didn't take him long to realize his best sport was not on the mat, but rather, in the vat. Mephistopheles, as he came to be known, was spotted early in his career by his plebe summer squad leader, to have acute acting ability. It was this early training that later lead to his appointment to the distinguished position as the Head Naval Academy Musical critic. Because of his outstanding achievements as a critic, John was awarded the black "N" by the Commadant. Menochem was not only a lover of the arts, but also a shrewd businessman. It seemed he was continually collecting WRNV dues.

By the way, John, how could you afford that RX-7? It's not surprising that he bought a two seater, seeing as he seems to do some of his best work in pairs; perhaps that's why he decided to leave his two roomates in a Hood College parking lot in the middle of January. I've always heard three's a crowd or was it four. With thoughtful expoits likes this it's no wonder John was "in the market" for a roomate first class year. It only took one quick look "around the campus" for John to find the "Ace". "TS-TS-TS-TS. Someday some woman will tame John, (if it hasn't happened already), but until that time he will be married to the Navy as one of McKee's finest. Good luck.
TAJ

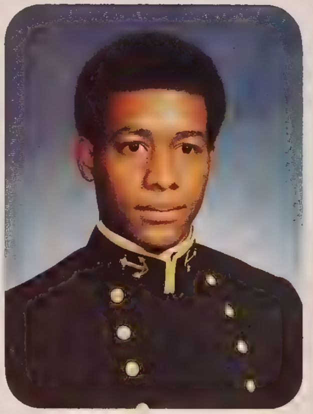
Robert C. Martin
Jacksonville
Florida
Operations Analysis
USMC
Juice

The Naval Academy will never forget the four years that Robert "Juice" Martin spent terrorizing the campus. During plebe year, he was fried for bothering a wardroom attendant in King Hall which turned out to be the first of his attempts to receive a black "N" sweater. Juice captured the award, however, during 2/c year when he accidentally happened to leave two shoes, an SDB jacket, an overcoat, and a pair of pants under his sheets during a bedcheck. Obviously, he was in the bathroom.

Juice was a standout in company sports throughout his USNA career. His athletic ability came in handy many weekends, for his "O.J.Simpson" dashes helped make taps; for he had to run from "the ward" off West Street to Mother B in world record times. On one occasion when both roommates where gone and Juice felt a little hungry he asked the wardroom for a late night snack however, he did not eat it.

Juice was known for a unique outlook on life in the hall; that is, when he decided to stay around. Juice brought us back souvenirs from Wespac. Thanks, but no thanks Juice. MIDN Martin also amazed us by constantly having a bruise on his neck, and he did not get it by playing football.

Juice is a man of friendship; he even displays a friendship mark on his arm. Juice stole the hearts of Sheena and Niecy but was always able to escape the whip. In closing, Juice goes down in the annals of Naval Academy history as being "Too cool for the tool."
BEH



Charles S. McDavid
Flatwoods
Kentucky
Physical Science
Surface Warfare
"Goober"

When Goober came from the booming metropolis of Flatwoods to the small monastery on the Severn, he was taken aback by the lack of hospitality on the upperclassmen's part. "It just goes to show you can't beat good ole southern hospitality!" Goobs proved to be nobody's fool and had the opportunity to tell the Supe and Dant at his Ac board. But he survived that debacle to fall to another, a tall red-head from Baltimore who took him hook, line, and sinker. Goobs is a skimmer Nov 1, depth-charging schools of fish on his new Adams class DD. Good luck as ASW officer and remember, don't let the tools get you down.

Victorino G. Mercado
Oxnard
California
Math computers
Surface
Vic

People knew him as Vic, Ron, Woonie or "Mr. A-Dor-A-Ble." He left his family (Hi Uncle, Auntie, Helen, Elsie, Erwin, and Kristin!!!) and friends of Oxnard, California and came to USNA for one major reason-he's driving it! Yes, now he has a brand new $24,000.00 1982 Corvette. Now all he has to do is graduate to keep it. Little did he know graduation was no easy task.

He began plebe summer like a lost Filipino refugee and remained braced-up until hell froze over. (Later he seeked revenge, sorry 84, 85, and especially 86.) Once the academic year started, he found that trying to stay awake while studying was another obstacle; thus he studied only when absolutely necessary and crammed all 4 weeks in one "long" night before exams. Another thing he never got used to were those rigid hair standards . . . . I guess the light trims were regulation enough to GQ Magazine. "Dress to impress" was his motto, and if it wasn't for plastic money, how else could he afford nothing but designer clothing or a pair of $170.00 sunglasses? Word is he has Mafia connections to pay for all of this. .

Anyways, with all his bills, it's no wonder he's always in search of change in order to buy a measely old 35 cent Pepsi. Another sacrifice and one which affected him the most, as well as other girls on the east coast, was his "distant", "everlasting", and "only" relationship with his dear girlfriend Sue. We're glad you two held on all the way. We just hope you take really good care of him in the future Sue, because we all love him just as much as you do.
PM

Joey A. Miller
Dundalk
Maryland
System Engineering
Navy Air
Miller

Arriving at the Naval Academy after a years layover at Hargrave Military Academy, Joey Alan Miller was Dundalk, Maryland's answer to the All-American boy. When he wasn't protecting his sister from some would-be gigolo, Joey was sharing his free time with his alter-ego Crawford, enjoying crabs, beer, and "The Birds". In fact, Joey is such an avid Baltimore Oriole's fan that he often claims that *everything* is related to baseball. Considering that to him a bad grading period is anything below a 3.5, a person has to stop and think that just maybe he is right! At times an intensely private person, Joey is the simplest and the best of friends. Destined to be the best pilot the Navy has ever produced, Joey will in the end find his clean, well-lighted place
DMB

John B. Newell
Mitchell
South Dakota
Physical Science
Surface
J.B.

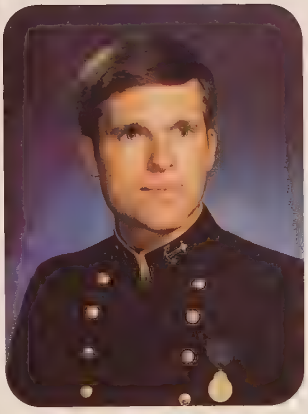
There used to be a time when no one worried about tomorrow; the cars were bad, the bikes were fast, and the men lived for adventure. From those times were born the likes of the original Olds Toronado, the Suzuki GT750, and John Newell. The times have changed, but J.B.'s still got one bad Toro and one fast bike. Never mind the times, J.B., you just keep on showin' us how to drive, showin' us how to ride, and showin' us how to live.
RAT

Michael Ott
Marietta
Georgia
English
USMC Air
Mott

Commander Mott, ISN (Imperial Space Navy), meandered into USNA from Marietta, lusting equally after women and airplanes, desperately throwing himself at either. While here, he accomplished great things, most notably: being the only Glee Clubber who, over the course of three years and two vasectomies, increased his vocal range by at least an octave. His exploits in the never-ending search for the perfect female led to some strange encounters in such exotic places as Hood College, Memphis, and of course, Annapolis.

The Founding, Floudering Father of the Boats Executive Committee perfected the art of Flirtin' with Disaster during his time here. Of course, not every disaster can be avoided, as evidenced by Mott's second class conduct record (enough Form 2's to paper his room). Many a BOOW was forced to trek up to 3-4 to check on Mott's room touring proficiency.

But, under his outward obsreoerousness, Mott showed what it was to be a truly loyal friend. Although at times he seemed to be a case that only St. Jude could handle, Mott showed time and again that under his very unruly veneer was one of the warmest people that anyone could have the good luck to know. He leaves USNA to attack the clouds. Buena Suerte, Amigo.
RR



Denise H. Pellette
Los Alamos
New Mexico
Oceanography
Geophysics
Sauce

Denise came to the Fightin' Five from the land where cactus flourish and covered wagons traverse; yes- Los Alamos, New Mexico. I'll never forget our first day together and those wonderful tube socks, pro keds, and flowered skirt. Who else but my roomie! We've survived four years of each other's pet peeves (Who said it couldn't be done!). Good luck, Denise, and I hope you keep in touch and remember- after four years of each other-who could forget the fun we've had! Love always, Heidi---

Second class summer, Denise learned lots in conspicuous clubs and in stanky hoods; "I feel fine." -but not so fine after a spin in the Cessna; and at Quantico, Denise was an angel, or so she was told, but never too pure to find fun in some base baudy humor. In efforts to satisfy her glut for the giggles, Denise sought a friend with slanted eyes and twisted thought. While laughing at ludeness, she is not without moral principles—one in particular, "Love Thy Neighbor." An altruist, Denise does her part in energy conservation—Never expends too much!
T

Michael R. Philbrook
Glendale
Arizona
Applied Science
Surface Line
Mike

Mike came to the Fighting Five from Phoenix, Arizona. Phil Philbrook from Phoenix? Your mother must have planned that one! Oh well, Mike had a slow plebe year, academically speaking, but his girlfriend had big plans for the future (she had names for the kids). This was too much so she was dropped for another found love. Yes, Mike became romantically involved with someone else—He spends many a night with her and even obtained permission from the C.O to be with her way past the bewithcing hour of 2400. Mike fell in love with none other then a computer. Mike has become the computer wonder of the brigade. "Mike, where is my infinite loop", "Mike, can you help me with a program", "Mike, Mike, Mike" have become the company's and those involved with computers favorite lines. Also, here at Navy Mike has been involved with back stage. He has been stage manager for several shows as well as designing a couple. Besides the stage in Mahan Hall, Mike was the Midshipmen in charge of the Bob Hope show

Now Mike is looking forward to possibly a career in data processing with the . . . . . Marines? Oh, Mike, how could you? Mike was fortunate during his time here not only to adopt a sponsor, but also an entire family- "the son Mom never had!!" Well Mike, you've been an excellent friend, brother, bank, classmate and instructor (jump!!!) and I wish you the best in your career in the service which-ever one it is, and the pursuit of your computer career. Keep in touch and remember someday - "Someone's life and career may be in the palm of your hand

HW

Timothy R. Rexrode
Long Island
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Rex

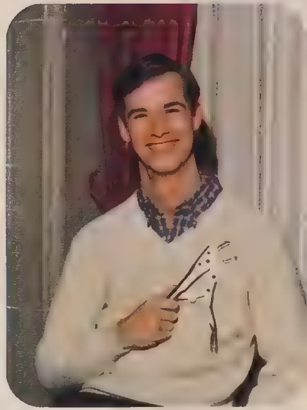
Where do you start with a swell guy like Rex? You could begin with plebe summer where Rex was always helping out his classmates in correcting their errors and keeping their bilges clean. You could start with Rex pulling back all the stops third class year with his model room and locker storage, not to mention hand-to-hand training for his roommate. Rex's agile mind quickly came up with a solution for the Iranian crisis by refusing to make up his rack till the hostages came home and the Shah was reinstated. Rex always enjoyed the theater so we knew he wouldn't miss Fiddler on the Roof for anything. As Andy Warhol said "We'll all be famous for 5 minutes."

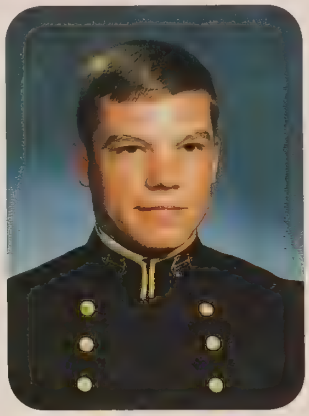
Second class year brought new meaning to Rex's life as he pursued a revitalized professional interest in the plebes (especially the female ones). However, a major obstacle stood in the way of this professional interest in the form of a lcdr. So he was forced to find a new source of interest at U.M.B.C. Don't worry Rex, you'll stop bleeding one of these days

Rex sort of spread himself too thin, and during the black week in Febuary, it all fell on his head (including his prepubescent love from Up-State). Rex re-cooped from these losses during the Bob Hope special when he tried to pick up on the female officers in charge (they don't call him sexy Rexy for nothing). Speaking of sexy Rexy, there was always the sex education lecturers for jowls. Don't worry Rex, you gave it your best shot

Finally there's first class year and the crow. You always did impress the girls by having all those strips and the bird. Well, Rex is flying now. He's the one with the Starburst wrappers flying out of his cockpit.

SM



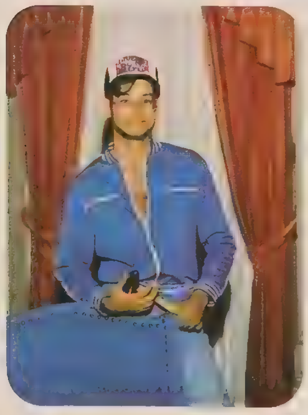


James D. Riegel
Shoemakersville
Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Marine Corps
Jim

Here we have Jim Riegel. Being the best at academics and leadership just seemed to come naturally to this highly professional academic scholar. He is probably the only person ever to come out of Shoey, Pa. and become a real-Marine. His stay here at USNA has followed a pretty typical Midshipman pattern. He is one of those guys that comes here with thoughts of graduation, a June-week wedding, a station wagon and 2 5 kids.

As a plebe, Jim was a 130 pound weakling with the idea of going Marine Air. After pumping iron and adding 35 pounds he found out that real-Marines keep their feet in the mud. Probably his best feature is the way he wears his hair. It usually looks like it is at attention! Even though Jim is known for his water ability, he decided against being a Navy frogman when he was told he had to swim through the water instead of walk under it. Jim has always amazed everyone with the way he handles his finances. Since he sends his paychecks home to his wife-to-be and then asks for an allowance, he never has any problems.

After living with Jim for four years it will be hard to see him go. People like Jim don't come around very often and when they leave, it's always a privilege to say he is one of your friends. Good luck and we know you will make a damn fine Marine.



David H. Scott
Kingston
Jamaica
Physical Sceince
Foreign National
Beef

When Dave "The Beef" Scott first stepped off of the boat to America, he was just a little bewildered. All of the donkeyless carts, multi-storied huts, and structures that weren't made out of grass really seemed strange—not to mention the fact that everyone spoke some derivation of Patwa called "English". Soon, however, he found a niche for himself at the good old USNA, where he was happy (but always plagued by people trying to get him to eat).

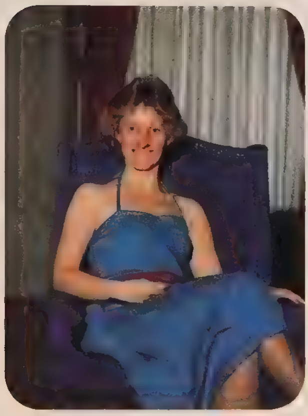
At the Boat School, Beef, although heavily involved in sports, still found time to settle into the rigorous academic discipline of a Phi-Sci major. He also found time to join the "VDT", and to concoct a brew or two as the UMBC "Witch Doctor". Between brews, Beef managed to spend a little time in the hall; Lucky for him, or else he might have missed out on meeting his true love (and fellow countryman)—the Jamaican J.O. first class year finds them still together alot. Rumor has it that J.J.O. and he have often been seen driving to Rastafarian Conventions in his family's "flintstone-mobile". Let's just hope that his new flame, Marina, doesn't spoil a beautiful relationship. I think Beef hopes so too

Well, good luck in the real world, Beef (let's just hope that your favorite classmate and mine doesn't go civilian line too, or Beef may be put up for some H.O.'s). All of us in Five hope you are succesful both in establishing the Jamaican connection and in chasing your namesake

RAC

Rich Wehman
Stony Brook
New York
Applied Science
Navy Air
Dickie

I came to the shores of Annapolis after a rough year at prep school. My four years at the "Boat School" have been tough but fun. During those years I have made some close friends who I will never forget. It was these guys who, when the chips were down, were always there to help me pick them up. Among these guys are Hinks, Johnny, Juice, Skal, Goobs, Bruce, Eddie, Julio, and who can forget John. John was always there when I Needed him. But the people who I owe the most to are my parents. They are the main reason why I hung in there when things were the worst. They always had a way of getting me up off the floor when I felt like staying down and throwing in the towel. I could never thank them enough for the guidance they have given me in life. As I leave the Naval Academy I take with me many fond memories. However, the most important thing I take away from here is the understanding of what true friendship is about. Rich



Heidi N. Wolfangel
Spring Lake Park
Minnesota
English
Protocol, 1100
Wolf

Heidi came to the banks of the Severn River from the land otherwise known as the land of 10,000 lakes. For those in the company who can appreciate this land of frost, it is also known as the land of the "towheads"

Her plebe year held nothing but many many challenges (grades, chemistry, and pe). She was able to overcome all of these obstacles, literally speaking. However, her youngster year set the tone for the rest of her life. Heidi met the man of her dreams. What started as an innocent attempt to gain support of the volleyball team, of which she was a member, and the orange escapades, Jim asked Heidi for her hand in marriage

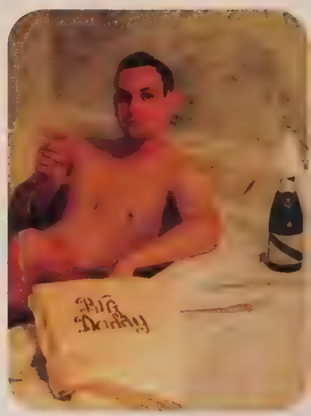
Heidi took on duties during the summer that gave her the position of squad leader for the class of 86. She is working hard to complete the requirements of this fine institution and still keep smiling. As Jim sails under the water, Heidi will be scoping out her possibilities as an 1100 officer. Good luck and much happiness in your future as Ensign Gerding !!!!!

FIGHTIN' FIVE

Kurk P. Anderson
Fort Atkinson
Wisconsin
Physics
Marine Corps
Pig

Kurk left the town of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin to honor us with his presence. He gave up the Packers, the Badgers, and the Brewers, but not the brews. Kurk felt it his patriotic duty to prevent Milwaukee breweries from going bankrupt. In doing this he has put a few bartenders through college He learned quite a bit in his four years at this institution: how many television stations there are in the Washington-Baltimore area, an ounce of gourge is worth a ton of knowledge, and the cost of booze is lower in Wisconsin

Plebe year Kurk could be found riding the grey ladies of the Severn. Youngster cruise found Slim heroically earning the Humanitarian Service Award for being on ship which pulled Cubans out of the water. Youngster year Kurk made an about face by leaving the YP's to Billy-O and joining the 150 pound football team. During second class year Kurk dressed as a pig for Halloween and thought high pig fashion required class transportation as a 1969, black Cadillac became the Pigmobile Once the Pig nickname caught on, he felt he had to live up to the image and proceeded to gain 50 pounds. Now he doesn't have to wear a pillow under his pig suit. Pig became a Gungy Gyrene first class year and went on Marine Option Cruise. There he rappelled out of a helicopter only to land on and flatten a Marine. Pig is following in the footsteps of his father by wearing green after graduation



James J. Benner
New Carlisle
Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Jay

Jay stumbled into Canoe U from a small farm in New Carlisle, Ohio, ready to fly jets. After a quiet plebe year when only his roommates knew he existed, he entered the limelight at one of the first of many get togethers at the "Home for Wayward Mids." Having downed a few brews, he decided to chow down for a while and headed for the chips. Spying a large bowl of "orange juice", he proceeded to munch out and guzzle the juice. Shortly afterwards he was found with his face buried in the chip dip. After this splashing entrance into the social life of 6th Company. Jay became a regular at all the company parties

Life wasn't all parties though. As an Aero major Jay came to love "NAISS" as only a Mid really can, spending most of 2nd class year as close companions. As a firstie, Jay joined that select group of Mids who regularly faced the dangers of "Red Warnings" with eager anticipation. On long weekends, there was no need to look around Maryland for Jay because as soon as he was free on Fridays, it was off to Miami University to see Beth, his blind date from the ring dance Jay, many in the company wonder, "Is a June week wedding in the future?" Good luck and hope you get your pilot billet
JFD

Brian J. Collins
Yorktown Heights
New York
Applied Science
Navy Air
BC

"BC"-Brian Collins was a mild mannered jock from a New York suburb who went south in search of fairer pastures and more pleasurable pastimes. He found the weather warmer, the woman more intriguing and his rack more companionable. In spite of the training, BC still lettered (Black N) his youngster year after failing to invite the OOW to a party in his first wing penthouse

As a man who programmed best with his back against the wall, the night before projects were due would find Brian typing into the wee hours of the morning. Step two was to develop an alternative. Be a pilot and fly jets . . . Big Jets . . . . 747's? But if ya wanta to be a pilot, ya gotta learn to drink like one-Pizza & Molson, Burgers & Molson, Molson & Molson! Brian had as much trouble leaving food in the wardroom as he did leaving beer in a bottle. Senior year found his true talents as he coached the First Batt football team to five shutouts and a brigade championship. But there were problems, ie, too many girls. Never at a loss for a date or an excuse to write a letter during study hour, BC broke many hearts in his four years here

Although Brian found the mentality here depressing, he smiled and kept on thinking free. We will miss BC as he returns to getting high-in an airplane
FCR

James F. Drake
Coopersville
Michigan
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Dog

Jim came to USNA via the fleet as one of Uncle Hymie's boys. Plebe summer wasn't even over before he decided that he liked pain and self-destruction. Subsequently, he proceeded to mess up the ol' knee wrestling and then shattered his ankle on his first trip through the O-course After several operations and a lot of time in a drug-induced state, Jim finally made it to youngster year when he put on his WUBA for the first time. He spent youngster year reading westerns and science fiction because 'EE' wasn't quite as interesting. However, as second class year came into full swing and the first grades came out, Jim realized that this 'EE'' major was not fooling around. Many a weekend was spent in Mother-B this year fighting for dear life against the academic scene

On the few times he did get out though, he wasn't going to waste time messing around. One such instance was a Company get-together, (Gilbeau Tramid), where Jim decided that dog food made great hors d'oeuvres, especially with mustard. You could always count on him to be the life of the party. Just ask Jim what his favorite card game is and the answer would be, "Euchre and a Fifth."

Have fun flying under those waves Jim. Better you than a pilot
JB

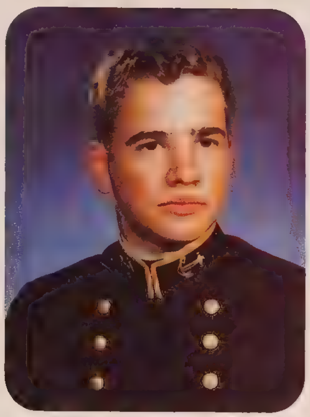
Daniel P. Forney
Kaohsiung
Taiwan
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Forn

Dan came to us from the U.S. Army and an ancestry of soldiers. Being no stranger to the ways of the military, this savvy lad's, 'home is where you hang your hat' attitude, allowed him to easily handle the initial Academy rigors and lay a sound academic base

Although Dan's wonder parents, the General and Lady Di, have settled in Miami Shores, Florida, coming to the Boat School brought Forn back to the stomping grounds of his early years. Included in this homecoming was a reunion with his high school sweetheart, Debbie. To the amazement of the boys, this precious china doll was the only person with whip enough to tame the overbearing Sgt. Airborne, and bring out his affable nature

Forndog's crazy dreaming habits and night time wall climbing tendencies caused him to miss the youngster cocktail party and subsequent restriction musters, but he was ready to go for Spring Break in Datona Beach. Second class year Dr. Blatto battled Rocket Read, but he still found time to leave his mark on PROTRAMID III-C, the Wednesday afternoon Riorden's club, Route 50 west to Georgetown, and his roommate's neighbor's front porch. That next summer the house boy earned his silver dolphins and found his calling. The beginning of first class year had that certain ring to it, which included a binge to the Virgin Islands in classic overboard Forney style

We'll all miss the noisemaker and he'll surely be an asset to the submarine Navy. Thanx for everything Dannyman-see ya in Orlando



Frank M. Gallo
Ludlow
Massachusetts
Aero Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Crank

Frank hails from the town of Ludlow, Mass. He was one of the few not fried plebe year. He got a pretty good sponser, a Lt. from 3-1, who visited whenever on watch. Academics did not bother Frank. He still keeps to the plebe system of in bed by eleven nearly every night. He also could tell you such things as a baseball player's batting average for ten year periods. In addition, Frank is pretty good at trivia

Frank made a good contribution to company sports. Youngster cruise took him to Gitmo Bay Castro land aboard the Navy's carrier Independence. This left him in the hole for lots of fun GQ's. He was not persuaded toward Navy Air, because his eyes limited him

One day during youngster year Frank got tied up in a laundry bag. Third class year found Frank's chow packages still came at their weekly rate. Well, it seems that Mom had time to cook since all the kids had left the nest.

Second class summer came and so did New London. Frank had found his calling So Frank, like all the future nukes, went on a sub for first class cruise, to penetrate the depths of Neptune's reign. As a Mid Frank is no longer a polywog, being visited by Neptune on his crossing the Equator on the other side of the world. He got off cruise in one of Navy's more exciting ports-Diego Garcia
WFO

Robert J. Gilbeau
Fremont
California
Resources Management
Supply Corps
Beau

Rob left the excitement of his Fremont, California high school and entered the hell of plebe summer from a brochure he had read. It is rumored that Beau was really a civilian who graduated after a temporary stay at the Academy. Plebe year found our wild stud in his wrestling prime, scaring his company CDR and grinding his knee. Bob once said, "If you can't take California outa the girl, take the girl outa California." So that he did and he reached into his vast plunder of wealth and moved his very lovely fiancee Jennine to Maryland. Bob (or B.W. to his friends) soon transformed from a Midn to a taxi driver, hotel clerk, party host, and home for wayward mids (maybe he was forced into a management major)

Youngster year, Bob cultivated his own family of dust balls which have followed him from room-to-room to this day. At this time, Bob decided to hit the academic "coast" button, as evidenced by his dust-covered books. His vacant desk usually indicated that he was out entertaining a classmate with his incredible barrage of "Can you top this" stories

Bob will be remembered as the guy who wouldn't let anything come before his friends (his closest being Jennine). He could be counted on for comic relief in any situation (under the 1 outa 20 rules), and will make a damn fine Supply Corps Officer upon graduation. Thanks for the fun times Bob . . . Bon Voyage with the Navy and with Jennine
EJR

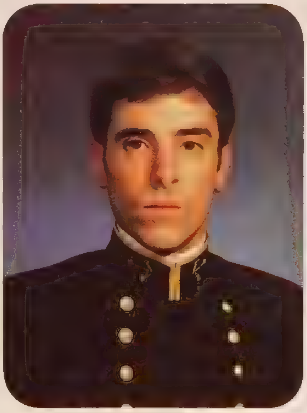
James R. Hille
Austin
Texas
General Engineering
Marine Corps
Jim Bob

Jimmy Ray Billy Joe Bob left that citadel of studdom (Austin, Texas) and all it's babes and BAMF's so he could begin his long and distinguished, nine-year career in the military. After several weeks of obscurity during plebe summer, Little Jimbo awed all of us with his "Home of the Whopper" underwear. From that day on we all knew that behind that quiet exterior there lurked one great big and burly stud. Truly, few have left behind such a noteworthy legacy. From Black "N's" for drinking in Halsey to blackouts after a night at the docks, he did it all plebe year

As a youngster, James Robert became notorious for his country music, two-step, Dahlgren escapades, and the peculiar aroma of the "hot dog" toots that afflicted him every Sunday morning

With second class year came Tex's academic woes, as he skillfully commanded the Company's "F troop". Second semester he changed his major, and suddenly, his interest changed from structural members to his own. As the Company's new T.B.M.W., he terrorized every set of "Beaudacious Tatas" left unattended at Goucher and Notre Dame. Concurrently, he accrued an exceptional line of notches on his "Saturday Night Special"

Now, as his illustrious tenure at USNA comes to a close, and he prepares to brave the Marines and bumble bees of Quantico and the wild women of Mary Washington, several questions remain unanswered. Honestly, hilly billy, who was that mysterious man that would always sneak into our room in the middle of the night and barf in our sink? And tell me, which Texas pastime was really better; pepper on the meat, or Nancy buffing the Bishop? Finally, what really made those brownies smell that way? Yo boy, I'll catch you in the Marine Corps. A.M.F.!
LKM



David F. Kelley
Fairfax
Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Line
Woody

Dave arrived at the shores of the Severn after receiving orders there from his father Capt Kelley. Woody left Fairfax, Virginia (and all the babes going to UVA) and brought his "missiles" with him. Plebe summer left our hero baffled as he was forced to leave his wardroom early and use the buddy-system to find his room. Kel-Dad then took one step forward and one step back. He wisely moved in with his in-the-yard sponsor, but fatally chose Mechanical Eng as a major. After fixing up his room to look like penthouse heaven, Dave took on the Honorable Gee, Killer Keith, and Wild Bill Lee

His diversions included the Dave-Slam-Darrell Radio Show, calculator shot putting, and miniature golf. It was rumored that Dave was elected golf team captain because he was the only senior. . . until the rumor was verified. His golf O. rep. really loves Dave's choice of toilet paper too. Back at Mother B our young beer guzzling buck became a platoon CDR in F-Troop early on, but still stuck out M.E. while others bagged out around him. Woody also endured the McCombs water torture and Krall's endless body slams

Dave has become everyone's best friend in the company and kept the place in stitches with his great sarcastic wit. Giv'em hell Dave, keep off the front lawns, and keep your 'fro packed, cuz who loves you? We do!

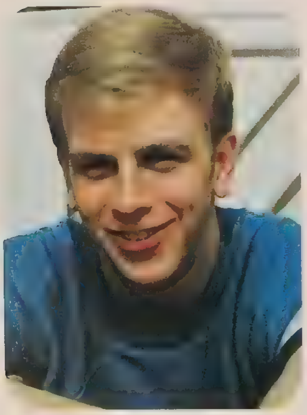
EJR

Cindy Killmeyer
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineer
Civil Engineering Corps
Killer

Cindy, a native Pittsburghian, arrived at the Naval Academy with pom-poms in one hand and a softball glove in the other. Little did she know that these would be put aside to collect four years of dust, while a D & B mellophone would take their place. Cindy always obeyed the Golden "6th Company" Rule: Work Hard, Play Hard. She spent many hours pursuing an academic major in Ocean Engineering and eventually earned a CUM of over a 3.00

Killer somehow found the time to join several ECA's including Society of Women Engineers, Oceanography Club, and Big Brothers/Big Sisters, eventually becoming an officer in two of those organizations. Because my first copy of your biography was eaten by my friend the computer, I am having a hard time remembering all the wonderful things I had said about you. Here are a few things we will remember our "Killer" by: golden December tans; Cindy do you want sunscreen for your eyes?; one of the boys; can drink a fish under the table; her baby-blue Firebird "Gemini"; weekends at "Action's". And Cindy, please don't forget: Zeke; Joe; Flem; Gary; BC; Dan; Spike; and most importantly - me, your roomie! One more thing: A friend has a patient ear to listen to my troubles a strong shoulder for me to cry on a loving heart that soothes my fears You were always there to lift my spirits and brighten my day Thank you for being that friend to me. Good Luck, Cindy! And I only hope that CEC will be as good for you as you will be for it. With all my love, Singer "MOM"

CS



Michael J. Koval
Wilkes-Barre
Pennsylvania
Management
Marine Air
"Koves"

Mike came to USNA out of the great wilderness of northeastern Pennsylvania. Using all his leadership skills, which he had assimilated as an Eagle Scout (for example: how to knock down garbage cans), Mike started out Plebe Year determined to excel. He got involved in several extracurricular activities such as Crew and the Catholic Folk Choir. However, when Youngster Year came, Mike directed his energies more toward Dahlgren Hall on Saturday nights and studying the peculiar social habits of a certain girl from the University of Maryland. Second Class Summer found Mike taking the standard tour of the eastern seaboard from Dam Neck to New London, but the big event that summer occured right here in ol' Crabtown. Seems Mike found that one and only at Frannie O's and despite a rough start has been cruising with her ever since

The last two years have gone fast for Mike. The high points seem to be his loyal attendance to "F Troop" Second Class Year and the upkeep of his Cadilac this year. We all wish him good luck wherever he goes and hope he remembers to make a reg rack We hear they're tough at TBS

Daniel J. Krall
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Math
Marine Air
Bulldog

The initial part of our story finds Dan in a small greasy part of Pittsburgh (of course, that could be almost anywhere around the Iron City) with no real future plans in mind. Then came the startling news that he had been accepted at NAPS, even though he hadn't applied. When he was informed he would get paid to go to school, Dan figures that was the place for him. After this year of preparation, he was ready to tackle plebe year. Aided by wrestling buddies and many Nimitz shuffles to G's, Dan survived his first year without many emotional scars. For most, this year's study hours included Chem, Calc and History. For Dan, the Pittsburgh Press, Steeler Weekly and the Hornblower Series were the topics of the day. Then came youngster year when Dan first learned the value of $1.50. A great deal of his time was spent on road trips to various colleges, and on the project he undertook of rationalizing the regs to a point where they could easily be followed

When spring rolled around, Dan could be found in the Green Beach or narrowly escaping the watchful eye of the O.D.; that is, when he wasn't at wrestling practice or practicing wrestling on some unsuspecting classmate

During second class year Dan made a great effort at improving his professionalism. This was made easier when someone finally showed him the location of the press shop and how to use a broom. Throughout the year Dan bulked up by "pumping iron" which resulted in his third N With first class year came added responsibilities. Among these were taking care of his drunken roommate, managing his decaying financial empire and deciding whether he was going to fly with or without his hair. Whenever any of us think of Dan, we will remember a guy who was willing to drop everything in search of a good time. Also, a guy who had a better grasp on what he wanted out of life than he did on the rollbar of a pickup

DFK

John A. Krepps
York
Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Nuclear Power
Pretty Boy

Having conquered all the girls in York, Pennsylvania, John came to the Naval Academy looking for new challenges. Recruited as a running back for Navy football, John decided the next spring that powerlifting would better preserve his trim, muscular physique. Always true to his motto (and the girl he happened to be with), John did "everything for sport", including hunting for that special girl.

Youngster year found John going to class between weekends as he made sure schoolwork never interfered with his weekends. Each Sunday night came complete with the latest adventure story with the girl that was always "sooo nice." Sone he found that the biggest turn-ons for babes were pipesmoking and the first ten notes of "Stairway to Heaven" played on the guitar. John is still the only guy who completely covered a different blotter each year with photos of his summer encounters. Every Friday afternoon saw John scrambling to change clothes, grab his hairspray, and start cruising the country in his Grand Prix.

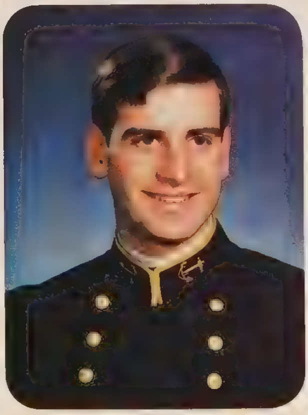
Intending to graduate with the few and the proud, John saw the light second class summer and converted to Nuclear Power. With his ability and desire, John should have no problems as NPS in Orlando and his great sense of humor will be missed by his classmates following graduation. Best of luck, John!
RDP

David A. Linton
Tuscon
Arizona
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Dave

Dave dashed into USNA from the Rocket City of Huntsville, Alabama and kept on driving through the superburger race routine of plebe summer with strong determination. Dave was noted for a hearty chuckle and a willingness to help lighten another's load. After plebe summer he set his sights on Army. He coordinated the Co. Army Project . . . "The Incredible Hulk", but he never went to the game. A broken leg forced him to remain in the hall and watch Navy trounce Army on TV.

Always ready to serve the Lord, Dave was active with the Navigators and in Bible study groups. He tried just about anything that came his way which included sailing, canoeing, skiing, sport parachuting, scuba diving, and marathon road racing. He conquered his first USMC marathon in 3 hours and 26 min. but bettered his time the next year in 3 hours and 14 min. Dave was a Big Brother to Lawrence and John for three years. They appreciated his cadences of 'Elft ote Elft' As a true Sixer, Dave was fall set Co. Sub. Cdr. and helped keep his roommate going

Though the years have passed swiftly, how will we ever forget the curly haired kid from "Bama?" Whether it was his smile, good nature, laugh, or love of good clean fun that is a moot point. He is a special guy that has touched the lives of each and everyone of us who has lived on the Fourth Deck in these past few years. God bless him and lots of prayers to our NFO who is flying high on that 'higher plane of life'
ATM



Andrew T. Macyko
Garden City
New York
Ocean Engineer
Navy Air
Mace

The limits of "Drew's World" extended further south than ever before when Andy came to Annapolis. The Long Island accent he brought from Garden City confused us all. Pronouncing his last name confused his squad leader. His quiet and sincere nature prompted us to elect him as Company Honor Rep, an office he held for four years. Plebe year his grades came out well so Andy set out to be an Ocean Engineer, a decision he later sometimes questioned

As hard as it is for Andy to wake up in the morning, he managed to complete those 0430 pre-airborne sessions and later went out for crew ("Drew sinks barges") but later switched over to running for Navy track. Andy was such a good Company Commander youngster year that he was selected for that position four more times including first semester first class year

Although Andy was sincere, good natured, considerate, and diligent it was his trust in the Lord that set him apart from others. Andy's ability as a leader was never questioned. Who else could lead the Company to second place in a formal dress parade? Andy's first class summer cruise on board USS Carl Vinson was just a warmup for his aspiration to fly. Because of his determination to keep working even when things look bad, Andy will do well at flight school.
DAL

Peter J. Manibo
Fremont
California
Graduation/Math Q.A.
Surface Warfare
Little Pete

Peter Jeffrey Caraan Manibo (whew), otherwise known as "Little Pete", left a cozy home, good food, close friends, and, of course, long hair in sunny California to attend the Naval Academy Prep School and thus dedicate himself to success at that fine institution by the Severn. This 24 hour, 365 day student, inspired by Tecumsah and guided by the "the Gouge" strived for one thing and one thing only- that elusive 2.00. After finally attaining that goal of goals, Pete turned to the finer things in life: Fancy clothes-designer only, please; fast cars- no less than a $20,000 Porsche 944; and of course, a fine young lady from the University of Maryland. But still, it wasn't enough. There were mountains to conquer (skiing mountains that is) and oceans to swim. The latter proved to be the greater of the obstacles for our little adventurer. Though scuba qualified, Pete somehow managed to fail every swimming test given at the academy. Through the aid of a Mark Spitz nose plug, however, our aqua-rock quickly turned the tide on the Academy swimming program

Besides "the plug," Pete possessed other advantages which most of us would've died for While most of us were getting $320.00 a month, Pete seemed to be getting $420.00. Also, bills just seemed to disappear. The hole dug by the dreaded "Visa" card was quickly filled in by good ole Emelyn, his "younger" sister. Must be nice . . . . well Pete, you've come a long way baby Now you're an Officer and a gentleman (might even be married). Wherever you are and in whatever you do, may God be with you always. The Academy may be losing you but the whole world's gaining you. Take care . . . Oh, by the way, Pete asked me to deliver a very special message; "Kuya, this is for you!"
VGM

Lawrence K. McCombs
Felton
Delaware
Political Science
Marine Corps
Big Lar

Larry escaped from the farm life of rural south Delaware so that he could fulfill his destiny of one day becoming Commandant of the Corps in 5 years. Consequently, he attacked the Academy with the intensity of a grunt taking a hill. His massive build made it hard for anyone to believe that this man could have anything upstairs, but he soon dispelled the ''all brawn, no brain'' idea. Larry did have more than his share of academic woes however, considering he played hopscotch with the majors program. EE totally fused him out, so he jumped out of the proverbial frying pan and into M.E. He then refused to join Granger's Rangers and so forced his way into Poli Sci where he came to know and love easy A's and youngster afternoons. On the weekends Big Mac was known to cut loose and fill many a mug and abuse many a woman. His plebe year was highlighted by an attack by a wild Charlie's woman who proceeded to help him wear his drink. As a youngster he could either be found at Dahlgren yelling such things as ''Yo winch, wanna get lucky,'' or on the ice cold docks slamming ice cold brew-has. Second class year Lawrence finally found someone to pull his wild hair

Now the question is, will he have to choose between Kellee Green and Marine Green? In any case we all know what he will decide. Or do we? This lean mean Marine machine may have to be content with sleeping with Owlsby for the while. No matter which way you look at it though, Mr. Abrasive is one guy you're glad to have on your side and more than glad to have as your friend Good luck Lawrence in all of your undoubtedly prosperous endeavors, and I hope that you find all that you seek
JRH

Darrell B. Montgomery
Crocket
Texas
History
United States Marine Corps
Gumby

Gumby came to USNA one step ahead of everyone else. Being prepared is OK but he memorized reef points prior to plebe summer. Plebe year took Darrell to many interesting places ranging from Lawrence Field to the torrential showers of Viet Nam. Monty learned his rates well and took to academics. If only he had learned to wear his hat straight

Second class year saw Gumby's days filled with baseball, WRNV as a DJ, and hobbling around on crutches. I never saw a more realistic fake cast. Good job Darrell!! Despite his injury, Monty still ''managed'' to get a letter on the baseball team. Gumpus finally hit his goal mid term first semester 1/C year when he got a 4.0. Then he made copies of his grade card and used them as Christmas cards. Also, first class year he saw the light and decided to go Marines. At least in Okinawa he can work on his tan without worrying about getting caught by the O.D. on Green Beach

All in all, Darrell is a true and dependable friend who has made going to USNA a hell of a good time. Good luck in your future in the Corps and wherever else life leads you. Ooh Rah!!
MJK

William F. Omberg
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Line
Billy O.

He came, he saw, he conquered. (The YP Squadron, that is). That's the story of Bill's four years here on the shore of the Severn. Bill's plebe summer was highlighted by his invention of fish mayonnaise, his Kamikazee rack, and of course the great little smokie incident. Bill picked up the nickname ''Fleet Admiral'' for his plebe summer performance.

The beginning of AC-year signalled the return of the Greyhounds of the Severn and Bill found his true calling. Right from the start he set his sights on his ultimate goal-Squadron Commodore He wasted no time in establishing himself as the self-proclaimed ''best damn throttleman in brigade.''

Academics gave Bill a good fight but he managed to survive with the only damage being to his scalp. Despite many grueling battles with papers, grammar, and misplaced modifiers, Bill managed to survive the hardships of English and Leadership, to achieve two of his goals-qualifying as a YP C.O. and making the log (''Well Billy O. here's another fine mess . . . ''). Bill hopes to continue honing his YP shiphandling skills in the Surface Navy when he joins his fellow skimmers.
FMG

Robert D. Page
Decatur
Georgia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Pagey

Darrell left Decatur, Georgia and his weekends behind when he came to Annapolis in July of '79. The Electrical Engineering Department then took charge of molding his life for his four years at the Academy. He was handed a circuit analysis book and told never to use his rack, watch T.V., or take a weekend. Indeed, we were all lucky to have Darrell around, especially second class year when he helped us through cables and wires. Darrell's hobbies included tennis, swimming, playing with his H.P., working on his design project, and being an active member in the Blondie Fan Club. This easy going guy found his true love, however, and June will be ringing out wedding bells for Darrell and his beautiful belle from Georgia. Darrell will be a find addition to the Nuclear Navy and all of us in Sixth Co. wish him the best
JAK

Charles H. Piersall, III
Newport
Maryland
Marine Engineering
Submarine Nuclear Power
Charlie P.

Charlie P. came riding into USNA one fine July day, a country boy with an easy, rural sense of humor. He laughed at and through plebe summer and even at Chapman. Plebe year was rough on Chuck - though more through Round Robins with Kurk than academics. Youngster year found "love 'em and leave 'em" Homer recovering from his nurse in Charleston and more of the same, (Kurk, Mike, and the Coke machine), 'till one rainy night he escaped to the gutter. Academics were hard too, riding the rocket for fluids and one of the back row for old as death Barr. Laplata's gift to the world tore into company soccer (though with mono & appendicitis the mold had a few defects) and had fun in antiphonal choir (how about that New Orleans trip?). Then there was the black & white housepaint station wagon with the glaring yellow fur only to be replaced with the Tony mobile first class year

Despite missing first class cruise, Charlie still managed to have some fun his last summer. I ask you what plebe will ever forget the rough, "take-charge" plebe summer Sub-Commander? C.P.'s 21st was a memorable (and almost lethal) run in with Margaritas and snowshoes. But now our Marine Engineer is on to be a nuclear, steely-eyed killer-of-the-deep. We wish him luck. Take 'er down, Chuck.
WDS

HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR BOAT TODAY

Frederick C. Ressel
Orchard Park
New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Chip

Frederick, better known to his associates as Chip, came to us from the Buffalo suburb of Orchard Park, New York convinced he'd earned a four year fellowship at the nation's only publicly financed yacht club. He wasn't too far off. On any given afternoon, Chip could be found at the sailing center or out on the Chesapeake

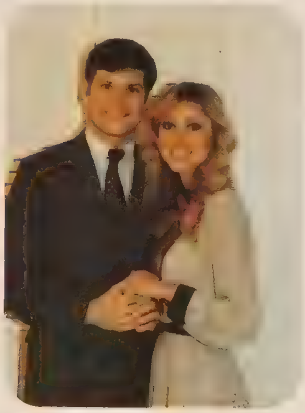
Although sailing occupied the vast majority of Chip's free time (a certain young lady at R.I.T can certainly testify to that), he managed to become a four year veteran of the 6th Company field ball team. His contribution to Company drill was much less significant. The closest Chip got to Worden Field was sailing backdrop for P-rades!

As far as life on the shores of the Severn goes, Chip chose to enroll in Hyman Rickover's pre-nuclear program (otherwise known as the Marine Engineering major); but the good Admiral chose to retire before the class of '83 arrived in the hallowed halls of the Naval Reactors building. Let the records show that F.C. Ressel was indeed the first U.S.N.A. Midshipman interviewed and subsequently accepted to the Navy's Nuclear Power program under the new regime headed by Admiral McKee. Chip Ressel's low key personality and sly sense of humor helped make the 6th Company and the Naval Academy a more enjoyable place to be for everyone he came in contact with. There are many more sails in Chip's future. All attached to submarines!
BJC

Erik J. Reuter
Colorado Springs
Colorado
Civil Engineering Corps
Root-Boy

Erik first arrived at USNA as a result of a wrong turn on a cross country ski trip. Never one to turn away opportunity, he decided to stick it out for 4 years. The "Root", as he soon was to be known, made only one big mistake his initial year at Annapolis. This occured one snow afternoon in February when he pushed the buttons "E-M-E" after the computer asked that fatal question. Thus began the Root-Boy's torturous journey through the world of the Rocket. Wild Bill and the Q-Tip. Youngster year saw our hero attempting to use his major. In one series of experiments he tested the strength of the walls of Bancroft Hall as a function of stereo volume setting. This resulted in hearing loss in many on youngster alley. This year also saw the Root learning the value of his fencing skills and of the extra five minutes after professsors asked for exams. As a second class the Root-Boy's desire to help his fellow man was extensive. Ranging from "how to" lectures in his fields of expertise (which he soon informed us were limitless), to becoming a wrestling dummy in order to help a friend practice. Then came the long awaited final chapter in our man's story at USNA. When he wasn't trying to find his ring with a metal detector, the Root could be found with his favorite stewardess, in D.C. in search of a "Bogie", or carving up his opponents on the strip.

All told, the Root could always be counted on for the "Gooouuuge!" or a hilarious story when you needed one most. Good luck with whatever service has the good fortune to obtain you, Root
DFK



Elmer W. Roane, Jr.
Mt. Royal
New Jersey
Resources Management
Navy Air
Counch

This native South Jerseyan enjoys the better things in life: A baby blue Cutlass, 5-1 150# football seasons, the purple and gold, All-American status, 150# Army '81 & '82, Hawaii '82, Spunky and Fruiti, 38 LBS "I bet you can't", shoulder operation, first semester 2.05, spring line '81, Dad's advice, Academy Motel, blood tests, Dad's connections, "No, it not mine", 40 min "push", A.C. '82, Uncle's loans, Pocono Downs '81, fieldball, spring break '82, the Dejournette Cadillac, Steph's grey roommate, Casper, the Georgia Shore, Howard campus, Hood College BSU, Seventh Batt shootouts, La Paz, Peanutbutter, the look alike Onyx ring, pear shaped diamonds, HPC, April love, big brown eyes and Oct. 24 . . . . enough said!

He gives many special thanks to: Brother Steve, Mother Sis, Pops-better known as Dad before he gets mad, Uncle Maj, Aunt Jean (always remembered), Mom Mom, Aunt Toot and Daddy Boop and family, Dwight and family, Tuggie and Nana, Aunt Shirley, Long, Kev, Cool Bill, Art, John C., Eddie D, the Bowmans, the Wilsons, Mrs Harris and Auntie, Rhonda, Carla, Lil,
and to all those not mentioned, Thank you and God bless!

The memories with: Pete: "The coolest roommate, pretty boy, dust fights, water fights, cold winters, 123 lbs"; Herb: "The LB, friendship is deeper than it appears"; Clint: "KP, purple and gold till we're old, fire it up"; Drow: "The Miestro, how ya doing there Woody?"; Eugene: "of noble birth, the Sisters Dejournette, the Philly New Years with the Cats!"; Terry, Scoob, DJ, Juice, Boogie, Skalbo, Gar, Dog, Mundo, Pig, Seavs, Mace, Dave, Bulldog, Kell Daddy, Beau, Hawaiian Punch (TRS), Barry Lynn, Pete, Pat, Rich, and all the rest of the Sixth Co. Boys! NOW THAT ITS OVER He knew his goal, but not the means, At first it was for fun! He picked a fight, some said he'd lose, To show them all; he won.
EWR

Alan N. Ross
Scranton
Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

The "Italian Stallion", better known in some circles as M.C., is a native of the thriving metropolis of Scranton, Pa. If you ever happen to pass thru this crossroad of culture and modern civilization, the home of America's future predident of NASA can easily be found. Simply ask for directions to One Way Street and then look for a full-scale model of an F-14 in the front year. You can't miss it

Al has always had a hunger for adventure and because of this he decided to join the Navy after high school instead of getting a real job. He wound up in Orlando, destined to a life of pinging-darkness and deep-running pride. Salvation came however, and he was accepted to NAPS and consequently received an appointment to good ol' USNA

Originally Al pursued EE as a major, but soon realized that Bode plots and superheterodyne amps would do him little good at 20,000 feet with a Russian MIG at 180 so he opted for Aero. Now he happily pulls all-nighters to finish up his labs only to find out the next day that the prof has decided to give a time extention. The rest of his Academy activities have revolved around Friday night Parcheezsi tournaments, chow packages, and most important of all the Rack. He says that one day he plans on supplementing this with daily workouts of running, weight lifting and racquetball. Sure Al!

Like all first class, Al lives for weekends when he can spend some time with his girlfriend Cia and escape from the rigors of Mother "B". They also give him a chance to smooth over $20.00 phone disputes concerning hunting, fishing and the King of Sweden. Al and Cia make a wonderful couple and I wish them the best of luck in the future. A better friend and a finer person than Al would be hard to find. I'm glad to have had the chance to share the Academy experience with him. See you in P-cola, Boss. Fly Navy.

TST

Ernest W. Sax
Salt Lake City
Utah
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Saxwell

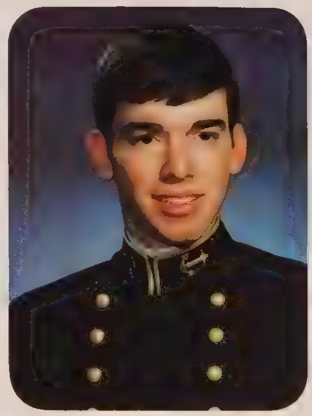
Ernest Ward Sax, more commonly referred to as Saxwell, climbed down from the Rocky Mountains to serve the sentence required for Navy Air. The task wasn't grueling enough so he decided to major in Aerospace. If that wasn't enough, the studies robbed his 20/20 vision and he must settle for NFO

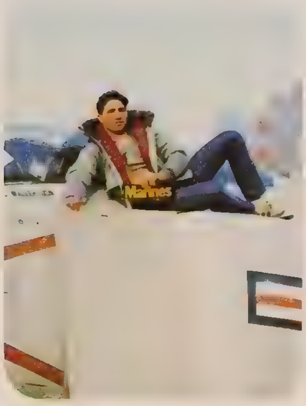
Saxwell tried to keep a low profile during plebe summer but his hot temper wouldn't permit it. He is the only person I know who threatened to fry a Firstie over plebe summer. As the year rolled on his hardened looks wore off. Perhaps the local Mormon maidens had something to do with that. His plebe year experience also included a roommate who yelled "Bogus' into Goat court every night at 2300 sharp, and another who nagged him to the point where Ernesto awarded him with a punch in the chops. And then there was the 1/c Company commander across the hall who had this thing for his clock radio.

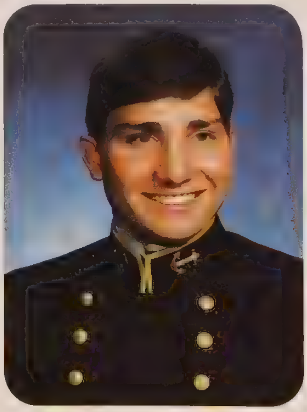
Ernwardo's major kept him in on many weekends. In fact, he can be remembered as saying, "If I had to do it again, I wouldn't do it as an Aero-major." There was an Aero convention in his room 6 nights a week. It was like Grand Central Station

Ernie has given the past four years and the 35 first class who shared the same company alot of laughs, support, and good memories. May good luck and the grace of God follow you throughout your Naval career . . . . and Ernie . . . what do you think . . . is the world geometric? . .

St.G







Gary C. Schmidt
Niles
Illinois
Political Science
Marine Air
Gar

Gary came to the "boys" via Chi-town where he left many broken hearts. He was a man of many talents, some of which no one has ever heard until now. Of course, he was a stud as far as the women were concerned. There was Whalen Willie, Linda's Junior, Poddle Head in Jersey, and let us not forget Sneaken Sally through the alley. His golden tongue not only helped him with the women, it also made it easy for him to master the major of Political Science. He is the author of the infamous book of Scitah which held the humerous accounts of the boys wild and crazy experiences. Gary also mastered the art of power drinking. Many a Saturday were spent at 1624 knocking off case after case, then off to Club Hole in the Wall. Speaking of drinking, let us not forget old Gar's Black N. He and the boys shouldn't have been partying in Mother B. while Corey B. Decker was on duty.

Gary was an expert of numerous languages besides English. He spoke Russisn fluently, not to mention Brewski, a language he spoke to all the girls in every bar he went into

Another talent which Gar possessed was his nack for falling sleep on the porcelain God, not once but twice. Lucky for Gar, people like him or he would still be asleep today.

Gary's outstanding atheletic abilities enabled him to lead six Company in soccer, fieldball and Batt. Lax. He was the type of person that always gave 150 percent in whatever he did. His outstanding military bearing and leadership traits will enable him to fit in perfectly with the men in green. See ya in Quantico couz

PJS

Michael A. Seaver
Gaithersburg
Maryland
General Engineering
USMC Air
Seavdaddy

Seavdaddy is known and has always been known as the most efficient person at stowing military gear, but then, what does it take to heap everything into one locker and lock it Seavdaddy is also an airborne-daddy. Seav recieved his lead wings early but, it took years to get his gold. 'Sargent' Airborne ran many sticks during his pre-airborne days. However, every lad managed to get their gold before the good 'Sarg'. Maybe Seav just didn't like the idea of having wings pounded into his beautiful chest. Seavlover managed to acquire a hoodie which kept him warm and dry on lonely nights (an mornings and afternoons and . . .). Nothing serious. Simply physical!

Seavdad studied at different hours than most. He just wasn't happy unless he could study from 0100 to 0700. Everyone thought he studied alot but, no one knows for sure. It couldn't have been much because he used to be an Aero. Seav did sleep during class, at noon, after class, and, of course, during study hour. Strange things always happened when Seavdad slept. Once he took his model F-18 and smashed it into his locker only to awake later and ask what had gone on. More common occurances were turning off the alarm clock yet never hearing it. When talking in his sleep Seav was always interesting; usually carrying on a conversation with some woman

Keep driving that '57 and flying high. Good luck! No one from 6 will forget you. Always remember, never go more than 45 over the limit on only a case

Carol G. Sink
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Mathematics
1100
Sinker

Four year Development Program Input: Carol "Sinker" Sink For X = 79 to 83 step 1 year Let X = Plebe year Data-Boom-boom, full moon rays, "I fell in a prickery bush", dead mice, emergency leave, cat displays, Thumper, musical roommates, Twerp, illegal tape recorders, hot pots, . , church yard and playground parties, Zeke, suntans in January, pet pigeons and seagulls, goat court and orange throwing contests, sling-shot extraordinaires, Chi, bathroom ladders, recon raids, war with computer commences, covert all-nighters. Next X Let X = Youngster Year Data-Youngster Alleny, cocktail parties, Fleet Reserve Club, softball jock is born, legal all-nighters, Pinch and WUJ, styxball, UA during commissioning week, pumpkin seeds, "would you like a toasted cheese sandwich? or maybe some freshly baked cookies?", youngster board, introducing the mouse, "Sinker, I can't see", "snow" blind, "meet my neighbors, the boys", the war with the computer gets bloody, "I can't drink rum anymore". Next X Let X = Second Class Year Data-Private Beach, establishment of Sinker's bar and grill, "I'm going running; I have sign-in", your boy, weapons stories, Dear Playgirl, the tool from the computer war rises exponentially, Academic stud ho, running for Navy, "I don't think I'll go to class today", pizza parties, bonzai! Mary-Jane jokes, the rum ladies. Next X Let X = First Class Year Data-"We had drill this morning?", room tours, poison control, our friend the mouse returns, Curtis and the Pig, 214 and one wake-up, "from the Hall of Montezuma", give us a car and who are you?, health lectures, do-it-yourself refrigerator, computer war takes a positive turn, the never-ending duties of a squad leader, Magnum P.I., omelets and french toast, Sinker's and Killer's bar and grill lives

Phillip J. Skalniak, Jr.
Dundalk
Maryland
Physical Science
USMC Air
Skalbo

Skalbo descended upon USNA after an extended vacation at NAPS. Hailing from Dundalk, Skal was glad to be back in the old stomping grounds. And so were we. He became our "Cruise Director" plebe year and proceeded to arrange many fun-filled weekends for us. Ma and Pa Skal took us in on many occasions and provided us with great food, much drink, and a new frontier for the 6th Company skirt chasers. Club Hole in the wall and the barn became our local haunts. It was at these and other bars that we saw the master at work. Skal never ceased to amaze us with his ability to pick up the nicest babes in the place. Back in the hall, Skalbo entertained us with the opening of the youngster wardroom, evenings with Truman and Whitefang, and imitations of bodily functions. Phil will be best remembered for his thrilling stories and amusing anecdotes. Among them were the bawdy tales of NAPS, the Fatman, the longest man, Cousin Walt, Ocean City and best of all- his endless parables about women

Undecided between flying blue or green, Skal will be a welcome addition to either service. The great white gouge hunter will forever be enshrined as a 6th Company legend. From his exploits on the Lax field to his self-proclaimed 3-striper libs, this is one screw head who was his own person and someone we will always admire. Skal will head for the altar with Sue ("she's the one") in August and, considering the knuckleheads who will be there, there will most likely be no survivors. Good luck, cousin, and rock the casbah.

GCS

Wallace D. Smith, Jr.
Palatine
Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Dean

Wallace Dean Smith came to the Academy on the bay from the midwest town of Palatine, Ill. It was immediately apparent that W.D. loved to sing, as he sang songs while he marched during plebe summer. Dean joined the Chapel choir and Glee Club plebe year, starting a long musical career. Dean's second love was the sea so he joined the sailing team "and he sailed, and he sailed, and he kept good cheer."

During plebe year no one knew if Dean was man or machine. It took that youngster cruise to the Med to bring out the real W.D. It was in Naples or Rome, or maybe Sicily that he earned the name: "Wino Dino." Wino laid off the bottle both 3rd class and 2nd class years so he could work on the familygram and be a Big Brother. W.D. was busy 1st class summer. He made a Bermuda run on the Brandywine. A fitting name, for the boat Wino ended up navigating. Returning from sea, Dean took over the plebe detail position of Platoon Commander. He was the one 1st class that learned as much from marching the E.D. squad as the plebes did. How about those timely rudder orders, sailor?

Wino finally found the girl of his dreams first class year. She kept his hands warm many a cold night. My only question was "Isn't 4 dollars a little cheap, Dean?." Dean will always be remembered as having something up in the Clouds!

CHP

John A. Stagliano
Longwood
Florida
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Stag

When John reported with the rest of us on 6 July, 1979, USNA was already a family institution. And if Frank and Eric weren't enough, he brought along his girlfriend, Cathy, and best friend, Jeff. Still, Stag sweated through the summer and Plebe Year, gaining a nickname (Berkebile's Stagliano Salad) and an activity (Bunker's Light Crew), as the macho Italian romanced onward, occasionally radically (did that moustache really make you irresistable?). 2/c year began John's long career as a professional exchange midshipman. Air Force brought a change of pace, new initials (FTAFA C4C), and new friends. For his efforts, short one returned with a broken leg and purple punk rock sunglasses to USNA and Melanie. 1/c year found a FOREX continuing the exchange career as Stag went "down under" (But what is a Blubaugh?)

Like all good Stagliano's, John requisitioned his 3 stripes and sword, perhaps a little zealously with the latter. A change of pace by the parental units made Stag a "local boy" as the coast button loomed nearby. Hopes for NFO'dom fill John's future. See ya in P-cola!

WDS

Christopher J. St.George
Cincinnati
Ohio
General Engineering
Marine Air
St. Dude, St.G.

"Midn. St.George reporting for duty, sir!" Just like Dude, most of us were looking for a hole to hide in, and he was entering the reviered gates of "Canoe U" with his guns a blazin'. Dude wrestled his way to fame in Cincinnati and continued to wrestle his way to fame and glory without ever returning to the mat here at USNA. There were no tourney's to win his fame, so Chris had to look for other means by which to establish himself: he designed and built the 6th co. wardroom and he accepted other projects such as Christmas card representative and the trying task of second class company commander. Not enough? He also decided to attend a three week summer camp youngster summer; Some place called Fort Benning . . . airborne . . . Sgt. Stillborne! Still not enough rolling in the dirt? Dude decided he wanted to waltz with the marines in K-Bay, Hawaii. A real grunt he is. "He cracks me up."

Life was not always a bowl full of cherries for St.G: in fact, he spent many days in the pits. Two problem areas which existed for the gent who looks like he walked off of the cover of "GQ" are academics and women. The two can be likened to a marathon race. Chris was always running from the shadow of the dreaded "AC-board;" Nevertheless, he always managed to win, place, or show. On the other hand, St.GQ could not run fast enough to escape the hoards of women who were running after him. A girl called "Jo" managed to claim the prize early in this race, and Chris was forced to beat the others off with a stick: tough four years, pal?

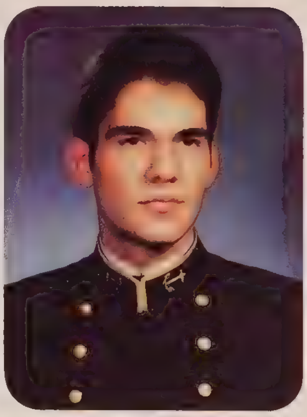
Thank you for sharing the good times and being there during the bad times.We wish you the best of luck in all that you do. Until we meet again, may God be with you always. Beat Army
Marine Air forever
S

Timothy S. Thomson
Morgan Hill
California
Political Science
Navy Air

Tim Thomson, American! Sixth Company's number one patriot flew into the Uncollege from the sunny hills of California. His goal was and still is to serve his country—now as a Naval officer and later as it's First Citizen. Naturally the only major for this political neophyte was political science. Although only able to obtain C's in physical education due to swimming and the applied struggle. he had no problem in obtaining A's in his academic endevours

Our wholesome American boy was not all work however. Always the socialite, he was seldom without a steady girl. As a youngster he met a young Swedish girl at the International Ball. He soon realized, however, that foreign products are bad for the American economy, and so he traded her in for an '82 Trans Am and an American sweetheart. Since then it's been road trips to Virginia Tech, rendezvous at his sponsor's guest house, and King Hall leftovers on the weekends.

For Tim, the immediate future holds P-cola and diving in the Keys. Later it may be Harvard Law School. Whatever he does we know he'll excell. As he says, "If I take a jar of peanut butter it's going to be a full one."
A N R



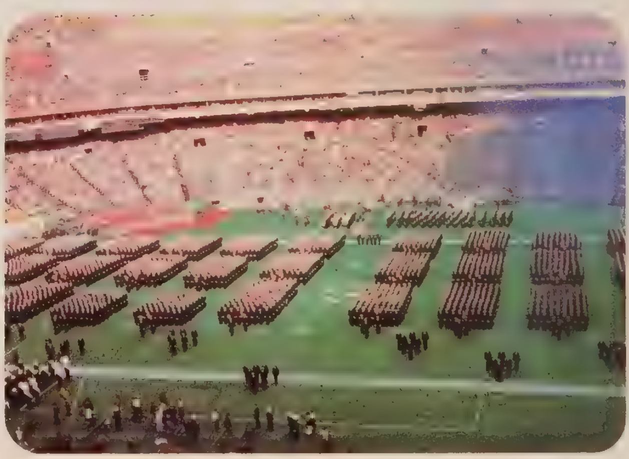
Joseph E. Tofalo
Whitesboro
New York
Applied Science, Computer Science Track
Submarines
Afada Mundo

Joe came to Canoe U. from the legendary town of Utica, New York, where he went to Catholic School, was an Eagle Scout, and an NJROTC cadet - what are you, kidding me?

Plebe year Joe earned the name Stanley B., but then he fell in with Flem and the Boys, and those days were long gone. Youngster year Joe loosened up and was reportedly seen in Daytona Beach wearing a Michelob bucket on his head. He discovered Dahlgren, Hood, the Docks, a Black N, and Computer Science. Second class summer was a blur of bus rides and beer; sky high, Dam Neck (who's room is this anyway?), and Yang Food.

Joe never skipped a beat as he embarked on the academic year, 2 for 7, the Stones, the V.I., a 4.0 with Riordans every Wednesday, U.N.C.F., and tacit resistance. Joe discovered a veritable horde of women lusting for him. He had girls in Utica, Georgetown, all over the Far East, and an Angel in Delaware.

The years were long, but went by all too fast in a blaze of beer, girls, and most of all friendship As Joe used to say, "A place for everything and everything in its place." There will always be a large place in our hearts for Joe, whether he's under water or face down on Devreaux street. Thanks Joe, see ya in Orlando.



James M. Andreano
Maple Shade
New Jersey
Resources Management
Navy Supply Corps
Jim

Jim began his Navy "adventure" after a brief stop at MMA. He immediately impressed everyone with his ever-present smile and uncanny ability to weasel out of trouble. Jimbo quickly became C.B. and Brid's boy and earned him fame on fieldball and batt football fields. Ever mindful of his physical appearance Jim would go on weightlifting sprees for 8 straight weeks in order to get into top physical shape but would then turn around and sleep the next 8 weeks away. Always in avid collector of souvenirs, Jim would stop at almost nothing to get one. Like most other youngsters, Jim seemed to temparily fade out of the limelight. He did, however show everyone how much of a wonderful reckless skier he was. Jimbo gained much noteriety by being the first and only person ever to fall asleep on a ski lift. When Yeknom had to much energy from his marathon sleeping sessions he would insticate to rumble with his roomates. His only move was the "rip-lip". The fight would inevitably with our hero being soundly humiliated. Cool daddy took full advantage of First class year. Not to many people took advantage of the "Andreano libs" clause in the MHP. Jim even prepared for a possible marine career by making many amphibious landings at the seawall. What more can be said? If there ever was a way to have fun Jim would be sure to find it. Whatever he does or wherever he goes, Jimbo will always be remembered as a good friend to those who knew him
M.J.G.

Jeffrey H. Armstrong
Shelbyville
Kentucky
Marine Engineering
Surface
Stretch

After being a pretty straight guy during plebe year, Stretch came to his senses and acted like a typical briar from Kentucky should. From the way he walks, talks, and even the car he drives (a fixed up '67 Chevelle Malibu), Stretch is all briar. He brought his sun with him when he came to Annapolis in 1979 and he has shot for the Navy rifle team for four years even though he had better luck shooting for girls around here. He was adequate in theis area. From a Door mouse to a Kentucky filly to a little bird named Robin from Baltimore the All-American boy has always been busy. However this did not keep him from more important things. Stretch came to USNA with the full intention of being a leader. He was always the way to good times at parties, on road trips and to the frat house in D.C. service selection? Jeff had plans to be sailing through the undersea world but someone else didn't. Oh well. Sooner or later

Robert A. Aronson
Lakeland
Florida
Math
Nuclear Power
Scamps

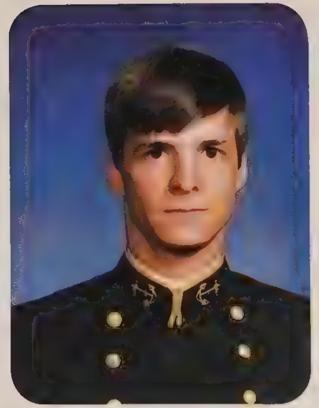
Waste wad! What more can be said about the king of the TY people. Bob was born the son of a poor pepper picker. Bob's folks were so happy to be rid of him that when he left home they sold their pepper farm in Louisiana and moved to Florida without telling him. Bob came to USNA all set to be a EE major. Then he saw the light and became a Math major so that he could watch John Wayne movies during study hour when he became a firstie. As a young low life plebe, Bob decided to become one of the few, the proud, the YP jocks. Scamps, as he affectionately became known, set his sights on command of one of those awesome grey hounds of the Severn. Through hard work and the use of his purple and orange knee pads, Scamps was able to gain the throne and become king of the YP people. Bob's future looks quite promising By the time he's 35 he'll be bald and have strange looking children. One thing's for sure, when Bob gets deployed to the Caribbean he won't need any Coppertone. GS II, you missed your chance
P G

Scott L. Brummett
Austin
Texas
Math
Air Force
Scummett

It's not often an Okinawan grows up to be a real live cowboy, but Scummett managed to do that (his dad being in the Air Force helped) Living in Texas, which he now calls home, most of his life helped that come about and provided seventh co. with its' own cowboy. From having his own 'dillos as a boy to driving a red pickem' up truck while at the Academy, Scott lived up to his lone star capacity. Scott did have some good points which made up for his being from Texas. His aunt's farm in Ocean City led to some of the biggest adventures and to some wild partying; golfing in a cornfield, spagetti fights, and zoom-schwartz-profigliano. A better tail-gater organizer cannot be found in the brigade, and for social events on Friday nights Monopoly, Uno, and television were the order of the day and night. His ideas of fun included a little gray wagon and the only room with a racing car set. Scott has now set his eyes on the blue skys and the state of Ohio, she ain't bad How about that Rubik's cube and no studying for three years. Go Air Force
J.H.A

Lawrence A. Bryla
Ft. Walton Beach
Florida
English
Navy Air
Larry

Larry came to Annapolis on a "goat" (Pontiac type) from the beaches of Florida accepting a brief pause in Newport. He came with dreams, a guitar over one shoulder, and a trunk of albums A student of Nietzsche, Larry underwent a difficult selection of study to develop himself into a true "whole man". Always a person to build himself and his beliefs with as much knowledge as was obtainable, Larry taught himself more than the professors possibly could. The entire time at USNA was spent behind a guitar playing the intricate tunes of the master, Jimi. Other less devoted moments were spent horizontal or reading philosophy. The latter caused a few grey hairs for his roomate with the inevitable, "Wow! Can you believe this . . ?" Weekends gave him blessed relief when he strapped himself into the cockpit of the all-powerful 400 From there the destination was uncertain, but no one ever got there in a shorter time. From point A to point B there was no one better, with nary a sugarcube for the elephant-horse. "Persephone is hear", but tell me Larry, who cares The true individualist who believed in diverse ideas tended to make Larry unique among the long blue line. However, anyone with a problem could always approach Larry to be supplyed with a novel, yet effective solution. As the mentor wondered, so shall lab: "Will it burn me . . . if I touch the sun, so big, so round?" Pensacola will be richer when Larry and his machine roll home. Soon the machine will get more powerful and Larry will be living his dreams
M.L.P



Trace L. Callaghan
Alturas
California
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
T-Race

Who is this T-Race ye speak of?
Whether wanders he?
Over hill, over dale,
Over fields lined in chalk.
Among the loathe beasts
He doth nimbly speed.
And though his mute presence be forgot,
Up he'll spring to pluck glory,
And unto his bossom
Cradle the envy on the disconcerted safety.
Spaz

Brian J. Corcoran
Orono
Maine
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

Brian Corcoran, former "man with the golden tooth", comes from a family in Maine whose sons have used every method to attain a commision as a Naval Officer. Brian is the youngest of the brothers, and thus had no choice but to attend USNA. At the Academy, he excelled as a swimming validater, quarterback of the lightweight football team, basketball stud, and maker of squiggly lines on green engineering paper. Brian swallowed his systems courses like bad medicine which is supposed to be good for you. He regained his car privileges early by working closely with the company officer during his time as company sub-commander. We wish Brian much luck as he takes to the air as a Navy pilot.
D.S

Daniel N. Dixon
Silver Spring
Maryland
Physics
Navy Air
Dan

Dan is one of the few mids whose sleeping habits actually resembled those of a normal human being. Often in bed before study hour even started, he forced himself to stay up til 10:00 when pressed with an assignment that was due in two weeks. Much to the frustration of his insomnious rooommates, his QPR seemed to be inversely proportional to his hours spent awake. Having decided he still wasn't getting enough rack-time, he became a trident scholar, cutting his academic load in half. Getting back to his QPR, though, it should be recorded as somewhere around 12.7 due to all the courses he taught to his less scholastically inclined gymnastics mates. That brings us to his prowess as a varsity Navy gymnast. His hard work and dedication earned him team captain honors. And with all that to keep him busy he still had time to get himself engaged. He took it upon himself to save the post office and Ma Bell from bankruptcy by writing a letter every day to his high school sweetheart and then calling her up to tell her what was in it. Dan's idea of taking his girl home after a date was driving 1500 miles to St Louis and back. When he wanted to make the most out of the weekend, though, he got lazy and just bought her a plane ticket. Dan was a hearty contingent of the rumbles circuit and the Pink Panther defense force, specializing in mandatory showers and pink bellies. He is the coholder of the world record for consecutive heads of a nerf soccer ball with 1,133. Who will ever forget the awesome meals and flowing Molsens at the Dixon abode? Dan really did take good care of us and for his friendship and loyalty he scores a straight 10.0
A.R

Robert J. Fields
Toms River
New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Surface
IP

Bob—alias IP—came to USNA from the shores of New Jersey to find his place in life (wherever that is). Always in search of a party and companionship, Bob always found one (even when he wasn't invited), and arrived on the scene in his jacket (not washed since plebe year) and standing in his famous T-square stance and folded arms. Aside from his social prowess, Bob was the lone surviving EE (after many all nighters and writing down magic incantations). Bob provided that "oh so simple" answer to anyone struggling in cables or wires Robino was a well-intentioned hardworking, and a good friend, and we thank him for always bringing up the rear. Good luck in the nuclear fleet!

Nicholas A. Filippone
Little Falls
New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Nick

Nick came to Annapolis from New Joysey, and though you'd never have guessed it, he brought with him a touch of class . . . but just a touch. Nick tried to fool us all into thinking that he was always quiet and reserved, not that he never was, just that he was not so quiet when out with the boys, and couldn't always be described as reserved. While maintaining an uncanny sense of dignity, for a midshipman, it was usually possible to pry Nick away on a weekend for a party or two. As early as plebe year, Nick could have been found explaining to a watch officer why he couldn't spell his own name late on a Saturday night- not that he wasn't scholarly, only that certain "things" would get in the way of reporting oneself to "the powers that be." Nick's wit was always close at hand

Perhaps Nick will be most remembered for his eight seasons with the N.A.D.S.. The memories here are rich and the friends he has made will be life-long. Sailing at close quarters for so long with so few has formed a bond that will be hard to break

Big Nick always stood out from the rest, whether it be the Porsche he drives or his simple good taste for the finer things of life. It seems, though, that he has two loves now, and his car is taking the back seat

Nick's interest since I-day has always been aviation and there's a tailhook waiting for him in the fleet. There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Nick will be very successful in the Navy for the simple reason that he is a good man
B G

Victor M. Genco
Tobyhanna
Pennsylvania
Political Science
USMC NFO
Captain

Captain Vic, as he was known by his classmates, was a soccer recruit from the hills of Pennsylvania. None of us knew Vic very well during plebe summer because he was ailing from some rare disease, or so he said. As the years progressed, Vic tried to convince us he was a stud by combing his hair neatly and driving his car in a very obnoxious manner. He didn't fool any of us He always managed to get his share of food and drink, and the excess often made war at the end of his intestinal tract He often tried to convince us he learned something useful as a Political Science major, but we knew better. We wish Captain Vic much luck as he plays in the mud with no hair, and hope that he has the right stuff to be a Marine NFO
D S

SPEED
LIMIT
15

Jessy C. Gogue
Ordot
Guam
Applied Science
Marine Corp
Jess

Jessy came to USNA after a quick stop in Newport. He still hasn't adjusted to the states- playing Christmas carols in October and eating bananas by the bunch. Plebe and Youngster years found Jessy sailing on constellation by day and through Applied Science by night

Coming back from spring break Second class year - he started asking some strange questions -but that's ok- Elaine is great and Guam is still where America's day begins. The entire company will always remember the Guamanian's warm hearted generosity

His zeal for the service will carry him far in the marine corp
W W L

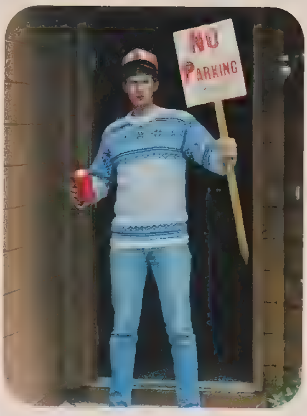
John P. Greenway
Sarasota
Florida
Oceanography
Air Force Pilot
Phil

Back in '79 we got introduced to a critter that even Floridians didn't know lived down near the everglades swampland—most people call him Slime Dog

Now you have to figure that anybody that can get tagged with a name like Slime has got to be a unique type of person. This guy earns his name every day of his life, but when you cross beer with a Slime Dog, that's when true slimeliness is defined Like the time at Army plebe year when slime discovered how neat it was to have a room on the 21st floor of the Sheraton How about that Holiday Inn Fiasco when back at the hall the Slime Dog played crazy puppy, then a nervous little puppy, then one unconscious puppy Now, not everybody can say that they've seen Slime streaking through their sponsor's back yard! The Slime Dog likes Ocean City. I don't think that OC can say the same thing about Slime—especially the nice people who run the castle at Old Pro Golf. That nervous puppy syndrome can strike anywhere. How about the time in OC when Slime decided that he needed to practice a parachute landing fall from the second floor!

Now that everyone gets the idea of what true slimeliness is like, lets talk about his women Lets face it Slime, you've picked some real losers. After ol' GS I abused you, you decided that it wasn't a bad idea at all. If you could name an average slime woman, it would probably be something like Stoneface. When's the wedding Slime?

Living with Slime isn't too bad—as long as he keeps his locker door shut. Doesn't everybody keep their shoes in their con-locker? Easyography hasn't been too rough on slime—besides, maybe now he can get a job when he goes back to Immokalee. Hey, have you heard the rumor that Slime grows in the front seats of Air Force jets? Fly high, Paisan!!
Scamps



Matthew J. Gubenski
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Operations Analysis
Navy Air
Bear

This stellar midshipman arrived from Philadelphia the night before I-day. He ate breakfast and became a mid; not too impressive for a start, but more exciting things were destined to happen

Omar was one person who got his money's worth of uniforms issued. After the first week of plebe summer Matso knew what he wanted to become - a cheerleader. He failed so he settled to be Navy's premier 35-lb. weight thrower Thing about Matso- yes, I know there aren't many - was his ability to double as Jimbo and catch all the ?!/# for him! Matty could not be outdone when it came to eating kielbasi, or anything else for that matter. Youngster year saw the Bear go into hibernation. He even slept as his two nerdmates tried to burn down fifth wing Matt did wake up enough to have a few good times. He invaded one Maryland frat., but left his shoes in the bathroom-don't ask me why he took his shoes off in the bathroom. Second class year came and Matt took out his frustrations by teaching his roommates a new wrestling lesson every Thursday night. He was also engaged in serious competition with his roommate to see who could sleep the most hours during the day. Mr. Hugebenski took to the slopes at Christmas and everyone else got off; this was only normal because most people feared for their lives when they saw him expertly making his way down the slopes on his backside. Finally First class year arrived and the first lieutenant went wild. Few will not forget the classic Tarzan imitation on the rope swing at Debby's party. Matt will always be remembered as the biggest friend anyone could have.
J.M.A.

Mark J. Hellstern
Brecksville
Ohio
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Stymie

Stymie came to the Academy fresh out of Cleveland, or thereabouts (If anything at all from Cleveland is fresh. Ask him and he'll tell you about the river that caught fire and burned for a week)

Mark is a dedicated Marine Engineer but has always had plenty of time for E.I. We all remember a pleber during our Youngster year that remained here due to Mark's efforts. He kept telling us that the Lt. asked him to help her. Seriously though, his room has been a haven for many a confused engineer for days and weeks at a time

He's even managed to be successful with the females, enjoying married life at Carol's for all of Second and First class year (you could set your watch to him on Sunday afternoons — he came back at 6:25 every weekend). When he's not over there, he's at the training office chatting with her or else on the phone at night for hours and hours (Guess who?). His pull in this area netted him an ideal cruise First class year, to where else but: Westpac. We're still wondering when he's actually going to admit that he's engaged

Mark's future lies in the Surface nukes and (hopefully) grad school. I know it won't be too long before we can see him glowing in the dark Best of luck always
R.J.F

Michael D. Hinton
Champaign
Illinois
Applied Science
Marine Air
The Doctor

His hero's have always been cowboys, but Mike was dropped on his head one too many times as a child and decided to go to boat school. After a brief stop at Newport, this illini-at-heart strode into seventh company with a basketball in both his hands and his heart. He quickly earned the nickname Doctor, for his smooth court-side maneuvers and the operator, for his smoothness off the court. However, his profs completely ignored the Doc's jump shot and charm and he grappled with onecumseh every year. A one time zero company commander, Mike became a strong force in elevating the attic to its professional void. It didn't take the Doctor long to realize the recuperative powers of a long-neck bud. Whether he was salting his hand at beef-out barfies, eating whole boxes of bisghetti or getting awesome in a cowfield with Bluto, Michael always found a way to drown his sorrows in fact, when a bar wasn't handy to cure those bisghetti blues, the Doc and the boys just strolled over to the outside bar As a firstie, the operator and his Z were rarely around except maybe to build his raft, find someone to take his duty, or laugh at ACC hoops. It looks like the future will see the doctor doing his operating from a cockpit But wherever the trail leads its sure to include sprint cars, country music, and Ed Justus
P S

David S. Karson
Mankato
Minnesota
Physical Science
Strategic Weapons
Dave

It was obviously going to be a long four years for Dave when he burst into a fit of laughter at the first sight of Uncle Ritchie. Though the upperclass noticed Dave for his league-leading demerit tally, we all looked for him when a gutsy deed had to be performed. He took it upon himself to "Wildman" Admiral Rickover's clone, Conrad's right hand man. And who will ever forget the classic question asked during that infamous plebe summer brief

Ac year came along and Dave proved to be quite the scholar. That lasted until the memorable day when he fell in love with the Wallstreet Journal. To say Dave is a competitor, though, hardly does his justice. He refused to sail in less than hurricane winds, having no less than half the boat underwater. We all knew he could run because of his midnight trots to parole, but when he started taking change for the Bay Bridge and his passport with him, we began to worry. You'd think that would tire him out, but his marathons were just a warm-up for the "battle royales" that took place upon his return There are stories about intimidating firsties, but Dave was the most feared plebe in the company. Jeff Bright and Q-ball won't sleep easy until he's locked up somewhere. His sense of adventure is unmatched as well! Gone flying with Waldo, lately? Or perhaps you've been too busy hitch-hiking 1500 miles in your whites! Since Dave was such a busy guy, he didn't always find time to take his clothes off before taking a shower. Sometimes he simply stuck his head into the sink for a quick shampoo, even if it was 5 minutes before formals. How about those homemade batches of ice cream? I guess he tired of eating 7 pounds of someone else's recipe. All kidding aside, Dave will always be an inspiration to us all!

James L. Koeller
Linden
New Jersey
History
Naval Flight Officer
Scary Conehead

This extremely scary individual came to Canoe U. from the Mini-Marine Academy in Texas, the breeding ground for coneheads. The Duke earned his title of "sweat" by spending endless hours on term papers during weekends just so he could have them done 2 weeks in advance Living up to his motto of "no pain, no gain" this don quixote of the O-course didn't run it, he attacked it! Being smart for a History major, he finally found out that it was easier to go over the obstacles, not through them. Although Luke thought he had friends because of his wit and pleasant personality, the only reason he had friends was because of his mom's chocolate chip cookies, which were the size of your hand and arrived once a month. Luke gave them out in a manner that scrooge would be envious Luke was a major asset to the company, acting as a source of unity, because everyone wanted to kill him. He also acted as our backstop during the softball season and amazed everyone with his base running ability. Finally, the man with the bluto arms is wished good luck in the future and may he never be a copilot for the man in black or Waldo
S.A S

VILLAGE OF
KUNKLETOWN

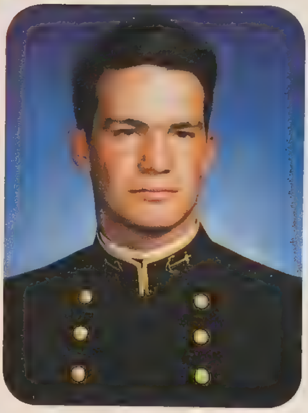
Michael M. Krechel
Kunkletown
Pennsylvania
Math
Navy Air
Blondie

Blondie came to Annapolis in the summer of '79 only after his parents dragged him from the boomtown of Kunkletown, Pa. His quiet manner and silent disposition made it seem as though he was never here. Truth is, he never was Blondie spent most of his time unconscious in bed, or across the river shooting birdies on the golf course. Youngster year Gumbanni emerged as a wizard in the classroom, as well as on the basketball court. These were second loves though, as "the Blonze" spent most of his day combing his hair or lifting weights to build up his body. It's a good thing he became a-juh-hulk 'cause he had to beat the girls off his body every weekend. Second class year Blondie went wild. He became company chauffeur during the weekends and the get-away driver during "the infamous night at gate 3". All this adventure kept Blondie in great shape First class year. His weekend jogs to the stadium to pick up the Scirocco will long be appreciated by the beef-steak barfies boys. First class year brought a drastic change in Blondie. When he wasn't trying to imitate Rip Van Winkle, he was giving the area girls dancing lessons on the weekends

At this writing Blondie is clueless (like the rest of us) about service selection. But no matter what he does after graduation, it will surely be top of the line. Just like anything else Blondie has done. Quit it Blonze, you're killing me
J R

Wesley W. Lyon
West Islip, Long Island
New York
Naval Archetecture
Nuclear Power
Wes

Wes "Came", "Sailed", and "Graduated" From a yacht club on Long Island to Canoe U., the nautical life at USNA was not unfamiliar to Wes, the Son of King Nautalus. Wes was one of the few aspiring Narcs who met the challenge Sacraficing evenings in the wardroom watching T.V. and those sailing parties every other weekend, but all of this paid off. He got his Nuc Bonus. His presence echoed throughout Mother B. as did his low command voice On a cold winter evening the halls of Mother B. remained warm from the heat he alone generated. Wes was not around a lot. He was usually out on the water looking for those wind shifts and changing currents. The few people who did know him knew that he was a good friend to have. As he explores the glowing depths of the Seven Seas we wish him well. Good luck and Happy Sailing



David A. Magness
Tipp City
Ohio
Mathematics
Marine Corps
Caveman

After being discovered as an infant by Ruth Magness behind a stalagmite in a cavern in central Ohio, Dave joined the already overpopulated Magness clan. His high school graduation present consisted of a one-way ticket to Annapolis, a toothbrush, and the book of Navy songs This ended his dream of an Ohio state career Plebe summer was first on the list of great adventures for the big guy. His super performance on the pep field and his cave yells helped to secure Smackness's position near the top of the platoon. After surviving the wrath of Foy and Wilson the rest of plebe year came easy Youngster year found our hero attired in higbee shorts and with a bad case of the tendonitis blues After Dr. Aronen convinced Cave that rest was the only cure, Maghead only woke up to eat, complain, and fill out the captain's log Caveman woke up long enough Second class year to make the move to the attic with Superjock and Grampa in tow. Never one to break tradition, Mags continued his daily water and light show, much to the dismay of his less-awake roommates. These intense efforts did not go unnoticed, and everybody's friend, I.E overflo, Mr. Pep, was rewarded with 3-stripes his First class year. He made it with his minimal efforts and some super efforts by some citadel types, and the Marine Corps will never be the same. But in the words of the bird, "Do it Dave!" Good luck, Caveman!
P S

Gary D. McCarthy
Crofton
Maryland
Mathematics
Surface
G.D.

When Gary joined the Academy, he didn't really leave home, he just came to school on weekdays. Being a local resident, Mac's parties soon became an institution. Plebe year, we figured Gary would be hearing June week wedding bells, but G.D. soon gave up his chesty italian high school sweetheart for the wild side of life. Youngster year Mac switched roommates in hopes of listening to John Denver, but instead was bombarded by Willie Nelson and Tom Scott. To get away from the rigors of Academy life, G.D. would stay up till 2 in the morning with his guitar and favorite female vocalist (Academy style). It was no wonder he would wake up so crabby after the company he spent his nights with. Second class year Gary was stuck with the Briar and Texan once again, for further refinement. Finally seeing the light G.D. had gotten totally out of engineering and settled into a real major. With the help of northeastern bank, Gary finally studded out and traded in his Japanese rickshaw for a real machine. Now that he had the proper wheels to impress the ladies, all he needed was enough gas money to make it roll. Coming into his final year, his parents migrated to Colorado, leaving he and his Z-28 to make it on their own. During his free time, G.D. can be found at U. of M., Ocean City, or on the slopes. As far as a career goes . . . Ding-ding! Ding-ding! . . . McCarthy arriving.
S.L.B

Shawn Kelly Messer
Nashville
Tennesse
Physical Science
USMC Air
Juan

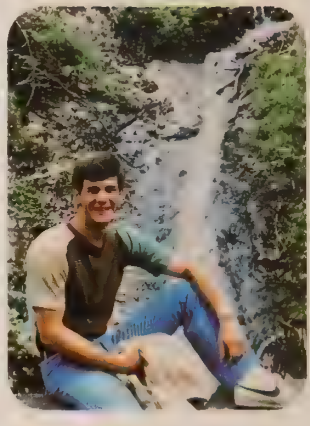
Dubed Juan his plebe year, Shawn came to USNA after first attending the University of Tennesse for a year. While there as a faternity brother of the illustrious Kappa Alpha Juan developed the reckless behavior that was to be his claim to fame as a midshipman. A legend in his own mind, Juan took on midshipman life with a zest never before known to the hallowed halls of Mother B.. His adventures are well documented in the annals of the conduct office. A native son of thirty-second company, Juan was deported to the seventh company his First class year due to circumstances beyond his control (via the fink affair). Juan, an avid patron of Fran O Doyle's, and a member of good standing and past chairman of the D&D spent his spring breaks drunk, suntanned and broke many a night on the beaches of Ft. Lauderdale. Always a lady's man, Juan would charm the ladies off their feet or grab them in a headlock, which ever seemed appropriate to him at the time One of the choosen Annapolis six, Juan was one of the founders and original inhabitants of check point Charlie where the Tubborg light never seemed to dim and the laundry besides other things had to go out routinely. A real warrior and true friend to the end, Shawn will make a good addition to which ever service he endeavors-hopefully Navy Air
G.M.F

Mark D. Neff
Santa Rosa
California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Mark

Mark came to the Academy sight unseen. He could not believe "off-campus housing" was not available. He quickly learned to do without the finer things in life that first year. Wanting to travel and get away on weekends, he joined the Glee club. Going to New York, Florida, Texas, California, and a tour through New England reminded Mark that there was more to life than "squaring corners" and "sounding off." One year the Glee club acted as escorts for the Miss America Pageant. I dare you to ask him if Miss Georgia or Miss California are still writing. Although he enjoys light reading, he says it is important to have an engineering degree. But why Marine Engineering? I guess he is serious about going "nuke" afterall.

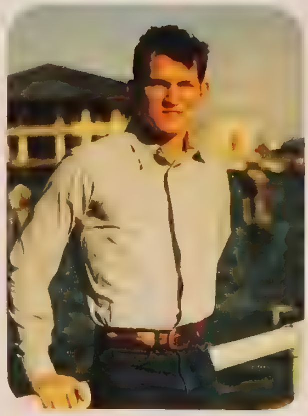
On a brighter note, Mark landed the position of producer for this year's musical: "A funny thing happened on the way to the forum." He seemed to do fairly well as coach of the second battalion water polo (seventh company water polo team that is), with a strong 7-3 record, just missing a three way tie for first place. They still, however, had the best record that second battalion has had in over five years.

Besides being an excellent D.A. for his conduct case, Mark claims that his most significant accomplishment is his helping to establish a strong foundation for a bible study and prayer group within his company. Good luck with your girlfriend, new car, and spending your "nuke" bonus. May God bless you for your faith and contribution
S L



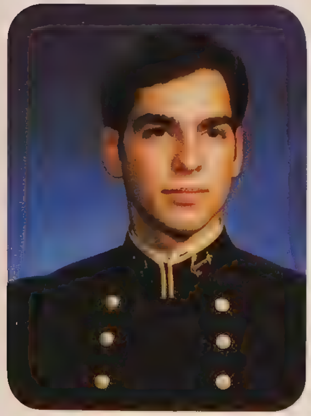
Dale W. Owen
Sanford
Florida
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Spaz

When we think of Spaz, the first thing that comes to mind is "Goats not dead yet" and "Mown Tea". The underclass will always remember him as the flaming jerk that he is Whenever you want to be insulted, just stop by his room. What the Spaz lacks in bodily coordination and speech control, he makes up for with brains. Having over a 3.8 cum in Math he frequently gives E.I. and is responsible for passing many of his classmates in Advanced Calculus. One of the Spaz's goals has always been to be ranked higher in the class than in the company and he almost made it. After graduation, Spaz wants to spend all his time at the bottom of the ocean in a metal tube catching neutrons. In preparation for this great adventure he was the goalie on Batt Water Polo and he joined the Scuba Club. When it comes to women, the Spaz tries his best to scare them away but they just won't leave him alone. His philosophy is "If a girl is stupid enough to go out with me, then she's not good enough". We don't think any girl would be good enough for you. Dale
T-Race



Mark L. Powell
Frederick
Maryland
Applied Science
Marines Corps.
Turk

What most people love about Mark is his gentle peaceful nature Usually a sensitive guy, he goes by the saying, "Speak loudly and carry a not-so-big stick." He is a dedicated professional who reads "Soldier of Fort une" on dates and insists on being ICOR not to mention the duties and responsiblities thereof. But who can forget his latest treatise on power. Some of his greatest thoughts came to him while sitting on the holiest seat in the company. Oh, life's simplest pleasures, he says. Someone should keep fire out of his hands, though. If it wasn't 5th wing that got burned it must have been his checkbook. Yes, Turk is a mid of many ways. James Dean would have found a rival there in the back of that pickup, complete with leather jacket and knife. The question is whether they would rival their coolness or smoking habits. Even Patton, wherever he is, would be proud of the bruteness of this animal. If the all-state wrestling techniques didn't kill maybe the smell of his leathers would. Statistically speaking, all lizard women should stand clear; here's a man with a place to go, namely the big corps
L.A.B



Carlos Ivan Rivera
San Juan
Puerto Rico
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Los

Carlos' eccentric personality has earned Puerto Rico a dubious reputation during his four years as her only representative in our company. His taste, especially in sports cars, is highly respected by his classmates. Among his many peripheral areas of expertise, Carlos is an excellent card player and a very sharp dresser He has constantly amazed his classmates by his keen level of awareness of his surroundings Years from now, when we think of Carlos, we will remember his favorite quotes; "The hair must not be struck" and "Take it lad, it matches your outfit better."
Spaz

Anthony C. Rodgers
San Francisco
California
Oceanography
Special Ops
Tony

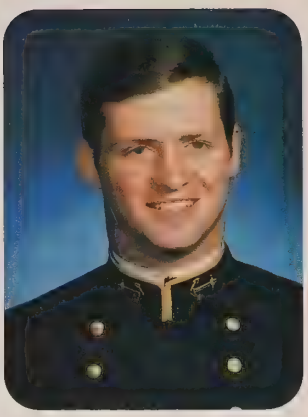
From day one, Tony Rodgers rapidly gained the friendship, admiration, and respect from everyone he encountered Not that he could pass by without notice, due to the large sail area on either side of his head, which were occassionally called ears. One of the nuttiest guys in the brigade, Tony could bring anyone to their knees in laughter with his assortment of faces, off-the-wall puns and overwhelming Halloween costumes. Tony's life centered around his mouth, he was either shoveling the food in or spitting the peat moss (tobacco) out. Speaking of orifice dexterity, Tony always seemed to have an extra button on his calculator which let loose that pack of barking spiders

To say Rodge is a natural at every athletic endeavor would be an understatement. He played three years of varsity baseball, became baseball team captain and rarely ran the O-course in over 2 minutes. Then during his time for "relaxing," Tony could be found flinging the frisbee or braving the elements on the Severn on his much-loved windsurfer. Tony is quite remarkable at other "sports" as well As a plebe Tony's almost nightly recons probably caused the price of LeJuene Hall to double. These midnight escapades stood him in good stead for his late night academic endeavors of the next three years. Rarely would Tony go to bed before consuming a "bucket" of coffee which usually kept him kicking until 3 am. Midnight rumbles, room wars or involuntary shower-taking were also commonplace in the Rodgers' routine. Who will ever forget the rescuing of his classmates by scaling the ledge outside an upperclass's window and fighting his way to the door to allow his rumble hungry comrades into the room. How about those plebe trips to the "glutes" and the last second dashes back to formation, hoping the bridge would be down

All seriousness aside, company commander Rodgers was befriended by all for his easy going, unselfish and humorous personality. We all know his recent successes are only a small portion of the great achievements Tony will accomplish in his future. Best of luck—Meathead!

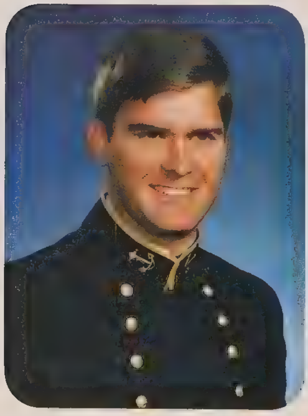
John Rupp
Hicksville
New York
Applied Science
USMC Air
Rupper

Geek, no middle name, Rupp came to the Naval Academy with a lacrosse stick in his hand and women on his mind. It didn't take long for John to prove he could play lacrosse. However, when it came to women that was another story Everyone knew John liked to go to bed, but what we didn't know was that he liked to spend 24 hours at a time there by himself. What a grandpa. When he wasn't sleeping you could always find him telling a story about him and his friends Moosecock, Fatty, and Dibiase. Mazafact we couldn't believe that Hicksville, Long Island was ever safe with those boys on the loose. Somehow John settled down and we all learned how he earned the nickname Geek. Studying till two in the morning and getting 4.0's became commonplace for him. This was not to say John went without partying. With a major like resources for athletes, even a guy like Geek could find time for partying. Just ask any of the women from Marymount, Maryland, College of Notre Dame, USNA, etc; they'll tell ya. Finding his way back to the Academy was the hard part for John. Coming through gate 8 in civilian clothes following the Maryland game Second class year, John was questioned as to what class he was in. "Varsity Lacrosse" was his answer. Twenty minutes later he was changing into SDB's in an alley of Annapolis. Coming back late from Thanksgiving leave, hitch hiking after tailgaters, and burning sheet posters were other adventures for the Grandpa. But the Marines got him now, I'm sure the colonel won't be angry
M K



Philip G. Savage
Southington
Connecticut
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Bluto

Blutes came to the uncollege with some of his 'friends' from Ct. Only knowing songs by the Who, the Stones, and the Beatles, Sav had some problems first set, being ranked ahead of only one person, Herbie. Second set, Lee was able to get Phil into the program. Validating half of plebe year, Bluto started his track record in the academic world and was able to get enough coaches to maintain a 3.9. He became one of us who have loved and lost while enjoying his plebe year, but no big loss. Youngster year found Yaben in garbage court for a long year of listening to the Doctor and Cave complain. From hitchhiking after a tailgater to beating on Butch to playing the air guitar, Youngster year came and went all too quickly. Bustramid came and saw Phil restricting for firefighting school, eating spaghetti in Q-town, seeing Petty in concert, and swimming in the ocean with some of the boys. Second class year found Sav committed and complaining. Living in the attic and listening to Rupper eat, Phil became good friends with his buddy next door. All of these problems led to Blutes making regular walks into the real world, but not too many walks back, I.E. beefsteak barfies. After waking up from First class cruise, he led the platoon during second set. First class year saw Phil as the company commander of the boys in the Rotunda and awaiting his future as a bubblehead. Anyone who dared to venture into his room found out how sharp witted Bluto can be. More than sharp witted, Phil is just plain sharp. Good luck, Sav.
D.M.



Steve A. Savery
Hollywood
Florida
Math
Nuclear Submarines
Sam

Sam is the only person I know who came to the Naval Academy to get some rest. Then after he got well rested at Canoe U., he would go home to get some more sleep at the beach under the Florida sun. His house served as the company Hilton, as the entire company seemed to take up residence there during the annual spring break exodus to Florida. Sam had such a pleasing personality - like a surface to air missile, he would shoot you down everytime "Steve" was the perfect room mate because he always knew what was going on - like who just got a care package. Although constantly frustrated in his inability to rid the world of coneheads, Sam always managed to guarantee himself time off for parties, his sponsors, and, of course, the rack. Not only did he excell in the rack, but in other areas to. He was one of the regulars on the 4.0 list and would always be willing to get out of bed to help a needy person in academics. He was a team player in intermurals and a key player in frisbee football. Well Sam, best of luck in the future. If you need any help in sit-ups or in keeping the girls off your back, just give your old roomie a call. Until then, don't eat to much ice cream on your sub
J.L.K.

Daniel L. Schroeder
Wisconsin Rapids
Wisconsin
Physics
Nuclear Power
Little Old Man

Dan Schroeder, alias "The Little Old Man", "The Mole Man", shuffled his way to the United States Naval Academy from the cranberry bogs of Wisconsin. Once he got to his destination, he burrowed in for four years. He exited his burrow occasionally to perform quantum mechanics, and drink point beer. He truly is a man of few words, however, if you got him talking about Toyotas or Physics, he began to sound like E.F. Hutton. The only thing different between Dan and E.F. Hutton is that nobody listened to Dan. The Little Old Man always had time to help other people, but he spoke in parables which were difficult to decode. Dan is used to dealing with the abstract. This fact is evident because he was a Physics major with a 4.0 cum, and ranked second in the class Well, Dan, we are not going to miss you. The Surface Nuclear Navy will be lucky to have you. Be sure to get stationed where it is sunny, and dry so your post nasal drip will be cured. Dan, the Naval Academy will always be the same without you
V.M.G

Harry L. Tillman
Fredericksburg
Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Nuclear
Hank

Harry came to us after a one year stint at being an NROTC-boy. Harry decided that going to a school with women, beer, and people who don't get their hair cut every week wasn't for him, so packing his seabag he headed for Crabtown and The Boat School on the Severn

Hank is from Fredericksburg, VA. which is as any Civil War buff knows is the scene of one of the biggest battles in the struggle against northern aggression. Hank knows this as well as he should since the battlefield is all of twenty yards outside his back door steps. Hank was a four letter man in high school and showed his prowess by being a big man in company basketball, football, and softball. Harry wasn't only a stud in athletics though, unlike most Mids he was serious about studying. Hank earned a mechanical engineering degree after four years of hard work.

Harry spent more weekends at a desk in Nimitz than he did at Timmy's. What's in the future for this true son of Virginia? Well, surface line for sure but anything else is just guessing Harry should have a glowing career. Any women in Hank's future? After four years of all work and no play Hank probably won't date a lot of pretty girls, much

JLW

Edward Vicini
Freehold
New Jersey
Resources Management
Navy Air
Ed

Looking back, it almost seems that Ed spent more time at the University of Deleware than at the Naval Academy. You see, Ed was a married man the day he arrived; just ask Deb Plebe summer went well for Ed but academic year was a different story. It was not his grades but small mistakes like meeting "Mom" in the parking lot which caused Ed to pay big as Rich's boy. However, this didn't stop several plebe weekends in Deleware. How 'bout those SMA's!

Youngster year Sweatty Eddie began to study with a towel in the library and spend long hours in the weight room. Ed's bulk-up earned him respect as a fat youngster, but he gained control and became known as "Physical Ed." Physical's Opel was only a bike ride away and made for many great escapes when it ran

Second class year came and went, and no one seems to remember much. Who could forget how Physical had everyone fooled as company commander and designated color man of his platoon. Ed proved he could survive anything by fending off sharks in Key Largo and the "Cool Daddy" for three semesters

Ed began first class year by letting a quarter keg slip through his fingers and onto the trunk of a car. He chose the marine option vacation in Hawaii and only Herb knows exactly what went on there. Physical tried his hand at battalion football and broke his leg. No mere cast could keep him from his memorable performance at "Jimmy's house". The cast did keep him from driving his new Firebird, though

Physical's service selection is a mystery to everyone including himself, but whatever it is, it will be close to Deb, and hopefully not to far from the good friends he has made here

CDW

Carl D. Weber
Annapolis
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Carl

Rubes always was a little different - after growing up here in Annapolis, who in their right mind would want to go to the Naval Academy, yet alone come here after a year at NAPS and pick Mech. Eng. as a major

Rubes always wanted a two man room so, after a few weeks into Academic Year, he talked Murph into quitting. Striving to be at the top of his class by getting his best grades ever, Rubes was rewarded by being fourth class company commander. Think of all that responsibility. Youngster year went really well for Rubes as his grades were still high and people even started to like him (or was it his Mom's cake). During Second class year something happened to Carl, he finally had to start studying. His Mech. Eng courses taught him grades were not the most important thing in the world, but someone forgot to tell the Company Officer

Being a typical Mid, Rubes bought a sports car and if it wasn't for some stupid driver who stopped in front of him, he would still have it today

Rubes was always very competitive in Company sports and even let Bluto win in raquetball once in a great while. Rubes enjoys sailing with the Playmate and assorted "crew". As a result of his nautical know-how he is also an avid paddler. Carl was always willing to help anyone, and will be remembered by all as the Best Man anyone could have for a friend

EV

James L. Woolley
Geneseo
Illinios
Physical Science
Marine Aviation
Wools

Leaving Genesco, Ill., Jim joined the Navy in Jan 1977 to become an electricians mate, I mean an electronics technician. After realizing that he had become a prior, he knew that enlisted submarine life was not meant for him

As a graduate from NAPS, Jim arrived at Annapolis determined to undertake the challenges that the Naval Academy had to offer. Immediately, the big fat red kid distinguished himself as a smack, I mean as a Midshipman of unmatched pride and professionalism. Youngster year found Jim a regular at the conduct office. A simple greeting to the oow," Mama's don't let your babies grow up to be O.D.'s."; after a company dining in, a leisurely sleep on Worden Field only to be picked up by the deputy commandant, and an early morning swim in the Severn River were only a few of his numerous accomplishments. It was experiences such as these coupled with his artistic ability that enabled Jim to produce legendary artwork for "The Log." Best of luck to you Jim at the basic school. You will long be forgotten, I mean remembered by all who know you

HLT

NAVY
VISITOR

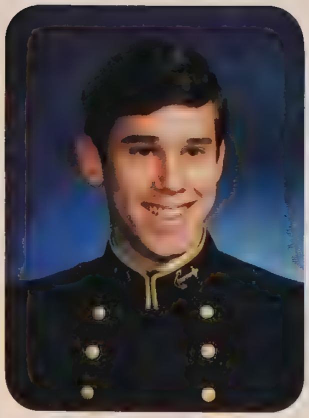
LUCKY SEVEN

Lacy H. Bartee, Jr.
Pensacola
Florida
Mathematics
Supply Corp
"Take a Knee"

Lacy came to the muggy shores of Annapolis from the sunny shores of Pensacola, where he grew up as a Navy brat. Immediately he began to excel, As he took the honor as the first plebe in our company to faint during our first formal personnel inspection. But he managed to survive the rest of the year in good fashion.

Youngster year brought us a transformed Lacy who was much more holy than the one we previously knew. He started out by proving he was not the worst drinker in the company, only the second worst. He then tried to assassinate the Batt Commander with small explosives, but was unsuccessful. At the close of youngster year, Lacy started his reign of terror on the preachers daughter. First his sponsors dog, then a townie who used his car to date other guys and returned it with a broken tail light Then Lacy met who he thought was the girl of his dreams at the end of second class summer Too bad she lived in France. But alas, the distance proved too far, and now she's just a fond memory

Lacy is also known for holding another USNA record, the most number of sponsors held by one Mid during his four year stay. He seemed to come back every weekend with a new sponsor It was great being his roomate during this year because he always kept us supplied in goodies they would give him and also there was hot coffee and toasted bagels for breakfast. (How did he do that?) While at the academy, Lacy's family moved to Augusta, Georgia following his father's retirement. Fortunately, they told him of the move and he was able to join them there when he go the chance. It is easy to see why they told him. Lacy comes from a lovely family who raised one hell of a martyr He is a great God, a good God, and a hard God. You could always trust him to be there when you needed help, and to lend you that helping hand. The navy is getting a winner in Lacy. God bless you TF



Linda M. Bolan
State College
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Navy Pilot
Bowls

Linda Boland, like uh, the girl is a definite trip Ya know. She's like uh, an extremely ma - - - ture woman and a heck of a lady. She spends most of her time playing b-ball as a guard for the Navy Women's Basketball team. What an athlete! At times she can be found b-bopping in the halls and being silly with her friend Yo, or perhaps, going out dancing and getting the little happy feet. Yes folks, let's not forget about the social life

Believe it or not, there isn't a professional side to this woman. Hopefully, she will become a Navy Pilot. Once in a while, she can be found studying in her room or the steerage, pretending to attain knowledge. But then again, there are those times when she has mental lapses and reverts to writing letters in class; or ever worse, sleeping in class How terrible!

Nevertheless, Linda is a very well spirited individual who has a lot going for her. Her good nature will carry her a long way through life and her career in the Navy

Michael J. Breen
Colwyn
Pennsylvania
History
Naval Flight Officer
Tubby

Milton came to the 8th Company from a radical upbringing in Colwyn, Pa. His stupendous physique soon earned him the nickname "Tubby," which stuck in spite of his best efforts. By the end of his first Saturday night plebe year, Tubby tried swimming on the floor of his room, then in the shower, and finally on Les' rack

Always one to help another, Tubs began to tutor Howard in Sex Ed; kind of like the blind leading the blind. After his good start, Tubby went into youngster year full speed. Most Saturday nights, he would be seen rampaging through the halls or chasing girls (?). We all noticed his need for glasses after seeing his conquests. There were old ladies at the Wharf, Buffalo Bartlo at the company party, and of course Dahlgren will never be the same. On the Booze Cruise during June Week, he even chased after the Lude's girl

Second class year, Tubby slowed down a bit by shaving his head (it took awhile to notice, though, because there never was much there). In Memphis, he took a liking to Swedish girls; he even went so far as to follow one everywhere. on first class cruise, Tubby found a way to outdo his shaved head. As a surprise to everyone, Tubby came into first class year with a bright, shiny tatto (he forgot that "Officers don't have tatoos") With a car, Dahlgren became safe-sorry Hood.

Tubs was definitely a dynamic member of 8th Company, one who will be missed by all, regardless of his affinity to the class of '82. Good Luck as a P-3 NFO and may your future be as interesting as your past

We came, we partied, we graduated . . . . The Boys
MEC

Mitchell E. Cart
Lemoore
California
Physical Science
Navy Air
Mitch

Mitch came to Annapolis from the world of Navy Air at NAS Lemoore with one goal-to fly. He thought Aero would be a good major to attain that goal, but Mitch doesn't always think right. By the end of first semester plebe year, he saw the light (and his grades) so he eased into a new major-Phi Sci.

Not known for his hard work, Mitch was a perfect candidate for the sailing team. His plebe year roommates pushed him towards another goal- to graduate with as little effort as possible Most of his time Youngster year was devoted to his R.C. planes, his stereo, and observing the nightly shows of his roommate. Second class year, he found some new pursuits-his car and skiing, with academics almost forgotten as usual. While looking for the easiest ways to pass his classes, Mitch discovered summer school and good grades. He liked summer classes so much, he decided not to go home first class summer.

Mitch was forced to alter his plans slightly, but he should do well as an NFO (if his study habits don't stop him). Good Luck in the years ahead, hopefully hard work won't get in the way

We came, we partied, we graduated . . . . The Boys
MEC

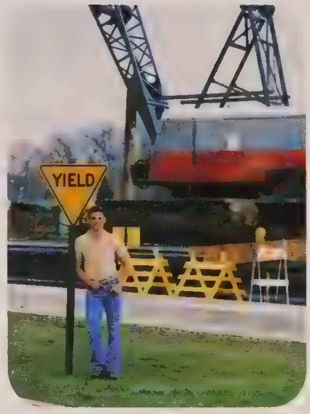
Michael Emerson Chavez
Indianapolis
Indiana
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Teddy

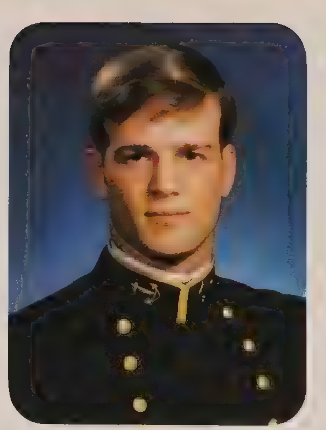
In 1979, the Marine Mental Asylum sent a pre-marine to 8th company ready for further training. Somewhere en route the marine got lost and as a consolation prize we received the world's first live Teddy Bear. Being a world's first, Teddy needed to set some standards for all future "Teds". First he established that Teddys could drink, but not very much. Next, he decided that Teds once drunk, should relieve their aching stomachs in strange places (i.e. youngster rooms, Burger King, movie theaters, and down friend's backs)

The third and last standard our Teddy established was that he should be very lovable, especially to female profs, younger girls, and uniformed members of the opposite sex. How can we forget his grades in Calc, History, and English plebe year (or how he earned them)? Then there's the case of Little Red transferring to our company youngster year (Gee, thanks Ted)

By first class year, Ted was well acquainted with a certain young cheerleader (Sir, you now have 10 minutes till . . .). Once Ted finished establishing his identity, he began in earnest his USNA professional developement. He drank with the Freds and sweated with the Pups. On the geek side he was our guide-on bearer and a regular on 8th company's semi-annual top ten sweat list. One semester he even went so far as to decorate his uniform with stars (come on Ted, how could you)

On his lovable side, Ted was always able to roll with the punches and be there when you needed him. He was everybody's friend and will be missed when he no longer "roams" the halls God Bless you, Ted and good luck in the Corps
We came . . . We partied . . . We graduated
THE BOYS
GAL





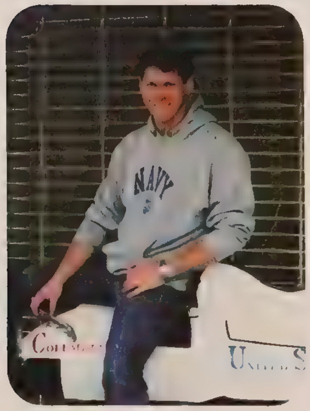
Donald W. Clause
Lansdale
Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Civil Engineering
Don Juan Bancroft

Clauser's career here started about halfway through 'plebe' year when he was promoted to youngster (j.g.), started attending Bish's parties, and went out with his "flaming" second class and his squad mother to Chick & Ruth's at 4 am on Sundays.

DC lived up to the old addage of "a woman in every company" with only one exception. Donno recovered quickly(?) though and all those problems that came with the bite of domesticity went elsewhere. Clausedog did seem to have an affinity for those crabs of a uniformed type. Oh well, At least who were nice (was number one?). Yes, with his feet on the ground, well foot after a bout with the lightweights on the astroturf, Santa is developing into (or has developed into??) a smuck of the highest order. We won't bother to list all his conquests, but let it suffice to say that he performed on a level that made even the Pud-Man proud. Too-bular!!!

Don remains an aero major (sooner or later you'll go general) against all odds, including himself. Navy air? Marines?? CEC??? Anything, just no subs for this fair haired, all-American boy from next door as history dictates in the class of '23 (8th co., "Ed", "Rosey", Texan roommate, S-51) un-nicklay dude

"Imagination is more important than knowledge." - Santa is living proof. Thanks for the help "Ronald"
EE



Thomas W. Dacey
Hauppauge, Long Island
New York
Oceanography
Navy Air
Dace

From Long Island, God's country(?), Dace came ready to drink beer and go Navy air. Realizing what had priority for the time being, Dace joined "the boys" and immediately became one of its leading partyhogs

One of the first things noticeable about Tom was his love of sports, especially rooting for the Yankees, Rangers, Giants, the Irish, and the Peruvian National Softball Team. At times he even did more than just cheer for them, just ask the guy in Baltimore with the broken nose. Not only a fan but a participant is well, Dace spent a few seasons on the football, lacrosse, and sailing teams. He was also known to do a little "stall wrestling" at the Hilton. However, Dace's favorite pastimes were beer and blondes, although not particularly in that order. Tom's taste in beer was unquestionable - - - he drank the king. His taste in girls was also rarely debateable

Nobody in eighth company will ever forget Lois, and on the other hand, Lois' fiancee will never forget Tom. Dace was always quite silver tongued with the ladies, as a certain Missouri girl will attest to. One of Tom's highest honors came at the end of youngster year when he became squadron leader of the Bar Angels, a high performance drinking team. A special thanks to Mike and Vicki for keeping the squadron flying

In closing it must be said that Dace's, humor and friendship will be missed by many around the hall, especially by this writer God bless you, Tom. Thank you, John. Remember the bridge the fountain . . . and the townie We came
We partied . . . and We graduated . . . The Boys
GAL

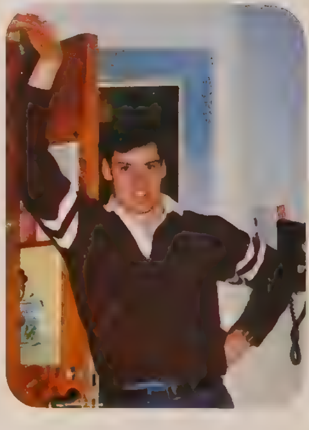
Roger P. Guseman II
Bremen
Ohio
Chemistry
Nuclear Power Submarines
Goose

Rodney came to USNA from the backwoods of Rut-Rut Ohio. He started out plebe summer on the wrong foot with "drop foot" Rodney had an infinite taste for music, his favorite tune was "The Ballad of the Green Berets". He liked this tune so much that he puked all over the juke box

Younster year, Rodney discovered Dalhgren Hall and young girls. How young was young, well, just say that the bubble gum that they chewed only stuck to their baby teeth. Rodney, being a lightweight in drinking, wanted to extend his talents to athletics. Every week in the fall Rodney had to lose ten pounds just to play football with the little kids.

Second class year, Rodney was too busy helping the "bilging cowboy" that he had little time for fun. He did find the time to sleep at a Charlie Daniels concert and wrestle a coast guard cadet. Rodney not only excelled in academics and athletics but most importantly, in friendship

Rodney is off to swim with the dolphins and glow with the worms. We came, we played, we graduated-the boys.
CO'B



John A. Holland
Bexley
Ohio
Physical Science
Marine Air

John came to Annapolis from Bexley Ohio-one of those small obscure towns from which most midshipmen seem to originate. The tradition here that seemed to have had the greatest impression on John was "hitting the rack" during his "youngster afternoons". (The impression he made on his rack, however, was even greater!) Probably one of the smartest in his class, John was the kind of guy who made it through high track Chemistry without a text book. Not wanting to show off, though, he took up Physical Science as a major (a strategic move, some say to give him more time to build model airplanes—a talent that illuminated John's utmost patience & effort, and consumed much of his time). This is not to say that John didn't study- just ask him to play a tune on his guitar sometime and the music you'll hear is an obvious result of serious study & practice over the last four years. As graduation nears it appears that the irish in him just might manifest itself in a new green uniform; but regardless of his service selection, the next time you see John it may be as he flies over Bexley dipping the wing of his F-18 to mom & dad watching proudly below. May God bless him in the years to come.
D J.W

Nancy Lynn Ingerson
Elbridge
New York
Oceanography
Marine Corps
Nance

Nancy came to the Naval Academy from the thriving metropolis of Elbridge, New York. We all knew her soon as "that little girl that laughs all the time." Nancy definitely made life here more bearable and provided hours of fun. Whenever we needed anyone to tie up in a laundry bag or stuff into a locker, Nancy was always the first to volunteer. We also liked to watch her march with her rifle (on her it looked like a 105mm Howitzer). Nance may have fooled many people with her ultra-professional attitude, but she really did know how to have fun. (Youngster HB's, tail-gaters, company dinings-in, and any other opportunity that arose). As Nancy went along through life at the Academy, she discovered men. Though her first dealings with members of the opposite sex were a bit shaky, she finally found the man that was right for her: a man she could see eye to eye with (Mr. and Mrs I M. Grunt?). We always looked on Nance as our little sister; but she is much more than that She is a real friend and we'll sure miss her We love you, Nance! Good luck and Godspeed

Gregory A. Lester
Sikeston
Missouri
Economics
Surface
Growwwk

Greg came to us from the swamplands of southeast Missouri, with a Confederate flag under one arm and a picture of Kathy Owens under the other A true Southerner at heart, "We didn't lose the war we're waiting for supplies", Greg was always able to humor us. Statements such as "I'm getting up at three to study", "Your pants wouldn't fit either if you were thirty pounds underweight on I-Day", and the always popular "There is no such thing as an ugly dental hygienist" became legend. After Greg's fiancee decided she had better things to do than wait around for him, Greg decided to study animal husbandry. His efforts finally paid off when he and his prize winning toad were immortalized in the Log. Greg never understood Yankees, especially New Jersey girls. One should have been a San Fransisco girl, and the other almost made his first June Week a truly unforgettable experience. Greg's biggest surprise however came at Youngster Year Army when he learned that sometimes you really do sleep in motel rooms. Second class year saw Greg become a Bar Angel. Many hours were spent at the local Hilton practicing our maneuvers. A special thanks goes here to Mike and Vicky for the required logistical support. Greg added spice to life here at USNA and life would not have been the same without him. God bless you Greg and good luck in the fleet. Remember the bridge, the townie, and the fountain. WE CAME . . . WE PARTIED . . . WE GRADUATED . . . THE BOYS
J H L

James H. Loper III
El Paso
Texas
Applied Science
Marine Air
Lopez

Jim came to the "Big City" of Annapolis from a dairy farm outside of El Paso. He quickly proved he was not a loudmouth cowboy, but only a soft-spoken teet squeezer. At first, Jim spent his time looking for "wet-backs" to come in and clean his room cheap. Coming up empty he knew this wouldn't be like home and he would have to work. He soon had the system under control. Too bad he didn't have his own system under control. Jim seemed to have a problem keeping his stomach full. Bad luck comes in threes, right Jim? He quickly recovered and became an elite member of the Bar Angels, a high performance drinking team, who put on many a show at the Hilton. Special thanks to Mike and Vicky for keeping the squadron flying. Jim also proved you can take the boy out of the farm, but not the farm out of the boy Many a night Jim thought he was home and went out searching for a lost hefer. One of Jim's favorite times of the year is the fun we have after the Army-Navy game. These will prove as some of Jim's fondest memories. We will always remember Jim by the little idiosyncracy he possesses. It seems Jim always had to be chewing on a little something. But Jim worked hard on the farm when he was home, and saved up enough to buy himself an '82 280-ZX. But Jim thought it was a horse, and broke it in one night Two months to the day after he got his dream car, it lay dead in Baltimore, the city we have grown to hate. But on the serious side, Jim is a morally strong individual and a true friend in the strictest meaning of the word. The Corps is getting one of the good men they are looking for in Jim. God Bless you, and good luck in your career. Remember the bridge . . . the fountain and the townie. WE CAME . . . WE PARTIED AND WE GRADUATED . . . THE BOYS

Kevin M. Lui
Kailua
Hawaii
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Lui-San

Kevin came to Navy expecting to fulfill his lifelong ambition to become a monk. He found, however, that you were supposed to join the Navy to find adventure. Kevin started his adventure immediately by almost getting killed plebe summer by two irate football players over some minor matter concerning the honor concept. After this close brush with death, Kevin did his best to become a model plebe. This state of insanity was cured on Youngster cruise, raising that still unanswered question-what really did happin in Subic, Kevin? Figuring he'd lost a lot of time plebe year, Kevin went after Youngster year with a vengence. He tried to make up for all that lost sleep by getting to bed no later than 9:00 p.m., drifting off to sleep listening to the gentle melodies of his idol Jimi. Kevin also discovered that his true calling lay not in being a chemist, but in the martial arts. He kept his karate skills sharp when he found other ways of dealing with problem plebes, like Mr. Uryga. Kevin finally decided to abandon his martial ways after Charlie and he had their little disagreement. To replace his pent up frustration, Kevin decided to become a layed back surfer. In keeping with the image he bought his little beach buggy, a convertible TR7. Good luck Kevin in Navy Air and in finding that perfect wave.

Charles F. O'Brien
Waltham
Massachusetts
General Engineering
Navy Air
Charlie

Charles F. O'Brien, more commonly known as Charlie, O.B., and One Beer ventured to USNA via NAPS, from the wa-nee-nee waves of Lima, Mass. As a plebe Charlie was very outgoing and strived to excel. He did all the good things smack should do and finished plebe year with flying colors. In order to celebrate his promotoion to Youngster, Charlie decided one weekend to offer the CDO a drink. Sixty days later Charlie was still trying to find out what the CDO had against Billy Beer

Charlie's swimming career ended so he moved on to other sports (namely girls). His favorite sport was derived from Youngster boxing. It was chasing Donna's boyfriends around St. John's yelling he'd rearrange their faces

His conduct trouble over and his girl problems solved (by the arrival of Sandy to RM 5328) Charlie joined the boys at the beginning of Second class year on the CDB movement order in high spirits. But woe fell once again on Conduct Chuck. He became the first mid to be apprehended by the O.D. for WWI, that's right, walking while intoxicated (1.8 on the breathalyzer). His "my dad's a cop I don't have to do this, he'll get the FBI after you" attitude didn't go over well with the O.D.. So once again smoke hall became Charlie's favorite hangout.

First class year Charlie relied on freudian psychology to pick his new idol. His ID idol (It's all Tim's fault) and superego idol (my dad's a cop) were joined by none ofther than his ego idol (Owens and I have a lot in common). So when Charlie graduates he will join the forces with those in the sky.

We came, we cried, we graduated!! the boys R.P.G.

Steven C. Oda
Honolulu
Hawaii
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Pup

Steve game up a quiet (?) existence in Honolulu, Hawaii, to come to Severn's shores. He distinguished himself early in plebe summer as being very professional (he perspired a lot). Who can forget his waxing the floor at 0230 with a pocket flashlight as he quietly sang the Laws of the Navy to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean". We continued to wonder what kind of person he was as we noticed him spinning his rifle with a fixed bayonet and practicing stabbing and garroting his roomate. Obviously a Marine we concluded. Look at the evidence: a passion for marching (destined to become Brigade Drill Officer and Drill Team Commander), a camoflaged blanket, 3 complete sets of camies, a collection of Soldier of Fortune magazines, his own copy of FM22-5, jungle boots, and his beloved copy of the poem "Infantry: the Queen of Battle". Though Steve loved the green. the only Marine Corps he intended to join since high school was the Submarine Corps, who just gained a fine officer. Though Steve has always maintained his professional attitude, he would let down his hair (what little there was) to be one of the boys (will he ever forget, or remember, Army '81?). As Steve heads down to Orlando, all we'll see is the streak of a black TA (TA-6.6, WS-6, 4 wheel disc, 4 speed) and a cloud of dust. Fair winds and following seas!
J.A H

Kathleen M. Owens
Delran
New Jersey
English
Naval Intelligence

Kathy . . . from Delran, New Jersey. She majored in English and crew for four years. After dropping her soaked crew clothes in a corner she'd run to glee club or Catholic Choir. She's looking forward to a career in Naval Intelligence starting in Sigonella, Sicily.

CADEMY CREW

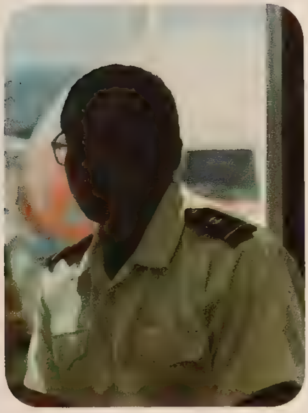
Mark D. Phillips
Parma
Ohio
Applied Science
Surface
Fester

Mark came to the Academy from Parma, Ohio via the NAPS detour. Blonde hair and blue eyes together with a wrestlers frame gave Mark the impression that he was a ladies man. Well it didn't take him long to show us just how much of a ladies man he was. Early on in plebe summer Mark already had a relationship with his first Wuba, a habit which he would continue well into his senior years. When Mark wanted something he knew just what he had to do to get it, even if it meant crying a little. Mark had the enviable ability to meet and fall in love with a girl all in the same night. Whether it be at Dahlgren in some corner with Janet or in MacDonough practicing his wrestling moves on Heather. Mark lettered in wrestling every year he was here, and was nationally ranked two of those four years. His ability to face adversity with a clear mind contributed greatly to his passage through this institution. An incident such as being stuck in the bathroom at Bob and Deb's while your clothes are in the living room couldn't be handled by any ordinary mind. It took a very creative mind to make his own Valentine day cards, and a clever mind to have three striper libs and civilian clothes priveleges the entire time he was here. Mark's only regret is that he has not been able to perfect Pavlov's method of training and so he just hasn't been able to get his dog to drool. Mark whether you go land (grunt), sea or air we're always behind you 100%. Just remember to always take a flashlight on road trips. We came, we played and we graduated!!!
A.G.S.

Holbrook J. Schurman
Chevy Chase
Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Marine Corps
Brook

Brook hails from Chevy Chase, Maryland. He was a JROTC man who was recruited to shoot for Navy. We don't hold it against him that he was brainwashed at an early age. It must have helped because Brook breezed through the first year with no serious mishaps. He usually was a squared away friendly guy who you couldn't find fault with - well almost. There was the time he broke his foot on the 3 foot ramp on the "O"-course. Yes, he did pass, but he still spazzed out. While we're on the subject of athletics, how about those bouts you refereed during 2/c year. A man with the reputation of letting the fighters slug it out. Charlie for sure got the raw end of that deal.

Well, if it's blood and guts that you like, the Marine Corps is for you. They will be getting a good man, a leader, and a hard worker, as being president of the Newman club has shown. Good luck and may God be with you
K.L.



Adolph C. Scissum
Huntsville
Alabama
Mathematics (Operation Analysis)
Marine Corp.
Dolph

Adolph's early Naval career was molded by his little brother while attending NAPS. Making his bed was the first lesson to learn and later how to dog and rap with the ladies. Many nights Dolph spent out in the cold until he learned. We were the kings of jam that nobody could mess with; thanks big brother. Next came Annapolis for this man from Huntsville. He was one up on everyone by rooming with Dr. Slim, a brother also from the big city. Chris was always one to volunteer his mother's house as a place for all the bros to hang out. His mother never complained and we thank her for all the kindness she showed. Chris spent all his waking hours at the wrestling loft that is until First class year. At that point Chris realized he knew more than the coach and decided to teach the brothers how to portect themselves for the Al's. Remember the incident on the docks?

On the weekends if Chris wasn't home in Columbia, you could find him hanging out in town, but in order to see him you had to look real "low" cause Chris believed in going as low as you can go

Chris or "Roller" as his friends called him, was definetly a ladies man. You can ask any of the wardroom girls and they will speak highly of Chris. Every three mounths you could hear of Chris and his new lady. But being Chris' ace I made many trips to Huntsville and saw his main squeeze. I met Regina and was very impressed and I met his best friend Denise. She was beautiful beyond description. Chris' father who is a big guy also sticks in my mind as always having his t-shirt out and cowboy hat on. All in all it shows Chris is from a good family and I know he could not have made it through here with out them. Chris came, met his obstacles, sometimes he fell but he picked himself up, and he made it; now he will never walk these roads agaion. T.S.V.P. Thank you for your love and understanding
M T and M H

Paul D. Shankland
Jamestown
North Carolina
Mathematics
Surface
Paul

Paul came into the arms of Mother "B" after deciding it was better to come to USNA and fly than to go to USAFA and walk. Upon arriving at the Academy he immediately found a way out of Plebe summer—crutches. Once Academic Year came around Paul needed a vacation so he checked in Room 5317, USNA's answer to the Hanoi Hilton (I'm sure Kevin and Joe feel the same way, Paul). While there Paul learned to drink (?) and how to keep lockers clean (just as Coleman), but not how to spit out rates. After Plebe year and his girlfriend from Florida were over, Paul wanted to make Navy life more like life in high school. He found his answer at Herndon. Unfortunately his answer was everybody else's question. Eventually, Shanks did a "180" and has since been doing much better in the world of girls. Right, Lynn, Kathy, Kim, Anne, and Kay? (Sorry Harold) . . . After his intrabrigade affair, Paul mainly concerned himself with two rescue operations, namely, his grades and his Lotus. He marginally succeeded on the first one, but his car was a terminal case . . . as everyone but Paul already knew. Hopefully in the future Paul will learn what good judgment means. Shanks will definitely be missed by all, but especially by all those boyfriends who have found their girls leaving them for Paul and have developed a complex trying to find out why Good luck out in the fleet, Paul, even if you do settle down again.
G.A.L.

Timothy V. Shindelar
McAllen
Texas
Physical Science
USMC
The Shindo

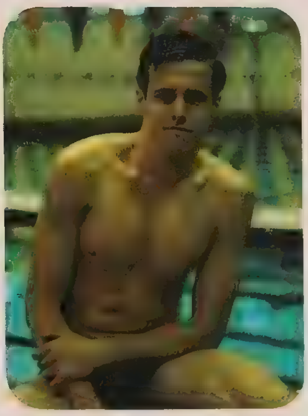
The Shindo, a legend in his own mind. Shindo, didn't want to come here straight out of High School, so he went to Oregon to play lumber jack for awhile. But since he was too short to reach the tree-trunks, he decided to use his superior intelligence for a living instead of his masculine abilities. Figuring NAPS wouldn't prepare him enough for the rigorous academics at the Academy, he went to another prep school first. Upon arriving at USNA, Shindo was so impressed by the black-frame study glasses and the briefcases that the Trident Scholars carried, that he decided he was going to be a Trident Scholar. Shindo spent every spare moment he could studying, even while the rest of us were on summer leave. Shindo was here at USNA, every summer, studying hard. His special interest areas included EE and Calculus Youngster year Shindo found the car of his dreams, a Pinto. He especially loved the hood ornament, namely Donna. Shindo was quite the playboy, his most famous aquisition being the Lee sisters. Also known for his athletic astuteness, Shindo proved on more than one occasion that no window could get the better of him!! As for his professional attitude, Shindo loved inspections He used to go down to Main Office six times a day, 7 days a week to get inspected. A very economical person, Shindo wore the same tie all four years and only changed his linen once a year, thus saving the Navy millions on costly and unneeded laundry service. Ever wonder who REALLY threw the Anchor Bell in the Santee?? Dragging anchor and disappointed with Nuke Power, Shindo decided to go into the Marines to be a lean, mean, green flying machine. ''Am I crazy, Jeff?'', ''Quick! Help me, the shoes are attacking, AHHHHH!'', ''Let's go get FUBARed!!!'', ... ''LATER!!!!!'' WE CAME, WE PLAYED, WE GRADUATED
THE BOYS
J S W

Andrew G. Skehan
Freehold
New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface
The Bird

Andy came here off of exit 8 of the New Jersey turnpike and verifies the fact that people growing up in that state try to leave it as soon as possible! While here, Andy survived via the medical chit. I think he saw Dr. Aronen more than his company officer. I felt sorry for Andy though, because he always got hurt or sick right before a big exam or before watch. Anyway, Andy did pick up some hobbies while at USNA eating, sleeping, snoring, and talking to Lynn on the phone. He also liked ''the great outdoors'' becuase he always talked about moving to Canada

Andy could not handle the long school semesters, and when the weekend arrived, the ''beer goggles'' were on searching Dalhgren and even the halls of Mother ''B''! At least he had dates to church the next morning. Moreover, Andy was a very popular guy. He recieved more mail from Kathy then the whole company got the entire year! (even presents too!)

Just remember Bird, don't give your little red a bone; don't stop you car at night to look at the engine; and jojoba won't save your hair. Good luck in the Marine Corps, and may God help Lynn survive. Remember Grodro!
M P



Stephen J. Thoresen
York
Pennsylnania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Thorax

Steve arrived in Annapolis with his calculator, kitchen, and Speedo goggles in hand. His plans were to be an academic wizard and an athlete all at the same time. Although he got off to a slow start plebe year, Steve responded by (geeking) working hard and being a dedicated bookworm. His grades became good enough to join McKee's silent service, also, Steve did well in Celestial Nav. . He had three stars himself, which made him a constellation (Thorax), and he understood quite well the theory about how to obtain them. Steve also held some records for the Navy swimmers in the breaststroke (he didn't even have a girlfriend). We all soon learned that there were three things you don't do to Steve. Wake him up, take his food, or steal his bread board. Steve also helped make the CDB movement order a success; however, we didn't let him bang his head against the wall or visit the purple men, but he did drive his car into a gas pump.

We came, we played, we graduated!! The Boys
R.P.G.II

Douglas J. Wadsworth
San Juan Capistrano
California
English
Marine Air
Dougga

One of the few quiet, well-mannered and conservative Californians, Doug worked hard at whatever he did. Unfortunately the law of diminishing returns caught up with this young academian during his second class year and he now sports a new identity as an L.I.M. Not one to let anything get him down for long, Doug has taken to pencil drawing and solving puzzles to get his studies back in line for senior year

In spite of Doug's other accomplishments, which include: a good 'ol Youngster love?-affair, a short senior fling, one totalled car, the reading of numerous ''Conan'' novels and never missing his daily dose of Jackson Browne (for sanity preservation), This die-hard Marine aviator looks like he's going to make it. To a friend and a brother- may our Lord's blessing be with you in the years ahead
G R W

Jeffrey S. Weis
Milwaukee
Wisonsin
Chemistry
Marine Infantry
Weiss

Jeff came to the Academy via the beer drinking capital of America-Milwaukee, Wisconsin After a short stop at the North American Party School, he arrived at Gate Eight ready to go. Always one for a challenge, Jeff learned the true meaning of the word by having to live with Summerdog and THE SHINDO. Jeff's two main goals at the Academy were majoring in Chemistry and seeing that his less than cerebral roommate graduated. Jeff not only earned two diplomas, but had an overall GPA of 5.0; 3.0 for Jeff and 2.0 for THE SHINDO. Not only was Jeff the squared-away midshipman, but he was also the kind of guy who always had the time to help you drain a case or two of brewha. Early in his career at USNA, Jeff decided to opt Marine thus saving the Corps millions of dollars on unneeded haircuts since he was going bald anyway. Jeff will be a welcome addition to the Marines, so on that note I release a "CLASS-A" guy. Best of luck, and don't forget the pretzels!! As only I could know you, your roommate. "SLOBBEN!!" . . . . "TIME, IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD!" "HEY SHINDO, WANT TO GO UP TO 13th???" . . . .

. WE CAME, WE PLAYED, WE GRADUATED
. . . . THE BOYS
T.V.S.

PROPERTY OF
PITTSBURGH
PIRATES
CLUB

Kim E. Williams
Longwood
Florida
Political Science
Naval Intelligence
Midget

"Little Red" came to USNA with the intentions to play volleyball, but when she realized that the entire team was at least two feet taller than her, she decided to give gymnastics a try Gymnastics wasn't the only thing keeping her busy plebe year, a particular 1/c with the same name kept her occupied. With Youngster year came the arrival of the "red bomb" and many trips to Georgetown via Aunt Ruthie's Hecht's parking lot, a broken muffler . . . and on to Florida with Will, Jeff and M. Will you ever be able to forget that fateful night wandering the streets of Orlando—or will you ever be able to remember what really - - - - - - - happened? Well, at least Dad Williams does . . . still your Mom was understanding thru it all, even when we were late for dinner 'cuz Debbie told us that short cut thru Tampa. A nice girl, I'm sure. The trip ended along with Will, but in came the star of your life . . . your first date in SDB's and then you found out he asked you out on a bet. 2/c year began your first of many separations when your flyboy left for P-cola, but still you managed to have a good time some how—don't worry, I won't tell. 1/c cruise was on the stump and what an exciting cruise we had in drydock. We kept moving even if the ship never did. And wasn't it nice of "BJ" to give you a "BZ" for your good efforts! "Bird neck auto"-what a night and what a ride we had on the captain's horse. A Texas weekend and a diamond ring made Eric your only. As you begin your new life, never forget the precious moments and friends you made here. And Kim, always remember to set aside some dreaming time . . . its been a great four years—keep in touch
M.G

Joe D. Wilson, Jr.
Atlanta
Georgia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Dr. Slim

On July 6, 1979, Joe D. Wilson, Jr. reported to the U.S. Naval Academy with the attitude that if nobody bothers him, he won't bother them, and everything would be cool! Well, by the end of plebe summer this tall, skinny kid from Huntsville, Alabama discovered that his outlook on life as a midshipman was somewhat inaccurate Through plebe year Joe was still offended if upper class asked him any type of question, but he learned to hide his disgust and stay out of trouble. Since Youngster year Joe's roommate has been Adolph, an acquaintance from home who attended a rival high school. First semester Third class year Joe Wilson brought his social life up to date with a couple of female friends whose names will not be mentioned. Joe's new social status kept him quite content until Joe went to Atlanta, his new hometown for Christmas leave where he met Kimberley Little. This beautiful young lady was obviously out of Joe's league

When Second class year came around, Joe was buried in Mechanical Engineering courses, but he refused to do homework because there were too many more important things to do, such as sleeping during study hour, writing letters to his girlfriend, and long weekends in Atlanta. Also Second class year Joe went out for brigade boxing and lost in the semi-finals. May-be he will do better First class year

First class year has finally arrived for Joe D Wilson, Jr. During the summer be bought a car which he could hardly afford. In between cruise and plebe detail, he finally got engaged to Kimberley. When the academic year began Joe found himself struggling as a Mechanical Engineer and his grades too low to get an early Nuclear Power school interview. With a little luck maybe Joe will get that Nuclear Surface service selection

Good luck to Joe and Kimberley! Dr. Slim Came!

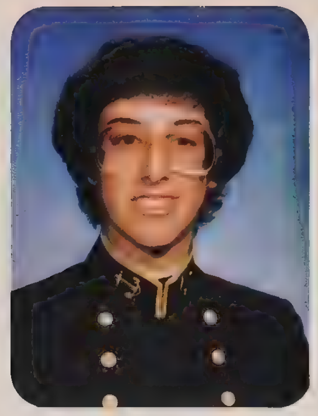
Dr. Slim was here!

Dr. Slim graduated!!!!!!!

***** Alpha Phi Alpha ** Spring '82 *********

Glenn R. Woodruff
Poway
California
Political Science
Navy Air
Zener

Glenn-Bob drifted to Annapolis via the night shift at Sony Corp., a short time at U. C. San Diego, and a three-year enlistment in the submarine Navy. What everyone is still trying to figure out (himself included) is why a long-haired dope who spent more time at the beach than in high school (where he majored in horticulture, auto mechanics, and ceramics) traveled three-thousand miles from the coast of California to the Naval Academy. Once here, though, in keeping with his laid-back, casual approach to life. Glenn took the "Poli-Sci, QPR-high" route to graduation. (for a short time he considered becoming an engineer, but heard that all-nighters were bad for a fighter pilot's eyes). Glenn's great energy and motivation to perform both physically and mentally innspired us all (just ask him about all the books he brought home over christmas leave). Glenn seemed to be under control until this year when he was suddenly hit by a serious case of the "sponsors' daughter syndrome.' (How does the song go? — "Jenny I've got your number . . .") If this develops into a sudden interest in Annapolis I.A.D. After graduation, we will nonetheless see Glenn later in Pensacola. May the Lord bless him throughout the future
D.J W

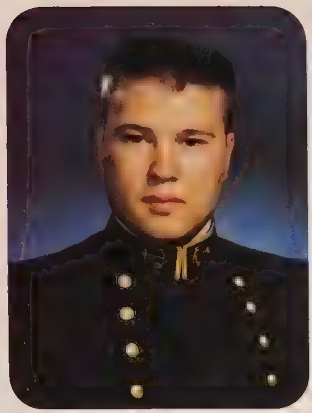


Marjorie Zap
Bowie
Maryland
Oceanography
Geophysics
Good luck Marjorie!

SKATE EIGHT

Chris M. Ballister
Rochester
New York
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer
Chris

Chris tumbled his way into the un-college on the Severn from Rochester, New York. He started his plebe year off on what can only be called a "classic" start. After passing through the doors to Halsey Field house, Chris came down with a case of the flu, (He was sick of school even before it started!). Since his roommate had to stow all of Chris's issued items Chris spent most of plebe year finding out what he had and what to do with it, "Where did I get this? . . . what is this thing for?" Once AC-year started Chris spent all of his free time over at the Gymnasium. He made the varisity gymnastic team and managed to letter three years and pick up an "N" star along the way. While Chris was being good to Navy sports they managed to hand him a few set backs. During both 1/c and 3/c years Chris had first his left knee then his right operated on. He spent so much time on crutches that medical gave him a set personally autographed by all the medical staff. Chris did manage to learn that there is more to life than gymnastics, (chopping fire wood, raking leaves, his roommates care packages and wine in 16-oz tumblers!). Upon graduation Chris hopes to go NFO, but first a little tad at USNA as a gymnastics instructor (Just can't break an old habit). Good luck at P-cola, check six!
K M.H.



Bryan W. Bigger
Houston
Texas
Mechanical Eng/Physics
Marine Corps
Bigs Daddy

There were two fiascoes in 1961: The Bay of Pigs in Cuba, and Bryan "Bigs Daddy" Bigger's birth in Houston, Texas. Eight years later, while participating in a third grade recon raid on girl's lunchboxes, he was hit on the head by a Scooby-Doo lunch pail, jamming his volume control on loud. Ten years later he hit the deckplates of Mother B, fulfilling a dream he had long pursued. Bigs came with a good head on his shoulders, even though it held no hair

Bryan validated many hours which he used up marching E.D. (EWE-RAH!) He chose a double major, and wasted his summers at a myriad of Marine Corps amusement parks, i.e., Airborne, Mountain Warfare, Force Recon, and S.E.R.E

Second class year had its ups and downs. On the upside: A '70 Yellow 'vette, and a Naval Academy Ring. On the downside: A blue Dodge truck that looked as if it had been pulled from a swamp, and *only* a five year commitment

First class year arrived, and Bryan was still (miraculously) a double major. This didn't stop him from enjoying a few illegal weeknight jaunts out of the yard. His 'vette could be seen screaming out of the yard at 3:06 (excuse me Bryan—1506) on Friday afternoons on his way to the Goucher Country Club.

Despite the fact that he always made his presence known, Bigs was always there to give you a hand if you were in a bind. He's a hard worker with a lot of ambition and will be a welcome addition to any foxhole. Keep your head down. UUUUUUURRAAAAHH!

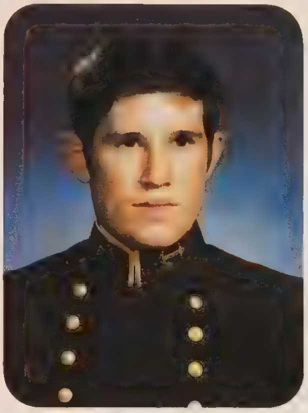
Joseph S. Boddiford III
Glen Arm
Maryland
Mathematics
Supply
Bodds

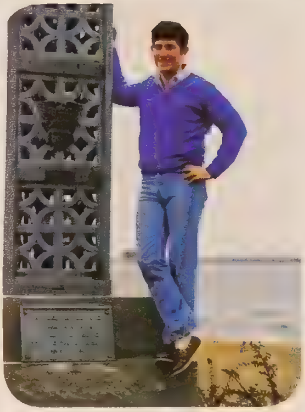
Joseph "Bodds" Boddiford III came to the boat school after an illustrious four year career at "Bawlmer's" Calvert Hall College high school. He arrived on I-day with memories of Ocean City sunsets, football championships, and nights out in Towson. An ambition to be a Navy lacrosse player and obtain passable grades helped Bodds to survive plebe year. He was lucky enough to be able to take his frustrations out on his roomate-that pool little 'ole kid from Cecil. Dining out Chits with Mom, Dad, and Kate were the saving graces for this local pleber. It didn't take long for Joe to realize Rt. 2 + Rt. 100 + Rt. 3 + I 695 = freedom! With plebe year over Bodds dove head first into being an upperclassman. During his youngster year Joe picked up a new roommate, a fellow Baltimorean (Loyola high school) who would become famous as the "Rhino"! Now a Math major Joe found Z's more attainable, while using geek juice to combat unwanted Z's.

RCC, whimper sessions, the God of Geek, Buddah, rm. 5461, and the love squad are a few of Joe's favorite topics. Summers at Annapolis included pig outs at Chick N' Ruth's, GT's at the chart house, and, of course, trips to and fro' B-more. Bodds' three dreams, to drive his own 'Vette to the sounds of his hero, James Bond (which almost caused his roommate to go insane), get a USNA school ring, and graduate from the Naval Academy have all come true. He is leaning towards becoming a pilot and is often caught daydreaming about P-cola and his first solo. Whatever community Joe finds himself in, we all wish him the best of luck! His sharp sense of humor will be appreciated wherever he goes. We are all looking forward to seeing him in the future-knowing that laughs will be shared and good times brought back to life!
J.L.J., Jr.

Marion C. Brown
Tekoa
Washington
English
Navy Air
Brownie

Marion Brown woke up one morning yearning for adventure, hungover (as usual), and looking for a chance to get ahead in the world. So, he joined the Marines! Some people will do anything to get out of rural Washington. After working his way up to lance corporal, our baby-blue marine was offered the chance to go to NAPS. His reply: "NAPS? What's a NAPS?" Newport agreed with Brownie: sand, surf, sunny skies, rich girls, and gay bars. Plebeyear was good to Lance (Woody decided he needed some name besides Marion), as he was on a first name basis with half of the class of '80 But Brownie took care of his friends, and his friends took care of him. After a hard night drinking with the rugby team, he left alittle surprise in Lt. Hansen's car, and a buddy carried him up to 5-3 with the BOOW close behind. (He ain't heavy, he's my roommate.) And our happy-go-lucky jarhead didn't miss out on the fair sex, either. After a long and tiring romance with Becky youngster year, he was dropped in the dirt and all that was left was a twisted, broken shell of his former self. But Brownie found true love first class year, and the fact that she was engaged to someone else didn't faze our hero. He certainly made the most of those long weekends and his sponsor's boat. And those three-striper libs sure came in handy, even for a platoon commander. (Hi Lynn! Is my laundry ready? Where's the beer?) Since the gods at Naval Reactors laughed in his face, Brownie will be returning to the Corps. Whether it's Marine Corps or Supply Corps remains to be seen, since all the pressure of life here at Canoe U gave our boy an ulcer. But Brownie will surely muddle through life the same way he muddled his way through the Naval Academy; in the rack. Ain't English a goodly major? Good luck, buddy. See you at the wedding rep
J.A W





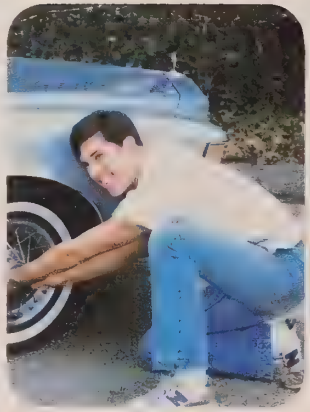
Christopher S. Colon
Houston
Texas
Oceanography
AMDO
'Rican

The Rican started out his career on the right foot by being plebe summer roommates with a bald-headed P.A. system named "Biggs Daddy". Actually, things worked out pretty well because they had so much in common (I.E.-being from Houston, being from Houston, and being from Houston). Being at USNA actually appealed to Chris. After changing to the "Condor" for a roommate, life got back to normal for Chris. Endowed with a unique sense of humor, the 'Rican could always be counted on for a laugh. His talents included wrapping his jowls around his head, losing his temper and walking through garage doors, and putting his best side forward for pictures (the side he usually sat on)

After a couple of years of desperately searching for the love of his life (he even considered going G.Q. to meet more prospects), he met the woman of his dreams - the girl known as "Hellacious Elena". Ever since this turning point in his life, Chris started to calm down (i.e.-trading in the racer bug for a family-sized Monte Carlo)

We all know that the Rican will succeed in anything he tries tand wish him and Elena the best of everything

P.S.-Hammers, bricks, and condors don't mix



Thomas R. Crompton, Jr.
Miami
Florida
Political Science
Naval Intelligence
Duke of Miami

In order to attend USNA, Tom followed the example of most Americans and left Miami. His being a second-generation Academy man had both its good and its bad points. He was determined to do well and was a frequent member of the superintendent's "All-Star team", yet, some 59'ers went out of their way to see how far Tom would carry on family traditions. The "Old Goats" were disappointed to find that he approached the Academy in a professional manner, obeyed the regs, and remained unmarried. Seeing politics as "the driving force in all things", Tom majored in Political Science and could be found reading volumes of books and writing scores of term papers. He worked hard and, often times, played even harder. In fact, a memorial erected in his honor should someday be found in yard gouge. The pinnacle of his professional career was serving as the Brigade Administrative officer where he excelled in the generation of useless paperwork. After undergoing several miraculous transformations down at Bancroft medical, Tom hopes to join the intelligence community and serve in "the invisible first line of defense". His perserverance, ability and character will make him a fine addition to any corporation. Godspeed. Fpotus
B R.E.

David S. Eguchi
Torrance
California
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Gooch

Gooch came to USNA an aspiring prior enlisted nuke who wanted to major in Electrical Engineering and go nuke power. Dave spent most of his time thinking about his friends in Torrance (little Japan); or should I say thinking about their cars and motorcycles. Most nights one could hear him complaining about all the EE homework he had to do but when it came down to it, Hotrod and Cycle World were more interesting. Dave found true love while at USNA in the form of a Kawi Z1-R. After being a member of the elite square club during Second class year, "Shingo" felt it was time to become a Phi-Scientist. That gave him even more time to sleep and dream of the ultimate street machine. Seeing that service selection does not offer "Motorcycle racer" as an option, Gooch will just have to become a back seat driver as an NFO. Good luck, may you always find a place to race (without cops). Remember, pumpkins kill!
C.S.C

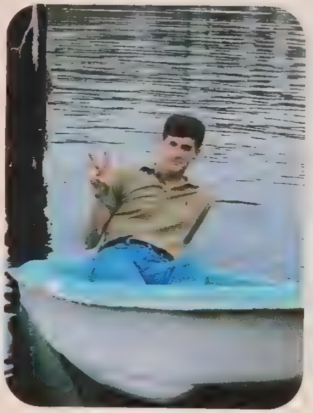
Bruce R. Eikenberg
Kingsville
Maryland
Physical Science
Marine Corps

Hailing from Belair, Maryland, Bruce turned down a brilliant professional baseball career in order to attend USNA. Despite the fact that he was educated under the Baltimore public school system, Bruce received an appointment from congressman Bob Bauman . . . whose judgement we still question to this day. He chose to major in Physical Science because he considered engineering trivial as evident in the maze of electrical wonders found in his room Displaying an unselfish attitude, Bruce made great efforts in preparing his many roommates to be responsible citizens in the civilian world and went out of his way to make others look good in order to groom them for big stripes. His success at the Academy can be attributed to his uncanny ability to accumulate the gouge as well as finding time to devote total concentration towards academic endeavorzzzz. Bruce's indisputable laughter, combined with his "bawlamer" accent made him a favorite with ninth company. Seeking a challenging career in the Marine Corps, despite what the inside of his ring says, Bruce's cheerful disposition and easy character should make him a welcome addition everywhere. Uh-rah
T.R.C

Edward H. Feege, Jr.
Hellertown
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
Feeg

A one-legged man hopping through a minefield - that describes the Feeg during the past four years. Coming from suburbania eastern Pennsylvania, Ed had one and only one dream in life - to fly an A-6 single-handed under the Bay Bridge and nuking the hell out of it. But after losing his eyes by rubbing them in his Advanced Calculus course to get the tears out, he opted to go poly sci and NFO. Not that Feeg is all work and no play. Just ask him about the Gobbler during plebe year and about Ami second class year (nice haircut). And if he wasn't going new wave on us with his lawn mower cut purple hair and Talking Heads, he was mellowing out with a can of Copenhagen and Ry Cooder

The Condor has always been an adventurer though . . . hang gliding, flying, camping. But he always seems to end up in trouble, like getting fried for kissing his girlfriend in the Reception Room, apprehended in a top secret area by security police, or rolling a certain female gate guard with his car second class year. Like, the trouble is . . . . Anyway, I'm sure Feeg will finally turn out good in the fleet, just as long as he doesn't get fried in the meantime. SIC 'EM, BUCKO!
J.C.H



Peter M. Gamerdinger
Deep River
Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Alley Cat

Peter Martin Gamerdineer (alias 'Dineer, Gabba' jabba' (thanks to Coach Lenz), Jammer, Mumbles, and, last but not least, Alley Cat) blessed the Naval Academy from the booming metropolis (?) of Deep River, Conn. Pete brought with him a wide range of tastes. His musical taste ranges from Ted Nugget to Van Halen and his taste in beer ranges from Budweiser to Budweiser Light (''OOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWW!!!'' says the Alley Cat.) Pete excelled in many things but his fortes were certainly not conduct or the applied struggle (Part I). Pete became well known throughout th Company (the Brigade for that matter) as one who loves to party and have a good time by over indulging in the (to quote Cpt. J.W. Flight) ''beverage of his choice (''OOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!'', says the Alley Cat, again.) What a way to go huh, Pete? Pete left his mark throughout the town of Annapolis and its surrounding area during his stay at the Severn Insitute. Did you ever notice the new frame on the front door of Buzzy's II? Ask Pete, he'll tell you all about it. Where did the ''Handicapped Parking Only'' sign go that was in the fifth wing parking lot? Ask Pete, he might have a clue. Eventhough Pete was not the greatest on the pull-up bar, he could still out run any O-G Duty Officer at the Army-Navy Game when he really needed to. Pete enchanted many females during his four years at Annapolis. Ask Rhona-Bona, The Bone Chief I, or Big A (didn't she date another mid before you Pete?) about what a ladies man he is. Anyhow, Pete has a very casual outlook on life and few things ever really bother him. He could rarely make his bed properly, but he was tough on sweeping the floor and cleaning the mirros. (He at least learned something) Pete's presence will be missed in Mother-B, but the cry of the Alley Cat will linger on for many Years to come (''OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!'') See you around Jammer! (is the Z-car still in one piece?)

Michael H. Hapeman
Seattle
Washington
Applied Science
Nuclear Submarines
Mike

It seems only milleniums ago that Mike Hapeman left the enlisted nuclear program, boarded the wrong plane and found himself within the cloister of the uncollege. Being a native of Seattle, Washington, Mike found life here a bit different from the West Coast and his old alma mater, the UW. However, Mike soon adapted by sleeping at every opportunity, a strategy that he has not yet abandoned. During plebe year this ocassionally brought Mike special attention from upperclass and special mandatory cold showers (In sleeping gear, no less!) — Just what the OOD ordered. ''Hapes'' had the distinction of being one of the most sincere, polite plebes to grace the hallowed hall. He was known for his unique way of greeting upperclass with such gems as ''Top O' the morning to you, sir!'' Mike joined the sailing team plebe year and showed a special affinity for Severn river water as he capsized many times and lost 2.5 pairs of glasses and a watch. He later moved to the ''big boats'', serving as a grinder, tactician and helmsman during First-class year. ''Hapes'' moved into the realm of legend during Second class year as he co-sponsored several Friday evening ''Bancroft Hall cocktail hours''. Having Bob Ward as a sponsor during plebe year, it was no accident that Mike would be involved in an ''alcohol, introducing into Bancroft Hall'' offense. In his Epitaph shall be written '' . . . and he never left a mess.'' This earned Mike a temporary membership in the ''Early Morning Breakfast Club,'' for which his rack never forgave him. Mike has come to the culmination of four years here having served as Company Conduct officer (as his mentor in the class of '80) with a distinct lack of zeal for paperwork which his roommate so often generates. When Mike enters the nuclear force, the submarine community will have gained a true ''Officer and Gentleman,'' well-mannered and well-liked His unique intelligence and witty sayings, such as ''well rested is well tested,'' will always be remembered at future cocktail parties.
P W

Jon C. Harding
Franklin
West Virginia
General Engineering
AMDO
J.C.

J.C blew in from the wastelands of W Va., and brought with himself a strange kude-as accent and some stranger eating habits. Born to take abuse, he immediately signed up for Aero and Rugby. Not finding these to his liking, Jon eventually went General and went to bed

The only strong points he has are his tastes in cars (warwagons in particular) and stereos (of the arc-welder variety). His weak points are too numerous to list

Upon Graduation J.C. intends to divide his time between raising pigs and working on airplanes. He may marry one of the former. Then again, he might also run for governor of West Vigina. If Jay Rockefeller can do it, then so can a crazy kude-ass. You won't find a better one anywhere. Eat 'em up, boy

William J. Hart

Scranton
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Mr. Bill

Billy Hart is a natural born preppy from scanlons . . . oops, Scranton, Pa. begeh!! Recruited to Canoe U to play baseball, he earned his varsity letter his plebe year, in rack. Throughout his Naval academy career, he worked hard at this talent of his and has recently published "Famous Naval Rack Sayings", which is now in its second edition. But Billy's many and diverse talents did not lie soley in the rack. He was a starting member of the "Death club (drink til that is), and was known to "wami-down" many Genesees (his favorite) which almost always led to a cheese-steak rage (especially in Scranton).

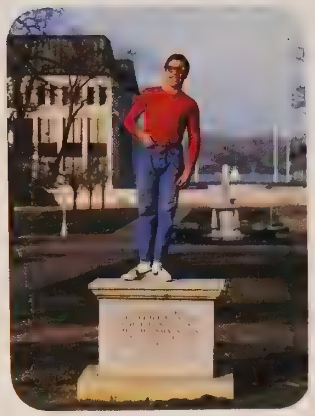
Being from a rather small town in Pa, and of irish descent, Billy tended to be on the conservative side. This was demonstrated by the many P.B.&J's he ate due to his finickiness at the dinner table (he likes shark though, begeh!!) Bill the goat has never had a staunch and loyal supporter as Billy. He showed this support to '86 even while Bill was exercising his Bodily functions. "The Goat Rules". Mind migration powers. Bebebebebebebegeh!! It is amazing how many times one could fall in love in one semester, Billy Hart! Billy is a prime example of the hometown boy hitting the world and making it big. Although Mech E gave him a hard time he got through it. From the small streets of Scranton (he is an excellent parallel parker), to the oceans of the world, Billy will make friends, leave memories, and lead men

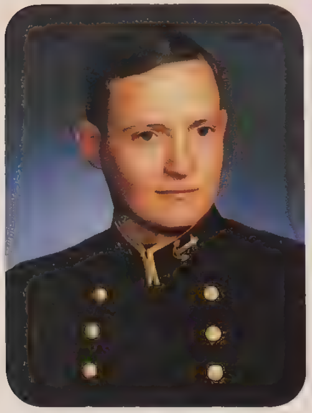
Craig S. Husa

Spokane
Washington
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Hoser

Craig Husa arrived on a big jet airliner from the wilds of Washington singing anti-nuke songs and foreign to the ways of these easterners. He soon found out that the Navy had him by the b- - - s, and, heavily intent on punishing himself, took up systems engineering and JV cross-country. After one season, though, Big Al told him he was too fat to run, so Useless decided to become a laid back gentleman like his roommate and went and bought a windsurfer -with the luscious plebette across the hall. (Too bad you never got to use the board, Craig.)

Craig is always the outdoorsman, though. He put himself through bicycle trips in the rain, raft trips, hang gliding lessons, ski trips - anything to meet girls and to be the Sun GOD that he envies to be. But there's not too much sun (only lots of travel) in his future now, since Admiral McKee stole his bodily fluids for experimentation in nuke boats, which Craig will keep up like his '69 Chrysler Newport boat here on land. Well, Craig, I know it's been real for you, cause I know it was for me. We had four good years here, and I wish we had more. Good luck, and Happy Skiing.
J.C.H.





Kevin M. Hymers

Alexandria
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Kevin

Once, twice, thrice . . . . enter stage right, Kevin Hymers from historical Alexandria, Virginia. Kevin has surely left a lasting impression on the boat school (handstand pushups!!?). Climbing his way up the ladder to "upperclass," Kevin tactfully indoctrinated the incoming classes to what he described as a real plebe year This, of course, was taken from his own sparkling performance in '79-'80 (What were those four magic words?). Kevin has always shown a fondness for some of the finer things in life - like a good night in town with inside of one minute to spare for taps - no problem (except for the time we had to hold him up in formation! . . . . Diemer . . . . and Mr. Hymers, I'll see you after formation!) Then there was his eternal plebe year excuse squad chit - seems he was always banging himself up in field ball or something. Kevin has also provided a magnificent example in the area of wardroom spirit - noodles and lobster bisque!!!! - Beat Army! Speaking of Army, Kevin was one of our finest recon-raiders . . . . who else could put a cleaning lady in traction! Grinding his way through academics, Kevin managed to develop somewhat of a personal relationship with the dean and commandant. But, anchor man or not, Kevin has the light at the end of the tunnel in sight - there's no stopping him now - Marine Corps - Uraah!
C.M B.

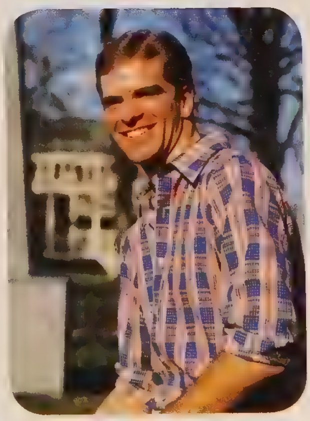
Joseph L. Johnson, Jr.

Towson
Maryland
Physical Science
Surface
Jumpin'

It was July 6, 1979 when jumpin' Joe Johnson arrived at the Severn institute. He had just completed four illustrious years at a Jesuit Boys camp in good ole "Bawlmer", Loyola high school. Joe impressed all of his classmates with his lacrosse talents and his ability to get out of things (duty, trouble, etc.). Plebe year for Joe meant a close relationship with a certain firstie, Dr. I. The first of many love affairs for Joe began at the end of plebe year. She was an Anne Arundel county girl (his first) who was commonly referred to as "The South River Rocket". Youngster year went smoothly except for some trouble with systems engineering and his townie girl. Second class year brought with it more liberty, more studying, more sleep, more weight, RCC, geek juice, God of stupidity, room 5461, and more women! "Out of control" times were rampant that year for Jumpin' Joe whether in Baltimore, Annapolis, D.C., or Long Island. Once Joe attained the rank of First class he began to settle down. You could always spot him on the Baltimore Beltway driving to Rosedale in the "Rocket", his white RX-7, to see that special girl he finally fell for. Joe's favorite expression is "haze gray and underway", and he really means it. He began to get ready for the fleet First class year by eating every meal he could. Joe's good sense of humor, mild mannered disposition, and dynamic personality will be a welcome addition to the surface community. He's a great guy and will be missed
J.S.B III

Eric G. Kaniut
Birmingham
Michigan
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
Captain K

Captain K sailed into the boat school from NAPS primed and groomed as a future brigade commander. Fitting the tall, dark, and handsome mold of the ideal mid, Knute quickly established his untarnishable halo. Plebe year passed fairly easy and good grades became a habit. Closets became good hiding places for chow calls and hop rep saved him from CMOD inspections with some of the more colorful OOW's. Knute also found that rooming with a football player tends to make good wrestling practice. Youngster cruise provided plenty of rack practice . . . . . in between the XO's pop inspections! Knute's Youngster cruise also seemed to go lunchless due to the CO's tennis habits - seems as though Knute's always mingling with the brass . . . . must be in his blood Youngster year passed by with more good grades and plenty of striper boards (when they could find him!). Second class year was spent training crazy Joe and holding the swim team together. The Second class car loan came along and Knute finally got his "Z". First class year finally arrived but Knute had to settle for only first regimental commander. Having been a prior nuc, Knute was bombarded from all directions to join forces with H.G. Owning up to his responsibilities and sense of duty, Knute came to the most logical decision . . . . . . NFO!!! Eric, its been a great four years - Good luck at P-cola and don't forget . . . . . check six!
C M B.



Michael J. Keating
Fairfax
Virginia
Management
Navy Pilot
Keats

A man born 15 yrs. too late. The college students of the 60's would have gladly accepted this man as their leader. To trace this mans existence through the Naval Academy is incredible, so a mere outline is necessary. Values: peace, love, Beatles, Hair, Beach Boys, Bud, Blatz, '67 convertible 'Stangs, dizzy blondes, beach, Hawaii, vuarnets, frisbees, surfing, road trips and pure unadulterated hedonism. Made famous: Thank ya bud, Hi there, Hola Norka, Frappin Fred Flanigan, midn deceased return to sender, cold shoulder, Burke Lake bonfires, Breakfast club, tapeball, and Old Rags Mt. night climbing. Accomplishments: black N winner, member of Sinful Seven, magic bus navigator, member Naval Academy Power Drinking Team, and winning the halloween road rally Will be remembered for: longest hair in the brigade, luckiest man alive (90 what?), never studying, Mr. Rock N Roll trivia, Uncle Sams, Va Tech/UVA resident. Army/Navy games: 4/c yr-unmentionable, 3/c yr-private party with how many stewardesses? 2-c yr-parallel parking with briand, 1/c yr- tubular and awesome brah. The Fairfax Fluff is a true officer and gentleman with the right stuff. We rank him 1 of 7.

Francis C. Lukenbill
Jorden
New York
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Luke

July 6, 1979 was probably the worst day in the lives of most members of the class of 1983, but not for Luke. He reported from the small town of Jorden, New York with a smile on his face and a highlighted copy of "reef points" in his pocket, when the last note of "navy blue and gold" was sung, which Luke had already mastered on his trombone, Luke was ready for life at the Severn institute. Plebe summer was a snap for Luke, who had already established himself as the best "brace up" man in the brigade, and an overall great guy to dump on, even by his own classmates. Making friends was a natural for Luke, and was soon given a new nickname by his close buddies who couldn't handle that overwhelming smell. Stinky soon became an academic stud and also became known as Mr. "Whammo" down at the tables, smashing anything from footlong franks, to chocalate eclairs, to Boston cream pies all over his face. With Youngster year came a brand new pair of shiny horns for Luke With a few Buds in him, he became a real ladies' man The Masher must have collected more phone numbers than Ma Bell herself, but where are they now? Anyway, we all still remember the likes of: "the crack of dawn," "Whoris," the "Love Machine," "bone chief I and II," and of course, Suzie and her Playgirl Palace. How about this one; "Hi, my name is raaaalllllfffff!" Talk about first impressions Luke was always quick with a joke, even if it wasn't funny, and somehow always became the center of attention at parties The jokes weren't enough, so stinky turned to headstands, armless cartwheels, and his famous flashlight imitation of Tommy Tutone Let's face it, Luke's an all around great guy, and will be a welcome addition to anyone's backseat-but that's not what she said! Ooooooowwwwwwwww!
P M G

John L. Marana, Jr.
Vallejo
California
Physical Science
Surface
Piranha

John "Piranha" Marana came to Canoe U from the obscure town of Vallejo, California Being prior enlisted as an ET3, John stepped into the EE major, only to find limited weekends and late-nighters. Phy-Sci finally got him in the end, but now John is at ease and enjoys his weekends. John can always be seen setting off for another "Navy adventure" in that Piranhamobile His experience in changing tires at odd hours of the morning (Who can forget returning from the Army game Youngster year?) comes in handy on these roadtrips, the seemingly endless quest for "the right lady." John's romantic adventures pass into the realm of legend

Between batt boxing, batt handball, and company softball, John has kept pretty busy, and is next in line for Mr Pep With graduation in sight, John is ready for haze grey and underway

Lawrence J. McAllister, Jr.

Millersville
Maryland
Naval Architecture
Navy Air
Mac

Mac, being an ex-Napster, found no problems with plebe summer; except a roommate! First he lived with "the Batman", then Clint (who later transferred to 36), then Lake Boddiford moved in for the remainder of the summer

Mac was captured by that love trap early. And with love came the dining out chits, every weekend for the entire plebe year. But "Smokie" fell out of love just as quickly. St. Valentine's Day found "Smokie" on the hunt again.

Mac's house soon became the crash pad for about two dozen mids and ex-Napsters. Since he lived so close. We'll all remember the famous toga, rat juicer, and pajama parties

Mac got his nickname "Master Chief" when he took his enlisted pea-coat and wore it out in town. Maybe that's why he was kicked out of Presto's and just about every other bar in Anne Arundel County. But, it didn't just end there! Mac was probably the only mid to be banned not only from the girl's dorms, but the entire North Hill of the University of Maryland Campus. Is that why you went to Mary Washington, Larry? Rumor even has it that one young lass down there has captured his heart and bells may be in the air!!

Larry, we'll never forget your red beard at the end of each summer break, accompanied by the Dunlop tire around your mid-section. Lax and the "fatman" helped you run the tire down each fall and spring

Mac will spend a short tour of duty across the river at the Research Labs. Then it's on to Pensacola. Wherever he goes, there will be a party and his infamous smile and laugh will break up even the toughest of times. Good Luck Mac!
B.S O

Christopher E. Montross

San Joaquin Valley
California
General Engineering
Navy Air
Tro

The Treaux Dude hitched to USNA on a hot summer day and has hated this place ever since. The truth is that nobody knows to this day why or how he did it, but he always managed to get into trouble. He was a mild-mannered, Clark Kent-type boy when he got here, but during Youngster summer, he started developing redneck characteristics. He started dipping, drinking and driving, and wrecking foreign cars. He bought a real truck, a real bike, and a real debt. His taste in women was as simple as his taste in machinery - the bigger, the better. If she could float upright without moving her hands or legs, she was O.K. with "Tro" (bouyancy, you know). Trow was famous for setting and pursuing high goals, then ignoring them, and finally dropping them. The list includes swimming, water polo, M.E., Spanish, and God knows what else. Although he is pretty flexible on goals, there are some things that will never change with him like wanting a farm in the San Joaquin Valley, being best friends with "Grif", thinking that Neil Young is the only musician in the world, and being a Coot-Ass! Even though the Muffer was usually pretty mellow, he went through some pretty interesting changes when the demon alcohol got into him (just ask the girls with the purple eyeleashes). As a Second class, he got so wild at Army that he even tried to give a dog a bath. To be fair though, he did stay in control enough to help out a poor, defenseless, incoherent J.G. he found in the hallway. Although there are a lot of things to remember him by, his quotes will be the best: "I love my truck!", "I've got to get stationed at Lemoore", and "I've got to take the dog out for a walk. Best of wishes, Chris, and don't forget to keep the crops watered and the John-Deere lubed

Brian S. Ostrom

Walnut Creek
California
Oceanography
Navy Air
"O"

Brian, "B.S.", Ostrom arrived at the Naval Academy with a few years of higher education already under his belt. After a year at Long Beach in sunny California, he decided to trade in his freedom for a short tour of Newport, R.I. (NAPS), on his way to this illustrious institute of higher learning. "O" graced ninth company with his presence freshman year as little as possible and vowed never to sit on company tables even if it resorted to being the wrestling team manager. But a favorite second class friend of his decided that even without company tables, Brian would still have a plebe year. Youngster year brought in his stay on 5-3 once again under the assumption, "out of sight, out of mind," and in some ways he was successful - but he couldn't control his libido, so once again, he became popular. Second class year brought out his true form. "B.S." became known second semester as "MR. FINANCE" with his loan which was a great deal for the few who were interested in mopeds or who had rich parents to by their cars. Senior year saw a marked change in Brian's outlook on love and life. He met a wonderful young lady and became a family man instantly. Hey, what do you call that, "two for one!"

No one will ever forget "O". He always had a nice comment for everything that went on, "constructive criticism," he called it. It is well known that "O" is ready to get on with his life, enough of this B.S., but we're sure he will never forget the Woodhouse-Smitty torture sessions; his purple silent running gimmick; and of course his inept ability to some how, some way, get out of anything he didn't want to do from the P.E tests to a form 2 with his injuries or B.S

"O", we will all miss you, but a lucky few will be graced with your presence down at Pensacola- Good Luck!! MAC
L.J McA., Jr

Jaime A. Rivas

Lima
Peru
Mechanical Engineer
Foreign National
Jaimo

Jaime Antonio Rivas Mauleon ventured to the U.S. Naval Academy from Lima, Peru for his second plebe year with little experience in speaking english. He was 17, slim, and trim, but as his experience in speaking english grew, so did his gut. Jaime enjoyed drinking "'till he died." He established himself academically and soon became highly respected in the company. As a Mechanical Engineer and a member of Pi Tau Sigma and Pi Kappa Phi, there was little doubt as to whether he was smart. Not only did Jaime excel academically and alcoholically, but he was also a performer physically. He played on the plebe soccer team, and also lettered in three out of four years on the varsity sub squad team (pull-up division). Jaime was paid by two governments and with so many liquid assets soon found establishments in town to back his liquid interests: Fran's, dockside, and Donatelli's (now armadillo's). He was often referred to as the First National Bank of Peru by his clients

Jaime was a very amiable person, but you had to appreciate his sense of reality. He could sort out whether or not you were pulling his leg, and would not waste time letting you know. He was well trained by those Southern Hemispherians . . . . well mannered, very proper, and liked by all. Ask the police that walk the beat in Philly. Jaime was a successful midshipman and will be a successful officer. His intelligence and common sense, coupled with his ability to deal with people warrant this. He will always be remembered and loved by those that knew him. Adios to the sailor from the South. Keep in touch . . . . "Wipe out, Mr. Rivas."

Timothy T. Smith
Houston
Texas
General Engineering
Surface
Tim

Tim came to the arms of mother "B" in the summer of '79. He established himself right from the first as a leading member of our class. Tim did real well during Plebe summer with only a few low points, such as Wilf polishing his grease shoes and FERD!! Tim was found to be a very versatile football player, playing everything but head coach. Tim found out early that the coach is never wrong - - - (right Spaz!!). As the years wore on Tim found that he had a specific God given talent - to write chits. He soon became known as "Doctor Chit". If you had to get out of here for any reason Tim was the one to see. His best accomplishments were his dining out chits . . . to PA. Tim did well in academics althoughmany a prof was heard to say "Who's Tim Smith? He's not in my class". You see Tim had this certain affinity for the rack, which occupied most of his time between football and chasing skirts. Tim's favorite thing besides RACK, WOMEN and FOOTBALL was the friends and the friendships that he found. - - - Well Tim don't forget the good times we had beating up "O", Big "N" steaks-in our room, and CAN I BARROW . . . . Haze Grey and underway, keep in touch, this Jar head says thanx for pulling me through*******M.T.W.
M.T.W.

Paul B. Vujica
Morton Grove,
Illonois
General Engineering
Surface
Bruno

PAUL BRUNO VUJICA
Bruno, "Bo", BOHICA
Chicago, Annapolis
Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts
Bears, Cubs, Hawks
NAVY
soccer, handball
bicycle racing
photography, Nikon, darkroom
Photo Club
Lucky Bag, Associate Editor
Aerospace, Bethesda, General
Melissa
Surface Line
Graduation
83
San Diego, Pensacola in two
here today, gone tomorrow
always remembered
Why does God hate the Chicago Cubs?

Brian S. Watson
Tampa
Florida
Chemistry
Nuclear Submarines
Polyester

Scott came to USNA with the goal of doing well and finding a little fun. While most people didn't know what was in store for them on I-day, Scott didn't mind— all he needed was his ten-speed, address book and horn. Plebe summer brought the D+B, plebe indoctrination, and watch inspections. Three watch inspections meant three "shavings" of the peach fuzz, even if it wasn't needed. While some of us didn't worry about postage stamps, mail was no problem for Scott. His secret: bet your high school honey a steak dinner if she sends you fifty letters-even if they were cut outs that didn't spell anything. Academic year brought the brigade and classes, but after the sponsors were found,the uniform was never worn again on weekends ("That's what the bike's for"). What happened that first Christmas? It seems that Lynn won the steak dinner, the heart of the mid, and soon the wedding band and the name Youngster summer brought the 'boomer tour, but still no whiskers. With Chemistry as a major, the D+B was dropped for more time but the bike was still put to use. New sponsors were found for spot and the SDB's were in the closet Second class year began at the Air Force, where they tought Scott to jump out of planes, and he tought them to jump for the cheerleaders. Returning to Mother 'B', he attempted to muster the first platoon "Am I doing this correctly") and spent the weekends with either his Air Force brother or his coast guard brother. Now, as History watches his First class year, Scott is the squad leader terror preparing for Orlando's Nuclear Power school. The Navy gest a good officer, Lynne gets the man she wanted, and Bancroft ends the story. But just remember— roommates always know more than they tell.
R.B.W.

Jeffrey A. Weaver
Birdsboro
Pennsylvania
Physics
Surface
Weaves

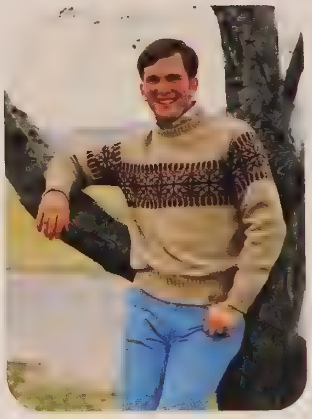
Jeff entered the world ready for action. A 4-9-2 wrestling season at Good ol' Boone high convinced him that the odds were against a pro career. He knew being a gigilo was out too. One shot does not make a lover, especially when the score came in the end zone of a football field in La Junta, Colorado. The boy scouts would have been shocked. So Jeff came to USNA. A physics major, Jeff strived long and hard to become one of Hyman G's. He saw the light however, and after spending an exciting summer aboard the USS never die in Cuba, decided he did not want to be a glo boy. Jeff is quite the gentleman. Who else would drive four hours to see a girl who said "I hope you weren't expecting anything romantic" and not deck her. Jeff found another O.A.O firstie year and he is worrking hard. Tracy Weaver? Only if she is dumber than she looks. I wonder if he has told her the camel jokes

If he did I hope he has gotten to the last five hundred miles. Remember buddy, 'tis the wise man who ducks before the camel spits and there are three things in life a man cannot hide: love, smoke, and a man on a camel. Jeff has been a real friend. Who else has introduced his roommate to birch beer, shoe fly pie, chicken pot pie and the barbecue? Good luck and have fun in Subic Bay

Paul Wilkinson
Arlington
Virginia
Computer Science
NFO
Stoner

Through no fault of his own Paul started life as a Navy brat. He spent part of his youth in the Far East while his Pop was stationed at Yokosuka, Japan. One of his earliest memories is of a boy scout expedition up Mt. Fuji where he was surprised to find so many cinders. Paul moved to Arlington when Pop left the Navy to join the Beltway Bandits. Paul graduated from high school soon thereafter and left to attend a good engineering school . . . Rensselaer Polytechnic in Troy, New York. There he learned all about F-tests, teen age alcoholism and N.R.O.T.C.. Paul got tired of this pretty quickly, as you might of guessed, and left to find adventure. He found it.

He found it all right here at the uncollege. Paul was somewhat nervous plebe year, so Rod Rivera taught him all about the C-words: confidence, composure cool, and calm. He learned this lesson well and remained calm when his hands were tied, just ask Chris or Kevin. He almost forgot youngster year at Army after getting a speeding ticket on the way up, and then blowing out a tire on the way back at 0500 Getting out of systems and into applied science did a lot to increase his confidence. He even retained his composure when he lost the draw for roommates second class year. He did lose his cool however, when that stupid plebe pulled a bayonet on him during plebe detail Rod never explained crazy. Good night Paul.



Ralph B. Williams
Ft. Myers
Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Puppy Dog

Ralph, "Puppy Dog," Williams came to the boat school hardly knowing how to spell Annapolis. Plebe summer was loads of fun, having Rod "The Rod" Riviera and Dan Streak for squad leaders. He hung in there, however, and soon blazed into his academics. Despite the torment he received from Ferd E.E./Physics Geekter, and Lyle "I've killed a man for less" Humper, Puppy Dog managed to keep the grades intact He didn't tell anyone he knew all the calc and chem beforehand, but you don't tell Mom to ditch the apple pie 'cause you stopped at Mac's either.

Ralph thought the hectic plebe year was over with Herndon, but the love boat cruise he had that July almost overloaded his capacity for professional development . . . he survived, however, and after much speculation concerning teaching mathematics someday in high school, decided that mech would more likely make him fat, dumb, and happy. Thus with a blade in his mouth (ala pirate) and a grenade on his belt (ala bigger), he entered youngster year to struggle the Indomitable Dynes. The highlight of the mellow year had to be the 6 foot Christmas card - - - he's a great envelope maker—just ask and he'll fix you right up. Ralph also got religion that year (I guess he thought he'd need it for 2/c year)—it went to make a good guy better if ask you me.

Second class year was something else. Ralph had an unbeatable formula for success. By applying the rhythmic (have you ever tried to spell rhythmic?)—16-20 hours/daily—breathing pattern of his roommate's sleeping to his own lifestyle.

Christmas that year Ralph became a man, Chris will give you the scoop on that one. After more strengths and cables and other engineering jazz, Ralph was first class material. He managed a little better cruise this time around, but "Gitmo" is "Gitmo" and at "Gitmo" they usually don't. Ralph and I and the rocket are happily united again, and let me tell you, any honey who's reading this, he'll make a great little homemaker someday.

BSW

PLAY PEN TEN

Mark T. Woodhouse
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Physical Science
USMC
Woody

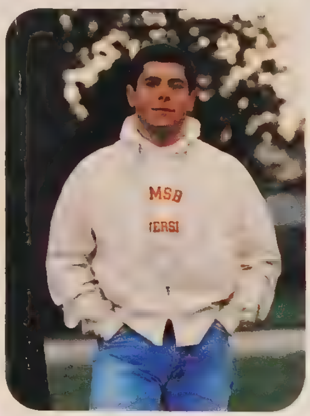
Mark arrived at Squid State U fresh from an outstanding high school athletic career in Va. Beach Mark appeared to be following the same calling as brother Bill ('81) except for one thing, it was George calling, not the naval service. Woody came to play football, and play he did, both on and off the field. The "House" fit the perfect image of a Navy football player, the biggest set of white works ever made, and only one set! In four years at the Academy Woody smashed every Navy eating record possible. Eight "Big Macs" in ten minutes at the Garden State Bowl, and his coup de grace; the spring football Jack Cloud knife and fork award for the player who could pack it in the best. Mark couldn't decide how to split his time between football and academics, so to make things easy he only split time between football and the rack. "Phi Sci" QPR high! As the time ticked away Woody developed into one of those rare football players coaches dream about. Every weekend in the fall he could be seen tearing apart opposing defenses for the Navy Blue and guys like me. A true leader both on and off the field, I only hope that the Marine Corps and that special girl from Pasedena realize the true champion they're getting. May we all never forget; swimming Annapolis harbor, the seafood feast that never ended, "in search of" with "Shindo", terrorizing the neighborhood, the annual birthday beating Woody gave every class that tried to scuba him, "Born to Run" squad, nightly recon raids, Smitty and Woody's bar and grill, and "escape to Pasedena" God Bless TTS

TTS

Scott F. Baer
Hokendauqua
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power
Yogi

The pride and joy of Hokendauqua, hey, Scotty laid down his case of Schmidtty's at the creek just long enough to set sail for USNA. He had a jump on his classmates already, courtesy of his "plebe year" at Whitehall High. But Scotty never quite lived up to his press clippings on the baseball diamond, as Coach Duff couldn't meet his salary demands But he finally came to terms with the company's championship basketball team. How 'bout them Banshees! Meanwhile, Yogi was tearing it up in the classroom and was well on his way to the "Control Hall of Shame". All too accustomed to good ole' Hokey Park, hey, his foreign relations course in Subic Bay left him with a bad taste in his mouth. Scotty, as always, bounced back and wasted no time in sharing his experiences with others. Being the romantic type, The Bear-man often caught the submarine races out at Trident Light, making sure to dodge the VBF's. As Rex, the baby Moondog, he often took it upon himself to prove the old proverb that, "The bigger they are, the harder they hit." After reluctantly hanging up his baseball glove, Scott took up beach volleyball. They're still talking about the ostrich shot he performed on the sands of Florida. Not one to limit himself, Scotty challenged G-town U's frat Rex went down for the count on this one, but was saved when Spot threw in the rubber sheet

Hymie, you got out while the gettin' was still good, but rest assured your subs will be in good hands with the Bear-man at the helm We know he'll tear it up and wish him the best of luck in whatever the future holds.
SFB



Stephen E. Bondura
Baltimore
Maryland
History
Nuclear Power
Sven

Sven, born of Ste-phen, came to this University of the U.S. Navy from Baldimore, with a nose in one hand and a jar of Dago oils in the other. Without "piwot" eyes, early on he decided to go Nuke power and promptly decided on being a History major to strengthen his background. Determined to be in the best physical shape ever before he boarded his cigar, he worked out constantly, only to become the sickest man alive. Comatose his 2nd class year, we awaited his extinction on the "deathbed, but he recovered with a new goal in life- to extinguish all roaches in area rooms. For his actions he was greatly appreciated within the company.

About this time, he was also appreciated by the battalion officers when he told them some of his thoughts on USNA at a striper board. He was demoted from four stripes to Co. drill officer in a matter of minutes. Ah, but the zoo still loved him, for when he was there he dished out many a beating to keep us all in line. "I have no sympathy for you'se guys.", he was quoted as saying many a time early in the morning after room ball, TV, and cigar smoke, when we would start work on papers due the next day. His two watts per channel stereo got us the tunes and his four-wheel drive truck turned out to be a Berlinetta- sure, he was going to get a truck all along!

He came to us with one Moskunas and is leaving with another. But, most importantly, he is leaving as a good friend deep in the hearts of all.
DJG

Peter J. Bouffard
Berkeley Heights
New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Bouf

Pete arrived in Annapolis with a pilot's license in his pocket and dreams of Navy Air in his head Names and home towns of squad members? Who knows? His key to surviving plebe year was to remain invisible. To this end, he took refuge in such places as the sailing center, the choir loft, and back stage at Mahan Hall.

Youngster year saw his activities reduced to two: sailing yawls and disposing of roommates Sasquatch, P-Wad, (and Marcial makes three.) Oops, sorry Marcial, but I always heard bad things come in threes. Even with his many weekends on restriction, (thanks, Tim) he did manage to find time for a girl now and then Rumor has it one fling ended on I-Day, 1981 Local girls are handy, but one deck up is trouble.

Second class year brought a new roommate (again??) and an end to the youngster year legal problems What he didn't expect was the second-class academic problems. Aero finally caught up with you? 'Bout time. And yet we're still wondering how he went from a 1.5 at 4-weeks to a 3.0 final and never missed an episode of Star Trek. An ounce of gouge . . . Despite his brief academic troubles, he managed to get out on weekends and visit his new flame. At least this one lived outside the yard But like all good things, this too came to an end

Pete finally achieved his heart's desire plebe summer '82 with three stripes and a Regimental Staff Billet. Not bad for a late bloomer, eh Captain?

And so we ship our friend off to Pensacola with our best wishes for success in what promises to be an outstanding career as an NFO. Watch out, Navy, here he comes!

Jeffrey P. Boyle
Satellite Beach
Florida
Applied Science
Surface Warfare
Jeff

We all knew that Jeff was going to make a big splash at USNA after he decorated T-court during a plebe summer breakfast formation. Jeff survived this event, as well as first class who would make Joe McCarthy look liberal. He came back from youngster cruise a new man; he soon acquired the nickname "Chief" Boyle for some of his habits (the nickname didn't last long).

Second class year brought the blooming of Jeff's ever present professionalism, to the ever lasting regret of many in '85 who couldn't match his pro knowledge. First class year brought more changes in Jeff including a new car, a girlfriend, and a definite partiality for staying away from USNA as much as possible. We have to hand it to you, Jeff, even your 50 demo jolt for taking an "extended leave" at Christmas plebe year didn't ruin your attitude, you still hated it here

Jeff has taken awhile to find out what he wants to do after graduation; at one time or another he has considered going into all of the warfare specialties (yes, even Gy-Rene). He has now settled on Surface Line where I'm sure he'll be a big success. Congratulations! You will soon finish four years of bad profs, monster computer programs, sub-squad, and form-2 leadership. Good luck to you (and Mary) in the future. See you at the 20 year reunion, you lifer dog.

Anderson C. Caldwell
Fairfax
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Air
"Ange"

I can see by your outfit you're a cowboy
Hailing from Fairfax, Virginia, this Connecticut native decided that having a good time at the Boat School would be better than having a good time somewhere else. Quantico during second class summer did Ange right. He's famous for amphibious assaults. Ask any girl in Georgetown

Actually, between "quaffing brews" and "Hey dude, can you hit me up for a few bucks?", Andy is just like any other mid. Of course, he is very competitive; Ange survived four years, three different majors, and three academic boards. (or was that four majors) Only first semester first class year did Ace accidentally knock himself out of the running for anchor man by studying too much. But what does he study? USNA doesn't have a course in drawing motorcycles, writing music, or sitting in his room donned in a white T-shirt, boxer shorts, cowboy boots and hat. Simply incredible!

Taking all things into account, Andy actually is pretty bright, even for a Marine. Just ask him, he'll tell you. Hobbies? Music is right at the top of Andy's list. He loves his music. Ange loves his music so much that unless you have engineering quals on his stereo you can't play his music But don't ask to borrow his albums. None of them are his; they belong to his brothers. Andy loves to play albums. He played "Wild-Eyed Southern Boys" til the grooves screamed with pain and fell off the vinyl. (Ace gave that one back to his brother)

As starting "Kamakazi" on the Bat Lax team, Company soccer, and Company fieldball team, Ange was incredible. (Again, just ask him.)

Seriously, though, there isn't anyone who deserves to fly F-18's for the Marine Corps more than Andy. You'll make a great treadhead, Ange. Awesome and amazing, simply incredible!

Mark R. Carlson
Elk Grove Village
Illinois
Political Science
Navy Air
Soy

He is of the cow. Rolling in from Chicago with a bottle of Lienies and a picture of Christie, Mark impressed us all with his undying love for those hapless Cubs and his blinding speed on the O-course. Squad leader Matts took special notice and a cherished friendship soon developed. Deciding he wanted to leave his mark here, he (and Babson) buried it out at the stadium one night and later set an overland speed record in the dash back from Paul's party (Thanks Nicky!). Good relations with the upperclass continued thanks to Gay club and those "Damn Yankees" (Hello, Kathy O.)

Next year found him couped up with Bouffie and Squatch till the latter got the tainted package and had to move on. Mark was so upset he wouldn't leave the hall during Thanksgiving. He moved into the suite with the "Master" and started staying up late, teaching his philosophy-LIVE TO EAT. While "fiddling" around in the musical he founded the 15 (Little One, Wa, Gurk, G.D.) and taught a bagel seller how to ski. This was followed by a very memorable performance in Texas where the meaning of parsley was revealed. After second class summer, feeling the WATER was CLEAR enough of old flames to start up another serious liason, Soy wandered down the hall and found a girl who had a similiar wardrobe. So each night we of the Zoo would watch him depart, only to return a little later with a gay little "Hello"

In short, he is one of the most well-rounded guys I know: NOBLE (I can carry that keg), UNDERSTANDING (Friend of the Week), OPEN-MINDED (Just like dogs), and a champion shoe golfer. He sparked Tally parties (These Dreams), WUBA Gang skits (Hail Dumpmaster) and Skivs songs. His "demand" of the language and stance on El Salvador made him a great poli-sci major. Most of all he is my brother and I can't wait to open another Econo-Buy with him and Rip. Look out P-Cola; there's a hot flier coming down in a white RX-7, and I'd be proud to sit behind him as he "slips the surly bonds of Earth."
GM

Timothy F. Casey, Jr.
Fort Salonga
New York
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air
Case

He is of the cow.

Case finally arrived here at USNA after stopping off at Naps for a year to build up his beer tolerance and his checkbook. He started his career off rather well, highlighted when he ran for, and won a seat on the Board of Adjudants This paved the way for his ascension to the top After waxing their floor with tobacco spit the Board was dissolved, but he kept pushing on After finally earning his richly deserved Black "N" sweater, he reached his dream. Who can ever forget the day when the immortal P-Wad personally handed down the throne to the Crow Club Presidency. Case performed his duties well, leaving reminders of himself all over Pennsylvania

Always the complete person, Case was a four year starter at point guard for the Brigade Championship Company Basketball team, and also doubled as spot, half of the awesome Moondogs. His bark soon became worse than his bite however, after trying to eat a basketball court. Case was a little disappointed with his studies, though. He figured after four years and 40,000 miles of trudging the halls during the wee-hours of the morning, he should have gotten the Trident Scholarship he rightly deserved Always one to take advantage of his spare time, he picked up a job as a lifeguard at the only motel in Long Island with hourly rates. This enabled him to buy the car of his dreams and end his days as the Rudy's Nomad, right buddy!

We all know Case will tear 'em up whether it's in the skies or on the water and we wish him the best of luck for whatever the future holds

Joseph D. Creed
Eagle
Idaho
Mathematics
Nuclear Surface Line
Apollo

You can't always get it when you really want it
You can't always get it at all
Just because there's space in your life it's a waste
To spend your time why don't you wait for the call
(Just gotta get used to it)
We all get it in the end
(Just gotta get used to it)
We go down and we get up again
(Just gotta get used to it)
You irrate me my friend
This is no social crisis
This is you having fun
Getting burned by the sun
This is no social crisis
Just another tricky day for you
You can't aways get higher just aspire
You could expire even knowing
Don't push the hands just hang on to the band
You can dance while your knowledge is growing
Another tricky day, another gently nagging pain
What the papers say just seems to bring down heavier rain
The world seems in a spiral, life seems such a worthless title
But break out and start a fire y'all
It's all here on the vinyl
(Just gotta get used to it)
Gotta get used to waiting
(Just gotta get used to it)
You know how the ice is
(Just gotta get used to it)
It's thin where your skating
(This is no social crisis)
This is you having fun
Getting burned by the sun
This is no social crisis
This is you having fun- fella
- Pete Townshend

Gary M. Dalley
San Jose
California
Chemistry
Surface Line
Tubes

He is of the cow. Gary can be described as either a four year visitor at USNA or as the ultimate challenge to professional development. Gary coined the phrase, "It's not enough just to pass, but to just pass." Of course, this philosophy didn't apply to his Chemistry which he loved, but it did to his haircuts, his room, and his conduct. Gary's love for chemistry even spilled over into his room, which with a little help from Lee, turned bright purple one afternoon. Although the "Leaders" (Wedges) here never gave Gary good grades in performance, it is Gary's many outstanding performances in every conceivable environment that we remember him by. Who can forget "Tubes" at Army sophomore year, or his study of the effect of plebes on upperclass the following year

Actually, girls have always been a problem for Gary. That biker from Maine who needed a place to stay earned Gary his Black "N" sweater. And Gary, what ever happened to that redhead at the beach? I guess she fell by the wayside along with all the other broken hearts-the "Townie", the girl from Dental, the girl down the hall, the Cat at the Halloween Party, and all the rest, (by the way, why didn't you make it back from Thanksgiving freshman year?) Actually, the only time Gary ever had trouble finding a date was for the Ring Dance. Of course, he only started looking 6 hours before the dance. Apparently he got dumped by his steady that day. Why didn't you just order her to go?

By the beginning of senior year, Gary had perfected the art of girlfriend juggling. Of course, Gary's adventures were by no means limited to women. Being an active member of the Friday Club, Gary used to enjoy a good swim as well as a few climbs occasionally. His affinity for climbing on roofs lead to some fun times. Where else would you get an entire bar from, or Tubes? At any rate, Gary's love for adventure was infectous and we thank you for the fun you've shown us. We're sure Gary will continue to have fun in life as he always has. Gary, you're a true friend. Take care and enjoy
L.T

Marcial B. Dumlao
Bohemia
New York
Operations Analysis
Supply
GQ

This young, quiet, and humble man from New York came to the Academy dressed in dungarees, sneakers, and a T-shirt. Just like any other mid, he experienced good and bad times during his first two years at Canoe U.

His last two years were different. The kid met some Bro-Hams who decided to take him shopping for some clothes. That started it all. He went from rags to the coolest threads in town. He looked like he came out of a cover from GQ magazine. His wardrobe consisted of all the latest fashions. At times you would find him in front of the mirror modeling his clothes. While he put on his fashion show, his radio would be tuned to the hottest soul-funk stations in the DC-Baltimore area

On the weekends, GQ would hop into his Cond-One mobile and drive out to the Fort Washington-DC area. Why?? Because of wine, song, and GQ-Ettes!!

GQ's dreams turned sour due to bad eyes and a messed up knee. But what the heck, there's always room for one more NPQ.

Well, Marcial, Good luck in your GQ Navy, and smooth cruising in your Cond-One mobile. MABUHAY!!!
Your Idol

Stephen H. Fielder
McLean
Virginia
Applied Science
Navy Air
Fiddler

Iron Horse is the life,
Iron Horse is the wife

William J. Flannery
Pottsville
Pennsylvania
Applied Science
USMC Air
Wilbur

He is of the cow. Wilbur came to us from Pottsville preaching the gospel of Dick Yuengling and Mrs. T's pierogies. Add to that some of Mrs. L's hot chilli, and you can imagion what the "Shaft" went through on Sunday nights. Flann Dog suffered through some tough semesters in his freshman and sophomore years. His grades brushing 2.0 and football according to George was not for him. He came through in the clutch his junior year with an impressive overall performance but the label of project 21 had already been stuck to him.

Senior year found Wilbur wandering over in the other side of the world, a homeless, destitute soul. Suddenly, inexplicably, his favorite color wasn't grunt green anymore. (but he found solice in a warm spirit from IUP). Through all of these trials, Billy still found time to enjoy himself on weekends. His daring feats of dancing on tables, falling out of chairs and off bar stools became common place occurrences. But Billy's fiasco at Notre Dame is a classic in the Shaft's membership. But one gift that all the Shaft will forever be grateful for is the Pottsville Shuffle

Senior year seemed to be one road trip after another but the ultimate road trip will be after graduation out to the condo in San Diego. But remember, the Shaft is a state of mind. Thanks always to John V. and Capt. and Mrs. L
SWJ

George T. Garcia
Tucson
Arizona
General Engineering
Navy Air
"Tommy"

Never say die

John V. Gori
Sparks
Nevada
Political Science
Surface Line
Irog

John had a fun time Plebe Summer, thanks to his friend down on 3-0, Craig Kleint. Being on the Varsity Debate team Plebe Year kept John pretty busy, but not too busy to apply for a nuke cruise. John was all set to go nuke subs after graduation. Six weeks on the USS Philadelphia for Youngster cruise changed all that. John came back for third class year a new man—a Surface Warfare Man. Third class year found John up 'till the wee hours in the morning madly studying Russian on many an occasion. John also joined the Public Relations Committee Youngster year, and by first class year the Brigade marched into Navy-Marine Corps Stadium, accompanied by his silver-tongued narration. John's never-ending professionalism began to shine during Youngster year, when he was a big help to some in '84 who had problems with NS 101

John survived second class summer (Bustramid and 4 weeks at the Karcher Hilton) without a scratch. Even with the enormous nuke bonuses offered to '82 and '83, John wouldn't budge from his dream of surface line, mighty fine; haze gray and underway, gas turbine power—the only way! When asked if he would even consider going nuke, John was heard to say, "Hell no! I'm no mercenary!"

On first class cruise, John finally got to go out on a real ship known as the USS Denver. While onboard, he acquired an appreciation for Gyrenes, deck apes, amphib exercises, and the women of Portland, Oregon. John came back for first class year complete with car and "USNA 83" license plates. John is having fun being a squad leader first class year (filing, inspecting rooms, filing, signing chits, filing, etc.). He is so psyched for his destroyer/frigate/cruiser out of San Diego that he can taste it Good luck after graduation

JVG

David L. Greenberg
Cherry Hill
New Jersey
Political Science
Nuclear Power

Dave came to Canoe U. well equipped to do his four years in style; both his steady girlfriend and his steady gymnastics muscle ensured success. This has certainly proved true - various skirmishes with the Ayatollah, Tecumsuh, recalcitrant plebes, recalcitrant firsties, *and* his roomates notwithstanding, *nobody* has been able to take this man down (except maybe the aforementioned roommate!). DG will always be remembered as a Mid who looked out for the people under him, whether they were milk-drinking plebes or demo-ridden second class. In addition, Dave was one who spoke out when others lacked the courage, and who never backed out of a tough corner

Approaching graduation finds Dave moving out toward things higher and mightier - his red '82 Firebird, bachelor's hungry good taste, and sharp New Jersey mind should shake up the nuclear world in Orlando. As we recall, Dave's first and foremost aspiration back in the summer of '79 was command of his own destroyer. It will not be long now when we see Dave G sitting in his own bridge wing chair, polished mahogany plaque below his elbow: USS Hawaii!

Fair winds and following seas, Dave!

J.T.P

David J. Groff
Fairfax
Virginia
Applied Science
Navy Air
Zig

He is of the cow . . . Zig came to us equipped with a fair supply of Mary-K cosmetics as well as enough stuffed dolls and pillows to put Walt Disney out of business. His arm was good enough to earn him the Bancroft record in hanger throwing as well as putting him under the protective wing of dear Coach Duff for a year

Ziggy also came with a unique habit of asking some dumb questions—"What bag does my gymshirt go in?". Zig also brought his very own Ziggette, and enough pictures of her to establish the only memorial to a girl still living. The pictures have now been replaced by an RX-7 and an F-14 - - - The poor girl! Ziggy is one of the cutest guys to ever "terrorize" the women; If you don't believe me, just ask the mirror in our room. Armed with Noxema and comb, he has worked his way into the hearts of many

Zig probably would have graduated a model midshipman except that 2nd class year he was a member of the "Zoo"—if those walls could talk, we'd all be put away The Zoo taught him much; how to procrastinate, how to play air guitar, and how to sleep more hours than he was awake. (He didn't get naked in a brawl though—Murr!) When we all started this mess, They said we could never pass the academics on the "Gouge" alone Well, Zig proved that one wrong. This man has yet to do a homework assignment on his own and graduates in the top half of his class. (Thanks Mike Shipp Kidd) Ziggy leaves with everything he came with—almost—and will always be in the hearts of the many friends he made. From Sven, Murr, and Soy, fair flying Zig!

SEB

Brian V. Hooper
East Greenwich
Rhode Island
Ocean Engineering
Surface Nuclear Power
Hoops

I'm Saawwrry! Can we help it if this kid from Rhode Island came to the Academy to watch 40 hours of tv a week? Vester's main goal plebe year was to find a sponsor with plenty of beer, a color tv, HBO, MTV, and of course, the movie channel He latched onto Captain Jockel's family, quickly pushing his way past 4 children and 5 siamese cats to become the favorite son. It took him much longer to successfully handle other furry creatures

After crying over lost romances with various Narragansett Bay debutantes youngster year, Brian decided to give Southern ladies a try. The Freudian haze of second class summer left Hooper a hunted man Andrea, Allison, and Sue (his namesake) repeatedly tried to compromise Vester's virtue. He resisted admirably, vowing to wear white on his wedding day. Brian's life cheered up considerably when the Jockel family moved to 3 Porter Rd, where he could escape girls, books, and his incredibly friendly, understanding roommate

First class year, all that TV radiation paid off, with Brian joining McKee's Pukes. Hooper led quite a successful Squid career: a 3.3 average through minimal study, a fair number of girls through weak efforts and even less skill, and a knowledge of every movie or tv show ever made. He also cultivated the ability to order any drink that resembled a dessert. The only way to get Brian to drink straight booze was to fill a shot glass with cherries, oranges, umbrellas, and swivel sticks Nevertheless, Vester is certainly prepared to bring his thick eyebrows and awwboin hair down to Orlando and then out to sea. Just dont't tell him that they don't serve ladies' drinks on the USS Virginia. He'll be cool though, since they have plenty of movies and tube!
J.A J.

Joseph A. Jockel III
Annapolis
Maryland
Political Science
Surface Navy

Everyone thought Joe was from Annapolis, but really he grew up in a San Francisco commune. All was well for him until spring of his plebe year when the effects of high school nights finally wore off. Winning an Oscar for best leading man at an Academic Board, Joe quickly changed his ways to become 4.0 Joe. Joe spent much of his spare time occasionally doing things with his Glee Club family. He found the tours very satisfying, especially the trip to Texas. Phoenix would have been fun had he not spent so much time in close consultation with his Uncle Jack

Back at school, Joe fooled everyone by pretending he was not squared away and not a sweat. Most of the time he looked pretty good in Brian's shirt, Marshall's mess dress, and Mike's overcoat Joe never knew what it was like to leave home He still missed home however, so his parents moved to 3 Porter Road. Consequently, Joe spent first class year at home and occasionally went home to pop a can of motivation before class

Finally, Joe's Saturday eight hour Library marathons reached fruition with a place in the American University Graduate School. We're glad you're out there with us. Don't be to furious when they make you retire at age 69. Thumbs up, Joe!
JDC

Steven W. Johnson
Red Lion
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Surface Line
Johnse

He is of the cow. The All-American boy came to us from Red Lion, PA in 1979 with no previous record of indulgences into the more pleasurable things of life. He had visions of turning Navy basketball into a national power and of wedding bells come graduation week, but things took a horrible turn for the better as the Boys of the Shaft transformed him into a beer drinking, womanizing, partying fool. (I.E. He became one of the Boys of the Shaft) Little by little the old Steve Johnson faded into a memory with the final blow coming in the summer of '82 when his high school sweetheart and fiance - to-be, opted for greener pastures. The transformation was now complete

We will always remember his 21st birthday although he most definitely will not. There were those trips to ship and the spring fling and all the stories that came floating back to us. There were the girls of Florida and the girls of Southern California, but Steve couldn't break the heart of the wife at home (but since the transformation occurred, not one girl under five feet and 140 lbs is safe).

Steve has gone through his four years with relative ease, spending many hours watching the tube and snoozing away. But no matter how crazy Steve has gotten, he'll always be the average All-American boy to us. We all wish Steve good luck in Surface Line and life at the sunny shores of Southern California. Thanks to Capt and Mrs L.

Mark E. Kamyszek
Grand Rapids
Michigan
Oceanography
Marine Corps
Mark

Back in '78, Adan Kamyszek decided that he was truly officer material and that enlisted life fixing jets in Texas was not for this Michigan boy. After a brief tour at Naps, Mark busted onto the scene in Annapolis to find that life by the Bay was nothing like home in Grand Rapids. "Doc Savage" survived plebe summer by carrying a guideon wherever he went. Sometime during the summer we found that riding down the Severn backwards with seven other giants, big paddles in hand, was just the sort of recreation that could keep our 6'2, 215 pounder out of marching as well as evening meal formation for four years. *Navy Crew! Ah, what a life! (Nobody had to tell Killer that Crew comes before grades alphabetically.) Hours of Power, "Ergos", 10 mile runs to McDonalds on Rte. 50 and back for fun all were part of that four letter word meaning galley slave and Mark loved it. Hard work, determination, a touch of insanity (he quit the team once) and nine pairs of running shoes paid off: two national championships, two letters and enough prize rowing shirts from beaten foes of the shell to cover the Boathouse.

Mark has come up a winner at Hubbard Hall. So, his grades aren't the greatest, Kameesh is getting what he wants, Marine Helos and the sweetest farmer's daughter you'd ever want to meet in Donna. (not in that order, necessarily). After living with the mad Texan for four years straight, We wish you the best of luck in everything. Good luck Mark and Donna. *(Hey Mark, isn't 3-striper libs as a youngster great?)
MLM

Charles R. Landrum
Charleston
South Carolina
Oceanography
Surface
Chuck

Charles, a local boy from Severna Park, found himself inundated by books plebe year. Youngster year, however, he blew off the battle: playing tunes on his inherited 1910 vintage "stereo", walking in on a romantic candlelight dinner at which he was not a guest, and even making dates at Burger King. Charles has been involved in several hobbies: war-gaming, new wave music, his girl friend, and the stars, not necessarily in that order. His girlfriend obviously loves him because who else would eat quiche that he had prepared using a butter cookie crumb crust, or put up with Charles' blondie blotter?

Speech class taught Charles the importance of visual aids. He applied this knowledge to his weapons project lecture. The only problem was that it's tacky to cut oneself on a sonabuoy and then bleed all over the hand-outs and transparencies

Chuck's next dream, to go on a Forex cruise, was shattered when his Company Officer recommended him as "an average midshipman, qualified in pistols and knockabouts." As a result, he spent the summer in Guantanamo Bay on a ship that was as old as he. Charles will always remain in our hearts as he flys the Navy skies

PR

Richard B. Linnekin, Jr.
Annapolis
Maryland
General Engineer
USMC Air
Bab

He is of the Cow. R.B. Linnekin journeyed all the way from the outskirts of Annapolis to come to Good Times Ten. His parents soon adopted "The Shaft" and 505 Epping Forest Rd. became the regular hotel and restaurant for the boys and their guests. Rich established himself quickly as the number one escape artist in Ten with numerous wall climbing excursions out to the Cap Center for concerts. These activities soon stopped with his long overdue capture. One of Rich's best friends through his years here was the infamous Jack Daniels, who was always seen beside him at parties or in his vest pocket. We'll all remember his classic chowder during the Magic Cow 1. Don't worry Rich, we all know it's because of the one shot of Seagrams and it had nothing to do with the gallons of J.D. you drank. Then there is the Pottsville, Pa. bedroom chowder (maybe Mrs. Flans was right after all) and of course, the first Florida trip where we were forced to junk his mothers car. Whoever said cars need oil anyway? Rich has always been famous for his Richard Petty imitations; "Did you say 99 officer?, That can't be . . . My license, Sir? Well, you see, that's another problem . . ."

We all wish Richie good luck and we all know he'll get in the air somehow; whether the blue and gold or the big green, he'll be the best.

PGM

Michael L. Mahan
Odessa
Texas
Physical Science
Navy Air
Mad Texan

He is of the Cow and of the Dump. Mike came to us short and thick from the land of armadillos and ZZ top. Raised on Mexican food, Lone Star, and Bar-B-Q, this soccer lover didn't find life quite as easy at the Boat school as he had it in high school. So, he looked for a short cut through freshman year to avoid being dumped on. Mike didn't have to look long; the Esparza plan was executed without warning. Knee reconstruction, a month at Bethesda, eight weeks in casts, crutches, white works, and therapy* all slowed our little aviator down. (*-if not 8th wing, then Riordan's)

Of course, the grades took a beating. Early on, Mike lost his hopes for Aero and dropped(?) into Mech E. By the end of sophomore year, the heat was on again. The Thick One had to convince the Admiral of his worthiness as a Midshipman. He did, and Mike's now Phy Sci. They tell the engineers, "Sooner or later, you'll go General." Not the Mad Texan; when he pulls the plug, it's all the way

Back on his feet again, Mike decided to show us all that he really could fly. He flew everywhere he could in his little '65 Chevy. We must admit though, Mike was always good for a story-the studio, the M&M mobile, the outfield - just ask him Mike once tried an exchange program between USNA and Mary Mount. He'd do almost anything short of a "handstand" to entertain the ladies and break from school Mike was easy to get along with; if he wasn't on the road to Philly or somewhere in Virginia, he was in the rack. (Any port in the storm! Right?) All in all, Mike, you're a real friendly guy, and we wish you the best of luck down whatever road you choose . . . be it green or blue. 'Vettes and jets Baby. Nowhere but Air

RLN

V. Michael Makovitch
Westminster
Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Mac

Mac was pretty naive about military life when he rolled in from Westminster High School for induction day. Thinking it would be a 9 to 5 type job with the rest of the time his to play tennis and go swimming, he quickly found out that he had a lot to learn. Plebe summer shocked him into reality but in the end Mike became a master of how to get around the system

By first class year the Naval Academy turned out to be Mac's personal country club. Spending as little time as possible studying, he could usually be found playing tennis or squash, or windsurfing on the Chesapeake. Free room and board with all the "conveniences" of home provided Mike with a place to stay between weekend excursions to his O.C. beachhouse. During leave, Mike graciously took advantage of free military travel and spent most of his time skiing in the Swiss Alps and backpacking through Europe

While Mac somehow managed to maintain a 3.8 QPR in EEE, his days of ambition are over and he is opting for the easy life of a P-3 NFO Probably not career material, Mike will most likely be found taking a few years off traveling around the world when he gets out of the Navy in six years

Paul G. Marshall
Ludlow
Massachusetts
Oceanography
Nuclear Power
Rudeman

He is of the Cow. Born a poor Portuguese black child, Delerium floated down from Ludlow, Mass. With the sole purpose of converting all to the ways of the Saints Anheuser and Busch. He was thought to be the rudest of all men when he arrived freshman year, but by senior year he proved to all that one can always reach new heights of rudeness. It all started freshman year when Paul managed to rude-out his sponsor in less than three weeks. Of course, he couldn't have done it without help from one of Nicky's patented bedroom chowders

It's amazing that poor Paul is still alive today. He has suffered more fatal injuries (slipped discs, broken ribs, deep thigh bruises, hang nails) and terminal diseases (Pneumonia, mouth infections, the common cold) then any human being on this Earth. But he felt alright on his 20th birthday. Flying into jukeboxes while trying to play Pac-Man and chowdering at the bottom of the hill while trying to remove his contacts were all part of the gala celebration. While on a trip to a Glen Burnie bar, Paul suddenly grew bar muscles and picked a fight with the wrong person, a G.B. biker babe

Memories of the Rudeman and his single-handed disruption of all that's sane; . . bets on the New York "football" Giants, "you want 10 points! But Paul, the Giants are the favorites." .

the wonderful wardrobe, "Paul, it's only 2 nights, you don't need 15 shirts" . . . the magic beetchu string, the magic book, the journals, ruded-out in Tallahasse . . . but most of all Paul's got the beat (yeah!). And always remember the Shafts a state of mind and although Paul may be slightly out of his mind, that makes it all the more enjoyable to be around him. Good Luck Paul. Thanks Capt. and Mrs. Linnekin, from the Rudeman himself.
RBL

Gregory D. Murray
Staten Island
New York
History
Naval Flight Officer
Murr

He is of the Cow. Greg came to us from Staten Island. With him he brought an air of craziness, a new vocabulary (beeah and pizzer,) and a mother who none of us will ever forget. He also brought with him a true love—sleep Gregg lives to sleep, and his sleep was seldom interrupted by academics, athletics, or military evolutions. Greg has a personality for every place and a character for every situation. Some of his more famous imitations were; B. Taylor, Jean Claude, Nunzio, Earl, Heinz Lenz, and Sammy Greene.

Plebe year witnessed three days of silence from the child, but he recovered in time to lead the I.C.D. to a winning season. During youngster year, he moved into the suite, freebirded his way to fame, played keyboards for Air, spent a memorable spring break in Florida, and wrote the most famous of his last minute term papers (this is the beauty of history . . .). That winter he joined Gay Club, and learned to sing, act, and ski. He'll never forget the 15 (WA, Cathx2, Mark,) or beautiful Biloxi, Miss. 2/C class year found Greg as one of the animals in the zoo. The Wuba Gang and the Dump offered new releases for Murr's antics, as did Pirates and more Gay Club. Conn, (I already have a boyfriend,) and Las Vegas (econo-buy) were overshadowed by the night a keg, an elevator door, and a whale all jumped him at once.

He topped off 2/C year with his controversial affair with a lady in black. Beautiful San Diego, and the MBM led to the village and 1/C year That Fall brought a new RX-7, a new girlfriend-Corrine, the pro, and a pair of glasses which unfortunately makes his service selection uncertain at this time. His mom thinks he has the face of an admiral. Well, he's already been C.O of the Guad, and I truly believe the sky's the limit for my best friend. He came insane, we left insane. Godspeed Murr!!!
MRC

W. Mark Nicholson
Syracuse
New York
Economics
Surface Line
Nick

He is of the staft . . . the bearer of the cow. W Mark Nicholson- the name strikes fear into the hearts of Maryland motorists statewide- cruised into Annapolis from the banks of Onondoga Lake in Syracuse, waving an orange pennant and rooting for those Orangemen. But he soon settled down to the routine of freshman summer. Nick was blessed with a beautiful singing voice, and one day his squad leader decided to climb over the table and congratulate him on the way he carried a tune. But he survived the summer and moved right into freshman year. Nick quickly impressed everyone with his ability to hold his liquor. Invited to his roommate's sponsor's house, Nick soon scaled new heights in the fine art of interior decorating. I guess the best thing about that year was that Struble got really good at cleaning floors. Sophomore year found Nick hanging out at the dock with the boys, watching Casey pour his beer into the bay.

Junior Summer found Nick in Quantico- "Has anyone seen the Hawkins Room"-where we decided that if there was ever a Marine draft and we were drafted, it would be a sad day for the Corps (DOH-Rah). Junior year found Nick driving a golden T-Bird, and it has survived fairly well (except for the hit-and-run and the stolen hubcaps!). He spent that whole year trying to wake me up and teach me celestial, for which I will always be grateful. Nick was also known for an immaculate room-we survived countless room inspections by moving the dust and trash into the bathroom. Nick also made "the box" famous. Sending out laundry once or twice a semester, Nick lived out of a box buried deep in his closet. When he sent out laundry, it was a company event. Once we caught Boggsy trying to kick his bag back into the room- it was too heavy to lift into the cart.

All in all, it was a good year- a year of which I have a great number of fond memories. As Nick graduates and moves out onto a minesweeper ("less underway time"), I know he'll do well (who am I trying to kid!!!), and the boys of tenth company wish him the best of luck. "Fair winds and following seas"-take that, Bill Snight! Thanks to Capt. and Mrs L

John T. Peterson
Andover
Massachusetts
Systems Engineer
Naval Flight Officer
JP

John came to the Naval Academy from the fleet as a floor tech buffer. In just four short years he has successfully aquired the title of the great unknown. Plebe year he quietly aced all of his courses and skated out of rates by sailing on the Varsity Dingy Team. After communicating to Mars on a daily basis, during youngster year JP decided to let WRNV benefit from his expertise. June week of the same year found our friend wooing a Swiss miss. Unfortunatly to his dismay, after first class cruise he discovered she had only a thousand dollar handshake to offer. Oh well, you too can be good friends, and I never cared for Swedish women anyway. Second class year the boisterous and obstreperous mid gained control of the radio station from his very closet. While the systems Engineer kept his QPR always above a 3.0, he managed to set up those wonderful dog pen extravaganzas as the Brigade Social Affairs Committee Vice Chairman.

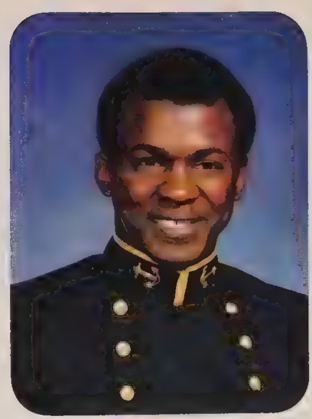
No one knows how he escaped the Nuke draft (he hid in bed), but I feel safe knowing that while I'm skimming the oceans blue, JP is flying the unfriendly skies and covering my aft
DLG

Brian W. Posey
Chicago
Illinois
Political Science
Surface
Jesse

Every midshipman will state that "he doesn't care," but very few really mean it. Brian is one who truly, in almost every sense of the word, doesn't care. He never claimed to be here strictly for humanitarian purposes or for love of war, Brian came here because it was free. The only time the Academy ever had an effect on Brian was when it disrupted either his sleeping or his sex life. Plebe summer was a shock to Brian in that he was deprived of both for the first time in his adult life. Assumed by all to be a recruited track star, Brian amazed everyone; despite his involuntary "eight ball" haircut and muscular build, he was not Marine Corp bound or motivated towards anything remotely athletic. To Brian, white works were Navy pajamas, and intramurals were some form of graffiti left by mates on the chalk boards.

The only time Brian ever picked up anything in the room was when he was looking for his wallet or trying to get out the door. Brian never studied until after the first formal room inspection when he discovered that the bottom 3 feet of his clothes heap was actually a desk. Brian once woke up screaming to a nightmare where he was being dragged into his locker by a monster which in actuality was his own snoring. Brian's locker carried the distinction of never having contained a single article of folded clothing. For summer storage, Brian would ball up every one of his uniforms and stuff them in a single laundry bag, and leave the rest up to the Press shop the following Fall.

For 3 years, Brian was condemned to the infamous "Curse." As a result of the "Curse," Brian received 10 times more abuse from the women of Annapolis than from the midshipman. At times these two forms of abuse were one and the same. Though he received abuse from many sources, he still stood by his roommates through their worst times and gave them support when they needed it most.
GD



Paul D. Rockswold
Stuart
Florida
Chemistry
Medical Corps
The Rock

The Rock, Enough said? Almost-but not quite. Hailing from sunny Fla. and its beautiful beaches and tanned beauties, Paul started his illustrious career with another beauty of a squad leader. Unbelievably "behond all realms," he progressed throughout the years constantly amazing us with his ever-present grin and academic wizardry.

"Where's the 2,4-Dinitrophenylhydrazine", "thanks for breaking the curve, Rock."" "Second class summer, he had all the Gouge but" "Why didn't you tell me I talk so-ooo monotone." Off to C. Springs on a mission of God at the force and a respite for all. "But capt., in the Navy you can salute left-handed . . ." FCA w/Diane, Shelley, and John. Sleeping in a bathroom-but his roommate was a Pyro.

His return led to weekends at Maryland and such a motivating and persevering drill season. Meeting girls was no problem for the Rock. How did he do it? The grin, maybe, or just that unfathomable logic. OK, so his Ring Dance date was a little clumsy on the dance floor

First class cruise led this professional exchange mid to Japan with three stripes to welcome him back. How 'bout those fries by direction. Now Doc Rock is off for another good deal-"Are you sure you wanted the Navy, Doc?"

Through it all, Rock charmed us with his genuine concern for all. We'll someday forgive him for so religiously breaking the curve, because Paul showed us something more important-an unshakable faith in Jesus, That encouraged us all. God bless, Paul and "pass it on."
JS

Richard J. Rusnak
Tomah
Wisconsin
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
RJ

After a brilliant high school career as a top-notch runner and scholar, RJ arrived at Canoe U. with eager expectations of the same. The hustle-bustle of plebe year was a little different from the farmlands of Wisconsin, but with the help of T-tables, RJ survived. Academics remained his forte as he made Supe's list with QPR to spare.

RJ continued to run with the best at Navy through part of youngster year, but then decided that something else had a higher priority. That something else was made up of the only two things which are eternal; the Word of God and the souls of men. Thus, RJ began investing his life in getting to know the God of the universe, as revealed in the Bible, and helping other guys do the same. Second class summer convinced RJ that bubblehead was best, and Admiral McKee agreed. By the grace of God, RJ will continue on submarines what he's been doing at USNA; knowing Christ and making him known. God bless you, Brother

Lee W. Schonenberg
Setauket
Long Island
Oceanography
Navy Air
Schoney

He was of the Cow. The only time Lee appeared to know a rate plebe summer, he was explaining in great detail to his squad leader that a wildcat was really a WWII fighter airplane built by Grumman. Our "screen" plebe summer, Lee taxed his squad leader to the limits of his endurance and saved all of us a lot of grief. It took his roommate 2 years to surpass his demerit level. Off to such a good start, he was then tasked with the responsibility of keeping his 2 roommates from being swallowed by their room. Even though he was the only one in the room who knew where the mop was, his cleaning efforts were not enough to keep the room from being often labeled as the 10th Company Sty or more affectionately as the Plebe/Youngster wardroom.

Lee had the uncanny ability to remain above a 2.00. With his study habits, even Einstein couldn't have passed Engine Math. But Lee always seemed to avert total failure in every endeavor no matter how imminent it appeared. Being such a perfect blend of Arian and Irish, as he would often tell you at any time, must have been the reason. Lee was also quick to point out that he was quite a lady killer, but we all know he was slain by Maryann long ago. However, in the time alloted to him to date other girls, he managed to pick up everything ranging in age from 14 to 31, his favorite parting comment being, "I'm taking my toothbrush." When the Maryann transformation is complete, and he trades in his infamous "Wuba Gang" truck for a moped and a diamond ring, there will be many broken hearts and abandoned toothbrushes left in this world. But given his supernatual ability to avert total disaster, such a transformation will be hard to come by. Lee is perfectly suited as a fighter pilot-constantly searching for new "targets" and very difficult to shoot down. Though he singes his wings at times, Lee always comes through and has a good time doing it
GD

Gregg K. Smith
Lumberton
North Carolina
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Smitty

Smitty is not of the Cow, but it was he that initiated the trip and for that we thank him. Smitty came to us from Lumberton, N.C. ready to speak his mind and teach us all a new way to say "Wednesday." Gregg has done this and much more. Freshman year found Gregg quickly developing the habits he was to refine and perfect as time progressed. Gregg soon found that sleeping, TV, and socializing were much more agreeable with him than studying. As these qualities developed sophomore year it became apparent that Gregg was destined to inherit the Bible from Randy Deck and carry on the tradition as the wardroom King. In this role he was the driving force behind the Rockford group. Of course, Gregg's intense dislike for studying (the only thing he hated more was the mile) invariably would lead him into academic hell every 4, 8, 12, and 16 weeks and many sleepless nights. It has been said of Smitty, "there is a time to study and a time to sleep; Smitty does neither." Actually, Gregg knows when to work; he worked hard for the Wub'a Gang in planning every skit, and he was a true leader at the Dump, earning the titles of Vice-Dumpmaster and Dumpmaster Alumnus.

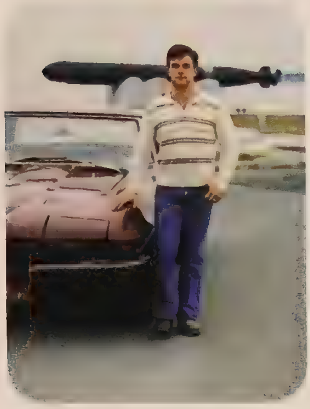
Despite these habits Gregg should have no problems becoming an NFO. What might slow him down some though is his social life. Being the social animal that he is it is a wonder he never got himself killed. Of course, the same melancholy Gregg that had that little chat with us is also the same one who wooed all over the East,coast. Who can ever forget Rene? (by the way Gregg, did you ever call her back?) or Kim, whom he left high and dry on several occasions, as well as Linda and Angie? Whatever his little idiosyncrasies are, Smitty, you're one of the best and we wish you nothing but the best. Remember to keep you face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind. I wish you fair seas my friend. Thanks Capt. and Mrs Linnekin.
LT

Danny Struble
Olean
New York
Naval Architecture
Surface Line
Strubes

The hub of the universe, the city that all roads lead to - Olean, New York - sent its most infamous product to Annapolis filled with blind ambition. Danny's ambition was to become nothing short of President of the United States. He made sure everybody knew it, too. However, dedication was never one of his strong points so he developed his own success formula - talk, eat, sleep, work out, and if there was time - do a little homework, as long as it didn't take too much effort. Besides, there were always better things to do. Being a beach bum, waterskiing, sky-diving — that is what life is all about

Dan was lucky enough to be Mike's mommy for three years. Living with the human hurricane was a challenge: whether it was orange juice fights, running, or any other contest, Mike always came out on top. It's a good thing the room had all the conveniences of home or else Dan never would have survived

Strubes always took off for Europe during summer vacation and met lots of people and had some great times. But on one trip to Paris the "sweet talkin' Yankee" met an even sweeter Texas Belle. Simply put, he became a new man. Karen captured his mind, his heart, his ambitions and even his wallet (those phone bills hurt). Danny will be going to a Surface ship in San Diego — as long as *she* is close by
BW



Louis J. Traglia
Endwell
New York
Electrical Engineering
Submarines
Beast

He is of the Cow. Lou came to us from Endwell and got a quick start on developing his animal reputation when he disguised himself as a turtle plebe summer by wearing 83 name tags He also got a quick start on his one-man campaign to lower the acceptable age limits for female companions. He'll always remember that first Thanksgiving; as will one young darling, who might have her driver's license by now During his 4 year stay Lou continued to add a new and lower dimension to the word scruples. Never one to fear a loose string or to get by the rear in a pinch, even at the expense of slap, he expanded his antics to include his classmates at the two fun seven party. Girls seem to be the only thing to bring Lou out of the coma of concentration he studies in. With his life revolving around studies and young girls, it is no wonder Lou soared into the "Hall of Shame."

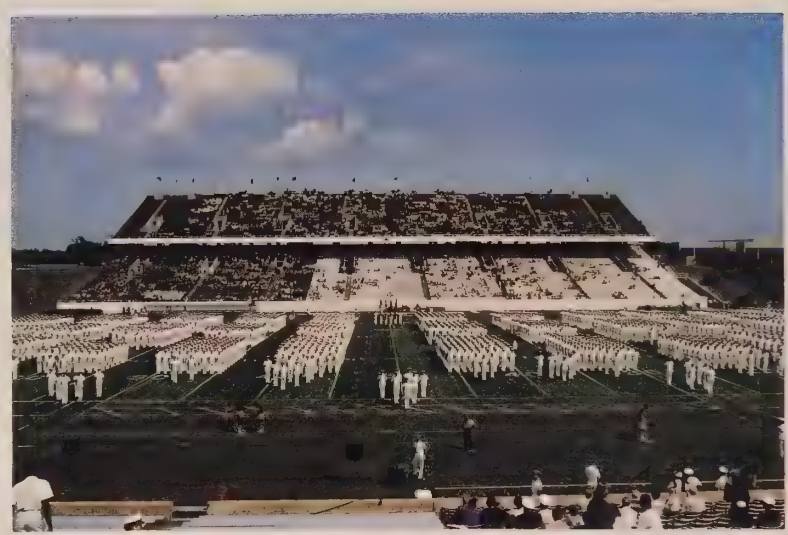
Lou's wreckless attitude toward life reflects in his driving habits, and he showed great insight by purchasing that beat up '65 Chevy. His penchant for blowing up things made him a great asset to the "Wuba" Gang. But, Lou is always ready to help out a friend be it academics or finances (thirty cent me Lou). We'll miss our beastly friend and cherish the memories of our good times (the dump, O.D.-"Lou, don't untie that string.", N.C.-"Lou, are you all right?")- Thanks. The Nukes picked a good one; Take care and good luck. But, remember Lou, on a submarine there's no 'back door!' -Thanks Capt. and Mrs. Linnekin
GKS

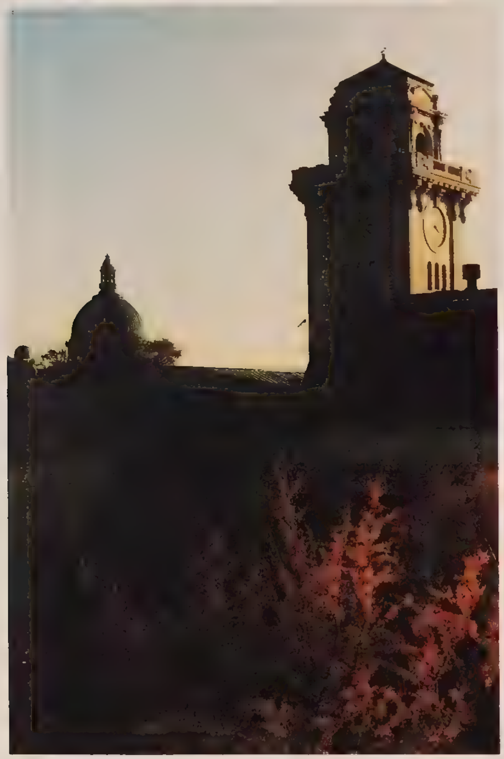
Blake Welling
Rockville
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Blaker

Blake rolled into the Naval Academy from Rockville, MD with dreams of fast cars, good grades, and going Nuclear Power. As of Christmas first class year, Blake had his red Trans Am and a 3.8 QPR. As for Nuke, he waivered a while with visions of NFO, but in the end the inevitable happened, and he gladly accepted his $3,000 consolation check

While many thought that Blake spent all of his time studying (he did spend most of it studying), Blake found time to come away with his share of unique experiences. Two trips to Europe brought back fond memories of missing train connections, partying with local bums, and sleeping with deerhunters. At USNA Blake didn't party much, but when he did, he was always a main attraction. In his latest outing, Blake once again had all the girls swarming him - after his ex-roommate "accidently" dump-ed him on his face

Where ever life may take him, you'll be sure to find him streaking around in his fast car or laid back with beer in hand. Best of luck
DS





TIGERS

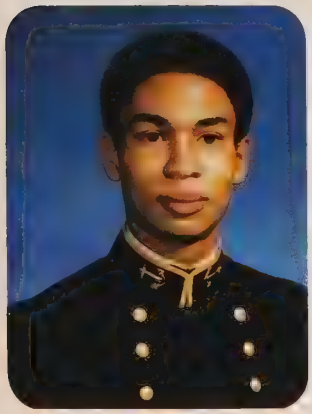
Jerry R. Anderson
Lynn Haven
Florida
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Randy

Bug hails from the snake infested backwaters of Lynn Haven, somewhere near Panama- no he isn't Panamanian. After high school Jug opted for the Navy and enlisted, however he soon longed for command and came to the Academy. Plebe year was a major adjustment for Sparky. From day one when he became the company's designated CMOD; from day two when they locked up all his Buddy Holly albums; from day three when Les mistakenly called him Gramps; from first semester when Don Meyers made him a flag hoist; and from second semester when he chased down the CDO in the buff, the entire year represented a set back for the companies old sage.

However, youngster year, Anderrot came into his own as the foremost lady killer in the area. Early on Jero was placed in the designated for stripes category. He filled the bill by commanding two Batts. A fitness nut, old Baldy has become a living legend around the boxing ring (Coach Smith plans to rename McDonough Hall after him). Andy is best known for dipping vats, climbing high, chasing Buffalo, eating Craig's cookies, throwing hats, poaching trout, and picking up chicks. Part Indian and part Crazy, Jerry is a person to trust and respect- a true friend
CSF

David E. Barland
North Highlands
California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviator
Bar-Rot

Cool California Dave came to Annapolis from the cool California Central Valley. Dave has all the mandatory cool equipment: reflector sunglasses, red convertible, and orange OP swimsuit, plus something extra - the common sense needed to use those things to best advantage. Dave hopes to apply this common sense to even better advantage as he joins those magnificent men in their flying machines in Florida
DEB



John C. Battle
Knoxville
Tennessee
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer
JC

JC started off plebe summer with a squad leader who was offended by his pronunciation of her name, even though he tried to explain that it was his east Tennessee accent. He was glad when AC year started, so he could get a roommate who could tell which toothbrush belonged to him, since Paul couldn't. However, plebe year brought other challenges, such as a certain prior enlisted Marine Sargeant with a heavy jamacian accent, named Pat Bailey. JC and his roommates, "JD" Darden and "Barot", spent a lot of time advoiding P.B. and trying to understand what he was saying when confrontation was inevitable. Youngster year found JC rooming with JD and Chico, who was notorious for his extravagant appetite, clothes, stereo, and "unusual" CQPR. With no one counting weekends too closely and a frequently borrowed red firebird, it was a fine year. Second class year brought some changes. They included three all nighters per week, a serious caffeine dependency, and some miserable plebes who strove to attain the battle ideal. Both JC and his plebes survived the year. He assumed the job of Company Adjutant first class. It was a busy year with his time divided between figuring out where everyone really was during formation, fencing, and making sure he stayed in the running for graduation. He also spent a little time with Coach Higgins receiving extra instruction on the fine points of swimming. This probably had a lot to do with his determination to back seat land based P-3's.
JR

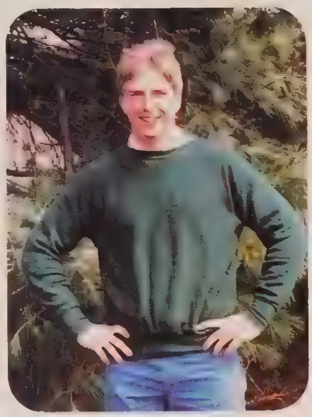
Paul B. Becker
Deer Park
New York
Political Science
Intelligence
'Woody'

Paul, or 'Woody' as he is known by friends and enemies, comes from Deer Park, Long Island but has never left his New York state of mind. He came to this college with one goal, and that was to torture everyone he came in contact with, with every bit of Islanders, Yankee, or Billy Joel trivia imaginable.

'Woody' almost became a statistic during his youngster year. Driving back from Florida he decided to make Johann's car part of the North Carolina countryside. Luckily he recovered in time for brain surgery as a second class. As a result, he will graduate with a major in Political Science and a minor in Hospital Administration.

Studying totally replaced sex for Paul during plebe year. As a matter of fact, at one point he wanted to install a mirror over his desk. He once brought three girls down for homecoming from Boston that deserved cinder blocks, not bricks. This is one of the reasons that 'Woody' don't get no respect.' Paul roomed with Dave 'Two-Ton' Fisher for three years but could not convert the cool calafornian to the ways of the East coast. Neither could he encourage 'his immenseness' to shed the extra weight. Paul hopes to get a 4.0 his last semester so that Commander Keel-Haul will put him on the Company Officer's list for June week.

A leader of the 'Buds' for four years, and one of Colonel Clarke's bad boys forever, we hope Paul will have a successful career in the Navy.



Craig S. Faller

Fryburg
Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Surface
"Fall Man"

Where the hell is Fryburg, PA.? Well, not many people really know or will admit they do except perhaps Craig Faller. At any rate, as you could probably imagine Craig was a little behind in some areas when he arrived at the Naval Academy in July '79. One of those was in dealing with women, but with two lady-killers as roommates plebe year, he soon discovered the opposite sex.

Academics was one of his strong points, however, and he pursued this asset with such diligence that he had his own special place reserved in Nimitz Library. Rumor has it that this will be dedicated to him upon graduation. Probably the only thing Craig liked better than studying was Fishing, and this was truly his forte. Actually, he is quite an outdoorsman, but never is he more at home than when he has his waders on, outsmarting those "Rainbows" in any nearby brook. Some say that's how he landed his latest love, but whatever, she's quite a catch. One thing is truly evident of Craig, whether he's in his baggy shorts on the basketball court, earnestly studying with his "Geekers" on, or concentrating on landing the "big one", he's a friend and leader. Company Commander is a hard billet to fill, but Craig has succeeded in all respects and so will he in the future at whatever he sets out to do. The only problem Craig might have is maintaining his unending desire to lose weight- it's a little hard in the Nuclear Navy.

JRA

Kenneth C. Fitzpatrick

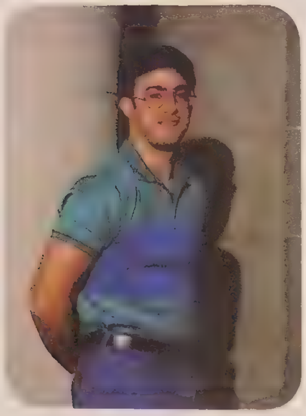
Littleton
Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
K.C.

Eitz came to the Naval Academy from the famous town of Littleton, Colorado, and managed to survive his Plebe Summer roommate, Fish. He quickly found his role-model as a mid in his second set detail squad leader, Sup. Starting with the St. Louis connection, Fitz majored in women management with a double minor in Aerospace Engineering and snoring during his four years at the Boat School.

Room 3147 was proud of "Bunny Ears", and could always thank him for giving PAI-BA a reason to come into the four-man suite and say, "Who got da late-ite chit?". Youngster through Senior year brought "life in the pit." Samuri Stickman could always be counted on to break-up the study-hour monotony with several spontaneous bouts with Habib 'n' company. When he wasn't flashing others with his raincoat, he was flashing himself with pyrotechnics (bang). And when he wasn't thinking of his high school days (or even grade school days), he was re-enacting those days through several (or more) of his dates. Fifteen will get you twenty; he lucked out.

The Navy and NFO community will have been lucky to receive one of the most spontaneous individuals of the class of '83. Wherever his travels take him, people may not always know how to understand him, but they will remember the "Colorado Kid."

DCR



Lester R. Hayward, Jr.

Waterbury
Connecticut
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Powered Submarines
L.R.

The first summer here at the Boat School is best remembered as a period when there never seems to be an end to all of the sweating and yelling. That's simply the meaning of "plebedom". If that's the definition we're going to use, then poor Les never had a plebe year. While the rest of us were suffering from severe culture shock, L.R. simply took it all in stride. We all thought that he would eventually yawn in Barb's face and tell her that she appeared to be much too high strung. Lester was destined to be the perfectly laid back NFO, but eventually the dollar signs popped into his eyes and the Nuclear Navy had him hooked. His roommates hoped that his easy going attitude would falter but his perpetual luck foiled them. Would L.R. end up married? Through plebe year swim parties and youngster road trips Les sampled the social scene, but then came second class summer. He finds Patti, a beautiful little brunette from his home town. She wore his ring at ring dance and he gave her one that summer. Maybe he always knew that the best was back at home because the wedding is in June.

Why argue with the man with the same name as the CNO? He's simply the kind of guy you want around because you know something good is going to happen soon. Les walked into Gilley's and the band played "Stones". One stroke of bad luck did befall our hero. Yes, L.R. broke his leg playing rugby just before first class summer. The trouble is this only insured him a trip to the Bahamas for summer cruise. We all know that L.R. is going to do great things under the deep blue seas. Knock'em dead Les!

JL

James W.L. Hudson

Wilmington
Delaware
Political Science
Naval Aviator
"Beast"

Jim came to the Naval Academy with short hair and then was introduced to Mr. Tracy and found out what short hair really was. Having made it through the summer, Jim proved that you could make it through an AC-board with a 1.47. The second semester proved that he had listened to the Admiral's advice for improvement, as Jim went to his second AC-board with a 1.50 and was retained under the provision that he not become a charter member. The next two years followed with the major of Scientist-Political Scientist that is, and he remained relatively unscathed and with relatively few weekends also. The more memorable weekends were spent at Hood, and of course, the night to live in infamy started out in a squad car, to progress to asking to see the officer's pistol and ultimately visiting Troop 6 of Wilmington, Delaware. Jim's like for weapons showed then as well as through his stay at the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology as he won his N-Star, picked up All-American Status and got the bars of Rifle Team Captain.

Professionalism even followed Jim on the weekend road trips, as he approached and maintained stationing speed during the art of underway replenishment in his trusty ZX. All in all, Jim lived for the good times and reltneys, and plans to pursue his twenty as a Naval Aviator to complement the gold wings he already wears.

John R. Johannesen
Port Republic
Maryland
History
Navy Pilot
Jonner

Jonner was born on Hospital Point and both his father and grandfathers graduated from USNA. It seems he was destined to attend the Naval Academy. His dad said the class of '60 had the last real plebe year, but in reality, Yo and the class of '83 went through the last real plebe year. He was glad when it was over and finally became a youngster. Youngster year was typical for John as he used his three weekends per semester to go home to Calvert County (where?), Maryland. Second class year brought frequent trips to the local colleges (Hood, Goucher, and Notre Dame) and Atlantic City. After a summer spent on the French Riviera and in Ocean City, Jonner was ready to begin first class year. More trips to A.C., Hood, and the track became possible as he took advantage of the unlimited weekends. Yo plans on becoming a Navy Pilot.

Kevin F. Kelly
Trenton
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Submarines
Tygerr

Intensity of purpose, performance and pride are but a few of the traits which consistently put Kevin in that elite grouping known as "a class act." Tygerr, as he is more affectionately known, didn't let all this professionalism hinder his enjoyment of life. He always managed to fit in some dining and dancing in between shining his shoes and brassoing his belt buckle. Kevin can do everything, be it sports, music, academics, etc. Most people manage to play one or two sports well. Kevin can play almost any sport, and do it disgustingly well. Maybe there is one weakness, that being golf. It has been said that at golf, he looks much like one of the famous flying Walendas----the one that fell. Kev is also very talented musically. He can play six instruments, some of them well, and is even vice-president of the Glee Club, a position which has traditionally been held by members who have no singing ability at all.

His major aspiration and goal is to become a Submarine Officer. He spent three years enlisted in the silent service only to be thrown into the academy. Having to start the climb up all over again. Now he's off to learn how to drive subs. Just remember to keep that flag hoisted high. Admiral Rickover would be proud of you!

"Take her down and softly glide"
"through the deep blue underneath the ocean"

AWG

Jefferson J. Lett
Cleburne
Texas
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
"Tex"

J.J. hails from the booming metropolis of Cleburne, Texas. Arriving at Canoe U., Jeff pridefully sported his shiny new cowboy boots and a thick Southern drawl. Alas, both were destined to wear down as the years rolled by. Through several bouts with the "Boys from Bethesda", Jeff returned to the hall a shade skinnier, but even more determined to show us what a good ol' Southern boy could do. Some blamed the nurses for for the inevitable loss of Texas drawl, but the true reasons stem from the holidays in Connecticut and a Yankee roommate. The Antephonal Choir suffered an immeasurable loss when J.J. rediscovered the muscles below his neck. Off to Halsey he went to join the Powerlifters. Jeff soon had his own spot in the land of sweat and talc. This year we see the Nationals in his eyes and uniforms that once again fit snugly.

"Upperclass fever" hit early secundo year and a '73 Pontiac named Mabel graced the Yard. From the 5th Wing parking lot, many trips to D.C., Hood, and Baltimore were made. Yes, "the road trip" truly became a familiar phrase. There was always time to spare as we sprinted past Main (O) With First Class year at hand, Jeff found time to discover all of the "down-home" Country and Western dancehalls. The locals were always dazzled by his fancy two-step country combos. Now, each Friday night, Mabel is warmed-up, boots donned, and a-Honky-Tonkin' he goes.

As Service Selection draws near, Jeff's eyes have begun to look towards the broad blue sky. Can we launch his hulk-like frame from a carrier deck? Will his shoulders fit into a Tomcat? A fighter he wants and an RIO he'll be. We're sure that Mabel will take him safely to P-cola and the Honky-Tonks will suit his discriminating taste. Good luck, buddy and fair winds.

LRH

Timothy P. Matthews
New Orleans
Louisiana
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Tim

Tim began his 4 years in Annapolis in trouble and leaves the same way. The "New Orleans Boy" set high standards for himself in the areas of academics and athletics, maintaining a 3.0 in Mechanical Engineering (he'll miss the "Rocket") and earning his varisty letter in lightweight crew. Tim is best known by classmates for his modern and fashionable uniform styles. He will long remember plebe year with his buddy "the Maj.," as he and his outstanding roommates, Mike and Stu, overcame all odds together. Parties at the Colonels's with the "Buds" were the social highlight of the weekend, becoming the downfall of many a mid. Tim, always aware of his proper military bearing, never failed to delight the company officer with his fine haircuts.

First class year also brought with it a great decision. Tim would have to choose which branch of the service he liked most, or better yet, which one he disliked the least. He came to U.S.N.A. with grand illusions of marriage and leaves with thoughts of remaining a bachelor (At least for a few months). Tim will be extremely successful no matter what path he chooses in life due to his outstanding personality and determination.

MR

Craig S. McDonald
Los Angeles
California
General Engineering
United States Marine Corps
Mac-Ba

Mac came to Annapolis from the "best" coast state of California. His five loves in life were Coors beer, the Colorado River, Marine Corps Aviation, fast cars and faster women; not necessarily in that order. Using these things as criteria one can say that his time spent at the Boat School was a total waste. Since on the "least" coast he has not been able to afford Coors beer, has only been to the river three times, lost his 20/20 vision youngster year, crashed the only fast car he ever drove and his girlfriend is anything but fast.

But let us not forget the good times Mac has had here or away from here. Who of us will ever forget the times spent with his sponsering family (the Colonel and Mom) who put up with more and did more for any of the "Buds" than we could ever repay. And what about seeing New York City with Woody, the Company dining-in bathroom party with Todd, horseback riding and stick fighting with Haddad and Skitz, restriction musters with Sandy, second class drinktramid (Gorden, Chuck, Psycho and the others), PCR sub-squads, all the trips to New Jersey to see Karen, skiing in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and West Virginia and just living with the likes of D.C., Pete, Skitz, Woody, Fish and Shooter.

Mac always has a kind four letter word or two for those who come in contact with him at USNA. He has a carefree outlook on life which reflects in his conduct grades and in all those who know him.

Some people, however, say that Mac will not make a good Naval Officer. Well, that is just fine with him because he is going Corps and does not want to set foot on another surface or subsurface ship so long as he lives. I am confident that he will serve effectively and proudly as an officer of Marines. So for those of us he calls his friends, this man that relaxes to Van Halen and Ted Nugent Rock 'N' Roll, will always be there if we need him.

James J. McGovern
Sanford
Florida
Marine Engineering
Navy Air
George

Being from Florida, Jay was unaccustomed to wearing shirts and shoes but as the Maryland winter approached he learned that even with long-johns you could never be too warm. Jay rarely griped about the unpleasantries that happened amidst him. Instead, he takes everything in stride. George is not a quitter; if something goes wrong, it only serves as greater incentive for him.

A self-proclaimed woman-worshipped male, Jay's most distinct and impressive characteristic is his personality. For hours on end, we'll sit and listen to his stories . . . for every word in Webster's, George has a story . . . some true, some not - - - but all entertaining.

When everyone else chose sporty foreign two-seaters, Jay opted for a "two-seated" Ford van. His van soon became known as "Control Central" for many a tail-gater and road trip.

Work always fascinated Jay. He could sit and watch it for hours, but he never ever did any himself. Despite this, he became a Marine Engineer. Jay surprised everyone when he chose Naval Aviation over the Nuclear Navy. We all wish George fair winds and following jet streams in his Naval career.

Donald M. Needham
Chicago
Illinois
Management
Naval Flight Officer
Donno

Don comes from the "Windy City", and he's proud of those Chicago Bears, no matter how badly they lose! We call him "Donno" or sometimes "Needrot", but most folks just call him "Sir". He's been Pro-Navy ever since the word "Go" (Navy). We soon found out that Don's forte was in management—he always managed to have his studying done and be in his rack by 11, despite any upcoming exams.

Plebe year found Don stationed at the "5th Wing Outpost" covering chowcalls for his classmates who lived on the other side of the world. Youngster year Don discovered the "management major"; and thus assured himself a well rounded education. Don spent second class year skiing, scuba diving, sky diving, and enjoying the finer points of life. Since Don loved it so much the first time, he volunteered for yet another plebe summer. He had such a reputation that he had '86 quaking in their Pro-Keds before he even showed up!! First class year found Don in the lofty rank of Platoon Commander, and concentrating on more important things—namely, graduation.

One thing which has kept Don sane at USNA is his Connecticut girl whom he has known since his pre-academy days. In fact, his weekends were well-spent between Connecticut and road-tripping with the rest of the guys. With a road atlas in one hand and a "cold one" in the other, we could always count on Don to navigate us to a friendly watering hole.

Don has shown us that you can only expect the unexpected from him, and has brightened up many a dim day with his warm sense of humor. Those of us that know Don have seen that he can be counted on as a true friend. Don plans to continue his navigational prowess as an NFO upon graduation. We can expect a lot from Don as he enters the air community, and wish him the best of luck in his Naval career.
DMN

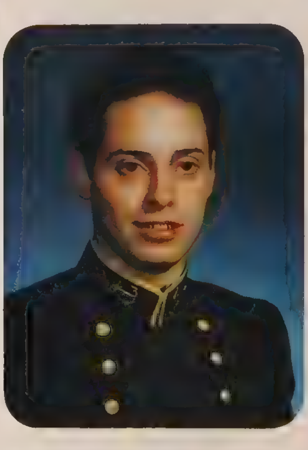
Mark R. Radice
Lawrenceville
New Jersey
Management
Navy Pilot
Disco

Mark came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology from the suprisingly average town of Lawrenceville, New Jersey. He struggled through bag's plebe summer program quickly earning the nickname Disco. Once into AC year and after an impromptu meeting with the Brigade Commander, Disco settled into the task at hand, graduating with minimal effort. After meeting Mimi, his fiancee to-be during Christmas, he picked up tennis as a carry on sport. Coasting into youngster year with a new set of shoes and a new roommate Weeny, Disco was adopted by Mikey and the Big Dog. These fanatical firsties showed Disco and Weeny exactly how much they could get away with-almost, and left more than their appliances when they graduated.

Disco barely navigated through second class academics and approached first class year with one roommate and a better outlook-to always be out looking for a better time. We will always remember Disco as the true friend who;

Wanted to fly
The friendly skies
And so he'll go
Low and slow

Right Weeny?
BW



Michael Rafter
Succasunna
New Jersey
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps
Mike

Mike came to the Naval Academy from New Jersey (Exit 10) with his support of the Yankees which would cause him much heartache in his four years. Mike, identified early as a natural leader, was assigned a position of authority in his plebe year. His example and dedication to duty lead to his subsequent appointment to the Company Sub-Commander post in his first class year. Mike had a busy plebe year with wrestling and Ocean Engineering, but with his two outstanding roommates Stu and Tim, they managed to navigate a safe course through the shoals of fanatic second class and the Marine camp counselor.

Mike liked college life so much he decided to stay two summers after the long spring-BREAK in North Carolina. Having spent most of Youngster Year in a turtle shell, he developed a devotion to academics and intramural sports that promises to follow him in his career in the Civil Engineer Corps.

The times Mike will best be remembered are for being head referee at the Maryland lacrosse game and at the Colonel's get-togethers. He will also be remembered by his roommate as the anonymous accomplice in the '81 Homecoming Massacre.

Nobody expects anything but success and happiness to follow Mike through the years.
TM

Jackson M. Raynolds
West Springfield
Massachusetts
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Jack

The first in his family in the service in a long time, Jack came to USNA from a small New England town. He set a company record for the most roommates (twelve at last count). Almost nothing happened over plebe summer that didn't happen to him.

He had a class rank with four digits at one point . . . got selected for Nuclear Power . early on he changed his major from Chemistry to Systems and never looked back. Still, they keep asking him why! Jack came with aspirations for gymnastics as a sport, but two years-plus on J.V.'s quickly convinced him otherwise. He never ran in high school. Now he'll never stop.

Late in youngster year he was called by someone with higher authority than our own.

He was an "enigma" to his oinc over second-class summer. As a result, he acquired a unique striper position - it went from four weeks on First class cruise, an SSBN patrol, proved helpful to making service selection decisions.

Graduating six inches taller and a little wiser, he intends to find his place in the real - - - - Navy

Donald C. Renner
Easton
Pennsylvania
Computer Science
United States Marine Corps
D.C.

The Pennsylvania Dutchman came to us from the enlisted ranks, a Data Systems Computer Technician, DS2. Not to be confused with a fleet sailor, Don spent three years ashore in sunny California before being lucky enough to get accepted to NAPS. He graduated NAPS when most of his high school classmates were graduating from real colleges.

In academics he tried his hand at Systems Engineering but soon found he would be more comfortable with his old love, the computer and the Computer Science major. Personal conditioning was Don's primary athletic concern, trying to keep those old bones moving wasn't always easy. When he wasn't trying to increase his pullup and situp numbers at the gym, he was very devoted to increasing his REM count in the rack with Ma Renner's comforter. And when there was nothing better to do, Don could always dig up a good excuse to put in a special request chit or two, some even getting approved.

Everyone could count on D.C. for his fatherly advice; no matter what the problem, he always had an objective way of looking at it. Service Selection will be a surprise. The only sea time he has had (or intends on having) were a few short days during youngster cruise aboard LST1183 in San Diego. Whether he gets P-3 NFO or goes Marine Corps to stay ashore, we will always remember and think about D.C. and the influence he had on our lives.

"I enjoy this life as a jestor, seems to keep me movin' around." J.B.

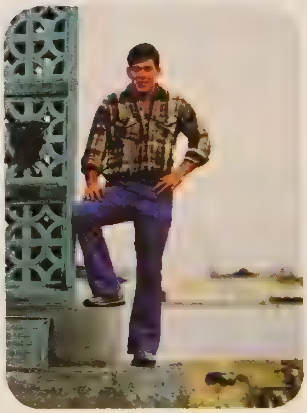
Mark D. Rohrbach
Cherry Hill
New Jersey
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Rorhs

Mark "Muhammad" Rohrbach hails from Cherry Hill, New Jersey. In the four years that he has been here he has earned the reputation of both a fighter and lover extraordinare. Mark's fighting career started early plebe year, when he gave his roommate a black eye. His next major fights were with the Cross Country team, numerous bouncers at Maudes, and Habib. As a lover, Mark dated such gorgeous girls as Twiggy, Scarface, Tattoo's Girlfriend, and Alexandria.

Mark has also provided a variety of entertainment. There was his roommate's birthday party when he ate the cigar and drank Amorietta, the oyster and case party, the tasty steak kabobs, and the annual pre-army party.

Mark's only major problems have centered around Woody's phone credit card and the ghost of Stu Kiehne, but Mark got even by hiding Woody's Yankee jacket in the ceiling for the semester.

Seriously, no one person has more determination than Mark. How else do you explain playing lacrosse for two years when he had never played lacrosse before coming here, playing 150 lbs football when weighing 200 lbs in high school, and just surviving four years here. Good luck Mark in all you do.



James J. Rose
Hampton
Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Rosey

Rosey came to the Academy thinking that his parents were sending him to summer camp. As they put him on the bus to Canoe U, they reassured him that he would be back home in time to repack his bags and head to the only college he ever wanted to attend, the University of Virginia. Now, 4 years later, he can be found wandering aimlessly around the halls wearing one of his many UVA t-shirts, wondering what went wrong. Rosey's heart is at UVA, his body at USNA. And what a body! Some call him Conan the Barbarian in awe of the massive frame that he developed during his two weight lifting sessions as a first class! Others refer to him as Sebastian Coe, the great distance runner, in recognition of Rosey's great mile run records . best sub-squad runner the Academy's ever had", said one coach.

Rosey's interests include gambling at Atlantic City, road tripping to the global corners, and charting the stock market. In between his cries of "Seven" at the craps tables, "jam it Ralph" at UVA basketball games, and "buy, buy, buy" to his broker, Rosey found time to complete a degree in Ocean Engineering, write a monthly article for shipmate magazine, and attain the high rank of squad leader!

Rosey was a first round pick by Admiral McKee, coach of the Nuclear Navy. He signed a 5 year, no cut, guaranteed underway contract with a handsome bonus attatched. Thus it's off to Orlando for Rosey, with a Wall Street Journal in one hand, and a set of dice in the other. Good luck Rosey . . . keep throwing those sevens, and remember, "you're an Academy grad now; make Mother B proud!"

Richard A. Schott
Joppatowne
Maryland
Political Science
USMC Air
Schooter

Rich Schott, or Schooter to his friends has had to put up with just a little more then the rest of us during the last four years. He had to live with a human exageration and the cover off of G.Q. for 3 years, and during his senior year he moved out of the amazing room into the porn room. But even this could not help his love life. What would you expect from a guy who went out with a girl 2 years that made him fill out a special request chit just to hold hands,

During Rich's sophomore year he became a disciple of Dogger and Mikey. The famous saying, "we're number 3, we don't try at all," still thrives in his heart. From Piggies excursion back from the Col's in SDB "Billy Joel" to retrieving Mikes friends from jail in Carolina, Rich feels his last 2 years at the Academy were the best, mainly due to the fact that he got away from here as much as possible. Rich says the more you get away and the farther you get away are the only way to make it through this place.

John T. Segura
Aurora
Colorado
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
"Tribble"

John "Tribble" Segura "beamed aboard" the U.S. Naval Academy from the Rocky Mountains of Colorado on July 6, 1979. John discovered not just a job but an adventure as the class of 1983 experienced plebe summer. It didn't take long for John to learn what the wrath of a woman meant with B.A.G. his plebe summer female Sq. leader. After cruising through plebe summer, John entered AC-year full of enthusiasm. He joined Catholic Choir, selected Poli-Sci as his major, and became the fourth class watch organizer (known as the "Adjutant"). All of John's classmates gave him so much grief about watch that he volunteered for the job during youngster year. Now that's gungy!

Entering second class year as a true "upperclassman", John was determined to make the plebes aware of the power of his "force". John soon became known as "Sonar" as he actively patrolled for error-prone plebes in his sector of Bancroft. John's activities included tearing up the highways with his escort service, going to movies and Hood, dressing "preppie", and living in the Company wardroom. John did the latter so often that he was unanimously declared the first class wardroom Czar

First class year began with John enjoying the position of Sq. leader during second set plebe detail. Although John couldn't look any of his plebes in the eye, his plebes secretly called him "Big John". John continued this trend during AC-year with 4/c "Skip" being a prime candidate for "training". It was a rare occasion for John to go more that 24 hours w/o seeing his favorite plebe After John completed his second plebe summer he entered his final fall semester as the Russian Club President, the Catholic Choir Vice-President, and the 11th Company Conduct Officer. John knew what he was doing when he selected "Poli-Sci" as his major, and found himself with more hours of free time than hours of class time As a result, John double-majored in graduation!!

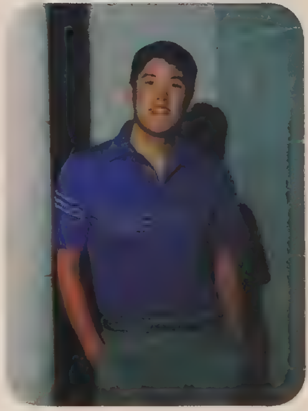
Following graduation, John can either be seen in his Camaro (which he hasn't bought yet) or flying high as a Naval Flight Officer. John will always be remembered as a "true friend" to those who knew him and to all of those who will know him in the future

Edward L. Takesuye
Scottsdale
Arizona
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Fuye

Ed ("Fuye") hails to us from the sunny state of Arizona, but you'd never know that considering how often his parents and family just "happen" to drop by Annapolis. In keeping with the true "Kamikaze" tradition, Ed entered the Naval Academy on 6 July 1979 screaming "Long live the Emperor!" Well, plebe summer rolled by and "Ac-year" began. Being a resourceful person of Japanese descent, what other major could he choose except Electrical Engineering (STFB RCA!)? A lot of people thought that Ed was just a quiet guy. Actually he was plotting the overthrow of the U.S. Navy—but you can sleep soundly knowing that he has been held down here every December 7th since he reported to USNA.

Well, Ed started out first class year on a motivated foot by BEING volunteered for first set plebe detail, and his reputation began to grow by leaps and bounds. At first, he was remembered by his plebes as the "Oriental-looking" squad leader; this was followed by "Kenny's locker monster" and "Hurricane Takesuye" as he raped plebe rooms. The O-Club became Ed's regular Friday night "hangout" (which inevitably led to "hangover") and a rough time for his roommates who would TRY to get a big guy like him to bed quietly. Speaking about bed, first class academics took their toll as Ed came to be called "Rack-a-Fuye"—even by the Company Officer who always found Ed working diligently for his varsity rack award

Except for the fact that Ed snores loudly enough to wake John Paul Jones (not to mention his roommates), he's a pretty nice guy who would do anything for a friend Seriously, one could never ask for a better friend than "Fuye." During first class year Ed was accepted into the Nuclear Power Program There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Ed will succeed in Nuke Power as he has succeeded in everything so far After all, any person who has a meal named after him—Beef Takesuye—MUST be a remarkable guy!
JS



Todd A. VanGunten
Findlay
Ohio
Applied Science
Surface Line
Van

Todd came to the Academy from a small town in Ohio. Everyone has heard of Findlay, Ohio, home of Marathon Oil, Cooper Tire, Findlay Ford, and a branch of every other major corporation in the country. It is not surprising that Todd did well as a management major. He was a major investor in a very large company, Anheuser-Busch.

On evenings when Todd purchased stock, he supplied his friends with many good laughs. He talked with clams, had fantastic table manners and was bi-lingual; Spanish-English. While at the Academy, Todd had an affinity for porch railings and bulletin boards and was always ready for an oysters and beer party. Who could forget 11th Company's dining-in. If one observed the bathrooms at nights end you would have sworn Van and Mac were working for R.H. VanGunten & Sons DESTRUCTION company. As for driving in the yard, at least when Todd did it the truck he drove was a FORD and the beer in the back was BUDWEISER.

All kidding aside, Todd is a unique person who is great to be around. Here is a toast to the greatest mid at the Academy, even though THEY don't think so.

We wish you the best of luck!
MDR

Peter K. Webb
Satellite Beach
Florida
Physical Science
Surface
Whiskey

Peter comes from the middle of a line of Webbs who reside in the sunshine state of Florida. With extreme professionalism and singleness of purpose Peter came from NAPS to pursue his goals. Little did he know that he was domed from the start. Nonetheless, Peter strived for excellence in all that was military and athletic. He carried the Company guidon, attended airborne, air assault and summer Buds schools, and faithfully worked out everyday. Peter was so devoted he even had the nerve to ask his roommate to work out on saturday morning. All this, however, is not meant to lead the reader astray.

Peter's deriliction was always present but only in writing five times and only seen again by anyone twice. Peter drank with the worst of us in Eleventh Company and was one of the original "Buds". Peter's story does not get really interesting until senior year when he discovered there were other ways to become physically aroused than by jumping out of airplanes. He discovered the true purpose for women, bought a second sports car out of necessity (correct Mac?),

Peter is obviously ready for the fleet, unless someone expects him to use his Electrical Engineering knowledge. In fact, Peter is so ready for the fleet you can always hear him say "I can hardly wait to get into Surface Navy so I can transfer into a real warfare speciality"
CSM

Bruce D. Wehner
Towson
Maryland
Management
Navy Air
Weeny

Bruce came to Annapolis from the nearby land of Towson with two things in mind - soccer and lacrosse. After surviving a tough plebe summer, thanks to Sup, and an even tougher parents weekend, thanks to Disco, he realized that he was going to have to work a little, very little, in order to stay at good 'ole USNA. During plebe year he managed to study at either the Riverside Inn or the Towson Library. Bruce came into youngster year with one ex-girlfriend, two new roommates, Disco and Schooter, one sport lax, and two close friends Al and Mikey. Disco and Bruce soon became disciples of Al and Mikey and learned to do things the easy way. Al and Bruce were often known for their burger runs to Henrys in the red "pup" mobile. Also with the aid of Mikey, Disco and Bruce were able to aquire many "free" weekends. Second class year brought Bruce's lacrosse career to a halt as he was squashed by the "fat man."

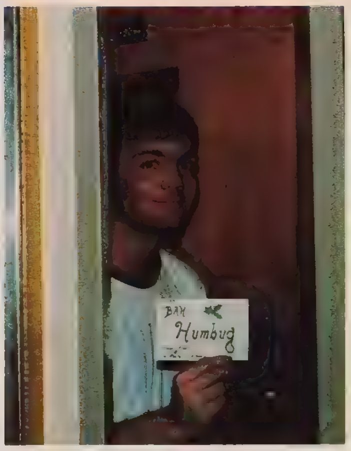
First class year, however, he regained his lax title under a new head coach. Bruce was also starting out the year with only one roomate, Disco. On top of all this he also had a new car, a high speed yellow azz gt. This car was capable of speeds in excess of 130 mph although Disco will disagree and tell you only 105. Bruce will always be known as a good friend and a person to come to in time of need. He leaves USNA with the thought that "the Naval Academy is a good place to be . . . from" Right Disco?
MRR

Kevin J. Wilson
St. Francis
Kansas
Applied Science
Naval Aviation
Kevin

"You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy" . . . and for the past four years this fact has become very apparent, in Kevin's case, to those who rule over mother B. Coming to the Boat School from the wheatlands of northwest Kansas, Kevin readily stuck out as being proficient in western dress, cow milking, and working on what purrs beneath a car hood. This showed from the name on his belt to the tips of his pointed toe boots. Thinking of many reasons for returning to the "Land of Oz", Kevin could never come up with one consistent reason as to why he left his country comfort to institutionalized discomfort. However, when asked about his feelings on his four year experience, all he says is "I've been a long time leaving, but I'll be a long time gone".

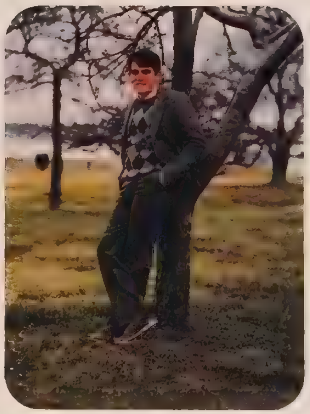
Kevin has made a name for himself among his friends and company mates in his adventures. Breaking out of his western shyness that he possessed all of plebe year, he showed up youngster year with a silver mane, a smile, and some wild tales. He started living for weekends and could always be found dreaming of four wheeling in his Brat, snow skiing, Fritter & the good times in Cheyenne, and his Princess back home that kept his sanity. Yes, sanity. Who else would say their favorite meal at the Academy was three day old burritos? He'll always be remembered for his country charm, which took its toll on many an area college girl, and his subtle way of saying, "Have I ever done ya wrong!" when out partying and the worries of making the next day's responsibilities were slipping quickly from our minds. We wish Kevin smooth flying in his quest for P-3 per diem, the home life, and conquering his avid dislike for water since the 40 year swim.

DIRTY DOZEN



Mark S. Barbour
Pittsford
Michigan
History
Surface Line
Wingnut

Mark has been well known in 12th Company for his radar-like ears, his cute cammy shorts, and his propensity for the horizontal position. While at the Naval Academy, he has known the joy of being a free spirit, scoring numerous victories with the local girls as well as representatives of that well respected institute of learning, Hood college. The few times he did leave his rack, he demonstrated an awesome prowess as a fieldball defensive player. I am sure that his collection of Alistair MacLean books will come in handy for him during those long night CIC watches on the air-polluting, smoke emitting surface ship he will choose. Whatever the future may have in store for him, we want to wish him all the luck he deserves.
SD



David A. Beemer
Swartz Creek
Michigan
Mathematics
Supply Corps
Laser

Dave came here out of high school ready to set the world on fire, only to find that his plebe summer firsties had the same idea; only they wanted to start with him. Never losing his love of the simpler things in life, like hayrides, nurses and blowing off study hours, he managed to stay on top of things (or underneath them, as appropriate). He started out with every intention of flying, but he finally saw the light and the worth of the Supply Corps via a unique experience on his Bethesda III second class cruise. First class cruise saw him in Japan, and nobody could have been more psyched for a ''professional'' evolution. Neither could they have come back more broke. So when you're hurting for spare parts, give him a thought. Good luck

Charles Bresnahan
Annapolis
Maryland
Physical Science
Navy Supply Corps
Brezna

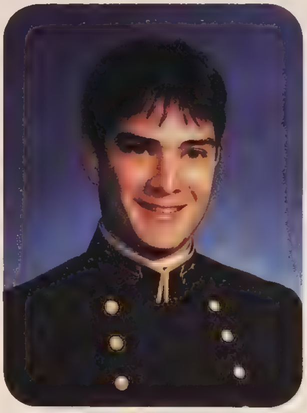
Chuck wanted to go to a college within walking distance of his home so it was either St. Johns or USNA. Since he wasn't into reading books with big words and no pictures, the Academy seemed the best choice. Besides, it was free and how can you buy a 13,000 dollar BMW if you have to worry about paying for college. Hey Chuck, Let me see your scars

Football really took it's toll on poor old Chuck. After 3 shoulder and 2 knee operations, it was Supply Corps for big Chuck. One pork chop, two pork chops, three pork chops . . . not bad Chuck. We all loved eating at your house our entire plebe year and we were sad to see your parents leave. Thanks alot and good luck in your 5 year Navy career.
WKD

Patrick A. Coronado
Irving
Texas
Oceanography
USMC Air
P.C.

P.C. came to Canoe-U with the ideas that he would lead Navy soccer to four National titles, continue his late night maneuvers and enjoy the sunny life of Annapolis as he did in Texas. Contrary to popular belief, R&R meant rules and regulations, not rest and relaxation, so Pat had to modify a few things. He did end up playing four years minus five games of futbol and along with the rest of the team, learned how to move goals and wear shin pads

When it came to relaxing, the music of James Marshall Hendrix, the Red Headed Stranger and of course, the boys, helped P.C. to enjoy the long nights and drive others crazy. Recreation was also found in other forms, and Pat always managed to find them. Many warm days and butt-cold nights were spent on his two wheeler and maybe now Pat will find other means of reaching high velocities and buzzing around. To USNA, he leaves his deep thanks for good experiences, good balconies, and good friends.



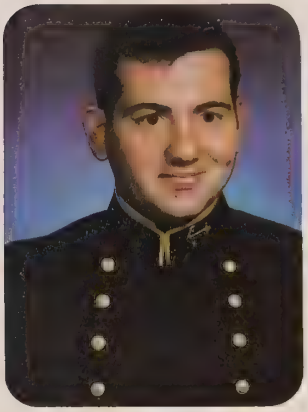
Michael T. Coyan
Gretna
Nebraska
Oceanography
Navy Air
Slouch

The east coast must not be too good for this Nebraskan: something drastic happened to his metabolism ever since he came to Annapolis, transforming him into a compulsive rack-worshipper on week-days and a part of the furniture at Franny-O's on week-ends. However, strangely enough his eyesight was spared by the malevolent east coast virus and the female population of the Pensacola area is hereby warned that the predator is coming their way. Good luck in all future endeavours.

Robert A. Crigger
Colorado Springs
Colorado
General Engineering
Navy Air
Serious Bob

If anybody in the class of 1983 leaves an impression on good old Canoe U. it will be Serious Bob. Bob started this task as early as plebe summer. With a little help from a classmate Bob left an impression (of his head) on the door of room 1407. His born in the backwoods and blue steel rod were an inspiration to all. Big Man gained popularity as he gained stripes, both socially and otherwise. Though his love life started as low as the Third Wing basement, Bob soon became the heart throb of every high school cutie in Annapolis. Bob also became very well-known within the brigade for his artistic talents. He started during his plebe year and eventually became the ring and crest rep as well as Art Editor for the lucky bag and the Trident Calender.

Bob's presence will still be felt long after graduation as it will take at least six months to move all of his stuff out of his room. Bob will be sending his stuff to Pensacola where he has hopes of becoming a Navy ace. We all wish Serious Bob the best and when we look to the skies we'll be thinking of him. Good luck, roomie!!
TME



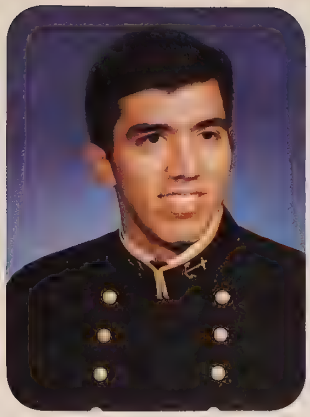
Sebastian P. De Angelis
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Oil-Burning Surface Line
Loaf

"There must be some kind of way out of
here,
said the Joker to the Thief,
There's too much confusion
and I can't get no relief."
-Bob Dylan, "All Along the Watchtower"

It took him four years, but the Joker has finally found his way out.

William K.S. Dobbratz
Baltimore
Maryland
Physical Science
USMC Air
Smitty

The main reason Bill came to the Academy is because he had heard that there were lots of pretty girls that were Mids also. But, much to his dismay, all the pretty ones were taken by their plebe summer squad leaders. But that was alright because he was able to find a couple in town and even one or two right down the hall. He had a look about him that always made you think he was up to something and most of the time he was. During his tenure at the Academy he has paid visits to the Dant, the Deputy Dant, his battalion officer, all the way on down the line. He'll always be remembered along with Monty, Shoe, Brez, and Stump. If you saw one, the other four were close by. Like father, like son, Smitty will soon be swinging with the wing. Good luck and stay out of trouble, Please!



Jimmy Duran
Dade City
Florida
Phycial Science
Naval Flight Officer
J.D.

After winning the Brigade Championship in boxing, Jim had a hard time finding sparring partners, much to the dismay of the plebes who crossed his path. Jim was well known as ''very professional'' and a few other things, depending on which class you asked. The old man was known to put red-hot and fiery, on everything he ate. On we's, he would disappear to Bob's, his home away from home, in Glen Burnie. Sundays at 1800, although arm sore from the 12 oz. curls, J.D. still wore the grin from the late night movies on HBO (XXX . . .)

When back at the Boat school from leave, he always sported quite a tan, ripened by the Fla sun (although his back seemed to receive the majority). J.D. put out for studies, and held many thoughts of his Mexican Rose. Jim was truely proud of his heritage. Best of luck in the future, amigo. May the flight pay serve you well and often!
SGL

Thomas M. Edwards
Farmington Hills
Michigan
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Tommy

Tom came to the Naval Academy from the midwest and if he had his way he would be heading straight back there. He never seemed to have much trouble with grades which is why he kept his sanity this long. He didn't have to suffer through the agony of frequent late-niters but he was lonely for a little while. When he found a cure for his loneliness he also found the OOD Standing in his doorway. Tom takes pride in his physical condition which helped him to eventually do 9 pullups in the struggle. He never seemed to like swimming much but he enjoyed company football and basketball. Tom is very professional as well and he took his position as Platoon leader during plebe summer detail very seriously. He put in long hours and even a few all-niters. The bars in Baltimore will remember him well for that because Tommy never neglected fun either. Despite his professionalism, Tom never seemed the Nuclear Power type. Tom left an impression with 12th Company. He left a large part of that impression in the wardroom in which he spent most of his time. You'll be sorely missed. Good luck bubble head.
RAC

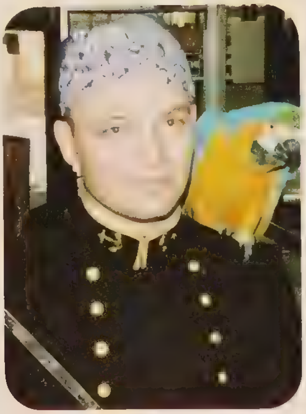
INTERSTATE
PENNSYLVANIA
83

James M. Emery
Tacoma
Washington
Computer Science
Nuclear Power
Jim

Jim came to USNA from Tacoma, Washington. He always tried to enjoy himself. Jim had a good time playing football except when his smile was forever altered by Smitty. He picked a Computer Science major so he could spend most of his free time in the rack or out drinking Wanting to be a pilot, he was forced to go nuke by too many nights in front of a three inch TV screen. For Jim, it will be a good career in subs as long as he keeps getting those nuke bonuses
JE

James A. Evans
Whitehall
Pennsylvania
Operations Analysis
Marine Air
Jim

Coming to USNA all the way from Whitehall Pa., Jim had his head in the clouds from the start. After a stint with glasses second class year he bribed someone down in medical, and is off to Pensacola via T.B.S. First class year worked out well for Jim, with three striper libs, and no classes after Friday 3rd he could be found on his way home almost every weekend to be with Lisa. The Marines are looking for a few good men, and in Jim they've found someone with ''the right stuff''
JME



James H. Flatley, IV
San Diego
California
Physical Science
Navy Air
Stump

Seamus came to Annapolis from just about everywhere with a dream of becoming Navy's punter. Two years later his dream had not come true so Seamus packed his gear and joined the 150's to share in the spoils of a National Championship.

Playing football wasn't enough; Seamus could be found carousing on the yawls and yachts trying to further his USNA experience. Plebe year and the academics found Seamus in a uphill climb. But wait, his dad is an Admiral; he doesn't have to worry!

Youngster cruise took Seamus to the Med where he enjoyed the comforts of his father's stateroom aboard SARATOGA during those late nights when he should have been somewhere else. Boy, life was tough that summer; flying in the backseat of an F-4 with his dad while he recorded a record 1,500th carrier landing.

As our hard working Class President first class year, Seamus spent more time in the Dant's office than he did on the books.

Being third generation on both sides of the family to attend the Boat school, we know Seamus will continue to carry on the family tradition. We wish him luck and success in P-cola.

It was great Brez, Monty, Smitty, Wheels and Shoe. I wish you all the best. Check your six!

Gina L. Hester
San Diego
California
Mathematics
General Warfare
Gina

Thanks, Becky ("Z"-Queen), Ginger (Airborne), and Yolanda (Three Strike) for the friendship and good times. Good luck to all those left behind in mighty twelve, it's not so far away. #30, thank you for the beautiful friendship; I'll remember you always. Go women's tennis, you're "Ace"! Again, Ginger & Becky, have fun with C & (W Squared). Thank you most of all, Mom and Dad, because with you all this was possible. I made it with mellow days, easy nights, california style! It's true, the west coast is the best coast.
GLH

Donald C. Hinderliter
Rochelle
Illinois
Physics
Submarines
Hindo

Don left his home in Rochelle, Illinois to travel east and ended up spending four years at Boat U. When he found out that that USNA had more to offer than Judo and free food Hindo tried every trick in the book to get out. Plebe year saw Hindo try to drink his way out, but all that got him was headaches and better grades. So Hindo next turned to forms-2 during his youngster year. He tried lending albums to plebes, taking bread from the wardroom galley, and even the infamous PDA. But all of his efforts were futile. Somewhere between his youngster and second class years Don realized that no matter what he did, he was going to graduate and not go back to the Midwest. He then went to the other extreme and during his second class year almost became a real mid! Fortunately, first class year came around just in time. Now Hindo spends too much time fixing his MG to worry about being a mid. However, Don's participation in Judo has earned him the title of Club President for the past two years.

The final blow was dealt just recently as he was accepted for Nuke power. So Don, despite your best efforts, you have obviously developed into a fine midshipman and a good friend. I am sure everyone in New London will be proud to call you a fellow Bubblehead. Good luck, Hindo.
TME

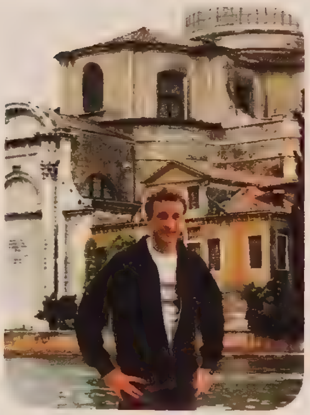
Scott G. Larsen
Doylestown
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Line
Scott

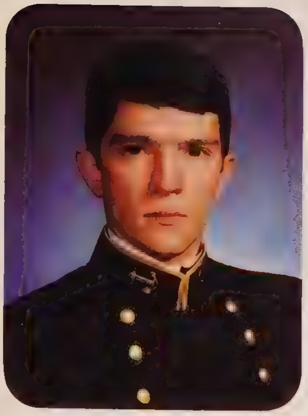
Scott came to us from NAPS, making plebe year that much more fun. After a good time at Bethesda, losing a little of himself in the consequence, he has come a long way. At Canoe U. his hobbies were checking out the local spots until one Suzie Q. befriended him one day, being the stereo review rat of the hall, buddying up to mirrors, and keeping clearasil in biz . . A Z-rack hound to be beat, a "great" Asst. Boxing Coach, and an honorary member of the Hornets Nest, he should be a boost to the 'Espirit De Corps" of the skimmer Navy!!!! The best of luck to you Scotty, smooth sailing always, and lots of fun in foreign ports!!!! Your bud always - - - J.D.

Peter J. McKenney
Norwell
Massachusets
Chemistry
Nuclear Power
McSkinny

Just where the hell is Norwell, anyway? Wherever it is, that is where Pete came from. He could not drive from there to here because a "model A" will not make it that far. Our illustrious Company three-striper was doing one of three things most of the time- crewing up and down the Severn, trying to get a car that won't break down every time that Coyan gets into it, or rewriting someone's old chem lab. Not that Pete had bad luck with members of the opposite sex, but hey Dodi did you have to return his ski's 6" at a time.

All seriousness aside, anybody who chooses Nuke subs can't be all bad. Good luck in all you try in the future, I hope it all comes as easily as it has so far
JW





James B. Miller
Allentown
Georgia
Physical Science
USMC
"J.B."

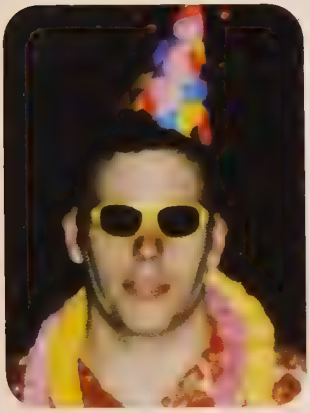
J.B.— the good 'ole boy from Georgia came to the Academy after spending a year with "the few, the proud" and then a year at Naps. Bruce made it through plebe year with much ease and had visions of Electrical Engineering going into his sophomore year—that is until he blew too many fuses and decided to join the elite group of Physical Scientists.

J.B. had a stint with the baseball team until a bad elbow caused him to spend most of his time on the hoop courts. Bruce was quite a Casanova until his junior year, when he met a certain sweetheart who lived close by and swept him off his feet. Bruce will be flying helos for the Corps and he'll be a good one too. He'll always be remembered as a determined individual, but most of all a good friend. Lots of luck to you out there J.B. You deserve it!!
TT

John P. Monahan, Jr.
Fairfax
Virginia
Oceanography
United States Marine Corps
Monty

. . born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep. But being on Hospital Point and rocked in the cradle of the Severn only made Monty seasick. So John was destined to return to the Academy to follow his Pops into the Marine Corps where the ground is solid. Monty's bout with the bottle cut short his football career, but did nothing to interfere with his contribution to the fast pitch softball team. Monty was never at a loss for a good joke or two and one had to be on their toes when Monty was in the mood for practical jokes. . . . train whistles . . . mouse traps . . . water . . . etc

Academics posed a hurdle for Monty in the early years of his career, but with age came wisdom and Monty finally realized that he must study to make the grades to graduate. Well, he made it. Best of luck from the few and the proud (Smitty, Shoe, Wheels, Stump and Brez.)



Michael J. Oravec
Peckville
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Orv

Mike came to us from the booming coal town of Peckville Pa. with coal dust in his lungs, Nuc Power in his heart and very little hair on his head. Orv decided his career path early in life after realizing that picking Peck's of pickled peppers in Peckville just wasn't a promising future. Midn. Oravel started his naval career with a short stint at Villanova University, but found out quickly that plebe year wasn't quite the same as ROTC. Under the stern leadership of Baby Huey, Mike made a smooth transition into AC year. All of his work was for naught as Mike's roomies, O'Brien, Whiteface, and Targigolo led him back down the road to alcoholism and double standards.

Mike got a head start on Hyman by picking Mechanical Engineering as his major and spending most of his weekends with his head buried in a book. Half the time the book was Playboy, the other half Mikey soaked up knowledge with his eyes closed. Youngster year we learned of Mike's passion for wrestling at the company picnic. Second class year OraFix showed us his leadership ability as 2/c Company Commander and his humbleness when he worked hard for a "D" in fluids. Mikey relaxed a little during 1/c year after Rickover retired. However, anxiety set in as the interview date drew closer. We were all relieved when Mike's dream came true. Good Luck in Nuc school!! and grow some hair!!
DAS

William A. Oxx
San Diego
California
General Engineering
Navy Air
Will

This madman was hatched and raised on the 'wild west coast' of Southern California. Early in his life, Will decided he wanted to fly for a living, and that the best way to do this was to graduate and go to Navy Flight School. Will got his pilot license before bothering to get a driver's license - learning to fly in the smoggy, congested skies of 'Smell-A'. The life stagnating grip of Bancroft Hall life was too much for him, and drove Will to far greater depths of madness as he roamed the yard in search of adventure - finding none of course . . . Too broke and bored of flying small planes - which would not go fast enough, someone finally gave Will a parachute, and he was 'back in the fast lane', punching clouds at over 200 to catch his friends in the air. With over 400 skydives, Will can always be found jumping out of airplanes out in Ridgely, Md., or listening to Pink Floyd albums on rained out weekends When that all gets boring - Will can be found jumping off skyscraper buildings, High radio antennas, Cliffs in Yosemite, or high spanning bridges - low ones too! (would you believe the Bay Bridge here in Annapolis? . . . believe it, I've seen the pictures!) If this isn't madness enough, Will enjoys climbing BIG granite cliffs in Yosemite - you know - the monsterous suckers that overhang and everything

Well, he scrapes up them with his crazy friends, taking several days since they're thousands of feet tall - and sleeps hanging in his ropes. I wonder how you go to the bathroom up there? Anyway, once reaching the summit, Will puts on his parachute rig, the 'mobile unit' he got with his car loan, and jumps off!!! We all love to kid him about "eating it", "bouncing", and "herendo impact". He'll be quite the pilot though

Doug Pass
Fayetteville
Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
NFO
Bounce Pass

Doug flew up to USNA from Fayetteville Georgia. He brought with himself a distinctly southern accent and a lot of daylight - mostly between his knees. How he could ever run so many miles like that we will never know. Zero-dark-hundred every morning, while the rest of us serenely and sanely slept, that good 'ole boy was out there putting in mileage preparing for another Marine Corps Marathon. R!R!R! Not that Doug is going Corps, no indeed! His place is reserved in the sky with Navy Air. Doug always was and always will be one to set his goals high As a midshipman, he exemplified the end product of the Mission of the Naval Academy. He was a fine student in a tough major and an excellent athlete. But above all, Doug realized that he was merely a created being, and that his Creator desired a relationship with him. Doug's most sincere pursuit was growing in this relationship with God This would have all been impossible had Jesus Christ not died on the cross and rose three days later. "Good deal!" "Eh?" Doug based his life on solid convictions and I was proud to call him my best friend. JOSHUA 24·15

Jeffrey D. Shoemaker
Lewisville
Texas
Physical Science
USMC
Shoe

Everyone will always remember Jeff. He came all the way from Dallas, Texas to show people up north how to really play football. He showed us alright and unfortunately, during his junior year a boy from Notre Dame showed him how to dislocate a leg in one easy lesson. But, when they flew him to the hospital in the CNO's private jet, we knew they'd take good care of our stricken hero.

We'll always remember his happy go lucky attitude and his big smile wherever he went What amazed us is that he was almost on a first name basis with all the big wigs at the Academy Either he was chatting with some officer's wife or playing racquetball with the Dant at lunchtime. He knew everyone and everyone knew Shoe. Whatever he decides to do in the future he'll do it well while putting smiles on the faces of everyone around. The Academy will miss Shoe and so will we

David A. Snyder
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Navy Air
Duke

David A. Snyder-from Philadelphia Pa., the wardroom rat who knows more old movie trivia than Wingnut knows 50's songs

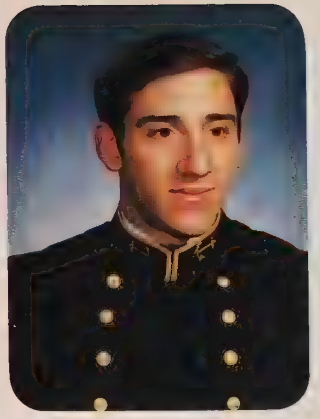
Our memories of Dave from plebe year are blurred because he was not seen much He took about a month off from school to rest, at home (Doctors' orders). When he returned he was behind in class but procrastinated until four papers were overdue in English

Third class year brought regained freedom and chances to see his only love, Skippy Dave and Skippy are a couple like no other. For Valentine's Dance, Skippy brought 8 girls and Dave fixed them up with his "friends". Dave almost lost many friends that night but the beer flowed freely and even Bruce had a good time. When Skippy wasn't here Dave was home observing some holiday Dave spent as much time at home as T.J. spent working in the company

Duke used second class year to improve his procrastination ability and to get some sleep T.V. was available every night and his grades were improving with a minimum of work indicating that he neared his goal. T.J. felt that Snydes may someday make a good leader if he didn't put it off too long

The last year we found Snydes a platoon leader and chubby around the middle. He bettered himself with a desire to get a "C" in PE and a grueling training schedule of a few pullups and a short run every few days. He bettered others by pointing out uniform violations like, too much makeup, diamond earings, and long hair. Living with an engineer did not change his habits. He often procrastinated to the point of working after the engineer went to sleep

Dave's service selection will probably be Navy Air, which goes well with an Oceanography major, but GOOD LUCK, GOOD FLYING, and GET SOME SLEEP!!!
MJO



Thomas M. Tarquinio
Beaver
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Navy Air
Dork

Thomas M. Tarquinio better known as the black and decker power tool of twelfth company will long be remembered as a conscientious, determined, and studious individual. In other words he was a megasweat. Tom has always had an attraction for Navy Air. From time to time he has had an opportunity to practice his trade. I remember an occasion once, where Tom was exercising his charm on an area coed. He found out through intelligence channels that his mate had, Thats right, you guessed it, Berpes, Needless to say he flew. More widely known than his magnetic charm is his accomplishments on the Gridiron. Small as quarterbacks go and not blessed with blinding speed Tom again took to the air. Tarqs accurate passes (ducks) sustained many a navy drive Tom should merge smoothly with the fleet since they're looking for a few real mids

Good luck Wheels.
B.M

Ruben Torres
Romulus
Michigan
Math
Navy Air
Toe - Rez

Ruben Torres? Was he in Twelfth Company? Always a man to maintain a low profile, Ruben was more frequently found at the boathouse, or behind a desk grappling with a difficult math course. He found success doing both as he won a Varsity letter in crew, and maintained grades good enough to ensure a Navy Air billet. Ruben will leave this institution with alot of good (?) memories; an LBFM on first class cruise, a semester with the Laser, and an icy bridge after Thanksgiving. Good luck, we'll be watching the skies, waiting for a chance to go out drinking with a good pilot
J A.E.

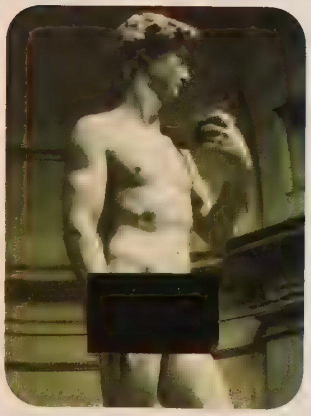
James F. Whitesides
Cincinnatti
Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Birdman

Casual tin grin Jim came, without a clue, from - Ohio. Plebe summer was a blur of wipedowns as soon as he left his room; which was papered with notes saying "nametag-nametag-nametag." After picking up a b-ball letter the rebound found Jim in the more challenging realm of batt tennis supervisor

One of three engineering pretenders in academic twelve, Jim never managed to qualify for membership in the wardrooms prodigious Physical Science club

On the weekends he flew out in his Vette ready to skrog only to be shot down by calls of "hey look at the quiche-eater!", or by catching rem's throughout the Philly Stones concert.

It's been great, good luck Jim- your going to need it!
P. McK.



Colgate
INSTANT SHAVE
Colgate
INSTANT SHAVE
lime
Colgate
INSTANT SHAVE
Colgate
INSTANT SHAVE

Michael R. Barclift
Rantoul
Illinois
General Engineering
Surface Line
Bruce

Mike came to us from the great midwestern metropolis of Rantoul, Illinois. Not many people call him Mike besides his family because to most of us he's better known as Bruce. Bruce established himself early youngster year when he became co-captain of the "Dahlgren Hall Abuse Team". As a second class he became more mobile and spread his talents to many neighboring all female learning institutions where he spent most of his time anyway. Bruce's sharp wit, great sense of humor, and amazing ability to babble when under the influence made him the life of many "Bruce Parties". Who could forget such lines as "I'm rallyin'", "Ain't there yet", "Ku Fu Ray", and "let me fall down so I can puke", A veteran of four Bruce parties Mike claims a hotel room hasn't been made that he can't handle. Even when not on liberty Bruce does his best to excel. In his four years here Bruce has developed into one of the best sleepers in the brigade, none of it at night though. He was also one of the founding fathers of the "Jose Cuervo Club" (gold). This club however was disbanded soon after it was formed however all members were given complimentary black N's for their trouble. A card carrying videoholic he can be found in front of the tube catching up on his Star Trek credits or whatever is on around the clock (in full uniform of course). Although he is a great natural athlete he gave up his oars to dedicate himself to more satisfying pursuits. Bruce has had many memorable moments, most of which he can't remember and we'll never forget. After graduation him, his 69 Mustang convertible, and all our best wishes will go with him to his mecca Pearl Harbour where his frigate and many fun Westpac's await him.

Tony A. Bennett
Richmond
Virginia
Physicial Science
Surface
Tony

Tony known to his companymates as Bud due to his imitation of Lex, Stoney by his teammates on the football team, and Keg-It due to his partying second class summer will easily be remembered as an easy going guy. Tony relished every weekend. From drinking with Brain at Fran's, and with the Bruces in the company, to the time when he got in trouble with the roving patrol 3/c year

The decks of Bancroft will never quite be the same after hosting Tony. If the previous statement isn't true at least his collection of roommates have been changed. All have acquired a certain ability to cope with his favorite "Led Zepplin."

As for the future, it looks like Tony will fulfill his dreams of flying But, instead of flying off a carrier he's trying to change his white cover for a bus drivers cap. That's right, it looks like a new ZOOMIE is born. If Tony's transfer is turned down its time for even a more drastic change with the MARINES. Well whatever he does, Tony will keep on doing his best to PARTY, PARTY, PARTY! Hope to see you on the space shuttle.
M F

Lawrence M. Boyle
Melrose
Massachusetts
General Engineering
Navy Air
Winchester

Larry Boyle migrated south with a head full of idealism, moralistic virtue, and unfathomable innocence (among other things). None of the above have survived his four year sentence here at the boat school. Who says the Academy doesn't prepare you for the fleet?

Larry's real education began in Philadelphia at Army-Navy I. Thirty minutes and a case of 'Golden' led to three very disappointed young ladies and one destroyed bathroom. His learning never stopped though, and during a spring break road trip his quick thinking and a USN jacket saved him a lot of time and money (not to mention a lot of room tours).

With plebe year behind him, Larry came out of his shell. A captain's daughter and new found freedom soon had him realizing that there was life outside Bancroft, particularly at Dahlgren, Franny's, and at the Liberty Bowl (what was her name?). While putting the final touches on his double major (Aeronautical/General Engineering), life took on a new perspective for Winchester. With one arm around his academics, Larry slipped his other arm around his other new love, Nancy, who managed to trek from College Park every weekend to keep Larry mellowed out and in line. Needless to say, Larry's last year at USNA was spent in relative comfort as he finished up using as little energy as possible.

All kidding aside, Larry's quick wit and easy going nature have earned him many lifetime friendships. He takes to the skies with all best wishes, and the day he earns his wings will indeed be "a momentus equation."

Cheryl A. Dolyniuk
Glendale
Arizona
Systems Engineering
Navy Air
Charlie

Cheryl is probably best known for her athletic endeavors—three varsity letters every year since the beginning is really nothing to sneeze at—but few people realize her real accomplishments. To this day, Cheryl does not know how to rig her FDB's due to the fact that she's worn them about the same number of times that she ate on squad tables during plebe year. As a plebe she went away on more weekends than the second class did, but there are two sides to that story. As a first class, her weekends are filled with competition and homework, and a "weekend" simply means no noon formation on Sunday. Most of the leave periods and breaks are spent here at the Academy preparing to "fight" for Navy. When not engaged in sports, Cheryl can almost always be found with her latest love—the computer, of course. As a truly motivated systems major, she spends hour after hour working with Herbie and Nats. Despite this growing relationship, however, people still have the biggest place in her heart. Her coaches and teammates on the court, in the water, and on the water will never be forgotten—nor will the traveling, the power tens, the singing, or the dreaded leaping chairs and rug drills. As the long awaited day in May approaches and service selection looms in the not too distant future, Cheryl has her heart set on flying. So you want to be a blue angel? People have said that Cheryl can do anything that she really wants to . . . . Cheryl has always tried to be the best she can in everything she does, and pleasing her parents is important to her. A combination of five stripes, a possible 12 varsity letters, a 3.5 CQPR, and intentions of being a pilot would certainly be enough to make any parents proud!
K K.

Jean M. Eberhardt
Annapolis
Maryland
Physical Science
Cryptology
Mean

MEAN JEAN- readily recognized as that red streak terrorizing the courts had searched far and wide for the best place to enhance her skills and braved the long journey from her hometown 'Napolis, Merlin to spend the next four years in her own backyard. She came complete with two houses for the company: one for guitar-playing and one for the Bruces. Close as she may have been, Jean had moved to a world far away- even spent her first semester with two "boat people." For Jean the Navy, seamanship training in the Severn Fleet, was not just a job; and the adventure was found in westward Hops. Two years later she cruised the Atlantic and pulled back a Stump. The motion of the ocean may have phased that iron stomach, but a trip to the B.K Lounge could usually cure any malady. Only serious attention to "poison control" could permit Jean to survive all those Big Mac attacks. Learning her best jokes at HRC meetings, Mean could always keep people guessing as to the most efficient route for circuit training in a given evening The thirteenth co. penthouse was home for a year and there went the neighborhood. But, life in the Projects wasn't all too bad- loved those two anchor libs and the exclusive showing of Young Frankenstein. For her final year Jean decided to set up camp in 7-0's front shaft; it brings back memories of the "whole sunrise" and the stuffed shepherd. Firstclass year brought a car which bears the same number as the B-Ball captain's jersey. Jean always did keep things simple- including her solution to cold football games. Identified by her hearty laugh, subtle sarcasm, aversion to academics, athletic enthusiasm, and supportive spirit, Mean Jean Eberhardt has rightfully earned the wellbeing and best wishes from all who know her

Todd D. Evans
Milton
Wisconsin
Political Science
Marine Corps
Chick

Calm, cool, drifty Chick Evans came to the Academy from the dairylands of Wisconsin after a detour through NAPS. One of the last true believers that "the Pack" was really back and that "the Brew Crew" was really the '27 Yankees reincarnated, Todd could often be found talking trivia instead of studying. His love of sports carried Todd through a stellar intramural career that ended with his first victory as a coach and the lightweight's first victory in our four years at USNA. Despite his long neck and his Saturday night study sessions, Todd was never a curve buster. T.D. always claimed that his greatest academic success was that he managed to avoid the ac-boards.

Throughout it all though, Todd gained strength from his faith in God. Always an active member of the Navigators, Todd became a leading member of the club first class year and was never too busy to help those with a problem - spiritual or otherwise. Todd has strived to live by the words of Matthew 9:36-38: "When he saw the crowds, he had compassion for them, because they were harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd. Then he said to his disciples, 'The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into his harvest'" We wish Todd success in this endeavor as he begins a new career

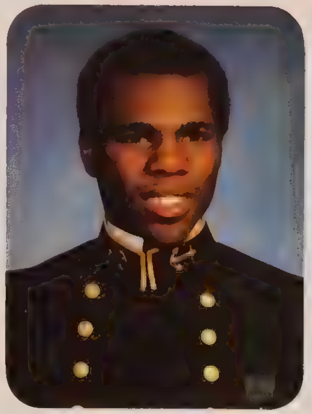
Matthew S. Feely
Dedham
Massachusetts
English
Supply
"Feels"

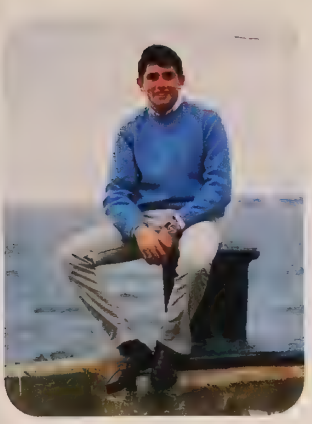
Matthew Feely . . . Feels, Matty, Matt or knocklehead is truly one in a million. Matt came to us from Dedham, Massachusetts well prepared for "I-Day" and the ensuing years as a midshipman. Matt's Irish looks, Boston accent and belief that a paper bag was all he needed for luggage immediately won him many friends.

A first rate comic when the need arises, Matt's "maintain a sense of humor at all costs" doctrine has given him a loyal audience in '83 and has also gotten him into a little trouble to boot. Few will ever forget the immortal lines, "Not particularly, sir," and "Hey, I love you but get out of here you knucklehead." A coniseur of vintage 60's music and a hard core "Three Stooges" fanatic, Matt is one of those people who can mature and grow younger at the same time. A serious athlete, Matt could always be found in Dahlgren skating or in MacDonough boxing. He has displayed the dedication to be a success at anything he decides to do; whether it's academics, athletics, Black N's (oops), or just having a good time. Feels always enjoyed a good time. Very few people besides Matt could actually like being bounced around the North Atlantic during a week long hurricane in a 98 foot sail boat. His billet as "head fisherman" must have kept him happy. The daily grog rations didn't hurt either. It is this same happy outlook on life that has ensnared the countless number of "dames" he never had any trouble meeting Matt will always be a true Bruce to the first order, and we're going to miss this man's humor, companionship and 1934 pick-up truck. Whatever Matt's service selection, we know it will include strong winds, heavy seas and a defiant growl. To quote one of Matt's famous naval sayings, "Oh Bloody Hell." Good luck matey!

Julian G. Finley
Homewood
Alabama
Math
Marine Corps
Julio

Julian G. (great?) Finley an "NBA, born-that-way" from the only state in the union that begins with a "B", Bama. Since '83 made its appearance at USNA, Ju has become well known for being unknown, incomprehendible, illogically logical and shrewd. He can always be counted on for a straight answer-"not really" or "remarkable!". Finley, how tall are you? . . . it all depends sir Some of Fin's favorite pass times are swimming, eating oranges, grinning, and driving people crazy, which have kept him more than busy for the past few years. His most successful effort-driving people crazy - is seen in the behavior of his not-so-conventional Puerto Rican roomate But, Julio has a method to his madness. Who knows just what it is? He's genuine, yes he really is insane, but that doesn't make him dishonorable. He always told the truth about what he's up to - it's a pitty nobody ever beleived him- he would have been fried out of USNA. He never made it a habit to spend much time here anyway. He took weekends and even weekdays whenever he could (which was about always). Liberty to Julio meant Zak's, Big Bros, T., M.M.Ame, Alpha, and tutoring (talk about the blind leading the blind?). His distinct character also means that Julio is singularly special. With a warm, gigantic heart, he's one of the mean 13 who is always ready to give a hand (right Dave E.) -or both if you're really hurting. Good luck
R.W.L.





Claude V. Galluzzo
Liverpool
New York
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Submarines

Like the Beatles, Claude originally hailed from the small town of Liverpool. Only for Claude it was Liverpool, New York. After spending a year at the University of Colorado, he left the mountains and arrived on the more suitable banks of the muddy Severn to begin his career as a Naval Officer. The skiing just wasn't the same, but Claude managed to stay for the duration. At the Naval Academy, he excelled professionally as well as academically. As an Ocean Engineer this academic excellence was not easy and meant many long hours spent in the dungeons of Rickover Hall. Claude also enjoyed many sports at the Academy, most notably soccer. He was always instrumental in maintaining the proud record of the 13th company soccer team. However, the nastier bruises came from the hockey team (b). The approach of senior year meant many changes for Claude. He quickly became invisible on weekends as he drove off in his RX-7, headed for one of the many local girls colleges. He was also great to have around the company because of his willingness to lend a hand or run a quick errand. He will have a "glowing" future as he heads on to Orlando and a career in the Nuclear Submarine community. Claude's four years at the Naval Academy can best be described as successful, a success which he attributes mainly to his parents who provided him with constant support and many haircuts. DLTBGYD
D.J.P

Peter Joseph Holland
Burke
Virginia
History
Marine Corps
Shorty

Who could forget Pete Holland, the only man I ever saw who could stand up and play catcher for the softball team. Pete was also an avid soccer and handball player. He played on three Brigade Champion handball teams and coached the company soccer team to a near perfect season during 1st class year

Pete spent a year enjoying college life at U. Conn. before USNA realized the potential stored in his diminutive frame. He decided after a taste of Engineering that "Bull" was more to his liking and became a History major

Pete's ability to spin a yarn or tell an entertaining story was the cause of many an abbreviated study hour, at least from an academic standpoint His engineering type roomates enjoyed the entertainment Pete provided, but had to wonder at times if he wasn't the cause of almost as many late nights as the books were.

Pete considered every branch of the Naval service, even letting Mckee have a shot at him, before settling on "the Green Machine". We wish him the best as he attempts to teach the Marine Corps how to adopt to his way of doing things

James D. Hooks
Gainesville
Florida
Applied Science
Marine Corps
"Hooker"

Jim entered the hallowed halls of Bancroft with a love of the sea that was limited to surfboards and near-naked beach bunnies. The loss of his board, his afro, and his God-given right to the pursuit of happiness, i.e. women, soon made him realize that things were about to change The initial shock didn't slow him down for long though, and he greeted the returning brigade with a full head of steam

After a near fatal collision with the engineering dept., Jim barely got in under the wire and chose a real major. That taken care of, he proceeded to command the summer color company, 13th company, earn two N-stars, and break a lot of hearts (not necessarily in that order)

Playing 150# football was tough on the Hooker, but he always seemed to thrive on full contact sports, ignoring the pain. If someone wasn't trying to knock his head off, he was constantly getting terrible "rug" burns.

As for the future, Jim is going to the Marines, and they are gaining an outstanding man Some say it is just because he likes the uniform, or that the crew-cut will hide his premature grey What ever his reasons, he should excel, leading his fellow marines on search and destroy missions to M W.C. We're sure all the girls have seen his poster. If not, he probably has a few copies he can autograph for them

A true southern gentleman, scholar, and best friend, we wish him what he deserves - the best

Roberto W. Lago
San Juan
Puerto Rico, USA
Physical Science
NFO
Bob

Bob began his Academy career on the right foot and lead his classmates on the left foot singing "the goat is old and narly." Going into plebe year Bob was all legs but he didn't let that keep him down-soon he was flying high and earned his Navy-Marine Corps gold jump wings Youngster cruise was a blast (one of the few mids that could see his house but couldn't go home.) Third class year went by trivially as he continuously studied for his demandin major

With the coming of Second class year came a roll back in time (the fresh green of the late 50's). Also the chasing of nurses (and vice versa) became quite a sport (and Bob didn't have to get sick). Second semester was a new life (living in the ghetto and a double major) By the end of the semester Bob learned a new trick in the car business (remember the zakmobile over Freddie's house?) His plebe summer detail gave him a lot of experience (decide, delegate, and disappear with 3-srtiper libs.) As the 1st semester came by, Bob saw himself moving up in the company-to the 13th co penthouse But as the saying goes "once in the ghetto, always in the ghetto." Bob and his roomies had to move back to the ghetto (even though Sweetnies didn't like to be far from B b). Once again Bob distinguished himself as the most effective squad leader (ask N'Myer-yes like the army ROTC from Nat'l Lampoon's Animal House) He also got the special attention of the little crusader in the hall or during marchovers. Bob also characterized himself by the way he dressed on weekends (how about those issued dungarees for working or which edition of GQ have you read lately). No matter what he did or said (lots of them 4-letter words) His leadership style was different and will always be (10/9 James?). Good luck in the fleet!
J.G F

Martin G. McMahon
Elmhurst
Illinois
Physical Science
Surface Line
Bruce

Marty showed up on the doorstep here at USNA from the "mecca of the midwest", Chicago, via the headstart program in Newport. With nothing more than a stuff bag full of jokes, stories, and eight or nine burnt out huggers, the original Bruce hit plebe summer with all of the enthusiasm it deserved. An ex-track man, Bruce heard it from the sky that physically abusing his body around a cinder oval was not his calling and he devoted his full energies to what he does best . . . the prototype social assault trooper. So with the gouge from Ann Landers in hand he set about for the next two and a half years to make history. Trained by the best in the hallowed proving grounds of Dahlgren Hall, Bruces name soon became legend at places like Catholic U, Hubbard Hall (sasss . . .), the Army-Navy club, the Holiday Inn of Annapolis (what do you mean $360 surcharge!), Penn Center, and the list goes on for days. Bruce doesn't need a reason to party, he needs a reason not to. Around the hall he is the undisputed rack king, tube king founder of "Bruce of the Week", varsity power eating team, and the first 13th company reality rep. After graduation, Marty, Robin, a jewel he picked up on one of his social excursions and had the good sense to hold on to, and the Ford Econoline "Tomato" are off to that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, a minesweeper out of Norfolk. Good luck buddy!
K.F.R.

Matthew J. Needleman
Bowie
Maryland
Applied Science
Navy Air
Needle

Although only 20 miles from home, Needle took a big detour through NAPS before finally finding his way to USNA. Arriving just in time to meet Al the pal, Matt began a long year as the leader of the stupidest room in the brigade. After playing plebe baseball for his good buddy Stiff, Matt took a step up to intramurals where he starred in softball, soccer and football. Obviously a good athlete, Matt kept us wondering how he managed to run a 6:29 mile eight semesters in a row. The same drive and desire that made Matt a success on the field must have had some influence on his choice of a major because he never let us forget just how tough his major (management) really was.

If Matt is to be remembered for anything it will be his weekend escapades. A lover of wild turkey, Matt's "turkey goggles" introduced him to many "different" kinds of women in his career ("Get out of here! Tell him to get out!!"). Who will ever forget Matt's passion for squeaky bunk-beds or the bite marks on his glutimus maximus?

For 3 years, Needle enjoyed hiding in the middle of the company but First class year found Matt goose-stepping us around worden field.

Having always looked one way-air-Matt decided that any future marching was definitely not for him. So the future holds Pensacola, Florida sunshine, and a set of gold wings for Matt.
P.J.H.

Lawrence J. O'Connor
Alexandria
Virginia
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Larry O

Life around the 13th company just wouldn't have been the same without laid back Larry O'Connor. A firm believer in the saying "I never let school interfere with my education." Larry could always be counted on to find the simplest solution to the most difficult problems. For example, hating to walk to class, Larry chose Applied Science because it had the most classes of any major in nearby Chauvenet Hall. With that kind of reasoning, who could get upset with a guy that hated formal room inspections because he didn't want to mess up 16 weeks of well placed dust? Though Mr. Mellow in the hall, Larry O was a wild man everywhere else and he spent much of his time trying to avoid those crazy killer mailboxes while roadtripping it to green alerts. Ingenuity was Larry's strong point. Why wear a tie at Army when a sock will do? How about those disco shoes Larry? Far and away though, his greatest feats always occurred right in good old Annapolis. Youngster year found Larry practicing for the 200 yard swim by taking a few laps around Annapolis Harbor one Saturday night. The following year Larry decided to bring his good buddy, Jose Cuervo, back to the hall with him. Needless to say, Larry had a path beaten from his door to main (O) by first class summer.

A baseball player when he first arrived, Larry quickly saw the light and for the next few years anchored the company basketball, fieldball and softball teams. Plebes shuddered in Larry O's presence and somebody said they once heard him ask a rate-but that's only a rumor. Larry's optimistic outlook on life is guaranteed to bring him as many good times and as much success in the fleet as it brought him here in stalag 13. Good luck Larry, "You're the greatest."
P.J.H.

David J. Phaneuf
Middleton
Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Neffer

A true yankee, "the south never rose and never will", Neffer comes from the small town of Middleton, Ma. which he commonly refers to as God's country. Here his primary interests were hockey and girls, not necessarily in that order. As destiny landed Dave on the quiet banks of the Severn river, he began to make his mark on the Naval Academy Dahlgren hall became his home as he went out to prove himself on the Navy hockey team. He quickly became known as one of the most talented players of the team, which he played on during his four years at the Academy Dave was known at Dahlgren Hall for his fast moving and hard hitting style, but no one was sure if this referred to his skating on Saturday afternoon or his behavior at Disco Dahlgren on Saturday nights. Hearing that only a fool would undertake the rigorous Mechanical Engineering major at the Academy, Dave thought he'd give it a try. He was able to prove himself academically, at the expense of a lot of late nights and a year's supply of No-Doz, as he became a 3.0 student. As first class year approached, a drastic change was seen in his lifestyle. He was no longer seen closing down the bars of Annapolis on Saturday night He was now most commonly seen accompanying a cute little blonde "K.C." to one of the social events in the yard or studying. It also became common to see him driving around in a shiny maroon 280-ZX. His new conservative lifestyle gave him a fairly quiet existence first class year (except for an unauthorized beef borrito and big gulp here and there). Admiral Rickover's retirement didn't stop Dave from joining the silent service, and Dave's future in submarines will surely be a success
C.V.G

Edward C. Pyne
Milton
Massachusettes
Mathematics Operations Analysis Concentration
Surface
Bruce

In a long search for a fraternity worth joining, Eddy decided that the one called the brigade of midshipmen was worth trying. Of course, nothing could compare favorably with Ed's beloved Tau Kappa Epsilon at the University of Lowell in Massachusettes. Fortunately for us, he decided to stick with the more mundane life of the Academy

Ed is a difficult guy to figure out. His romances with women are impossible to envision for anyone who does not know him well. The ring dance story is a classic. I wonder how many midshipmen in the history of the ring dance have so abruptly cancelled and appropriated dates for the big event. No one will ever understand why he insists on studying in front of a stereo speaker while it is throwing out enough juice to shake the bulkheads. For all his peculiarities, no one can help but to love this stubborn Bostonian.

The kid from Milton decided that since he was an engineer at a "real college", he could be one here. The Electrical Engineering department believed in another theory, however, and to correct the situation, Ed decided to spend every minute out of the classroom on the Cheasapeake Bay as a varsity sailor.

Actually Pyneso corrected the situation by becoming a math major. Advanced Calculus must be his forte, or at least another one of life's experiences. Experience is the magic word. Ed has an experience for every one that anyone has. We'll never know exactly how many factories Eddy worked, but we do know that he will be a tribute to whatever branch of the Navy he selects.
M.S.F.

Greg S. Rusch
St. James
New York
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Line
Headrush

In 1979, Smithtown and the rest of Long Island provided too little excitement for Greg to stick around, so he donned his dungaree jacket, jumped into his 68 Firebird, and floored it down 95-at-95 just to raise his right hand and say, "So help me God." God has helped Head, for these four years have proved fruitful. Very few Mech E majors manage a respectable QPR, but Header did it by walking through the halls during study hour; and spending as long as possible in the wardroom staring into the depths of their jet black coffee.

The engineering discipline is Heads forte', but the humanities held him captive for longer than he would have liked. Lets' face it; we all have our weaknesses. Head is no english major. His Long Island colloquilisms appeared more often on his plebe English papers than did passing grades. His "*mastery*" of the english language is well illustrated by his "off the cuff" remarks. Header would never tell his ring dance date that he thought they should get into line for a picture Instead, he'd say "Dis line ain't gettin no shorter."

Greg's personality makes him a pal. Anyone from a family of 9 and who lives in a wood stove heated garage has to be easy to get along with. This trait, among others, makes him highly desired by the surface nuke community, which he'll step aboard upon leaving the banks of the Severn. As Greg goes away from Crabtown we ask who will water Worden field. Worden will miss Greg's sneezes at drill, our wardroom will miss Greg's inate ability to fix anything, and we'll just miss . . . Greg.
M.S.F.

Tina R. Sherman
Daytona
Florida
Political Science
Marine Corps
T.

Obviously confused as to the best exit out of New Jersey, Tina came to Annapolis with a sink or swim attitude. Musical uniform races, pillow fights, and the code of conduct gave way to the duties of a bom (promulgating messages), a perfect tuck, and "huck the tuskies" posters. New eyeglasses and math e.i. meant new sponsors for someone who was ever ready to make new friends. Never one to cross the BHRC, Tina's friends included Bobby and Bama laughin' all their way through this place. Youngster year consisted of nothing behind closed doors and any thoughts of punching out were swiftly kicked out of her head by another brown belt. Tina took charge of the karate club, fencing team and the vociferous basketball fans. Her proficiency in the spanish language led Tina to some non-nautical experiences in Puerto Rico and Spain. Cruises ranged from E-boat YP to the boys in company 1c to moosing her way into a Surface Warfare qualification. Even though Tina forced her parents to move to Florida so that she could improve her tan, she also managed to vacation at the Pentagon and Hawaii. By combatting popcorn and guitar-playing with boatfood and grateful dead Sherm survived the slums of Bancroft hall. Now, during this last year when Tina actually enjoys doing Political Science assignments, it can be seen that she has adopted a mellower version of her intense lifestyle. She has grown both physically and spiritually stronger every year. "I can do everything through Him who gives me strength." Philippians 4:13
Jean

Alan B. Smith
St. Simons Island
Georgia
Applied Science
Nuclear Power
Smitty

Alan Bartow ("Bartow, as in general Francis Bartow, confederate states Army. Did I ever tell you about my great great great uncle the blockade runner . . .?") Smith came to the Academy from the golden isles of Southern Georgia. In his four year stay, the Academy has not been able to change his love for flashy clothes, fast cars, and southern women. Al has exceled in all facets of academy life from varsity athletics to the classroom where he made the sup's list

Al's leadership ability has been felt in a number of different situations, whether planning road trips, attacks on local girl's schools or being the Third Battalion Commander. "Scrunch" has never done anything half-heartedly ("Anything worth doing is worth doing in excess"). He has worn a path in route 50 to Georgetown in his new four-wheel stereo. With his southern charm the passenger seat was never empty. Remember the pink champagne and Mr. Bubble . . . loose boxers at army . . . "No Larry, you're the greatest" . . . H.C. . . . and of course Al's long time rivalry with Uncle Jack (current standings Al 6, Jack 2, 1 tie)

Smitty has broken a lot of hearts up here, but kept a special place in his, for the girl back home. He has decided on Navy Air. Or is it Marine Corps? (What day is this?). Actually, the wheel of fate eventually stopped on Nuclear Subs. Nuc Power?!!? Not the typical submariner, we are sure our "renegade nuc" will teach those bubbleheads how to enjoy life to it's fullest. The best that money can buy, we wish him all the luck in the world (He's going to need it in Orlando!)

David E. Snyder
Delaware
Ohio
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Snydes

Coming from a town named after a state, Dave immediately impressed us as a man of contradictions. Who else could wear Ohio state shorts, black socks, and docksiders around the company area for four years and not care if anyone laughed? Who else considered 4 hours of sleep a night excessive? It had to be Snydes. A certified geek, Dave tackled the famous EE department and dazzled them with his quick mind, his super-fast mechanical pencil, and his 3.65 QPR. Contrary to popular belief, Dave did not spend all his time studying. An active member of the drum and bugle corps for two years, Dave switched his allegiance to the glee club second class year and claimed more road trips than anyone in the company (Did you go to New Orleans, Las Vegas, The White House . . .?). A sly one while playing on 4 brigade championship teams in 4 years, Dave would often appear on the handball court with his geek glasses, his pro-keds, and his shorts pulled up around his chest, and then proceed to beat some poor sucker dizzy.

Without a doubt, Dave was the hardest worker that many of us have ever met and we were as happy as he was upon his selection to the nuclear power program. First class year also brought Dave the joys of 3 striper libs and the affections of a cute southern belle from Virginia. A loyal friend and a good man to have during rough times, Dave may have doubted his abilities, but he never lost his faith in God, which is something, above all else, that assures us of his continued success for years to come.

P.H.

Michael I. Treadwell
San Diego
California
Political Science
Surface
Treads

From lotus land to USNA . . . you can bring a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Isn't this Berkley? The four-year olympic rack-a-thon. He came for the social life. Mike has never let the Naval Academy interfere with his personal lifestyle. This was particularly true when it came to women, but it was his "women in the yard" that earned him the title "Wuba King" also famous for his academics, Mike should place within the top 90% of his class. Combining this with his exemplary conduct and performance record, he should easily place within the top 99%. Yet a few images stand out to make it a all worthwhile-Sarah . . . long hair . . . Kilo company communists . . . Kelly . . . Jane . . . Chequita . . . Elizabeth . . . AC boards . . . Encinitas . . . fresh fruits for rotting vegetables . . . Robs school of funk . . . black N . . . move to lucky thirteen , , , Lt. Brown . . . Bermuda . . . Susan . . . bagging in max rays . . . Zen and the art of restriction . . . . Lisa . catwoman . . . later days and tubular waves . . . Anne . . . dangerous . . . do they have encounter groups at Quantico? . . . fly high . . . Anne . . . . cloud above lotus-it too becomes a Buddha (boryo 18th century)

R.G.P.

Jane A. Ward
Jenison
Michigan
Economics
Navy Pilot
Jane

Jane arrived at the Academy as a quiet, seventeen-year old girl from a small hometown in Michigan. The rigors of plebe year were a shock . . . "An F-4 is what?" "How could they blame me for depriving our entire fourth class of their racks?" However she managed to survive the hardships, including celebrating her 18th birthday earning her "scuba quals". The year ended with the joyous sound of a redhead duet singing "Happy Herndon to You!" Since then, Jane has expanded her tastes and interests to keep herself entertained. She enjoyed running, and she and her teammates explored many ways to make running fun. After much hard work, and many good times, Jane earned her letter in track. But, her good times also allowed her to earn another "N" during second class year for one of her "spirits" related activities. Inspired by the opening of the Baltimore aquarium, Jane decided to create a small aquatic environment for display in her locker. Some of Jane's more useful endeavors include providing transportation in her abused but faithful Volare, supplying the "box" for social functions, and representing the female midshipmen on "Bruce" excursions and Hoodtramids. Thus, after four years of memorable experiences, Jane is now prepared to head out and seek future fun in the fleet

William E. Weinert
El Paso
Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Sweinert

Why Bill came to USNA has never really been known. An Army brat for a good portion of his life, Bill could often be found putting the finishing touches on his newest tank model, while many a plebe had to endure Bill's famous "history of the German army" come arounds. This is not to say that Bill would not go all out for good old Navy For example, a somewhat demented student, Bill once holed up in his room for an entire weekend, with the blinds down and only bananas for food, in an attempt to raise his grades To his friends, Bill was a great practical joker; to his enemies, Bill was a devious soul (Remember that squad leader youngster year who could never get her locker open because the lock was super glued shut?)

A true Texan in every sense of the word. Bill loved to talk about Texas women, real football, how fast his RX-7 could go through the desert, and how Maryland is really part of New England Texas' loss is the submarine force's gain as Bill heads out to sea to fulfill one of his life's great dreams of serving on a U-boat May he always have fair winds and smooth seas and let's hope the ruskies will have as much trouble figuring him out as we've had

P H

John P. Wiltenmuth, III
Baton Rouge
Louisiana
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
Teke

If it hadn't been for a certain Pittsburg Pirate pitcher during the '79 world series and his resemblance to one John P. Wiltenmuth (don't forget the III), the most famous of all the company's nicknames would never have been discovered. Dubbed "Teke" by firsties and classmates alike, John set out to prove that the only word that adequately describes him is "different." A neat freak, John could store more things in his room than many of us could fit in a house. Anyone with a filing system for his cookies didn't need to worry too much about his room appearance. Besides being so neat, Wilty was also a pack rat and if anyone needed tools, wires, chits, earplugs, a copy of letters from the Dant's desk, five kinds of tape, mouse traps or assorted other junk, Wilty had it. One would think that Teke's type would love the regimented life of USNA, but being "volunteered" for the garden state bowl, Orlando detail, and fluids with the rocket only reaffirmed Teke's belief that the Navy was out to get him. A physical negate when he got off the train, Wilty ended his career at USNA as the mile run instructor for the sub squad. Obviously, the fact that he got more chow packages as a firstie than the rest of us got as plebes did not hurt him.

Possessing one of the quickest wits around, John was always good for a laugh or two. And although he claimed that he was an eternal pessimist, we saw Teke smile too often to believe him. As John takes his favorite saying, "Veni, vidi, eveni laete" (I came, I saw, I left gladly). To the Surface Navy, we wish him the best of luck throughout his life
P.H.

David J. Yoder
Carlisle
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer
Yodes

While searching for some of the lost sheep from his farm in Carlisle, Dave stumbled upon Mother Bancroft, tasted the Ham Francisco, and announced that that he was staying. Fortunately for us he did. Right from the start, Dave decided that he was going to give a new meaning to the word "thrillseeker." Our own Yoda joined the Canoe club, the "B" team hockey club, the Bike club, the Scuba club, the Orienteering club, and he even sailed to Europe for youngster cruise instead of taking it easy like the rest of us. If that wasn't enough, Dave braved the dangerous world of battle-lax, fieldball and he coached the infamous company lightweight football team (Does 53-0 at halftime ring a bell?). All this excitement can tire a guy out and we usually knew where to find Dave during study hour - in the rack. *When* Dave actually studied has been one of the great mysteries of our time, but he still managed to struggle by in Oceanography with a 3.30

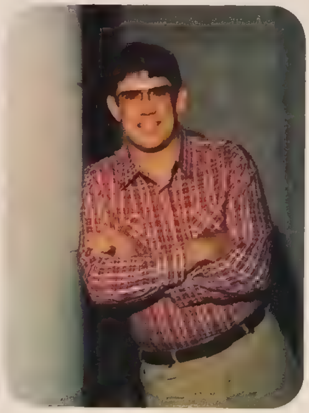
Throughout it all though, Dave remained the lovable farm boy from Pennsylvania. Flannel shirts, blue jeans and work boots were Dave's true uniform First class year and it would have been out of character for Dave to drive anything but a blue pickup. An NFO since he said the words, "So help me God," we're sure that the Navy will appreciate Dave's desire to excell, his good natured exuberance, and his love of life, as much as we all did.
P H

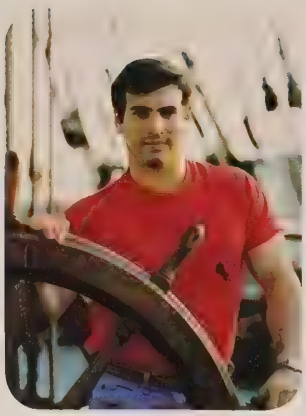
Lee S. Young
Canandiagua
New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Lee Dog

After 12 months aboard the submarine *Scamp*, Lee got the bright idea that it is better to give orders than to receive them. So Lee came to USNA to major in sleeping, eating, sailing and, in his spare time, Marine Engineering. From the start, Lee was the company's greatest chow hound. He was the only man in the brigade who could detect a chow package anywhere within a 10 room radius. Knowing his passion for food and his unathletic appearance, Lee prepared himself for the mile run and the applied struggle by joining the sailing team. Thus, for the next four years, Lee Dog sailed to almost everywhere: From England, to Germany, to Bermuda, while somehow managing to pass all his athletic tests

Never one to take things too seriously, Lee could always be counted on to see the lighter side of life on the banks of the Severn. This was never so obvious as during First class year when even the Dant's "Good morning Navy" could not make Lee forget that he had a 280ZX, a pretty little nurse in Baltimore - and that the Dant had to stay another year.

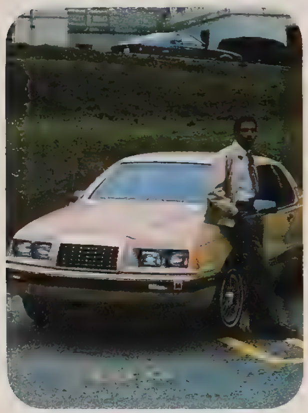
As Lee continues his interrupted career as a bubblehead, we'll never forget his happy-go-lucky attitude towards life, his smiling face, his desire to help a friend, or his eternal question, "Can I have some?"
P.H.





Francis R. Blundetto Jr.
Fairfield
New Jersey
Physical Science
Marine Air
Frank

Frank hails from up north of the garden state off of exit 16W. After a year at NAPS to brush up on academics and have fun with major J., he came to Canoe U. thirsting for knowledge and determined to prove himself. Plebe year went quickly for Frank, between throwing the javelin for the varsity track team, evenings with Flipper, and Joe (I'll ask the questions here) Catoe. All of a sudden now Frank was an upperclass. Each day brought another letter with frogs on it from his soon to be wife Denise. And who'll ever forget his experience up at the Syracuse football game with that blazing quiche eater. Second class year brought many thrills for Frank. He was quickly recognized as the main flamer on murders row. He also made a new friend in Lem Motlow in his garage. With the coming of first class year, and the end of 82, the big guys united into a 3 man tuna superpower. The entire front shaft feared Frank and "the mauler" which snapped McCracken like a twig. Known by his roommates as "Boxcar Willy", fear shuddered through the CMOD when 2300 came for they knew it was only a matter of time till Frank bellowed "Yo mate, shut those #%$ *$#& lights off—nooowwww" or when a certain segundo was told to get in the shower. So it's off to fly with the few and the proud for Frank. Good luck to him and Denise in Quantico and Pensacola and wherever else the corps may lead them. And remember Detto, let the plumber fix your shower. FB-DB-DO! Don't lose your banky!
A.V.P.



Troy E. Brannon
Little Rock
Arkansas
Economics
Surface Line
Te-roi

Troy came to USNA from the great city Little Rock. There was very little Naval influence in Little Rock and it certainly showed in Troy. Even still, Troy was a survivor. He always had a smile or a hello for you. He seemed to enjoy this place dispite itself. For 4 years Troy watched the gladiators shrink in size from 12 to 5. Never fear, Troy cause the gladiator memories will live on forever in the minds of Rick, Clint, Gary, Norris "TC" Cannon, Kevin and Al.

Best of Luck in the fleet, Troy

Thanks to God, my mom and dad, and a special thanks to Veronica.

Jerry M. Crockett
Richmond
Virginia
Political Science
Supply
Jerry

Jerry came to Annapolis straight from the fleet. The reason that he was able to get sailor of the month twice became readily apparent. Even during plebe summer, he showed through the crowd as a natural leader. While the rest of us were struggling to know our rates, Jerry wrote the company theme song. Plebe year was pretty easy for him. He did not make any waves; thus, no one bothered him. On his way back from dead week leave, he fell on his head, and sustained a brain infection. But, after three exciting weeks in Bethesda, he was ready to go on youngster cruise.

Jerry has established himself pretty well in town. He and his buddy, Don, move out of Bancroft on the weekends and into Docksides. The first time we went to Docksides together I knew that he must have been there before. The bartender, waitresses, piano player, and half of the clientele knew him on a first name basis.

Jerry has to be about the neatest person that I have ever met. Our opinions on room standards clashed at times, but we were able to peacefully coexist. He actually folds his laundry within twenty four hours of receiving it. His neatness does not only pertain to the room, but also to his dress as well. He usually wears through at least two whisk brooms a semester. Dressed as a civilian he looks like something straight out of "GQ".

Annapolis will be losing an institution once graduation rolls around. I wish you the best of luck from here on out.
R.R.J.

Thomas B. Dalpini
Memphis
Tennessee
Computer Science
Supply Corps
Tom

Thomas Bryan Dalpini was the model midshipman. He ate hot dogs and apple pie; loved baseball and of course drove a Chevrolet. He was what Navy is all about: morally, mentally, and physically. Tom joined the elite group in 14 all the way from Memphis, Tennessee. He was always working; and if he wasn't studying he would square away his uniform, clean the room, do sit-ups for the upcoming A-S, or read the bible. He was the perfect mid; he even lived up to the Dant's standards. He could have been rich as the class treasurer but instead insisted on balancing the books. He is one of those guys that never says a bad word about anyone. His roommate tried to corrupt him but to no avail. If someone didn't like Tom it was because he was so perfect. At times he bothered his roommate because he was so moral he acted as his roommate's conscience. He was Felix Unger and his roommate was Oscar Madison. As a Computer Science major it looks like he will be the perfect Naval Officer of the future. Tom got very involved with the bible so all we can say is you're on the right course Tom. Good luck and may God be with you.
C H M

Richard L. Elder
Arkon
Ohio
Computer Science
Navy Air
Elder-Dick

Hailing from Akron, Ohio, Rich touched down at USNA for I-day. Not liking what he saw, he quickly went back into orbit (He was the only mid to use his 2/c car loan to buy a personal space ship). But really folks, Rich fit right into the system; just ask him about his plebe year squad leader. He was always ready to head a cheer in the wardroom, especially when provoked by a high-pitched female voice. His voice will forever ring in our ears. Later Rich showed what he was made of academically, dynamically moving from systems engineering to computer science. Later, he showed us some real smarts by avoiding the parade field with a passion, which is more than he gave Becky (What ever came of that letter on the B-board?). In his last two years he has showed us how multi-faceted he is with his skiing and outdoorsman prowess. But really folks, Rich will best be remembered for his unique and great sense of humor. Rich is a joy to be around, always ready with a witty remark. We all wish him the best, as he heads to Pensacola and the great blue skies

James F. Guiliano
Longmeadow
Massachusetts
Economics
Supply Corps
"Jewels"

Jim left his mother's comfort in New Canaan, Connecticut and entered the outstretched arms of "mother B". Due to his keen sight, he soon found that "eye"-day was more than he bargained for. He was off to a late start but he found his loyal roommates waiting for someone to drag them through plebe summer and Jim soon showed them how to take care of their racks.

From the beginning, life at the Academy was easy for Jim with his photographic memory. It was a shame that his lens was shattered on youngster cruise, but he saw the light in his 3/c year (the midnight oil burning). "Jewels" really missed the comforts of home, so he had his mom send them to him. She sent more "care packages" than the Peace Corps

If he wasn't wrestling with the rack or hypnotized by the tube, he was displaying his talents on the ice. With a stick in his hand, Jim became the "Mr. Hyde" of the hockey team. He carried the team on to many victories- along with carrying them away from many parties.

As a 2/c, academia was not for Jim, he had enough troubles being the captain of the hockey team and running an underclass parking lot within the two mile limit. Jim was as competitive off the ice as he was on, he never quit until the end or the "last beer". "I can't believe you, Zu!" Senior year soon arrived and so did Jim's car (In the yard that is!). He broke out the atlas and became a regular Christopher Columbus, or was it Don Juan? He survived the four long years and we'll always remember how the "Mole" beat the boat school and selected the corps—the supply corps.

R.F.W. & W.J.L.

Mark R. Hopgood
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Navy Air
Mark

Mark blew into the Academy from the steel city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with fire in his eyes, ideas in his head, and air in his lungs. Never one to keep his opinions to himself, the Wind let everyone know his views whether they wanted them or not, which lead to violence, confusion, and even fun (toll booth-shhhhhh! Christmas lights-ahhhhhh!!) After all, this was *THE* Mark Hopgood! As the center of many road trips to various colleges over the years (I know someone who goes there . . .) the crusader proclaimed to know someone at almost every college in the country, and almost proved that he did. He also became the company leader in returning from leave late for three straight years. How could that happen with a parking space right in your own backyard?! (I'll never tell!) A bull major at heart, Hop had more liberty and sleep in one week than the rest of us got in a month, but he still managed to keep busy in all company activities. From company soccer (brigade champs '81), to parade judge (bagger), to the head of the urban assault vehicle (you gravy sucking pigs!), Mark found himself involved in almost every event that went on around here. Plagued by the phantom and the tragic loss of Dobbers, Mark managed to stick it out and even found a new roommate (Well, a few roommates anyway). Having stepped up in class from a spitfire to his real love, a BM-er, Mark need not worry about his car dying in front of the deputy dant's house (In broad daylight!) any longer. The only person who may be able to control Mark (besides M.H.R.) is Judy, and she should be able to keep him under wraps until they tie the knot or he runs out of . . . wind

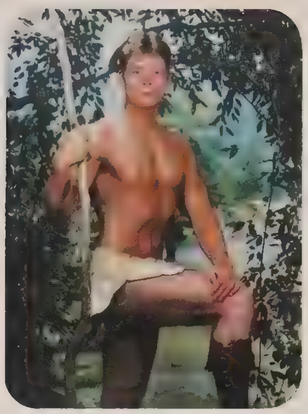
In so many ways, Mark has been a real friend to all of us and has had a profound effect on all of our lives (Whether we like it or not!). Best of luck Mark and continued success in your future endeavors.

M.R

Richard R. Jentoft
Tucker
Georgia
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Dick

From Tucker, Ga. to Annapolis came Richard Randall Jentoft-, better known to all of us as Dick. Plebe year for Dick was rather uneventful for he had little difficulty slipping into the routine of being a midshipman. Dick was set lo on maintaining a low profile but found it necessary, thanks to Witt D. and peanutbutter, to cause a little havoc in the wardroom. It was also during this time that Dick became a part of the scrooge, squirrel, and Dick triad on 7-3. One year and lots of good times later, he took third class year by storm-well not really. Afterall, he did have his (Mr. Nice Guy) reputation to consider. As a second class Dick spent a great deal of time participating on the bowling team and as a starter on the varsity rack squad. This could possibly explain his inability to fold his laundry, clean the room, make his rack, ect. . . . . First class year (and a car) brought many new adventures for Dick. Not the least of these were the hood roadtrips . . . in the years to come Dick will be remembered for many things: new wave music(?); wake up calls (Dick . . . Dick get up . . . Dick!!!!!!!) transitory hobbies; his (lack of) neatness; and, the ever present trunk and boxes. But most importantly (and seriously) Dick's indelible sense of humor, intelligence, and conversational wit will be among our fondest memories at USNA. And, although Dick is going Navy Air, his feet will always be on the ground

J.M.C.



Timothy P. Kraft
Lakeville
Minnesota
Political Science
Marine Corps
Timmie-O

If the class of 1980 could see Timmie-O now. Those guys were wrong thinking Timothy was a "Harley Skidmore junior". Tim doesn't shave his head anymore nor does he sweat the load However he still loves those "Semper Fi" Types (not as much as Mommie-O though). Following the "major", Tim's real major was airborne, that is, if he finished his LTM training. Tim came to the east coast from the great white north along with his friends Sven and Sally. Up in "Minnesoda" they do things differently. Tim'a a die-hard NRA man. Back at home if he's not fighting off the indians he's cat hunting. It took TPK a long time to get out of the cowboy scene, but now he doesn't "yippee-tye-eye-o" or "hoo-eee-doo-eee" into bed. Frills don't thrill Timmie-O. The "Dude" loves to sleep on the floor and hang upside down, but heaven forbid having clean laundry Right now Tim's probably out running around in his loin cloth, eating chili (beans) out of his fine chinette and plastic silverware, and burying his money in the backyard. Timmie-O's big goal if the recon team doesn't suit him is to be a big rock star like Ted Nugent. He's already got a manager, a private secretary (if she'll leave the physics dept), and the groupies lined up. Even though Timothy Paul dresses in some wild outfits and gets into Astrology, he's no space case. Tim just likes to please the crowd. Timmie-O, "You're there"!
J.Y

William J. Larson
Sunnyvale
California
Applied Science
Marine Air
"Lars"

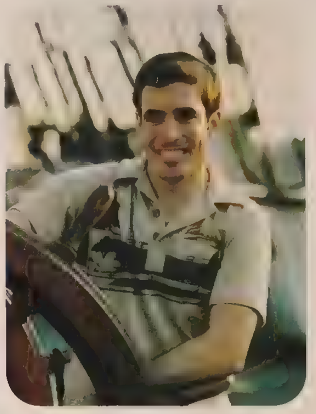
Bill slam-dunked his way into USNA from Sunnyvale, California. The navy stole his long, golden curls but not his heart and at first we throught the culture shock would be too much for him. Luckily they didn't have a "Wiz Quiz" on I-day or my room-mate would have been on a fast plane home. Bill soon displayed his fantastic adaptability when he dropped a promising basketball career in the name of academia and company sports-eventually earning three stripes and pushing a 3.0 cum. He even began to like the east coast after traveling it from end to end a couple of times over leave periods. One thing William J. never gave up though, were those California girls. He would accept nothing less and who could blame him. What was the name of that nude bar she worked in Bill? "Lars" is always open and friendly with everyone he meets. He is well liked by his classmates and has been informally adopted by quite a few area moms, including our former sup's wife, Mrs. Lawrence. Bill will soon be flying green machines for the mean marines and we wish him luck! He has been a friend to the end and I would have found boat school life a lot tougher without him. Bill is alright - me and Bill are "buds"
J.F.G

Jeremy J. McGill
New York
New York
General Engineering
Navy Pilot
JJ

Where do you start with a misfit like Jerry? He came to Canoe U a stray Yankee fan from NYC and never let anyone forget it. JJ started his USNA career by neatly sidestepping plebe year and joining the sailing team. He stayed with the team the full four years, ending his first class year as skipper of his own boat.

After spending youngster year waiting for second class year and second class year looking for the ideal parking space in town (and incidently finding it), JJ was rewarded with the start of first class year. Once first class year arrived, Jerry lost all control and interest in the boat school. Not being one for responsibility, JJ will be remembered as the only person willing to sell his squad for another semester of MIR.

Jerry will soon be on his way to P-COLA to find an empty seat in front of a TOMCAT. Good luck to the FIGHTING IRISHMAN



Christopher H. Murch
St. Louis
Missouri
Managment
Marine Corps
Munk

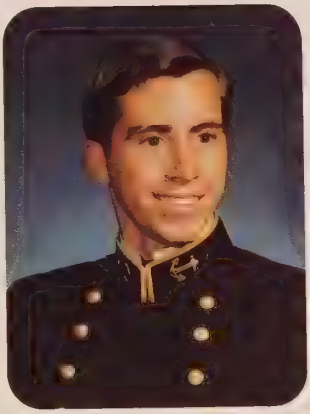
Chris is from St. Louis, Missouri. His father and brother, classes of '42 and '73 inspired Chris to come here. After a year in Newport he joined the most spirited class of '83. Chris' #1 principle in life is to have a good time: on weekends as well as during the week. He studied very little but managed to keep a "3" average. Neatness is about as much an opposite of Chris as you can get: If he had his way (as he did 1/c year) his room would look like a pig pen. He also had a habit he couldn't control-he had to get his quota of 9 hours of sleep a day maybe this alertness allowed his sense of humor to be unmatched and so timely. In sports he always tried to play something different each intramural sport set and managed to tackle 9 very competitively. He has a great deal of initiative organizing exciting weekends for a group of friends like the Annapolis raft race, the urban assault vehicle weekend at Army, and camping. He will go far as a Marine Corps officer and I expect him to be wealthy someday if he ever leaves the corps.
T.B.D.

Stephen D. Nordel
Sonoma
California
Aerospace Engineering
NFO
Steve

Steve came to the East on a tailwind as a mild mannered Californian from Sonoma. I've been there and I still don't know where it is. He joined the Navy to see the world. At least it worked out the first two summers. Europe and Japan weren't bad. But alas, the Red Gods stopped smiling and King Neptune called. Seventy days without rays, EGAO!! Definitely a wrong turn on the way to NASA. Steve was NAVY AIR all the way. He jumped on AERO and has been hanging on ever since. If you needed the "Aero Gouge", his room was the place to go. (Just ask Mikey or Johnny O.) Steve aspired to a "N" letter. He came close in pistol, but the Administration had a different idea. They gave him a black one with a free tour of Smoke Hall (six times a day!) It was a good thing, I would have gone crazy in the penthouse suite serving time alone. A true bud to the end.

If his major was Aero, he definitely minored in letter writing What in the world could be in West Virginia! Well, Steve found it. I don't know how Tracey did it, but she even managed to get him out of his rack. (NO SMALL FEAT!!)

It's been a long four years, he came with hair that was strawberry blond but his love of "Red Beach" turned it a sandy brown. Well Steve, I'll see you in another five. Steve joined the ultimate in service selection, FAO and Navy Air! 20/20 or not, look out 'cause Steve is coming at you. All of your friends wish you well. Good Luck, Steve!
R F W



John F. O'Leary
Camillus
New York
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Corps

John came to Canoe U. from Camillus, N.Y., whipped by the girl back home, and 4 years later both have the rings they always wanted. John got off to a running start and high hopes with the X-country team, but soon found out that running and engineering did not mix. He never had much luck with his profs, most of whom taught here when J.P. Jones was a plebe. Academia and John ran a 4 year race with John keeping his marginal lead thanks to plebe x-country.

John's stellar conduct was marred only by his encounter with "Mom" and her MN(O) conduct log incident. All other stray form-2's were quickly filed in the company's circular file, never to heared from again . . . you know what they say about the "Winds of Bancroft!"

Honestly, John was a great guy, if not being the "palorbuddy" of his plebes, he adopted stray Yankee fans as new roommates who in turn lead him to a life of bootlegging and wild parties in the "penthouse". If J.F.O'L. was not sweating finals, he was in class taking them, calculator and pencil in one hand, suticase and overcoat in the other with a taxi already waiting to race him to BWI!

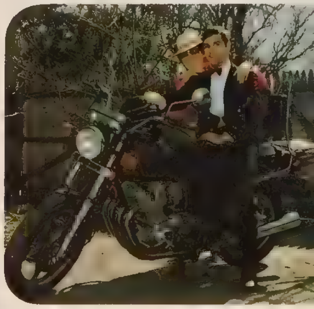
A classmate who would always stand by you, John was a good friend every body liked and will miss. John will join the ranks of the few and the proud and show those troops what a real Irishman is made of!
K K.P

Keve K. Papp
Washington, D.C.
Political Science
Marine Corps
Kev

Nobody knows exactly were Keve came from and when he tried to explain no one understood Everytime he got in trouble his accent grew thicker and the firsties thought he was a janitor

As for girls . . . well he ranged from "spoiled rich girls" and "punk rockers" to psychotics. Yup, quite a ladies man that Keve!! On weekend "Mr. Dubonet" could be found riding down I-95 in his dinner dress and white scarf (Remember midn. 3/C highway to hell??)

Keve loved drill so much that he was always trying to find a way out . . . and calling those who had "lazy baggers"! When he wasn't marching Keve was hard at work in the fencing loft or pondering the worlds political problems in Poli-Sci And now that his four years at Canoe U. are finished ou "social butterfly" of 7-4 will venture off to Quantico in an attempt to bring the "social graces" and etiquette to his jar-heads. Keve is an excellent guy and a good friend, I wish him the best of luck in the future
J.F.O'L



Mark A. Pearl
Sadsburyville
Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Kid

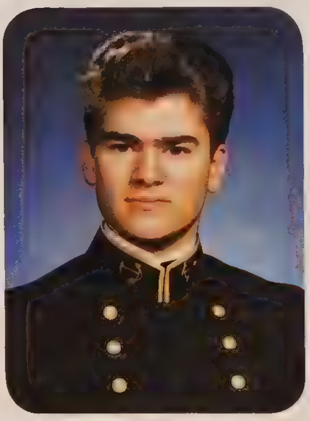
Mark came to USNA from the sprawling metropolis of Sadsburyville, Pa. via a year at NAPS. He would have had no problem entering straight out of high school, but he had to wait for the right class to come along. He kept us all laughing plebe summer, especially with "the twist" However, he managed to get the kinks out at the Cas bar. Mark arrived here with a haircut and a dime in his pocket; at least he's leaving with the haircut (Mark, the barbers are in the basement, not 7-4). Mark is quite an athlete. We'll always remember his hot outside shooting, quick hands (some of the locals may remember too well) and golden glove. Lisa couldn't have taught him to field like that! Too bad he was never able to win the big one, even though he was in the playoffs a record 6 times. Every semester was an adventure; camping trips tailgaters (Courtesy of Ma and Pa Pearl), roadtrips, spending time looking for a job with a construction company, or just plain bumming around. He took charge First class year and turned us into avid marchers. Too bad he sold his would to Rickover. Mark was a wonder at USNA . . . we were always wondering how he could be in the rack by 10:00 and keep a 3.6 cum as a Math major. Mark is all set to roll out of big blue into his 68' Polara (It was a steal at $25, the only problem was that we could never figure out who was taken). Don't forget to get gas between 7th heaven and gate #1. We hope the brakes work by the time you hit Orlando. Mark will always be remembered as a great friend - we'll see him when he surfaces in five years.
R.F.W

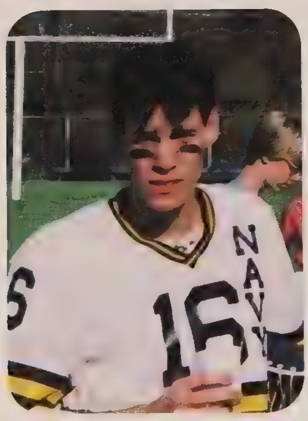
Allen V. Pollard
Bethesda
Maryland
Resources Management
Navy Air
Al

Piston Pollardo was supplied to the Naval Academy by NAPS. Always wanting to be a pilot, he flew into plebe year trying to prove himself. And prove himself he did! The warrior in Al came out in the famous hot cocoa, and Halloween brawls of plebe year. If you ask Al how he fared in these battles he'll simply say, "I'll ask the questions here." Plebe year supplied Al with flipper, good night Annapolis, and EB-DB-DO, as he rocked his bunty into youngster year. Al, being the academic stud he is, had plenty of time for the famous syracuse football game road trip. When Al travels he doesn't get "ripped off." Throughout 3rd and 2nd class years Al never got paid, he was just given green tokens that could be put toward "Hawaiian" trips. As a second class Al's mellow attitude disappeared. He became very serious about training both '85 and '82. And who will ever forget the night it rained cold water in 7426; not '85! Al was very conscious about everyones appearance. He often "dusted" people for "no reason!" Better yet, he would impulsively give underclassmen showers anytime day or night! By first class year Al needed more discipline for his troops. So with the help of Detto, the Mauler and the Baller ruled. Ask McSnapin! As if this wasn't enough, Al needed more, so he coordinated an alliance with a third amazing roommate, the ever pleasant! With help of his roomies Al broke new ground in tuna capability. As the mother hen of 7401, Al's study habits spread as rapidly as Paul's @#&*?. After 4 years Ole-Piston Pollardo will be heading down to Florida's Pensacola with his beautiful wife Valerie to start his career in Naval Aviation. Good luck to Val and Al!
F.R B.

Michael H. Ray
Towson
Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Mikey

Mike, known only to his sister as Mikey prior to his arrival at USNA, came to the boat school ready to play soccer and lacrosse for Navy, but found that dual N's are tough to come by with Navy coaches like the Fatman and the DH. After a brief stint with soccer plebe year (undoubtedly for fall T-tables!) Mike decided that lax was his true calling and proceeded to spend three years collecting N's-maybe another star this year Mikey?-master of the one-worder, Mike's extensive verbalizing abilities underwhelmed us all, but we must say that with one word, Mike usually said it all. Varsity racker for four years, Mike spent his last two years designing his Aero Project—the flying tunafish sandwich. A lifetime member of the '83 winning tradition, Mike led the team in all its outings against the other classes. Two of Mike's redeeming qualities are his Mom and Stepdad—thanks for looking over us Mom and Dad—and here's to the memories: to the urban assault vehicle, the ledge lounge, the cheese, Lisa's, Ann's, raft trips, the stone balloon, monkeying around, Kenny Loggins, shooters, docksides and good old JD—we couldn't ask for more. Truly Michael, its has been a real pleasure having you around here for four years—at least most of the time. The best of luck to you Mikey—and may the wind be with you.
M.H.





Breton H. Scales
Vienna
Virginia
Physical Science
Supply
Bret

Bo just took a short trip through D.C. traffic to get here from Vienna, Virginia. Considering that he was a Navy brat, he should have known better than to come to Canoe U, but he figured he wouldn't break a three generation tradition. He made it through plebe summer by living for intramurals and soccer. He played goalie and was selected for the all-star team at the end of the summer. Once AC year started, though, his knees started giving him problems, and instead of soccer he had to rely on glee club to keep out of trouble. And so, plebe year passed without much pain. Youngster year was the big'un though.

He made up for his fryless plebe year by being dumb enough to carry his military ID while enjoying a weekend at home. His escapades earned him many hours of lost sleep and a letter sweater to put his black N on. Youngster year, Bo also had his knees cut on, effectively ending his soccer career and chances of breaking more opponent's ribs enroute to a brigade championship. At the beginning of second class year, Bo finally saw the light and switched from Mech E. to a more useful, less time-consuming major like Phy Sci. With a lot more time on his hands, he decided a set of wheels could waste some time. His black beauty brought him many hours of fun and frustration trying to repair various parts. First class year it turned out the "Q" liked Bo's yellow sweater so much, he decided to make him conduct officer. Because of his knees, Bo found out that Unrestricted Line was closed to him. Here's hoping he enjoys supply

To a great friend and a great guy, best of luck.
E R.

David Simmons
Pueblo
Colorado
General Engineer
USMC Air
Dave

"Admiral Simmons" conned his way into USNA with an album in his hand ready to play for a rock "n" roll band. The Administration had a different idea, they shaved his head and decreed that they could deprogram him. The "Force" was with Dave and Lady Luck smiled by rewarding him with "CJ", who exposed him to Eddie and David Lee. Plebe yeat and pneumonia were tough on Dave and somehow he broke the pull of CSU. He figured if he was going Navy, he was going NAVY AIR. Youngster year he survived the "Cool Wars" and a dose of bad moo juice. He earned the right to become the protector of the "Mellow Cool Cube". Dave started off 2/c year runnin' with the "Devil" and spewing forth on the Debate team. He drove his surrogate car (Navy Grey) to fame and misfortune. The Dant got to know him and he was rewarded with a free stay in Mother "B"-not quite the same as the Thrift Inn. His fame grew even greater and he was invited to place a guest appearance (an offer he couldn't refuse) with the Academic Department heads and the Supe. It was 4-4 in the bottom of the ninth, a hard fast ball - - - but the Force saved the day-Thermo is always better the second time around anyway! Dave became the only mid to sleep through two plebe summers and four ac years. The fourth and final year (hopefully) was meant to be the year of his comeback to the Music World but his roommate had other ideas-I think pulling the plug would have been just as effective. When hunger struck, Dave was the man to see (thanks to the Tuna Alliance). We stopped by any time, except Monday Concert Night (kind of like football at the Captain's- music at the Cap Center) or Saturday nite (The Sandbar) Well, we'll miss you Dave, a man for all seasons
Bob

Screaming Wheels, THE Guitar, Megawatt
Stereophonic Ecstasy Through The Total Raw Power of
Spiritually Inspired Pure Rock
and . . . . . A Magic Number
A Man With A PURPOSE!
B.W. & T.V

Carl J. Sink, Jr.
Winston-Salem
North Carolina
Electrical Engineering
Surface Line
C.J.

C.J. knew he was in trouble when the first person he met on I-day made fun of his last name. But as if to prove the sea was his friend, he literally sailed through plebe year. Every chance he got he was out of those collars that were always too tight (especially during chow calls) and on the water. After plebe year and a Westpac cruise, though, youngster year promised to be boring. So Carl figured EE would be just the thing to keep him occupied. It was, most of the time, but now and then you could find him down in the radio room, ''hamming'' it up and jamming our stereos with dots and dashes (''You just have a cheap tape deck.''). But we were always quick to forgive whenever word got out that he had gotten a package from Grandma or some ''Bonnie cake''. He laughed at the firsties and segundos who tried to warn him of the evil in EE till March of second class year when suddenly Phi Sci started looking real inviting. But instead he gave up everything but his circuits (and one other thing) for what reason, no one knows. Maybe they'll let him have an Apple II on his cruiser. Good luck and green flashes forever.

Joseph G. Smith
Severna Park
Maryland
Mathematics
Marine Corps
Joe

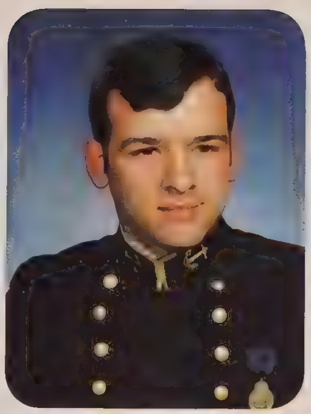
The mere mention of the name 'Joe Smith' in the company area was met with cries of 'Joe who?-oh, yeah the guy with the 4.0.' Yes, Joe had good grades. No friends, but good grades. This is not to say, however that Joe went unheard. Many a worthy adversary attempted to spur a conversation only to be met with a series of barbed comments from an ever solemn face. Of course, Joe also had his private life-we think? It has been heard, although never confirmed, that Joe had a pair of six-striper shoulder boards that he wore on Saturday nights while standing in front of the mirror chanting, 'brigade attention.' While not geeking, which wasn't often, Joe was bitten by the running bug. Having conquered the Marine Corps marathon, twice, the sight of Joe in running shoes and sweat gear became quite common. The biggest change in Joe over his four years at USNA was in his service selection. Originally determined to be one of Uncle Hymans nukes, a cruise on a sub changed him into a hard charging marine!? In all seriousness, though, Joe is a good friend to the people in the company and is respected by all and is a truly worthy member of the best class to ever graduate from the Naval Academy. Best of luck wherever the future leads you.
R.E.

Paul A. Soares
Wilmington
Delaware
Resources Management
Surface
''The Ever-Present''

Paul came to the boat school from Wilmington, Del., or was it Chester, Pa.? Well wherever it was we know that they drink beer there. The big guy learned quickly that this place wasn't salesianum. Paul became roomates with another big guy, Eddie. The combination of 13 feet of total height, 460 of total weight, and 160 watts per channel of total stereo led to the formation of ''big guy sound productions'' as well as live Skynrd concerts in Bancroft. The Ever-Present Mr. Soares quickly learned the magic that could be worked with medical and medical chits, and so most of Paul's classes became history. As Navy's star defensive tackle Paul was an intense player. His friends will never forget his outstanding play in Navy's nationally televised victory over Washington. At 6 ft. 4 in., 256 lbs., Paul was scared of nothing except . . . . ''the lights'' The thought of boxcars from his roomate Boxcar Willie made Paul cringe. Paul was somewhat of a Captain America himself with it came to whipping up a bowl of tuna. But he was more like the invisible man when it came to formations. After spending second class year second semester with the ''The Nocturnal Analyst of Life'', Paul needed to chill out with some cool roomates so he turned to the same guys that slammed everyone else in their biographies. The ''Mauler Connection'' was famous for dealing abuse fairly and evenly, they didn't discriminate. Whether Paul is in blue or white we wish him luck since he'll need when flying through the air
A.P. & F.B

Joseph W. Soto
Hershey
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Marine Corps
Jose'

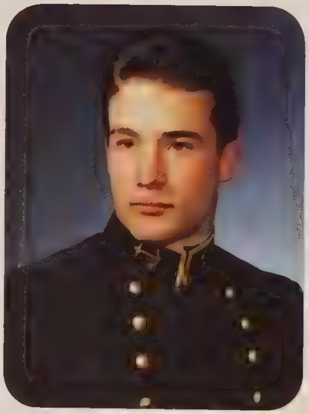
Joe came to us in July 1979 from ''Chocolatetown, U.S.A.'' (Hershey, Pa) at the ripe age of 17. Plebe summer was a joke to him until he found out that plebe year didn't end on parents' weekend. He made it through plebe year with a 2.0, but it was rough sailing for the next 3 years. He just didn't like to study more than 3 hours a week. He was always smiling. He even smiled at his first ''AC'' board. Maybe he knew something that we didn't know. What Joe didn't know was how to get above a 2.0, but if anyone wanted to know where to wine and dine or how to pick up women, they could always come to Joe. His biggest thrill was going to Fran O'Brien's with no money and getting older women to buy his drinks. The Thrift Inn made a fortune while Joe was in town. His activities at the Academy included the Glee club and the winter musicals which is how he earned his nickname, ''Happy Feet.'' He also became an ''L.T.M.'' After having some difficulties with wires. Rumor has it that Joe made a deal with his Marine Company officer to go into the corps if he could escape the ''AC'' boards. Well, look out Quantico, here he comes!!!
T.B.



Joseph L. Spruill
New Bern
North Carolina
Political Science
Supply Corps

Joe came to USNA straight from the thriving metropolis of New Bern. His drawl took us a while to get used to, but aside form having to check his driver's license on the first day of plebe summer to find out what his name was, we were able to understand him most of the time. Plebe year was not our finest hour, but after our nemesis, whit, lost his four stripes, things improved one hundred percent. Rooming together on 7-3 was a real blast. If you, Smitty, and I had lived together for more than ten weeks, someone would have gotten killed. The funniest incident that I remember is when Joe and I set your clock ahead six hours during final exam week. After all the swimming you did, I was sure that you would have made the varsity swim team before you graduated. I guess that no matter how hard you try, if your specific weight is greater than 62.4 #/cu. ft. you are destined to be a "rock". I have to admit that I had never seen an automobile like the first one you brought up here. They did not make too many Carolina blue Pinto's with a '72 brown left door, a '73 brown right door, and sculptured bondo on the front fender. It was reliable though, up until it started belching fire on a hoodtramid.

Joe, it has been a pleasure being your friend these four years. The Supply Corps is certainly getting one of our best. I am sure that you will make it in politics someday. Just keep on trying.
R.R.J.



Trace B. Vindich
Grantville
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Supply Corps
Trace

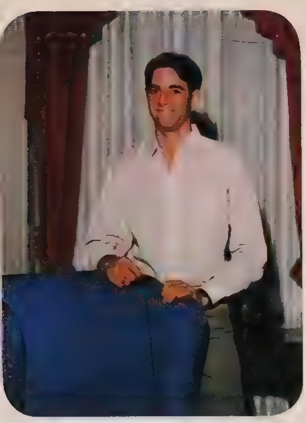
The following is a compiled list of things I wish to remember from my experience at USNA: First and foremost is the close camaraderie of the Class of 1983 in Fourteenth Company- may that brotherhood last forever; Richard Seiler, my plebe year squad leader; my last swimming lesson in PE; individual members of the Classless Class of 1982, whose example demonstrated to me everything I hope and pray I never become; Capt. I., a level-headed C.O. among a peer group of not-so-level-headed men; Ft. Benning (now I know why we say "Beat Army!"); my "de-nuking" by Bancroft Medical who insisted that green was red and vice-versa - it was literally a hysterical experience; June Weeks; tailgaters; all of the great times I've had with my classmates on leave and liberty and even in the hall i.e. poker nights, the "Ledge Lounge", assorted holiday parties and VCR; the Winnebago Army trip (I wish I could remember!); and especially my Graduation Day. The one mental image which I shall always recall when I'm in need of cheering up will be the one which brought me the most joy in my four years here . . . that of USNA rapidly diminishing in size as seen in a rear-view mirror on my way OUTA HERE!!!
T.B.V.

Keith B. Wauters
Medford
New Jersey
Physical Science
USMC Air

Keith will leave us to fly for the Corps. Good luck in the fleet!

Craig B. Williams
Athens
Georgia
Math (Computer Science)
Navy Air
CW

The Big Guy spent four years busting his rump at football in search of that elusive golden star for his "N" sweater. (BEAT ARMY!) But to all of us, C.W. was a golden star himself. He was indeed "The Amazer". It's hard to find such honest humility when everyone keeps calling you the All American Golden Boy. Even in his dark moods, it was hard to see in WillDad anything short of the ideal mid. Had it not been for his frank assessments of this institution's shortcomings and his refusal to wear kneepads, those striper boards would have slapped 6 big ones on him so fast it would've defied the law of physics. The 14th Company will never forgive the coaching staff for suppressing one of the truly outstanding talents on the varsity football team. They didn't call you "Tatum" for nothing. We were all rootin' for ya out there, Craig; it was just a tough break. Craig had a knack for making everything look easy, if not fun, and he was a great source of inspiration to all of us, especially during plebe year. Pensacola will never be the same after C.W. He will undoubtably set new standards of excellence and then say, "Well, I was just doing what they told me, I mean, . . hem . . haw . . .," a paragon of modesty. I just hope there's someone out there to protect good ol' "C" from the swarming hordes of babes eagerly awaiting the arrival of this epitome of an officer and a gentleman. Knock 'em dead, Big Guy. No matter what lies ahead for Craig, I'm sure the sun will always shine around him regardless of weather conditions. A truer friend would be hard to find. See you in the wild blue.
T.V. & G.Z.



Robert F. Wise
Williamsport
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Nuclear Power
''Bobber''

Bob came to USNA from the historic town of Williamsport, Pa. At first, we thought Bob was going to be history, but it was not to be. There was no way The Academy was going to let a man with the unmatched physical prowess like ''Mr. Ultima'' go without a fight. Lucky for us that he survived that first summer because soon everyone was coming to Gouge Wise for the answers. He was a regular walking bulletin board who almost singlehandedly pulled half the company through wires, boats and steam. Classmate pressures were too much for him though and by second class year we had chased him down to Mitscher by study hour. That year was a tough one for Bob. He could never quite get used to the fact that he wasn't a first class yet, and when to his horror The Academy revoked his 1/C car privileges (thanx Dave), he immediately began working to correct the administration's gross error. (How else could he get from the Thrift Inn to docksides?) The Academy never had a chance! Bob left it flow so well on his request that he should have validated his Poli Sci major. Of course it didn't really matter as Bob owned a car that earned half of its mileage behind a tow truck.

In his real 1/c year, ''Admin Bob'' was rewarded for his many talents by being placed in the staff room and it was all down hill from there. The pressure really got to him and before we knew it, he was a ''Nuke''.

A man always ready to test the limits of his incredible physique, Bob is the only person I've ever seen dare to dive into a 6 inch deep stream totally nude. Oh well! Good luck and remember the good times Bob, because you're not going to have any in nuke school

JFG

Jonathan A. Yuen
San Francisco
California
Economics
Navy Supply Corps
Jon

Life is a complex series of interactions between individuals who are on many divergent paths. Often they are forcred through necessity to give of themselves for the benefit of the group. Jon was a man who unselfishly gave a part of himself to us all and asked for nothing in return. On a mission with God he sailed into Annapolis with visions of a beautiful girl and Marine green in his eyes. Always known as the happy plebe, he made it through the first year with plenty of mail and a grin that spread from ear to ear. Still smiling, he spent youngster year conducting conditioned response experiments with a hungry Minnesodan.

Second class year found him with a shaved head surrounded by dress gray, still smiling. After a tour of duty in plebe summer, firstie status revealed him deaf and blind and destined to ply his economic wisdom in the Navy Supply Corps. Through thick and thin Jon was a man we could all count on. He lived the traits of true friendship as a rule, not an exception

As we split onto our many divergent paths, those who knew Jon will take a part of him with them. Closest friend, I wish you the best of luck in life.

TPK

Geoffrey R. Zuschlag
Palos Hills
Illinois
Economics
Zu

Hello Midshipman Zuschlag! It''s time to get out of the rack; The four-year bad dream is over How could they have dared to cramp your social life like that? Now you can hit the fleet and straighten out this Mickey Mouse Navy, eh? We're glad to see you made it through all those financial crises, ie. ''what options should I order on my new 280ZX? Shall I buy Polo or Izod?'' Ahh, to be able to afford such dilemmas on $200 a month- what class!

On the list of priorities, academics barely made it onto the bottom. ''If a 2.0 wasn't the minimum, I'd be having a better time here!'' Classes were subordinated to more important pursuits such as leisure, hedonism (great poster), his GQ Playboy image, and of course, the rack. Don't ever say he didn't take a strain when it came to upgrading the status image of a Midshipman. Here was a man with an enlightened concept of what really mattered in the game of life at USNA. All of us should have his sense of duty! If you ever begin to feel sentimental about this place, just remember ''second class, halt!''

Hey, how 'bout that foxy Brannigan babe! (soon to be another Zu) Must be nice to have a woman who can fly out to see you on a whim and then pay for all the fun when she arrives. (Meanwhile the rest of us are turning ''blue''; thanks alot, classmate!)

Whatever you end up doing, that natural ability to find the easiest (and therefore the best) way to connive through life will serve you well. Good luck always to a true friend! Bravo Zu(Lu)!

CBW

TOMCATS

88
USNA

NA 8
NA 8
DAVID W

Thomas W. Bailey

Salem
Oregon
History
Nuclear Power
"Oregon - Gun"

Thomas came to us in the summer of '79 as a naive, young boy, and now leaves us as a slightly older, naive young man. Thomas first distinguished himself as he became the first person to successfully sleep through two consecutive years

As a second class, Tom's life began to pick up. Thomas saw one Kung Fu movie too many, and decided that judo lay somewhere in his stars. And the stars proved to be right, as Thomas rolled his way to a 2nd place finish in the state tournament, and a brown belt. Once more he looked skyward, and this time the gods told Tom that scuba diving was for him. He wasted no time, and started the patented Bailey training program, consisting of sitting up in bed once a day, a rigid diet of Pepsi and Coffee Nips, and stretching as he yawned. To everyone's dismay, Thomas earned a billet for Dive School. His life was still incomplete, at least in our eyes. Where's the girl? Thomas surprised all when a petite, young, and very pretty package arrived at BWI. This was Laura, who kept him busy all June Week (and even a little bit now)

After a rather successful summer onboard the Snook, Thomas came home to us boasting of nuclear power, Dive school, Europe, and the Bailey escapades a la Salem. Being a first class agreed with him, staying out 'til the wee hours of the night, running tailgaters (for which football was invented), and becoming the man-about-town. In one of these manly moods, with a little help from Pete (and the sweater), he met another sweet, Rosy girl, Liz. Thomas showed us that it is possible to relax and enjoy one's stay at USNA.

Tom, we wish you the best of luck, Always!

P.B.C

Patrick D. Cahill

Burke
Virginia
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Pat

Pat arrived at the Academy from the monopoly constructed town of Burke, Va. with just one change of underwear and a few special "thoughts" to tide him over for the summer ahead. Well, he made it through the summer okay, and all went well. AC year began and the 5138 team was united (for better or for worse, depending on whose view you take, ours or USNA). Pat was the master of the five minute chow call uniform race. Needless to say, all masters learn by getting caught a few times. Frying was not always, but sometimes even the masters get a little E.D. It's too bad we never did get to see the electrocution alarm clock. Good idea USNA. No one would ever sleep through class, but they might never make it either. Speaking of making it, some people almost didn't. (Thanks Pat, I did.) And a few didn't (Riz and Grodro). The afternoon of the bayonet charge was one of those almost didn't nights; the night of Army 2 was one of those "did" nights. (ha, ha). There were some good times and bad. Green death Fridays, the Sunday morning kitchen cleanups, and of course, the Boob. But one thing to remember; Pat came to USNA to be a Naval Arch., and that he will do, but a "Physics" major he will always be. Good luck Pat. I hope someday the sailboat sails

Peter B. Clark

Kailua
Hawaii
Oceanography
Surface Line
Pete

Pete arrived from Kailua, Hawaii, back in the summer of '79 rarin' to go: unshaven and in full surfing attire. Loved by all that summer, particularly the first class, Pete became known for "THAT LOOK"-which people often offered to smack off his face. Winning a bet by making it to Ac-Year, he soon became distinguished for his fine room appearance. Certain upperclass would even stop by every Sunday night to gaze at it in awe.

Pete transcended into Third and Second Class years as a latent schizophrenic. At one moment he could show a heart of gold, and a bladder to match- ask Ruggs But he could just as suddenly become a wild carnivorous beast, feasting on Rat's lats and terrorizing the neighborhood. Pete was also known to train as hard as he partied. He beefed up on Samoan Leaky Poie chow packages and shot-gunned beers. He also set the "World Cheese Nad Face Stuffing" record- 65 (without mustard).

Pete's confused personality continued through his European tour when he talked with American girls and slept with French men.-"Pat get the knife!"

First Class year saw Pete in the Batt-cave just so he would not take abuse for the green olive. But the olive was probably good for Pete- and Val, and Kathy, and Susan, etc. It's too bad the olive spent more time on the rack than Pete- and Val, and Kathy, and Susan

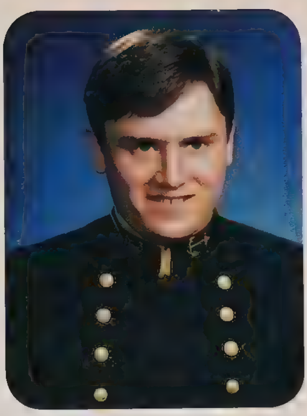
Don't let Pete's easygoing nature fool you. This psychopathic whirlwind is only in a dormant stage. In time he'll make his mark in the fleet as a hopeful Surface/Diver. "Bloop, Bloop. Bark like a dog!" We just can't decide if Pete will be famous . . . . or notorious. Hey Pete, I want to party with you, cowboy!

William D. Conrad

San Antonio
Texas
Oceanography
Nuclear Power
Bill

When "Killer" Conrad left San Antonio, Texas in the summer of '78, he had visions of travel, excitement, and a girl in every port. His year at NAPS will always remain a dark secret of his past but he made it through to arrive at USNA with money in his pocket and brasso on his belt. Plebe summer was easy for Bill and he cruised on into plebe year full of confidence. Then the brigade arrived, and with them was midn. 1/c mullen, the nemesis of 15th co Bill finally recovered from his mullen induced shell shock sometime during youngster year. How he survived his youngster experience in room 5138 with no demerits will never be known. Second class year he managed to escape from Forti, Cahill, Woodhouse, and the other animals by moving to Cubeville with the Woodman. After remaining completely anonymous for a whole year, Bill went off for a summer of wine, women and plebe detail. His exploits over the summer changed his image and earned him his reputation as "Killer". With a whole new attitude and outlook on life in the Navy, Bill will continue to be "Mr. Excitement" no matter which service he selects.

P.D C.



John M. Coughlin
Seattle
Washington
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Mike

Mike, a native of northern Virginia, reported to Annapolis via the Naval Academy Prep. school A shy and reserved person during the day, Mike's notorious habit was sleeping at any possible time . . . with his eyes open. Despite being a narcoleptic, Mike maintained excellent grades, while sleeping through every class. This great need for rest was a direct result of Mike's weekend antics. A star on the rugby team, many of Mike's weekends were filled with road trips to such places as Stouffers in Washington, D.C., Pensacola, Florida, and Blacksburg, Virginia where he participated in many rugby tournaments and, of course, the parties that followed. It was during the parties that the reserved Mike would transform into a wild and out-of-control party boy . . . no wonder he played many games the victim of a brown bottle flu . . externally whipped, the remainder of his free time was spent with his long time steady, Julie, much to the dismay of his classmates. He was the life of the party and was greatly missed when he wasn't around. Mike, a member of the world famous road trip gang, hopes to join forces with Navy Air after graduation.

Robert N. Haskins
Alexandria
Virginia
General Engineering
Navy Air
Baby Whale

Picture if you will, blonde hair, blue eyes; the perfect arian - except for "the beak." A very shy individual, Rob had great difficulty meeting women - so they would usually flock over to meet him. The list goes on and on- Sandie, The Fox, Sue and Jolie, the entire female population of Wheeling, West Virginia . . . . . . rrelipp me. Living in nearby Alexandria, Bob spent much of his time in the area pursuing a personal hobby, gardening. He could constantly be found in Old Town, checking out the shrubbery. Submitted for your approval, the tale of The Bronze God, a shafter afraid to hammer no one. Subsisting on a diet of Coppertone, Mountain Dew and Kit Kats for 4 years, his physique ranged from Baby Whale to refugee. Bob was really quite a physical specimen, though. He lettered in varsity soccer for 4 straight years, serving as a tri-captain his first class year. No challenge was too tough for Bob (No thanks to all his "helpful friends" over in the Mech E department)-Engineering gave him a run for his money, but countless hours of uninterrupted study paid off. A friend to all, we look forward to seeing Bob enter the fleet as a naval aviator.

On a final, more serious note, the shaft drinking team would like to personally thank Bob (a most sober individual) for pulling us out of many a tight spot.
S.S.H

David M. Hicks
Littlerock
Arkansas
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Pilot
Dave

David Mansfield Hicks, one of the few true, good old boys from down south, wandered up to U.S.N.A. from Littlerock, Arkansas for one reason, to fly. You would never think that someone as calm and undisturbed as Dave could possibly fly (or drive) with almost reckless abandon at or near the speed of sound. Anyone who has ridden with him will attest. Dave has had several loves during his Stellar Academy career. The top five are probably (1) his car, (2) crew (3) his car, (4) several lucky girls and (5) his car, not necessarily in that order. For two years, "Bouy", was the cox of the first lightweight boat and he won several races at that spot. When Dave reached puberty, around Second class year, he began an anemic, walking stick bug, staying at 125 lbs. He shifted gears from var. sports and went into the company sports mode, starring in soccer, lt wt. football, and softball. Academically, Dave has managed to skate through what would normally be a tough Aerospace Engineering program, again with one pur professionally, if it is to be known about airplanes, he knows it. If you could catch him in the room and not in the rack, you could ask him and find that out. He was also good at logs, of the hog type, or course socially, the southern charm could catch any girl he thought worthy of the effort. More than once, he returned from a night on the town in complete control of his pickled body, with stories of beautiful girls and phone numbers for proof. Physically, only one B ever in P.E. and a varsity letter in crew speak for themselves. And finally, personaly, Dave is one fine friend any man could ask for

Steven S. Hubeli
St. Louis
Missouri
Oceanography
Navy Air
Hugebeli

Steve, a product of a middle class St. Louis family gave up a promising autoracing career to come to Crabtown. Hubes, one of the self-proclaimed top 5 drivers in the country (top 3 when he's been drinking), has never failed to humor us one way or another. Not one to make a horse's ass out of himself while drunk, Steve still maintains that he wasn't thirsty while downing 17 glasses of wine at the Supe's reception second class year. Sorry I ripped your heel off while you were falling-oops, I mean walking, down the Supe's stairs. What looked to be a dry career at the Academy as far as women were concerned turned out to be just that. Just kidding. Actually Hugebeli made waves at the Ocean City trip, only due to the fact that she had a figure like a waterballoon-once again, I kid. Honestly though, women started to flock to Hubes unexpectedly, why no one knew. Not even Steve could put the 'magic' finger on it. Light it off Steve, BZZZZZZZ Hubes, the genius he is, waltzed thru his major and also helped his roommate achieve equally good grades. What a guy! Anyway, once Steve completes training in Pensacola he'll have Cathy waiting for him, or is that Kathy?
R N H

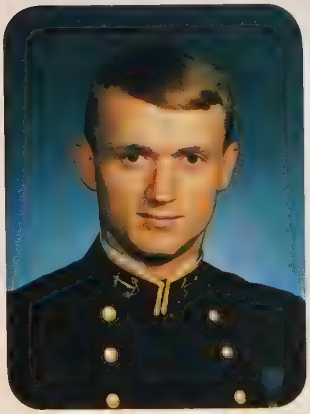
Eric K. Jackson
Grambling
Lousiana
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Eric
I came
 I enjoyed
  I graduated!
Semper Fi.

Brian T. Jacobi
Pensacola
Florida
Oceanography
Navy Air
Jake

Hailing from Pensacola, Florida, Brian joined the Naval Academy team in the summer of 1979 and vowed he would never leave. Unfortunately, dating plebe year and wearing tennis shoes in formal uniforms resulted in severe conduct action, and near dismissal. As an oceanography major, Jake never found much time for studies. Instead, sleep, television, and "women" became his mainstay. Rumor has it that there wasn't a woman born who couldn't turn down one of his overly forward lines. Somehow though, he won their hearts in the end. The question is, would a normal person with two good eyes and a sound mind want to win their charms? I cite such beauties as The Neanderthal, The Jewish-American Princess, and countless others. On a never-ending search for excitement (and women), this good-natured, well-liked guy plans on beginning his career in the front seat of a navy jet
S.S.H.

William D. Jones
Odessa
Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Doughead

Doug "Doughead" Jones, a native of Odessa, Texas, is known for his pointed nose and quaint sayings. Reptilian by nature, Doug has had a few serpentine experiences in his day We all recall that weekend at O.C. and who could forget the U of M roadtrip? (Would you really have slapped your roomate?) Doug is never one to pass up a chance to meet a pretty girl, and he's not prejudiced either. The schtud has acquainted himself with numerous "Yankee" lasses. Yankee, what a word. Yankee describes any person living outside the sovereign nation of Texas Doughead is never one to take the backseat, and often takes the initiative. One such incident was our fourth class Army project He accepted sole responsibility for the design and building of our tank. The brigade rewarded his fine effort with a bonfire. While we're on the subject of Army, how could he ever forget his first Army-Navy game He never knew what hit him until he found out that was 151, not 51 on the bottle. A painful mistake to say the least. The hardest lessons are always the best learned No doubt the Marine Corps is gaining a good man in Doug Jones Loyal, hard-working, conscientious, and humble are all accurate descriptions of Doug Well, maybe not humble, but then again, how many Texans are? Best wishes
D M.H



Paul R. Mahosky
Irwin
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power
Moe

Ma-hos-geeeek! This cry was heard throughout the passageways of the company. Pawlmosky! This cry was heard throughout the halls of Shippensburg

How could he become so popular after being a hermit his entire Plebe year? Paul spent his first year behind his books or escaping to his brother's room

As for his youngster year Paul shed some of his inhibitions and came out of his shell He ventured to Dahlgren seeking companionship and firewater. The former was scarce but the latter flowed copiously and more than made up for the lack of lady luck He was found sleeping soundly after his mysterious disappearance. Not even stormy seas could wake him, and it wasn't til the next morning that he found the strength to extricate himself from his coffin After self-imposed Dahlgren restriction there came Lenny-imposed stereo restriction. And what rhymes with restriction? Eviction!

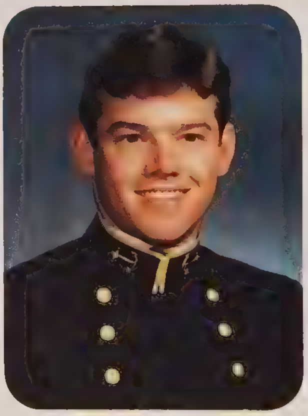
It was on to second class year as Paul bit off more than he could chew by moving in with the odd couple- Klem and the Sheriff. Somehow this menage a trois survived for three semesters Seeking relief from the boys, Paul journeyed northward in search of security in the arms of one Miss Cindy

First class year started early for Paul as he served his sentence while on Plebe Detail He took charge and he soon had all the little tools in his box looking up to him Meanwhile, Chick and the Dead Kennedy's looked down upon him after a spectacular flight from stage to floor while skanking with the skinheads. After assuming the role of ringleader Paul threatened the Major with a 15th Platoon mutiny After narrowly escaping an early trip home, he stumbled back to Boomer ready for Ac-Year After a near fatal bout with the books Paul returned with his sights set on a well-deserved break in May, and a trip to Orlando. From all the men at work, Paul- Good Luck "Down Under"
P B C

William T. McHugh
Tallahasee
Florida
History
Surface
Willy

The above pictured human is the product of a New York birth, a Talahasee childhood, and 4 years of historical miniaturization at USNA. Sports: violent Co. Basketball, a term of J.V. soccer, Killer Racquetball ruthless Boxing; and abusing all those women who chase him. Collateral Duties: Enemy of Man, Potato Head, XO of Whiskey Lima club (GET the pet human) Accomplishments: chalk up 2 for Whiskey Lima (remember, girls play B-Ball too!). Thrift Inn weekends and "getting ahead with the Beast".

Kissing "Bahamian scar tissue" on firsty cruise while the rest of the ship had morning quarters formation . . . Smaaaack! Studying "NL" with Stew, Chicky, and the gang . . . "36 Delta, arriving!" Stand and Deliver!! Sparring with Kaptain Kaos on football pads; ultimate PDA in an alley behind Mainstreet (4/c year!!?). Stogies out on the porch . . . "painting" bulletin boards in J.T.'s Co. area; nice Cranium, J.T.! . . . Adventures to D.C. with Chicky Kaptain Kaos in "fryable civilian attire", Jim and the mutant crowd; WAAH! (Watch out for those metal artifacts) "Bridge" watch and Fun with NOVO (good evening . . . sir), more fun with Billy's Kids. "Late night workouts" with Poopers . . . (HOW many Chiquita stickers!!!??). THIS and more, without ever taking a serious fry!! Yo, Midshipmen! Surface Warfare will NEVER be the same!
R.A.T.



Michael S. Molkenbuhr
Novato
California
Operations Analysis
Navy Air
Molk

Mike came to the Naval Academy because he heard that the "grass" was greener on the east coast. He validated plebe summer and the demanding (?) year that followed. Even though the firsties weren't as mellow as Mike was, he still made the best of the year. After issuing an eviction notice to the infamous Moe youngster year, we find our hero either in the rack or swimming for "fun" in one of the pools. Michael wasn't impressed with either of the first two years, but I owed him two dollars over the summer and there was no way he was going to leave before he got his "loot". I fortunately payed him two days after classes started second class year so he was stuck. Molk's bad luck with the ladies soon changed after second class year started as he "went steady" with a girl for the first time, and therefore ending the rumors about his sexual preference (he is from the San Francisco area). As a firstie, Mike decided to start his career as an aviator early by executing a perfect touch a go against a cement wall. The wall is o.k. but too bad about the broken right wing

Having roomed with Mike for the last four years, I have never seen someone put forth so little effort and attain so many results. You'll go far "Chewy".

Fair winds old buddy
L.S., Jr.

Kem L. Parton
Tempe
Arizona
Physical Science
Surface
Grammareater

Kem came to the Naval Academy from Tempe, Arizona. He chose surface line for service selection. Good luck in the fleet

Katie A. Podolak
Bristol
Connecticut
Applied Science-Operations Analysis
Surface Line
Spaz

Katie Podolak (An L.T.W at heart) came to the Academy via NAPS. Wearing a uniform since age 7-she was a natural for the Navy. Katie is an individual who always seems to be involved in some extracurricular activity. She can be found busily negotiating ads for the log, organizing woodchops for midacts or participating in some type of Big Brother-Sister activity. Sometimes, she does all three things at once! Usually, when she's not too involved with these three activiies, Katie spends her time coaching women's batt tennis, traveling around the country, or preferably spending time with her future seabee, J.R.. Katie is a very strongwilled and determined young lady who loves the challenges of the Navy and will have no problem succeeding in the Navy

Good luck Katie!
Y W

Larry Ruggiero
Scotia
New York
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Ruggs

Larry came to USNA from Scotia, New York. He chose Navy Air for service selection. Good luck in the Navy, Larry
K.L.P

Harry B. Smith III
Rogers
Arkansas
Physics
Nuclear Power
''HB''

Three years of ''Sweat and Toil'' brought about the culmination of a great event in H. B. 's life an appointment to the Naval Academy. H. B., being older and wiser than the rest of his classmates, was respected by all that didn't know him Plebe Summer. Having spent two years in a University of Arkansas fraternity, H. B. decided to change his ways and become an honorable person. What better way to accomplish this task but become Brigade Honor Chairman plebe year, and every year to follow. Plebe year brought about hard times for H. B., as well as for those fortunate enough to live with him. Nine roomates and one year later, it was my turn to ''Do my time''. Thanks to the gentle tutorship of Pete an Steve, to name a few, I got to know a side of the ''hose Bag'' that had either been hiding, or lost somewhere back in Arkansas. Second class year caused H. B. to continue losing his hair at an alarming rate. Being a physics major, and rooming with the famous Klem L. Partman and I, brought about many hours of study . . . away from the room. Being the only man in the Brigade that had to be forced into taking a weekend, H. B. 's workaholic ways caused him to become the ''Social Negat'' we all knew and loved second class year. First class year, however, brought about major changes in the honor sheriff's ways. A lighter academic load, four stripes, and no Partman in sight allowed him to take part in the many niceties of life at USNA. Thanks to the Admiral, H. B.'s nuclear dream came true, and six years of hard work didn't go unnoticed. Good Luck old ''Boomer'', run silent, run deep.
P R M

Leonard Smith, Jr.
Dover
Delaware
Computer Science
USAF
Len

Leonard came to Canoe U. from the bustling town of Dover, Delaware. He soon realized that he should have went to U of D but he decided to stick it out. At least he did not accept his membership card to the country club in Colorado Springs. For Len, plebe year was like one long nightmare and he was content just to wake-up in May of 1980. Youngster year brought out a whole new side of Len's personality. He relaxed a little when he discovered that it was possible to have a social life even if he did attend the world's largest monastery. He made numerous road trips to the infamous Hood college with 'G.Q ' Palmer and he met the love of his life (Well, for a year and a half anyway) there. It was during this time that Leonard found that he possessed an incredible knack for being able to abuse women and then watch with satisfaction as they came back for more abuse. This talent was quite an ego booster for the lady killer from Delaware. The only time Len's ego really took a hit was when he was snaked by a certain 'stud' in the company At the end of second class year, 'The Kid' bought the car of his dreams- a Z-28. Leonard must have figured if his style of dress didn't attract the ladies then his car would. Len, I don't know if the car helped you, but I had a good time using it after the ring dance! Now that First class year is here Leonard can see the light at the end of the tunnel. Judging from Len's activities so far this year (green alerts, trips to Fran's, Trinity, Maryland, etc.) it appears that he has his priorities straight- party hardy and studies be damned Well Len- just don't kill yourself this year 'cause you still have five years of being haze grey and under way. Just remember to look me up if you ever get stationed out near God's country (Marin county). Good luck!!!
M S M

James C. Stewart
Franklin
Tennessee
Mathematics
Marine Corps
Stew

Heck yea! How 'bout that Stewie? Stewie came to us from hootin' holler, Tennessee, other wise known as Franklin. It's here up in the hills that Stew's family heritage runs deep: smoking corn pipes, making moonshine in the hills, as well as runnin' barefoot Speakin' of runnin', Stewie wanted to run his plebe summer the down-home way, way down home, almost back in Franklin. He quickly picked up 150 demos in 20 whole minutes! Somethin' strange and mysterios happened as Jimmy marched off his demos as he put on 75 pounds of twisted and quickly lost 75 points on his I.Q. test and began shoutin' ''ooo-rah''! From that point on there was no turnin' back! Stewie had Contracted a terminal mental condition, ''marinus extrimus'' Despite Jim's crazed mental state, he survived plebe year Now in his Youngster year, Stew took full advantage of the extra rack time and got nice and toasted. Second class year, he lived with Will and Chick, learning to indulge in Richie's rock, stogageway, on the porch, studying NL with Mac, dealing with W.L. activities, and partying 'round town. All those years of bootleggin' through the hills finally paid off as Stewie found himself playing rugby The Rugby club finally revealed all of Stew's hidden artistic talents, such as redecorating the inside of Joe's car, serving everyone spaghetti at the same time, and developing his fine choirboy voice Whether he's ridin' in the rugby rodeo, his MG, or in his little green AmTrak, he'll always be our Tennessee volunteer!
Goodnight Jim-boy
T.B , M W and P C

Richard A. Taylor
Grosse Pointe Shores
Michigan
Systems Engineering
Marine Air
Chick

Richard Andrew Taylor is the birth name for the spazoid associated with this caption. "Richie", (as his mother refers to him), will remember his many Bancroft "friends": Embryo Head, Chickihead, The Reptile, Fur Head, and the feather tickler. Because of his association with a bizarre musical subculture, (i.e. skanking in 9:30 shadows, pet store shopping, and encounters with Marie), he has proudly "pressed his individuality to the hilt". As a midSHIPman, Rich has made fine grades in Systems Engineering, thanks to his late night pals Sally Digital and J.T. Richie may be found on Wednesday nights blowing smoke rings, drinking Hawaiian punch, analyzing the evolution of MAAA, or spazing out to Black Flag with his record setting earlobe. "Yo! Midshipmen!" Can you believe that this midshiptype will be a marine pilot? But, then again, who else would dare to be friends with "the Enemy of Man" "Batt Man", "Hick Yea Stewge" and "an engaged Captain Chaos."
W.T. McH

William D. Tyree, III
Norfolk
Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Line
$-Bill

Bill came to the Naval Academy for all the wrong reasons. He soon, however, found joy in the challenges of being a Naval Officer.

After travel in Europe, sailing the high seas, walking with kings and princely men, Bill saw the light and decided a mere college education was not enough. These feelings were shared by most of his friends and commarads who experienced the fraternal atmosphere of the Naval Academy. Because of these friends and the uplift that they provided, Bill was able to graduate.

Presently, Bill is in the spirit of '83 and surface line as he embarks upon a future and career that will take him to San Diego, CA.

Yolanda Y. Williams
Union
New Jersey
Political Science
Unrestricted Line
Yo

Yo-bean, Yo-legs, Chocolate Child or simply Yo, she left the nest of Thelma and Rosy, at the young & naive age of 17. Little did she know what was in store for her. Finding shelter on the Women's basketball team, high praise from her girder-standing coach, she developed into a fine young wen . . . er, uh, woman. Her summers wouldn't be complete with out tours on the local YP, dodging ticks in Quantico and last but not least a pleasure cruise on the USS "Pig", first class summer. The highlight of Yo's four years here came during basketball season when she was rapped lightly on the nose by a teammate Claiming it was broken she insisted on wearing a silly little cast for weeks. She was so proud of her "white" nose she even ventured onto the dance floor with it. She's some kind of gal. Dividing her time between E. R. and E. T., friends like Mocha and Vanilla child and struggling with "peaches" and "roaches" for profs, Yo has excelled as a political scientist. Yo will explore the ranks of the unknown when she graduates - a heck of a woman and a "superb" officer

Mark W. Woods
Arlington
Virginia
Economics
Navy Air
Woodman

Marcus came to us from Colgate Univ. where his DEKE brothers called him "Shakes". We soon came to know him as gungy While everyone else was trying to survive Plebe summer, the Woodman was extolling the benefits of the Academy, classmate unity, and the thrill of flying a F-14 Tomcat at mach 2 Never one to let two years of college get in his way, Mark struggled through academics with the rest of us

Mark was careful not to surprise any of his classmates when entering their room. His cry of "classmate" became known to all The Woodman kept us all laughing with stories about Dirk, Moody, the Orangutang, and the surfboard

Marcus spent his youngster summer engaged in such activities as traveling to Europe and attending the Marshall Tucker concert. All this, and more, before heading into Academic year enrolled in the toughest major offered, economics. The summer found Mark at Fort Benning, even a separated shoulder could not stop him from earning his wings

Second class year, and Mark was busy with Batt T-shirts, trips to Capital's games, and a certain plebe named Novo Spring Break found Mark on his way North with Tom and Dave for a week of skiing Making a brief over night pit stop at Smith College, who can forget that classic Woodman line, "Darken ship"? Marcus did you really give her a report card?

Mark was given his just reward for three years of hardwork, being appointed Company Commander Showing his true leadership, 15 achieved its highest color point standing in our four years

Mark, you're as good of a friend as anyone could ask for. Good Luck in the years to come
T W B

FIFTEEN

Catherine D. Alexander
Williamsburg
Virginia
Political Science
Supply Corps
Cath-I

Four years at USNA, as WIRES and surgery ridden as they may have been, have never dimmed the quick smile on Cathy's face nor quieted the song on her lips. Cathy has been a confidante to countless friends, a devoted Christian and the best roommate "known to man." The Christian community at Navy will never find a more dedicated leader and will always hear her voice praising God to the accompaniment of her guitar. Above all, in Cathy it is those three most important words of Plebe Summer which stand out: Sense of Humor. I quess it was that very sense that had such a strange impact on visitors to our room. I don't know what's wrong with "Watcha doin', pruin?" - maybe it was just a "ba-a-a-d" joke - do "ewe" agree, Cath? Plebe year saw Cathy sleeping through water attacks and hurricanes, but youngster year she saw the light and turned the medicine cabinet into a drug stash - "Take, a pill!" Youngster year was also the year she discovered her *truly* black thumb with plants and she soon barred any living foliage from the room for its own safety. It was second class year that Cathy began a new hobby. She became a collector - of Mountain Dew cans - that is, until the 5 foot stack fell off the headboard on her in bed and the company officer banned the "collection" for sanitary reasons. Never fear though, one full "sanitary" can remained in defiance. Cathy collected other things that year, at the expense of someone's comfort, but would you leave your underwear in the hall? The small rodents in the room also made her acquaintance, fiendishly pretending they were a roommate's foot. It's been a "tremendous" four years and Cathy has touched many lives, mine particularly. I wish you God's blessing and you always have my love. Bonne chance, Cath-I.
Ali

Christopher M. Bevilacqua
Stevensville
Michigan
Strategic Weapons Officer
Wash

If there's one thing you can be sure about with Chris Bevilacqua, it's that you can never be sure about him. There's no telling what he'll do next, but it's bound to be something different or controversial. During his years at USNA, he didn't just make a name for himself - - - he made about 13 names for himself. He was known as the guy who would always volunteer when nobody else would, the Tinker and gadget inventor, the man who owned everything (but nothing of value), the Bulletin Board Plebe, the company duty and watch hound, WUBA Man the only guy in the Brigade who preferred wearing his uniform over civilian clothes), Wardroom Hitler, and, of course, agent of the God Squad. In fact . . . well, I take it back; there *is* one thing you can say for sure about Chris: he's got a real devotion to a God that will never fail him. Even a guy like the Wash (short for Bevil-Hogwash or Wishy Washy) has found constancy and strength in his relationship with Jesus Christ and his belief in the Bible:

"Everyone who comes to Me, and hears My words, and acts upon them, I will show you whom he is like: he is like a man building a house, who dug deep and laid a foundation upon the Rock; and when the flood rose, the torrent burst against that house and could not shake it, because it had been well built."

Jesus Christ, Luke 6:47, 48

Clearly, Chris' Foundation is and always will be the Lord Jesus Christ, a Rock that cannot be shaken.
G.H.

Stephen J. Boracchia
Long Island City
New York
Electrical Engineering
Marine Air
Rocky

Rocky discovered that life after aviation high school can be frustrating at times. However, Electrical Engineering at USNA did not daunt borox in the least.; '69 Camaros, wild women and Barney Miller kept him busy otherwise. Stevie admits that his mild-mannered nature causes his anger to rage rarely, only while boxing muscle-heads or when wrestling with the Lizard. Steve's frugality comes to light when he is found buying parts for his car, having aquired a steel plated Visa. The dream in Rocky's mind is to to be independently rich beyond all hope, driving turbo-charged Ferraris which he converted from VW beetles, and be a naval officer also. He may follow in his father's footsteps and "dwess in gween instead." Rocky was always willing to step forward and help out his classmates. Good luck to a fighting man's fighter, in the Navy
J.E.S

Timothy F. Carey
Bellaire
Ohio
Physical Science
Surface Line
Tim

Tim (U.S. Navy football, ret.) came to us from the banks of the Ohio river with the spirits of the irish distilled in him. Despite his retirement from football, he still managed to earn his black N by starting for the U.A. team youngster year. Tim quickly proved his leadership abilities among his classmates and was promoted to the honored rank of Stroh's commander. Taking charge, he led his troops into the battlefields of Goucher, Hood, W. Va., Philadelphia, and just about any other place a party can be found. His toughest battle came at Trinity, however, when he assumed the position of Capt. R.A. Ahab. Moving to the penthouse 2/c year, Tim caused some frightful happenings-namely the night when all that could be found was his teeth. Thus began the "scarey" manhunt. A trail of wir finally revealed his whereabouts and he returned to us safely. Even as Tim has his good times he can always be counted on to be around when times are tough A friend in the true spirit he will be missed greatly by his classmates upon graduation; and I'm sure he will be the one we all look forward to seeing on our reunions. As graduation nears, Tim is looking forward to a lifetime with his hometown honey Missy; as he spends it as a surface liner. Whether or not that's for a lifetime is highly questionable. Whatever the future holds for Tim, it's sure to be a promising one (With a few parties probably thrown in). Good luck and godspeed!

Daniel G. Clague
Butte
Montana
History
Supply Corps
Dan

Dan was a member of the fleet trio who came to us via Boost where they taught him how to chew tobacco correctly. A native of Butte, Montana, he was one of the few people ever to make it through USNA without even making it through high school. Dan (Clagula) forgot everything he learned at Boost by 3/c year, but taught us all about how fun sleep can be.

After a football game youngster year, Dan met the girl of his dreams and has yet to be seen in Bancroft Hall on a weekend. Dan did stick around during the week though, and was never one to miss out on any destructive act that went on in the penthouse, where he was a two year resident. Having been a wrestler in high school, Dan did not hesitate to display his talents on the hall floor, wardroom, football field, etc., even though a shoulder operation during plebe year slowed him down a bit

Dan, a hard worker when it came to academics, was a History major by choice and spent endless hours writing bull papers and about two weeks in Chinese class. Now a fluent Spanish linguist who can recite the Spanish alphabet - sometime, but usually when he has had too much to drink - hardly ever; his academy record already outshines his high school performance. A 1/c company commander during plebe summer, Dan was promised more stripes during academic year, and will definitely see many of them during his career in the Navy

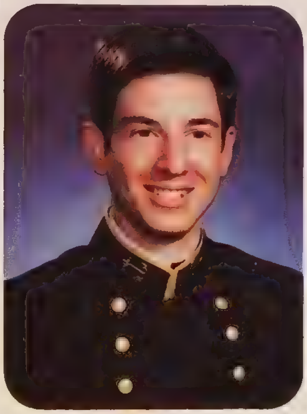
Dan will be joining the marriage ranks a few days after graduation when he and Suzanne finally get the chance to spend the rest of their life together, and Dan will be starting his career as a Supply Corps Officer and will finish up where ever his eyes choose to take him. Good luck in all you do, Dan
P.J. McK.

Michael S. Claps
Fort Washington
Maryland
Phyiscal Science
Navy Pilot
Clappers

If you don't see Steve going down the hall in his flight suit, on his way to 8th wing players, he's probably throwing his books against the wall after staring at the mysterious symbols inside them. Academics never came easy to Steve (He'd rather do something important, like sleep), but he still managed to keep his QPR high enough to seriously look at a pilot billet (Is Navy Air ready for him?). Steve will be most remembered for his plebe year antics which were always unexpected and humorous to everyone except the upperclass (Who else could get football players mad at him?). Steve spent many a come-around outside of Jim Grant's room in a never-ending brace for a purpose that even Steve forgot about at times. And how can we ever forget when the door closed (literally) on your "automatic" stereo system. If it had suceeded, you might have been inspired to go double-E. Instead, Steve took to the ever-demanding Physci curriculum so he could spend time with the pin-stickers in MacDounough Hall and the honor reps in the steerage Now with all that in the past, he's looking for apartments in P-cola and season tickets to the 8th wing players for after graduation Gook luck Steve and remember that a mig at 6 is better than no mig at all.
M.S.R.

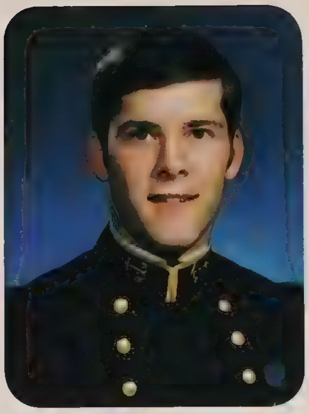
James E. Depp
Fairfield
California
General Engineering
Surface
Jimi

Jimi came breezing into sweet 16 as a second class, deciding that it was time to move on to greener (or at least different) pastures. He fit well into the mellow scene of 7-1 and it could almost be said that the admissions office had put him into the wrong company on I-day. Little is known about his former life over in 26, but the rumors abound (Is it true they called you "Lance" before then?) Jimi always had a way with women, even if she was the wrong one. Oh well, Depper, at least she was a bar tender. Of course, you had a few close calls, too. Who can forget youngster year when Kelley was waiting in Dahlgren while Rebecca was in main office (Want to take some juggling lessons, Lance?). But have no fear as Mr. L. Q. Romance is here and promptly cleaned up the scene (the silver-tongued devil strikes again). Also, never let it be said that you don't have guts, too. Who else would go before an AC-board just to see what it was like? Who else would sign up for Prof. Lee-'s Machine Design class as a G.E. elective? That's going above and beyond the call of duty, Aquarock, but you're tough and you've beaten anything they could throw at you, so hang tight and we'll see you in the fleet



Dennis R. Dickenson
Gulfport
Mississippi
History
Marine Corps
Denny

Being a Navy *BRAT*, Dennis Dickenson, more commonly known in sweet sixteen as "Dick-head", has lived all over the U.S.A. This accounts for his northern speech and southern palate. If he's not lying in his rack reading, he's making my mouth water with descriptions of the finest southern cooking. His articulation (or lack of a drawl) and big vocabulary stood him in good stead as a member of the debate team. Going on trips every other weekend also got him out of a lot of noon formals. However, neither his northern or southern charms have done him much good with the ladies. Either they wanted to be friends, which is o.k., but not quite what a blue blooded American boy needs, or they wanted to get married, which is a waste of time since Dennis is a "terminal bachelor". His other favorite passtime is playing war games. You name one and he's played it at least once. The trouble is, it's hard for him to find people to play with him. You see, he never loses!! Russia beware when General Dickenson hits the fleet!!!



David M. Dober
Seneca Falls
New York
Physics
Navy Air
Dobes

Dobes joined "sweet 16" coming from upstate New York. Though it was a long drive down, Dobes always had the knack of making trips fly by. It didn't take long for him to recognize the necessity of starting the "Jogging club", whose membership later included most of the penthouse.

Plebe year wasn't very hard for Dobes, but when youngster year came, he had to spend many hours counseling his plebe. Youngster cruise had Dave winning at spades, signals never hurt!

As Dave will tell anyone, the number 36 has always been a smooth one. On the 36th day of plebe year, Dave met a young lass from Cockeysville at the plebe mixer. She dominated most of his weekends until second class year, she headed for Ralph's country in Virginia.

Second class year had Dobes dating other girls. Being the gentleman he is, Dave occasionally took his lucky,dates to dinner. His favorite was Mexican Meal, but his dates enjoyed lobster.

Having the captain and Annie wasn't enough for Dobes, he needed the captain's oldest daughter. We hear wedding bells for M.B. and Dobes down the road. Graduation sees him heading for P-cola. Dave will surely entertain us with many flying stories at reunions in future years.

Good luck Dave!
W.E.F. III

Bernard W. Favara
Morris
Conneticut
Systems Engineering
Surface Line
Bernie

As our only member with the "Conneticut connection", Bernie left Morris (the town) and came to the UN-college while on his way to Pensacola. I-day put a four-year delay in his plans, though, so he enrolled as a systems major to justify his verbal discontent with this glorious institution and joined the Glee club for the adventure part of this job. As for adventure, Bernie certainly had his share with membership in the "I Survived the Houck Disaster" society (That desk still has the dents in it) and a four day romp in Phoenix and Las Vegas (she followed him) that will probably keep his ears burning for years (It's no wonder why he walked like a gunslinger after that). Women made up much of Bernie's adventures and he usually integrated them with the sport of fishing by telling of the "one that got away." However, that wasn't always the case as he is now endeared to one of the opposite sex. It had to be the first time that a mid went to Mary Washington college armed wtih a metal detector though, And I'm sure that as long as he carries a magnet on him somewhere, they'll have a long, lasting relationship (We hope your stuffed garfield doesn't get jealous). But come women, H or high water, he's looking to flame a mig someday, So look out Admiral Gorshkov, Favara's in the fleet. Good luck, Bernie, and, hey, lay off the Peppermint Schnapps with J.D. chasers.

William E. Ferris
Silver Springs
Maryland
Physical Science
Marine Air
Rusty

Affectionately known as Rusty, Ed didn't have to travel far to become a member of the brigade, which was fortunate for him because the Notre Dame rent a cops had five tickets waiting for his signature. Don't run him over Ed he's got your plate number!

Ed strove for academic excellence throughout his four years here and it's still true that if 2.00 wasn't good enough it wouldn't be the minimum.

Ed has left behind him some pretty remarkable tales, even for the penthouse, but who could forget the night he challenged a couple of bottles of tequila and became a contestant in our version of beat-the-clock. We all misguessed the time but the outcome was a given.

Edddddieeeeeeee, who was very fond of marching, took his piece to worden one night but still didn't learn to "drill" until later. Second only to his love for drilling came Eddie's music. What was his room without the Stones, CCR, Allman Brothers ("My Sweet Melinda") or Skynyrd ("Freeman").

Ed's hard work earned him an early promotion into the revered penthouse youngster year. What would the penthouse be without the telltale ear to ear grin when somebody asked "Okay who did it?".

Ed is making plans to fly but he'll be doing it without much hair. Go big green, oooorah

Ed's leaving alot of good friends behind but we are all sure that when the penthouse gets together for our reunion, Ed'll be there ready and waiting for the first T-break.

Good luck from the boys Ed.
P.S.

MARYLAND
GLE 022

Robert M. Festa
Endwell
New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Babs

Babs came to us from upstate New York. Although it took him three days to find USNA on the map, he came well prepared to take on "systems". This was evidenced by the stars he wore his first two years here—then he went west. Perhaps it was the hot sun or long hours driving but second class year was rough for Bob-only managing to eek out a 3.7 in the last days of the semester. Our resident GQ not only excelled academically but athletically as well. He managed to win a "free knee surgery contest" plebe year but came back strong to lead the co. soccer team to respectful seasons the next three years. The television people liked the way he tanned (without lotion) and that physique so they decided to do sportscar commercials with his car, Spunky. Spunky, a veteran of the western trip and countless late night runs to and from Notre Dame, will at long last get a rest as Babs has chosen to go nuke rather than battle the "frigid" weather down in Newport news. Always ready with his trusty AE-1 Babs has digusted many a Kodak developer. A friend of many, Bob will be truly missed come graduation but we're sure he'll be successful in all he pursues. Good luck to you Bob!
M.S.

Ted W. Frakes

Titusville
Florida
Oceanography
Air
Teddy

Teddy comes to us from Titusville, Florida where, instead of a statue or monument in town they have a launch pad. I-day brought us an unhappy Teddy, who left behind a girlfriend, an afro, and a track career to become a member of '83. At 6'6'', 155 lbs the ''epitome'' of body building was destined to be singled-out and this was proved true when a firstie ''singled'' out his girlfriend on parent's weekend. Teddy enjoyed a successful cross country and track season as a plebe but opted for the ''good life'' of intramurals in his latter 3 years. A member of the twice ''almost'' Brigade champion basketball team, Teddy could be seen missing three foot jumpers in MacDonough regularly. Academically Teddy could handle valence electrons and hydrocarbons but all that either effected something and our favorite Chem major looked to deeper waters and an oceanography degree. Teddy, always a favorite around spring break (Remember he's from Florida), introduced the penthouse to his clan . . . . an experience they'll not soon forget. He was also a conscientious roommate and therefore offered to sleep in the top rack. Little did his roommates know that Teddy's favorite hobby was ''rack-diving'' until one busted tape deck later. Well fate wouldn't let Teddy continue on with his one night stands (neither would his mother). Second class year Ted met the girl of his dreams

We believe they live somewhere in Severna Park now, we'll have to ask the next time he comes to class. Graduation will see Teddy back down to Florida and P-cola where he'll give P-3's his best shot. Good luck and clear skies to our favorite graduate of astronaut high.

Alan W. Grace

Holbrook
Arizona
General Engineering
Navy Air
Amazin'

In July of 1979, Alan entered the Naval Academy from the landlocked state of Arizona to become a pilot, how's that for making sense? Alan was inspired by those gold wings to keep striving, to keep reaching, but most of all to keep trying. Lord knows how he's tried. What can you say about your best friend but, Al, you *ARE* amazin'! You wouldn't believe how he got that nick name! Don't worry, Al, I wont tell anyone

Alan, well brother of mine, I have spent 4 years with you doing a host of strange and unusual things. For the sake or brevity, here are a list of clues to remind you of some of the better ones: blue bowling balls, Joe and the rollaway bed, Toyota Celica GTS, road trip to Las Vegas, road trip to Wisconison, on the road again, this time to USNA, Pirates, Frederick & Maybelle, Leah, Amanda, F-18's, E.T., and dragon tenors. Alan Grace, Naval Aviator, Fly Boy ''You're older now than I'll be when I graduate!'' 20 Jul 79 Recipient of the 4 year ''liiiinnnnnnnntact'' award.

May your dreams be fulfilled, may you wear your wings with pride, and glide with the best of them. To me you are a brother as I have never had, and for that you will always be remembered. To sum what you have done for me and those whose lives you have touched, I can only say you *ARE* amazin'!!

God bless, and go for it!

Tygerr

Richard B. Greer

La Jolla
California
Political Science
Navy Air
Briand

Briand (note the preppie ''D'') surfed to us from the Beach Boys state—California. We were never really sure if he had long blonde hair because he was from California, or the other way around, but his oft-repeated Rapunzel imitation earned him a lot of unwanted attention—especially after leave periods

Youngster year Briand must have studied at the library a lot for he was never in his room at night and he earned stars. Curiously, he was never in his room at night during first class year either, but the stars were absent. Studying???

Second class year was eventful to say the least. Army-Navy and the tandem effort with Keats will go down in history along with ''The Magic Bus'' and ring dance. (what time is dinner?)

First class year Briand's other true love besides women— his classic white Porsche— stood out as a beautiful landmark to guide him to other's cars he'd borrowed.

Briand had fun here at the boat school, and yet managed to work hard and more than help others too. He understands people and has always been ready and more than willing to help a friend solve any crisis at hand. Coming from someone else, the statement ''Don't worry, I'll take care of it,'' might cast some doubt, but one could always trust Briand to smooth things out.

Good luck in Navy Air Briand, I wish you fair skies and following waves (to surf, of coirse). Oh, and dont worry, they dont use 6 volt car batteries to start F-14s.

J.L.S., Jr.

Gerald R. Harrington

Lancaster
California
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Phace

Jerry came to the Naval Academy from the desert dust and tumbleweed of Lancaster, California. Both nearby Edwards Air Force Base and the B-1 Bomber production plant in neighboring Palmdale influenced Jerry to aspire to become a Navy pilot. Flying is not for the feeble-eyed, however, and Jerry's eyes went sub-standard youngster year. Undaunted, Jerry decided on a sub standard—literally—of his own when he set his sights on nuclear submarines for service selection. Admiral McKee was impressed by Jerry's physics grades and accepted him as an official 'Nuke' during the fall semester of his first class year. Jerry has always had a bright personality, but now he's really going to glow

Aspirations to be a Naval officer and pilot weren't the only things Jerry brought with him from California. Less than a year before I-day Jerry became a Christian. The most important thing he brought to USNA was his relationship with Jesus Christ, for in the Bible it says:

''Since then it is by faith that we are justified, let us grasp the fact that we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through Him we have confidently entered into this new relationship of grace, and here we take our stand, in happy certainty of the glorious things He has for us in the future.'' —Romans 5:1-2—

Jerry's excited about being a Christian, and his committment to God has affected others around him. Some would say that his beliefs and actions are foolish, but a wise old man once said:

''He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose.''

God bless you in the fleet, Jerry, and always perservere in Him.

C.M.B.

Carl J. Johnson
North Dartmouth
Massachusetts
Political Science
USMC Air
C.J.

CJ arrived on the sandy shores of Annapolis from the rocky coast of Mass., via NAPS, with such enthusiasm that he soon became our class company commander. Never losing this energy, just redirecting it to more important areas, Carl soon became famous for his athletic prowess on the intramural basketball, softball, and fieldball teams, not to mention sidelining as a Saturday night boxing official for his roommates. Yes, it was always sports that got C.J.'s attention. Even on the night of his 21st birthday, Bones couldn't resist the chance to practice a little tower jumping and wrestling. Carl also took up a new sport his 2nd class year, called telephone pole climbing. The spoils of his many victories still hang around his room. When C.J. was in prime form he became one of two people, "The Master of Disaster" or one of George Thoroughgood's destroyers. Academics were also a near disaster for Bones. Starting out in Systems Eng., CJ soon realized that this was interfering with weekends, T.V., and the rack. Being farsighted, Carl switched to Poly Sci. This suited Carl much better, especially when classes (and whiteworks) became optional 1st class year. Wherever Carl goes he always adds life to the party which is why he is so well liked by all his classmates. Carl intends to go Navy Air. Whether it is jets or props we wish CJ the best of luck. See ya!
R F.

Mar F. Labrador
St. Louis
Missouri
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power
MarBaby

Mar arrived from St. Louis after a year in Newport, just in time to take on the rigors of Academy life. His major? Boat design (Naval Architecture) at the Boat School, of course Although he had a heavy workload, Mar managed to enjoy his "spirited" weekends and week-nights with Gusto.

"Mar Baby" Always enjoyed meeting new people and taking midnight boat rides with them, especially when the rides ended up on foreign cargo ships. He was also eager to show others the fabulous view of the Chesaepeake that he had from his window. Somehow, he always convinced them it looked better with the lights out.

Mar played for the squash team his first year at the Academy. Unfortunately a knee injury kept him out of the sport the next year. He continued his athletic "career" into first class year playing tennis-worth mentioning because he liked and played the game well.

If there were one motto that could be used to describe Mar, it would be "Work hard and play hard (especially after a few beers)." His well-mannered personality and hard working way have earned him many friends.

Good luck to a terrific friend and a career in the nuclear navy. Success will surely be yours.
S.B.

Alison S. McCrary
Bettendorf
Iowa
English
1100
Ali

Alison came to us with stories of state fairs and hawkeye football games. During plebe summer Alison had little trouble with most of the basics except one, eating! Not that she didn't like the food, it just seemed it never reached her mouth. Her astute squad leader remedied the situation and Alison had no more problems. Thank you for those big serving utensils CDR. Food! Youngster year was also a breeze for Ali for it was then that she learned the true art of "racking". As second class cruise rolled around she embarked with sights set on Surface Line As we all know YP's give you hords of experience and when Alison and friend Cathy had on a pair of 'big eyes' and some sound-powered phones, no mid in a kapoc was safe from their calculating eyes. Alison had been destined for stripes since I-day and first set had her slated a regimental commander. However, the powers above heard rumor she was frequenting "The Penthouse" and she was forever destined to remain in sweet 16. But there was no use gettin' in a fizz about that. As company commander first semester she has done a fine job. Breaking in the new C.O. was difficult but blowing him off was easier. Giving adequate time for her to chase after her favorite two striper

"Skins" has also obtained experience in dealing with those "interesting" guys that seem to flock to her room asking her out to have fun (?). After it's happened, all you can say is "chalk it up to deja vu", that strange sensation that

Through four "short" years Ali has done much. She's learned the fine sport of walking her bike on those scenic highways of Maryland. She's learned that alarm clocks aren't really for waking up by but for turning off. From president of the Glee club to fall and spring musicals "our girl" has shown us what friendship is all about. Much is owed to that guidance counselor who sent Ali our way. A beer to you, sir and our love to you Ali. You're the best friend, sister roommate, and partner a person could ever hope to have. We won't say goodbye just good luck!

Philip J. McKenna, Jr.
Norristown
Pennsylvania
Applied Science
Nuclear Submarines
Varsity

Hailing from Norristown, Pennsylvania, Phil sauntered into USNA with absolutely no idea of what was about to happen to him. Over the course of time, he distinguished himself quite well in many areas In four short years, Phil was able to play 150 lb football, the "corner" in softball, was a starter in numerous penny, tennis ball, and orange wars, plus quarters games, and as a 2/c had quatro stripes until he pulled a "McKenna" and got caught wearing unreg liberty attire Phil was never one to miss out on a good road trip whether to WVU, Captain M's, or CDR Stroh's. As a first team penthouse pick, Phil was always in the thick of the house's many professional enhancing activities. He was always that silent force behind its many events Academically, Phil did quite well due to a bit of talent and much more hard work. Now as he looks south to Orlando and deep waters, Phil must be looking for another time and place where he can continue on as the "World's Best Straight-Man."

To a friend for life, good luck in all you do. "Here's to brother Phil, so "
D G C

Thomas J. Murphy
Austin
Minnesota
General Engineering
Navy Air
Murph

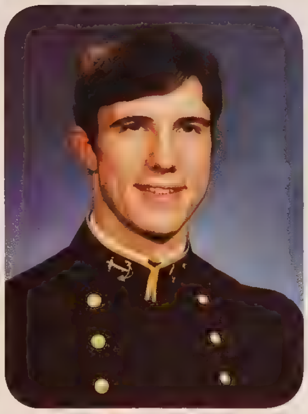
Tom, affectionately know as "MURPH", entered the Academy with his goals set on becoming a Navy pilot. In coming to the Academy, Tom had the slight advantage of having three years of fleet experience behind him, which made plebe year hassels seem trivial. As the years past, academics continually haunted Murph, even though he studyed till two every night, whether he needed to or not. Murph managed to hang in with the boys of 16 for one year; being a fine member of the squad, then enter one beautiful women. From the time he met Paula his life changed. Soon Murph lived for the weekend spending every second of his free time with Paula. Even with the guiding hand of Paula however, Murph continued to carry on in some of his fleet ways Like his habitual coffee drinking. He even pondered upon the feasibility of installing a coffee machine in his room. Four years at the Academy did many things to Tom. One thing it did not do was teach him to spell. If Phonics 005 had been offered, he'd surely have been enrolled at least twice during his four years stay at Canoe U. If everything clicks, Murph and Paula will be off to P-cola, and the Air community will benefit by getting a truely fine Navy couple
A.W G

Michael S. Redman
Rochester
New York
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps
Reddogger

Mike, also known as the "Reddog" or just "Dogger" is the perfect example of a real mid We first saw Dogger in Halsey during I-day and it was apparent to the most casual of observers (Rocket Reed terminology) that here was a man destined for greatness. Mike was without a doubt the most plebe-like plebe in the class of '83, much to the chagrin of our firsties in sweet 16. Many an upperclassman was aroused from their pre-quarters slumber (none too happily, we may add) to the Dogger's mega-decibel chow-calls, and often greeted him with an equally loud, "Shut up and shove off!" Nevertheless, he survived plebe year with the rest of us (although 3 of his roommates didn't) and went home on youngster leave with civvies in his bag (we don't know if he ever wore them though) and stars on his collars. During the summer, he was captured by another native of Rochester and, upon his return to USNA, was as good as gone from the life of a single man. Predictably, his grades dropped (but not before making the geek sheet again 2nd semester) and he even managed to quit studying on Saturday nights (He finally learned that the word liberty didn't just give him the freedom to vote). He even managed to get drunk a few times. His 21st B-day was mostly spent in the head and he probably set a record for the longest-lasting hangover. He finally settled out after that and went back to work at his favorite pasttime, mopping up his own sweat. He didn't make too much of a fuss when they didn't give him the 6 stripes he wanted, but he settled for three and was fairly content with them (Although we know you never did any work while you had them. Just what does a batt sub-commander do when he's not on liberty). Anyway, the "Dog" is as good as married right now and we hope he has a good time in the cec (You gonna rebuild that bridge for us?). So here's the best of luck to you, Dogger, and we bid you bon voyage as you enter the honorable and infamous order of the crossed bananas (Remember that the Col. Bumps society meets on fridays)

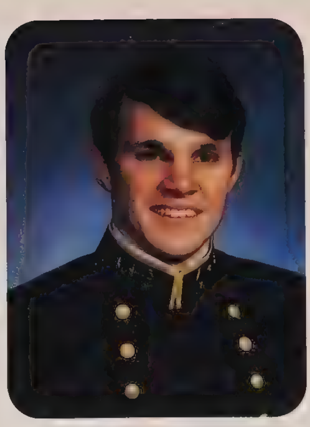
Ronald B. Robinson
Haddonfield
New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer
Brad

Brad arrived at USNA from Haddonfield, N.J., but only after a years stay at Marine Military Academy. We heard of how MMA was but Brad kept close ties with his MMA buddies for all four years. Plebe year was no great challenge for Brad and he was always there to care for his classmates. Youngster year found Brad and his roomates out all night and with plenty of restriction to serve. Restriction only temporarily halted the Friday night grain parties. Before the 2/c commitment one of the terrific trio headed back for the mountain state. On the first Labor day road trip to find the lost roommate Brad ended a BM party by trying to catch flies with his mouth. 2/c year Brad demonstrated his leadership ability by winning Walt's number cruncher game. The company soccer team was lucky to be led by Brad and he always had a hot bat for the great slow pitch softball team. During senior year he got every mids dream—stripes However, the stripes weren't on his uniform, but someone elses. Our six tile hero was a varsity black N winner and of course a member of the penthouse. The Robinson family themselves were always there for a great party, most especially known for their BM's and irish coffee. Robs is known to be a good friend and was always especially helpful to his roomate. Good luck Brad, either as an NFO or a H.M. magnet



Michael J. Salvato
Ringwood
New Jerey
English
Naval Flight Officer
Salvi

The swamplands of N.J. gave us Bruce Springsteen, Southside Johnny, and Salvi. Salvi came to USNA ready to go back home, but through a stroke of indecision he stayed and became a member of the penthouse. Salvi brought with him a beer mug, a directional wit radar, and a keg of stories. Who could forget the tower jump from 7-2? his legs crossed, arms on his shoulders, and a will leaving his Visa to Mimi. Or the night the bottle of vodka insulted him so he killed it and himself. And then there's the night Salvi became friends with the 15th co. CDO and earned his first N—a black one! Sal demonstrated his professionalism 2/c and 1/c years by volunteering to take the PCR three times! It's a real mid who'll spend Saturday mornings on the YP after drinking all Friday night. Salvi was always one for a good time and a night out with him always proved to be an experience one wouldn't forget. If he lived, Salvi brought to the Academy a personality that is too often lacking here, and we all realize it. Salvi may go nuke or NFO, nobody knows, but where ever he ends up he'll take his Camaro, Bruce, a beer, and a style all his own
P.G.S



Phillip G. Sawyer
Phoenix
Arizona
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Dawg

Phil came to us from that sweltering oasis, Phoenix, Arizona. Who was this long-haired, tequila-toting, basketball player, we asked ourselves on that memorable first day. We soon learned there wasn't much Dawg couldn't do. A versatile athlete, he soon became a celebrated hero of the intramural program, leading the co. B-ball team to two regimental championships. Academically he excelled in the much feared, very respected, Systems Engineering Major. Phil was not without his peculiarities though. He liked to practice for plebe boxing on his roommates He failed his driving test youngster year on a technicality: He ran into eighth wing! Deep selected for the penthouse second class year Dawg soon rose to the position of ''King of Crash''. We rarely saw him in those last two years, sometimes catching a glimpse of him alone at the table eating ham francisco. Phil's favorite television show by far was Saturday Night Live, but we feel he went to far re-enacting the Samarai Skit late one Saturday night after a rough session of T-breaks. After looking around and getting his ''feets'' wet, Phil has opted for nuke school. A shrewd card player (Right Terry?), he's sure to emerge from those watery depths with more than one pay check. Phil leaves USNA to join his lovely Lisa and while we'll regret the loss. We don't hear her complaining. Good luck, Phil.
M.J.S.

James L. Sherrard, Jr.
Austin
Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Jamie

Jamie came to us from the lone star state and never let us forget it. His silly, often witty, Texas humor filled and livened the hallways day and night. When dreams of a swimming career didn't pan out, Jamie turned to sailing and made an eventful (Uhh, I think I'm going to be sick . . .) trip to Bermuda. Youngster year Jamie met his dream girl. Attababy. Things were going great until he got frisky and tried to KISS her. (Oh well, there's always other . . . .)

Youngster year also saw Jamie wearing stars until he decided to change his major to Mech. E. and decided to coast home from there. (?)

Jamie's least favorite animal? The snake, of course. Getting bitten at the ring dance is a hard pill to swallow— even for him. Having experienced hard luck with civilian types, Jamie turned to mother B for female companionship, and ''shortly'' discovered that women are the same everywhere— even young ones. Jamie really is easy to live with too—just ask his roomates . . The ones that are still here anyway. Jamie lost his first roomie youngster year but replaced him with a look-alike almo-dillo. After the second one departed the ''Jamie Curse'' was feared by all. So far I've survived and will make it to May of '83 with only a fat lip.

For four years Jamie seemed to always be in the ''dirt'' and caught a lot of good-humored grief for it. However, his easy going, always cheerful and friendly personality made him one of the best liked Texans (and people) in the company. Friends with everyone, rarely was he heard talking negatively of others. Jamie's good sense of humor and genuine warmth and thoughtfulness toward others will carry him a long way in life.

The best of luck in P-cola Jamie . . . see you there
R.B.G.

Gregory Stenstrom
Stroughton
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Surface Line
Captain Kaos

Captain Kaos came to USNA from Stroughton, Massachusetts. He joined sweet sixteen with a year to go and quickly fit in. Plebe year found him with a frustrated brigade commander and more demerits than a company combined. He had to be shown where Burger King was after he finished restricting June week. Taking ''2.0'' seriously, Greg and Wheels (Mom) could be seen at finals rolling quarters for tecumseh and mainlining coffee. Among the ''Classics'' were invisible snowballs, flying through taxi-cab windshields, racing MP's through a golf course, drinking with Ed and the ''Screamer'', renting a penthouse at Army/Navy and sleeping in the elevator, 4-wheeling through Philly with the boys (''driver needs a beer''), pulling an unsuccessful 180 with Denny and Mike, skanking in ''unappropriate civilian attire'' in D.C. with Chicki and the enemy of man, the deadly shipmate (''where's the alidade?!''), the Bancroft tapes, youngster ''room mates'', infatuation with the laundry folder, and a four time member of the Whiskey Lima Society. Although Greg was a trackman, sailor, and avid weight lifter, his true calling was the ring-forever boxing and working with Billy on the bags and football pads. Kaos was a true believer in making things happen himself; this was especially true with his liberty-his imagination was only exceeded by his initiative, and his ability to get in and out of jams was unparalleled. His sense of humor remained intact and even after four years of visiting smoke hall only improved Music soothes the beast and after Chris' guitar lessons, Murphs country, Richies punk, and Amazin's own space odyssey you will forever by off-key. Waah! Yo, midshipman, stand and deliver, we made it! Fair winds and folliwing seas to the Captain and Lauren in the Surface Navy!
Ed Wheeler

John E. Stuber
Novato
California
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air
Stubes

John's fleet experience helped him realize that one important part of USNA is to get away from it as often as you can. By the time Second class year rolled around, Johnnie had discovered his one and only, which was why it never took more than a five minute sprint from class on Friday for him to be on his way, ''Going to see Angie, John?''

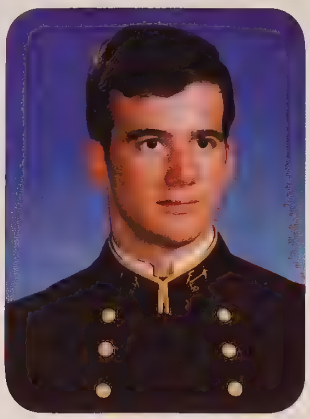
John's unique intuition in Electrical Engineering inspired him to work hard and be come a rock squad academecian. Having endured several bouts with the Lizard, Stubes was also a faithful believer in the procurement of ''the Gouge''. Fully attentive to everything going on about him, Johnnie was always ready to answer up to every inquisitor's whim. However, Stubes had another side, though it was only seen by a chosen few. And as a good ''yachtman'', he was always willing to help out on the drive home. A regular member of the penthouse, John always pulled through in the clutch and was a constant source of help to his classmates. Good luck to a future in the Navy, and always
S.J.B.

MICHELSON HALL

SWEET SIXTEEN

Robert L. Baldocchi
San Francisco
California
Oceanography
Navy Air
Doc

Doc was a senior in college.



Edward D. Baldwin
Shreveport
Louisiana
Physical Science
Surface Line
Edward

The infinite

Dear to me always was his lonely hill and this hedge that excludes so large a part of the ultimate horizon from my view. But as I sit and gaze, my thought conceives interminable vastnesses of space beyond it, and unearthly silences, and profoundest calm; whereat my heart almost becomes dismayed. And as I hear the wind blustering through these branches, I find myself comparing with this sound that infinite silence; and then I call to mind eternity, and the ages that are dead, and this that now is living, and the noise of it. And so in this immensity my thought sinks drowned: and sweet it seems to shipwreck in this sea.

—Translation from Leopardi

E.D.B

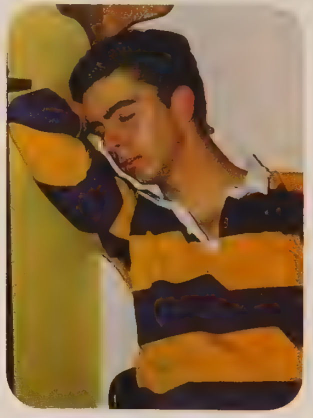
Edward N. Becker III
Orlando
Florida
Chemistry
Nuclear Power
Cheeks

According to a recent article in central Florida scene (circulation over 10,000 doctors offices and barbershops), Edward N. Becker III is a typical midshipman. He is a Chemistry major with a 3.3 cumulative grade point average, and is the type of mid that writes his mother every week This may all be true but there is more to Ed than just what was told. Some of the things the article failed to point out were such things as his criminal tendencies (Ed just couldn't help but kidnap his roomates teddy bear at least once a week), or his penny-pinching attitude (The war of the century almost errupted over who's turn it was to buy toothpaste once). Another thing the article failed to point out was Ed's bad luck on both youngster and first class cruise. On both cruises he ended up getting sick (One from a taxi ride through the mountains after a wild sangria night in Spain, and one from running from typhoons in the West Pacific)

Ed has done quite well at the Academy though he started out slowly with an inferiority complex about his singing. His roommates sang quite well but poor Ed was a graduate of the Gerry Esper school of singing for the tone deaf (Summa cum loud, of course). Ed was also one of the first in the company to become engaged. He was also one of the first ones to see the errors of their way

Even after all his difficulties, Ed was always one of the top performers in the company. With his day-glo red '65 Mustang and his nuclear power check in his pocket, Ed is ready to go home to Orlando and start nuclear power school.

—Flask



Scott L. Bubier
Redlands
California
General Engineering
Air Force
Boobs

Scott comes to the Academy from an Air Force family. He has lived in many places including England, Maine, Indiana and California

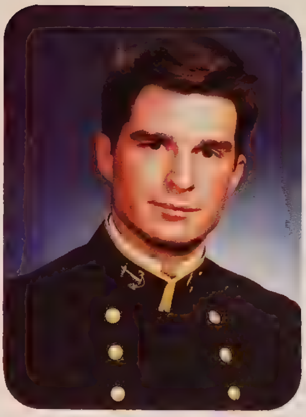
His favorite and present home is So. Cal., where he spends many a day in the hot tub. While at home he also likes to spend his time four-wheeling or just laying in the sun

Here at the Academy this laid back spirit shows, and he is generally an easy going guy. At first he did not do too well with the rates but his future roommate Bob took most of the flack during the summer, so he made it through. Once the academics started he struggled through the Aero Matrix till second class year, he slid into general. (As they say sooner or later you will go general)

His favorite hobby before coming to USNA was flying which he did with the Royal Air Force This led to his interest in planes which his knowledge of landed him a job as second class training officer

Some people get lucky, Scott is one of these. For example he did not get his choice of ships for either 3rd, or 1st class cruise but he did get an early cruise to the Portland Rose Festival both times. If his luck holds out he will be wearing silver wings on a blue bus drivers uniform

S B



Robert M. Campbell
Concord
Massachusetts
Physics
Air
Bob

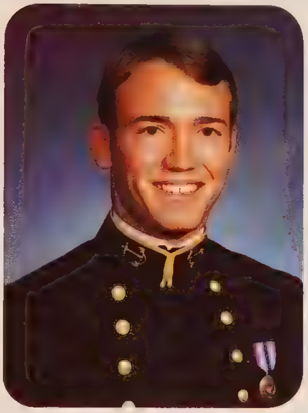
Moral perfection is not to be judged by mystic commandments to practice the impossible, and moral stature is not to be judged by matters not open to choice. Moral perfection is rather an unbreached rationality - not the degree of one's intelligence, but the full and relentless use of the mind, not the extent of one's knowledge, but the acceptance of reason as an absolute. An error made on one's own is safer than ten truths accepted on faith; the first leaves one with the means to correct it, but the second destroys the capacity to distinguish truth from error

……

''I fear for your future, Kira,'' said Victor. ''You must reconcile yourself with life. You won't get far with those ideas of yours.'' ''That,'' she said, ''depends on which direction I wish to go.''
-after A. Rand
R.M.C

Robert C. Chapleski
Allentown
Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Navy Air
Ski

Bob arrived at the Academy after his New England tour (via NAPS). Wine, women, and song were always his top priority, occasionally finding time to be a hard-working mid. From golden gloves to muddy cleats to crutches, the happy Pollock soon switched the emphasis to academic endeavors. He chose Computer Science as his major, and loved every ''bit''! He will be long remembered for his glorious invention, the ''bucket brigade'', which should go over well at the ''O''-club at Pensacola. These could never have taken place without the help of a certain Karen R. from Arnold, Md. Our wish for his future?-That Bob doesn't go through jets as fast as 'Vettes! (He could be in the training command for ever.) Finally, we hope that Bob's life during his Academy days can be remembered by his license plate on 'Vette #2: ''I-Cruz''! Fly Navy, Bob



Jeffrey J. Clark
Springfield
Illinois
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
J.J.

Jeff Clark—alias Superman—came to us from Springfield, Illinois. A year later, though, he wasn't from Springfield anymore. He was from . . . even he didn't know

Jeff wanted to come here so badly, he blew off his senior year in high school, just so he could join the blue and gold

Plebe summer was a great experience. Our old squad leader buddy—Bruno—couldn't wait to get rid of him. ''Have you gotten your reservations at a civilian school yet, Mr. Clark?'', ''When are you going to get your bus tickets home, Mr. Clark?''

But J.J. managed to muddle through. Plebe year came and went without a hitch, except for hockey. Who can forget seeing him waddling down the hall in his tweedle-dum hockey uniform, a huge bag of equipment slung over his shoulder, and his hockey stick in his hand, ready for action.

Then there was the game J.J. returned slightly under the influence. Clunk, he staggered into the room, his trusty equipment bag slung (sort of) over his shoulder. Plunk, he dropped it on the floor. Thunk, smash, he tripped over that bag into the desk. Crash, he staggered into the locker door. Whump, he fell in the rack, where he crashed and burned until the next morning, when all he could remember was throwing beer bottles at signs somewhere around Baltimore

Second class year started, and Superman drove into town with his new stealth car. We still recall those trips to Boston, Pittsburgh, Orlando, Houston, Springfield, and New Orleans, buzzing those smokies at a steady 75 mph, without blinking an eyelash

We all wish Jeff well as he seeks his fortune in the silent service. Just remember this, J.J.—''Go for it, Superman!''
D J.N

Michael A. Crosby
Oklahoma City
Oklahoma
Applied Science
NFO
Gramps

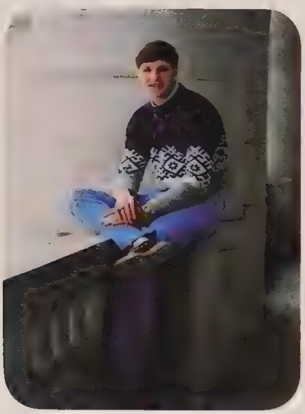
Gramps hailed to wonderful USNA from Oklahoma City as a bright, inspiring old plebe. From there he started a short lived football career. This was followed by a sailing career that was ended before its time due to the old mans sense of disagreement with any type of authority. An all-American at the restriction nationals, Gramps didn't let that get his ''spirits'' down. In fact, he was always spirited in the hall. Aside from all that, Mrs. Crosby's green alert parties were great and rooms 7239 and 7241 had fun enjoying their first class year. Gramps will be missed by all, but I'm sure Mike will gladly be advancing his Navy career. Good luck always
L I S

Dirk D. Ellsworth
West Linn
Oregon
Aerospace Engineering
NFO
Jerk Elsewhere

From across the rockies he came, an Oregon backwoodsman, complete with scruffy chin and axe. How could he know that he would soon trade that axe in on his new, life-long friend-his calculator? He easily gained acceptance into the boat school to help balance the load of engineers and real people, and despised the latter! By the way, isn't Aerospace something between the ears? Well, anyway, the all night Aero labs and cable tests took heavy casualties, but this guy held on, thanks to a little beauty from Virginia named Liddy

We all would have paid dearly to hear his Nuc. Power interview with the Admiral. —Come on, Dirk, you don't really want to get on a ship that is supposed to sink! We wouldn't want you to short out any instruments when you continue to sweat the load. As if he ever had to worry! At least with graduation well in hand he has begun to relax, and can even be found laughing once in a while-on weekends-under a full moon.

Actually he always kept us laughing, and we will truly miss him, until fair winds unite us again as old friends. Good luck and good sailing in all you do!
R.C.C.



Gerald A. Esper
Sterling Hts.
Michigan
Alchemist
Nuclear Submarines

Jerry thumbed his nose at MIT and left Sterling Hts., Michigan to become a naval officer. He quickly became popular for his fine spirit in trying to sing marching songs. Considering the Maryland summer unduly cool, he slyly wore his combo cover over his ears for warmth. If plebe summer was soft for Jerry, academic year was more cheesecake. Under the tutelage of the Batt. Officer, his knowledge of the MHP was so great that the upperclass frequently consulted him on his interpretation of the regulations. After sliding through plebe year, he left for the Phillipines with his role-model, Uncle Bill. Except for the 15 point rise and fall of his stocks, his trip was a great success. Jerry returned completely satisfied that he had found his calling. Youngster year was a good one for Jerry, from what he can remember. The following summer he went to quasi-airborne school ON the streets of Michigan. He learned that it is much easier to fall vertically and land in dirt, than to fly horizontally and land on a windshield - - - anything to miss Protramid. Second class year offered Jerry a study hour alternative to sleep: the wardroom. After a while, he would just watch the first few minutes of M*A*S*H, think of all the funny lines, laugh about them, and go back to bed. In spite of this severe case of Narcolepsy, Jerry did very well as a chemistry major with a minor in Star Trek. His efforts allowed him to be selected for bubble head duty. We really weren't sure that Jerry liked to sleep a lot until first class year when he said he got a longer matress so that he could sleep longer. Finally, Jerry fell in love with the girls back home and became the envy of us all. His life will surely be a successful one if he can just stay awake long enough to enjoy it.

Brent J. Flaskerud
Pheonix
Arizona
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Flask

Midshipman bonehead fourth class, sir!!, Was the first of several famous phrases to be uttered from our very own Brent Flaskerud. A product of Minnesota, Brent came to the boat school to play fu'bal u bet, but soon discovered that he had a brain, too. Who'd have thought such a thing. After he sweated through plebe year, Brent contracted a terminal case of youngsteritis. He has proved his class loyalty by sleeping through 83% of his afternoons. Brent, more affectionately known as B.J., (that's right), had a short and dull career as a Navy discus thrower. It ended when the coach found out that B.J. preferred to play racquetball rather than go to practice. A lifetime member of the bucket brigade, B.J.'s overwhelming lack of tact manifested itself one late drunken evening when he outlined his emotional and physical desires to a more than foul queenie. He has had his good days too. They were Sep. 2, and March 23. One rainy day while walking back to mother B, B.J. was picked up by a lass in a Camaro who felt sorry for him. He's been riding around with Charlene ever since. To Brent we wish the very best, you'll be missed on those 90 day patrols . . .

Jeffrey E. Fletcher
Seattle
Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Flex

Jeff Fletcher, known as "Flex", "Mobile", or "Fletch", hails from Seattle, Washington. Jeff has had many experiences since joining the illustrious ranks of '83. Plebe year, Fletch had a habit of losing his heels on the stairs while chopping. Jeff made it through plebe year-although he missed our record setting climb of Herndon-and was rewarded with another hardship to face. Over the summer, Mobile was "forced" to spend a month of his youngster cruise in Hawaii.

Youngster year brought many sessions of instruction with the rack monster, and the spring break trip to Florida for scuba diving and for Disney World. Fletch also encountered the wonderful world of the Mechanical Engineer, struggling to survive dynamics, strengths, and thermo. After two years of living with D.D.E. and D.P.R., Jeff roomed with the only man who could chop down trees while he sleeps, with his buzzsaw snore. Second class year also found Jeff with a letter for powerlifting, for which he acquired the nickname "Flex". 2/C year took him down south to Alabama with Dover for spring break '82. First class summer took Jeff to Hawaii once more, where he met Trudy. First class year found him having his best experience with those fantastic Mech. E. profs-"The Rocket Lives"-which he hopes to survive. Now that Jeff has his own wheels, he has been seen all around the state, seeking out all of those wild women that have panted over his body. Memorable quotes from Mobiles 1/C year were: "Is that diamond real?"; "Class average was an 85, and I got a 30."; "Lemme tell ya about my friend Humpstrap."

The future will find Flex in the back seat, flying high with the United States Marine Corps. Jeff has always been a true and faithful friend throughout the four years that I have thus far known him.—"Semper Fidelis"—Woodstock
C R.P

Mark R. Hagerott
Kent
Washington
History
Nuke Service
Hags

Some people say that Mark left his common sense at home in Kent, Washington. Why else would a poet select Nuclear Power? No Mark I'm finally convinced, history is the best major here-nice joke! Plebe year there was Gerry and his friends to make life interesting and youngster year brought life with Chris. Living with a book worm/narcoleptic, I guess there was'nt anything else to do but study. For sport Mark managed to squeeze in long hours (minutes?) on the skeet range. Hence came the nicknames of Geek-A-Lot and Bag-A-Lot. I think they're kind of catchy Well after two short years of fun at USNA Mark packed his bags for West Point. What was that about common sense? It seems that Mark can be happy almost anywhere, as long as he can read the financial page Returning from New York with tall tales and his sense of humor intact Mark prepared for a summer cruise in Europe with the Dutch Navy. Some people really have it rough. Did you really run the whole ship and have to put the captain in his place Mark?

The first three years weren't so bad and as a nuke you'll pick up some real education. You really are alright Mark; I'm sure that Ann would agree. Even if you don't get the Rhodes Scholarship life hasn't been too bad here. When you retire to that old wheat farm in North Dakota, think back on your glory days as a geek sweat striper at USNA
J.E.F.

Gordon P. Haines
Kearney
Nebraska
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
The man with the big nose

I remember the day I met Gordon, he came into my room the first day of plebe summer, and I looked up from my reef points to say, "Your rack is over there!" He must have thought I was really "bad", I mean I looked the part with my beanie cocked down over one eye.

Gordon proved to be a real asset to the room. I realized this right at the beginning of parents' weekend. When Willie and I walked around with Gordon, people went out of their way to be kind to us. But then, who would refuse to help a cripple. And with knee surgery, G. P. was able to stay on crutches for almost a year. It made me feel so important, parking in those V.I.P. spaces that said, "For the handicapped". And when it seemed that the attention wore off with the absence of crutches, Gord went back out on the soccer field and did it to his other knee. Now that's dedication. But next semester, I don't care what his excuse is, he's sleeping on the top rack.

Gordon is a devious individual, a real ladies' man. For instance when he was on crutches, he had all the women feeling sorry for him. Many a mid lost his girl to Gord. I'm sure that during X-mas leave, G. P. went to the ski slopes to lounge around the lobby with a cast on one leg and a pair of big sad puppy dog eyes just begging for affection.

I was heartbroken to find out Gordon was N.P.Q. for the Marine Corps because of his knees. I know how much he wanted to be a Marine, but I guess someone has to fill those Nuc Power slots. He's just got to keep thinking, "I'm not going sterile".

Gordon, thanks for all the memories
T.W.K

Stephen M. Jackson
Lawnside
New Jersey
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Ajax

Steve's arrival at USNA caused everyone he met great apprehension. At first it was thought he was a Soviet spy, but evidence from a Lawnside source disproved that theory. Each year, new guesses were made about Ajax's true identity. Some thought him an 'NIS' agent, others a Rip Van Winkle impersonator. Through gallant research it was finally determined that he too, was just a senior in college.

Mark K. Johnston
Tacoma
Washington
Physics
Nuclear Power

When Mark left Salt Lake City for Annapolis he did not need to look back because his parents were already preparing to move. They left no forwarding address but Mark finally found them in Los Angeles. Mark came here one step ahead of everyone. He had already spent a year trying to develop a long distance relationship. Every month he receives a thank you note from Ma Bell for his love of long distance calls. Plebe year he amazed everyone by his inability to remember his class schedule all the way up to finals. Mark also sent Texas Instruments into new profit margins just by replacing the calculators he lost. The most important thing about Mark, though, is that he was always there when someone needed a favor or a break. He spent many hours in the service of the Lord and many of us admired his dedication and faith Mark chose to become a submariner, although on protramid he considered every warfare specialty a possibility. Air was an option until he asked the corpsman "What eye chart?" We wish Mark the best of anyone and we sincerely hope he will always remain as cheerful as he was here

Terry W. Keith
Pontiac
Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Air
Rughead

Close your eyes, take a deep breath, open your mind, then try to imagine such off the wall combinations as "pickles and ice cream," "green and pink," or the "B-52s and the Boston Philharmonic" - all the while thinking of the one person best described by such diametrical duos What name suddenly bursts into your brain? Why of course! Terry William Keith, the "Rughead," the gentle giant, the founding father of the famous uurrah lounge

After all, who would ever expect a stocky, prior enlisted sergeant in the Marine Corps who can pump out over a hundred one handed push-ups to be an artist, or for that matter a cheerleader. And who ever heard of a prior enlisted Marine that never gets uptight or loses his temper, that could get along and actually converse with normal people, that could make it through the Academy majoring in something other than Phisci, that when asked about his service selection would rather fly F-18s than roll around in the mud and play grunt.

Yes, the "Rughead" is very certainly a unique person. A sucker to the ploys of women (Aren't we all?), Terry goes through at least one "true love" per semester, always ending up being dumped flat on his face. Question: "What's so unique about that?" Answer: "Terry's women all wear uniforms." In fact, open his wallet and you'll find more uniformed profiles than Hugh Hefner has credit cards.

Terry's uniqueness, however, is certainly not something to be looked down upon like the plague or herpes. In fact, his individuality has been very much a contribution to the personality that seperates the Academy from other universities, adding that little touch of humor, that spice of reality that makes Banana-U all worth while in the end.

W.C. McC

Bruce A. Koivu
Orlando
Florida
Mathematics
Aviator
Bruce

Bruce drifted in from radiant Orlando, exchanging a life of biking, skiing, and general ingenious mischief for one of intimate moments with the honey well too often (When not biking or skiing or . . .) Along the way, he discovered unusual new uses for cauliflower in the pursuit of young french-Canadiennes (le cnou-fleur, n'est-pas?), and spring beer on even younger Washingtonians. Spring breaks meant initiating future nukes to the fine art of Orlando life, including those who can leap a g-string in a single bound. A logical man, just one sub cruise convinced him to start his career at Pensacola here's to the future fulfillment of his dream: sleeping on a moonlit carrier and landing on tropical beaches (Or is that the other way around?)

R.M.C.

Christopher J. Loria
Belmont
Massachusetts
General Engineering
Surface Line
C.J.

C.J. started plebe year with boxing, however the length of his beak dictated that he assume a safer course of action, namely the sailing team. He seemed to fit in well here at U.S.N.A., many roadtrips, rumbles, recon raids, and a permanent membership into the E.M.B.C. Later C.J rolled into youngster year with a fresh crewcut, and jumpwings to match

2/c Ac year found C.J. chased by many lovelies and uglies, however he had fallen for a certain hometown lass and was determined to clean up his act. This determination lasted well into the first few hours he was back. However, our hard charger was temporarily sidelined with a cast of the Bethesda blues. The spring of second class year brought on a new twist as CJ joined with both roommates in the destruction of "Dueces wild" and skipper "Bronson"

Although 1/c year arrived with his honey far from home, CJ broke out of his depression the first night back with a quiet evening and joy ride with charms McKee. Yes the early morning breakfast club's hero was back with his comrades once again.

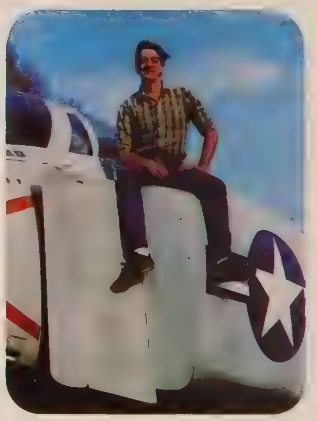
Despite all adversity, CJ never let the big things get him down; always landing on his feet. His total dedication and friendly personality will enable him to be successful in whatever he does. CJ will be sorely missed by his close friends

S E O. & F.P.S

Randolph L. Mahr
East Brunswick
New Jersey
Systems Engineering
NFO
Randy

Following Rosanna Rosannadanna's advice "You gotta get outa New Jersey," Randy cruised into Canoe U. from one of the few nice parts of the state, where wild school buses graze on peaceful Camaros. He has always worked hard at academics during the week. As a systems Engineer he put in more than his share of hours, but on the weekends Randy rarely studied since he had so many other things to do. Membership in the Canoe, Scuba, and Orienteering clubs as well as the Unofficial Wednesday Afternoon club at Riordans and the "I could waterski forever" clubs kept Gandalf busy inhaling fresh air (among other things) on most weekends. Consequently, Mondays were usually bad days for Randy. As an athlete Randy tried both crew and swimming, but after an uneventful semester turned to company sports for recreation. As a plebe Randy was a top performer in the platoon until he ruined his sqaud leader's guitar in a waterfight, a week before grease was due. Randy's poor luck as a plebe is second only to his outstanding ability to meet up with the wrong girls. But when Randy wanted something he would let nothing stand in his way. Consider the blonde that he "attacked" at Timmy's, went on to take to a formal the next year, or the one from Pa. who wouldn't say goodbye no matter how crude he got. Randy was also one of the few first class to validate four years of swimming, but still go to 6 1/c swimming lessons. As an officer Randy tends toward surface line, but the corp or NFO are not out of the question (only out of focus with his eyesight). Whatever he decides, we can be sure it will include large quantities of beer, rock music and women. Good luck, fair seas and full sails

S S



Albert J. Mathers
Marysville
Michigan
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Beaver

Hailing from Marysville, Michigan, the "Beaver" came to USNA with his mind already set on nuke power. Although that much hasn't changed, plenty of other things have happened in the meantime. Starting like a gangbuster, Jim looked like he was heading for the top of the class. With the advent of youngster year, however, and all that work turning into more & more fun, we have witnessed a slight but steady decline in QPR. Youngster year also brought the shortest phone call of his life where he dumped one, and for the next year went through plenty of others Always coming on strong, he seemed to always get bored by the second date but that was just the breaks. Jim's outspokenness more than once got him into trouble which eventually left him in not exactly the best of stead with the C.O. Finally, he appears to have been landed by M.J who, despite brothers coming home and PDA in the midstore, appears here to stay. There must be some substance to the relationship, if VISA and phone bills are any sort of indicator. (Oh Well, there goes part of his nuke bonus.) Using his adjutant status to the fullest, Beaver is approaching the record for the fastest increase in odometer readings in his silver honda, which must have the road between Crabtown and Alexandria memorized. His ability to get good grades without studying has impressed us all, and the sight of him in his rack during study hour constantly reading science fiction is one we'll never forget. If those nuke interviewers only knew, but it doesn't matter now. Beaver's luck seems endless and we hope it stays that way

Henry B. Mathews II
Dothan
Alabama
History
Marine Air
Benny

Ben arrived at Canoe-U, on the shores of the Severn straight from Dothan, Alabama. Since that day, in July of '79, we have all learned to respect and yet be a little bit scared of Benny. Ben became a "Chit-man" rather early at USNA. During plebe summer he managed to sleep in the hospital while the rest of us took a strain (Thanks again, Ben). While Ben managed the rest of the year with only minor violations of alcoholic nature (by the way we appreciated the yellow tiles) he soon lost all control and zipped on his real foul Marine head. A Marine from Alabama, the next best thing to wearing Alabama P.E. gear all year

Ben's taste in clothing is definitely not paralleled by his taste in cars; the only 3/c to have a brand new Datsun 280ZX. They say when it rains it pours and that's about as often as the car gets washed. Must be nice. Well, enough of the serious stuff on old Benny, just be glad you weren't in the class of 1986 last summer . . . . . . for our resident foxtrot flammer to rack you in

After graduation you will be lucky to catch Ben Mathews as he will be screaming along at Mach 2 in his F-18 Hornet for the United States Marine Corps. The Marines definitely got the best of that deal and all we can say is that we will miss his dedication and friendship. The best to you in all you do. Good luck.
D.D.E.

William C. Mc Cool
Lusby
Maryland
Computer Science
Navy Air
Willie

Hailing from the wide open spaces of Texas, Willie came to prove that even Texas could produce a man ready to accept the challenge "morally, mentally, and physically." Mentally and physically Willie had no problems at all. A natural athlete, Willie excelled at every sport. His first love, running, however, dominated his time. Participating in cross country and both indoor and outdoor track we didn't know if he was dedicated or just plain crazy. When got bored as a 4.0 Aero major, Willie decided to pick something he really liked: computers. He's the only one we know who bought a wrist watch specifically because it had space invaders on it. He's done so well here that he's planning on getting his masters degree in computers before going to flight school. Though it sounds as if Willie was busy all the time, he still had enough spare time to teach himself to play the guitar and to speak French. (This really irritates G.P. and T.K. the other members of the urraah lounge.) He was in bed by 10:30 every night because he needed "at least 8 hrs. a night."

The moral challenge was Willie's only problem area What's a guy to do when he's got a baby face that brings out the "loving" quality in women? He made a valiant effort at being a gallant knight but he's only human. Willie also had a couple scrapes with the conduct system. Who would have expected a gate guard to stop cars looking for 2nd class drivers. And how about that running without a t-shirt in 98 degree weather Willie proved to us all that scholar-atheletes are real people too. Willie will accomplish any goat he sets and the Navy is getting one hell of a pilot Good luck Willie!!!
G.P.H

James B. McKeon
Portland
Maine
History
Surface Line
Duke

From the planet Maine he came; Portland, Maine to be exact (Or was it Oregon?). His biggest goal in life is to drive boats for Navy; A little odd considering his natural aquatic abilities (or lack thereof). Maybe he should be a ground pounder instead? We knew Jim was special the first day he arrived; no, it is not the fact that he has to spend two hours a day behind a razor, it is because Jim is a . . . dare it be said? A liberal! James is so liberal that if he won the Irish Sweepstakes, He would give the money away because he would feel guilty

Seriously, we admire Jim for his ideals and we love every hair on his head and every tooth in his mouth. Jim will probably stay in the Navy for life, and he will be a fine Naval Officer. He has shown us that he can accomplish anything when he sets his mind to it. After all he was a History major. Think of all the independent research Jim as done at historic sites like The King of France. Knowing Jim you could never tell that he was half Irish and half Italian given his calm, mild mannered disposition and temper. Jim could always be counted on to give a quiet, rational response to frustrating situations, as long as you gave him twenty-four hours for his blood pressure and his senses to return to normal

Leggs, like the old Irish toast says: "May you be in heaven for an hour before the devil knows your dead " Good luck always, and Jim, dont ever give up your independent research
G E

Keith B. Menz
Milwaukee
Wisconsin
Political Science
Naval Intelligence
Rat

Keith hails from the beer capital of U.S.—Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He enlisted in the Navy after high school and was advanced to petty officer 3/c before being accepted to the Naval Academy Prep school. While at NAPS, "Mouse" was an outstanding soccer goalie. However, the coaches at USNA thought he was too small to play the nets so Keith turned his efforts to kicking for Navy's 150 lb football team. Keith's competitive attitude and determination made him a letter winner his 1/c year. Always a hard worker, Keith rarely slept when his studies needed attention. Political science has been good to him as his grades were seldom below 3.4. Whenever not busy kicking footballs or studying, Keith could be always found at a party. He has a tailgater beer mug that takes two minutes to fill and about half that time for him to empty it! Anytime there is a party with beer and women, Mouse will be there. He discovered Hood college 2/c year and has been a constant vistor ever since. The girls in every dorm at Hood know of "The Mouse." Unfortunately for the girls, one particular hoodite has had his attention for some time. None of us will ever forget the good times and few will forget what a pain he was during the '82 world series, the year the Brewers almost won!! We will all miss Keith's hotheadedness and stubborn ways. NPQ, Keith hopes to enter the intelligence community upon graduation. When he graduates, the Navy will be gaining a fine officer and Bancroft Hall will have one less mouse.

Good luck always!!
M. McM., S.S.

Dave Nameroff
Akron
Ohio
Nuclear Power
Marine Engineering
Dave

Since Dave's family already had a history of being involved with nuclear power (his dad works for Babcock & Wilcox, you know, the people responsible for TMI), he decided to visit Canoe U. and join the ranks of the U.S. nuclear navy (and, of course, if you go nuke, you have to go subs).

Dave started acting like a midshipman in Crabtown before most of his classmates. When he came out for Orientation Day, he managed to get himself so pickled that he was lost when he was standing right in front of his hotel. But that wasn't good enough for Dave; he decided that he had to do better than that. So one fine Saturday afternoon during plebe year he got so drunk that he slept through his alarm and evening formation.

Since Dave likes to be active, he joined a few clubs here at the Boat School. In one of these clubs he ran through the woods to see how long it would take him to get lost. In another one he had to assume all of these strange positions and do a lot of grunting. For a while Dave even tried varsity sports. He ran a lot of stadium stairs and rowed several miles up and down the Severn before deciding that it just wasn't worth giving up leave for.

Dave had dreams from the very beginning of doing graduate work during his last year at the Academy. Thanks to his advisor they have remained as untouched dreams. Dave may get his opportunity to do graduate work right after his commissioning though. "Better late than never," as I'm sure his advisor would say

Sean E. O'Connor
Rumson
New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface
Sonny

Plebe summer earned Sean the nickname of Sonny with his tender years, wisecracks, and exuberance of youth. He would have made Ac-year a breeze if he hadn't almost dismembered a certain 2/c who was merely performing his duties. Oh well. Plebe year saw numerous spirit related carry-outs and blanket parties which left him with a few skinned knuckles but a much better state of mind. That and beating out his squad leader for noseguard on the 150# football team left him with a cakewalk plebe year. Youngster year was a real turning point for Sonny. Of III-C, he was only a few scars left, mostly a lasting nightmare of a garbage truck almost running him over at dawn on Dam-Neck beach. First class year saw Sonny's early warning system's go into effect. After three years of prowling he had many unfriendlies after his buns; at tailgaters his buddies could be seen calling out azimuths of incoming bogies which would send our hero scurrying in the opposite direction. But for all his fun and games he has done well at Navy, starting at noseguard on the 150's and making all-league many times, ending up as co-captain his senior year.

We wish Sonny luck in all that he does and that none of his many lovelies gets their claws on him. Sonny, take care and keep the beers cold until we get there.
F.P.S. & C.J.L.

Chris Pietras
Long Island
New York
Marine Engineering
Navy

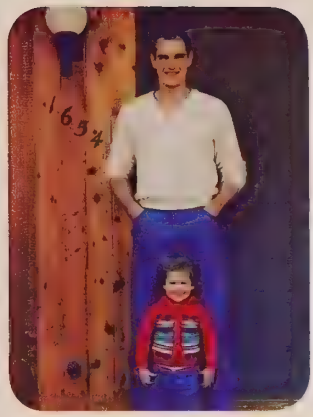
The class of 1980 will always remember Chris as the smart mouth, fair skinned, blond haired kid from Long Island. Though the smallest plebe, by graduation, he was 5 inches and 30 pounds bigger. In those four years and eight mile runs, Chris earned several nicknames and a notorious reputation

While Chris didn't stand in the top of his class, he was actually a latent genius. At Navy, three evil forces combined to restrain his lazy but immense intellect: a cribbage board, sci-fi books, and the rack. His friends and class mates stood helplessly by as Woodstock played hundreds of cribbage games with his partners from Baltimore and Oregon. In fact, the partner with the bum knee later fell victim to Ac-boards as a result of the long-running game series—which Chris won When not playing games, he could read up to three books a week; if an English or History major, he would have easily become the department chairman. Finally, if anything got the best of Chris, it was his narcolepsy; he was once admitted to Bancroft medical for 3rd degree back burns

Chris loved books, cribbage, and the rack, but his greatest affection was for the mile run. In fact, Chris ran the mile a multitude of times and even stayed after classes on Fridays just to take advantage of Heinz Lenz's expert instruction

Where ever "Woodstock", Chris (or whatever) will find himself in the future, he will be one of the best. He was always ready to lend a helping hand, or do a favor. In the class of '83 there are few others who got along so well, with so many, so much of the time as Chris, the "Cribbage King"

Your gray roommate,
M R H



Bryan V. Riegel
Spokane
Washington
Political Science
USMC NFO
Beagle

Winging in from Spokane, Washington, "Beagle" was pretty wet behind the ears when he arrived at USNA. He made it through plebe year generally unnoticed, mainly because he always seemed to be at the boathouse. It wasn't without its' tough times, however, since Bryan and Frank had extra duty pulling the load for one who didn't make it. At least Youngster year was inaugerated in proper fashion, with an afternoon spent on the beltway and a run through the mud to make formation. Not too good in summer whites but all four cohorts in crime emerged unscathed. It was a good year for Beagle when everything seemed to fall into place. Then came the big change, with a blind date, that started in the Rotunda and has no end in sight. It was tough to find him before when he just had crew, but with two diversions Bryan is even a rarer sight. He should be allowed to commute to school since that would probably make things easier The past two years have certainly been filled with alot of different experiences. From all the stares directed toward the mid with the wife and the kid, Erica leaving her mark on the nose of the Dant's wife, sweet-talking the Maryland State Police and a record time between Ft. Meade and USNA, it has been an exciting lifestyle. Some things haven't changed though, Bryan's quick smile and easy going manner are things we won't forget. We wish him luck on the way to his dream of flying and in meeting the challenges which lie ahead.

Derek G. Roberts
Honolulu
Hawaii
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
Bo

Derek left San Diego and arrived at the United States Naval Academy with a high school nickname of "Blow it case," but rooming with General Pretty during plebe summer helped establish a better name (relatively speaking). After coughing, limping, typing, and brushing his way through two years with C.W. and E.B. he had several other nicknames. During youngster year Ma and Pa Warbucks moved to Hawaii so that Bo squidly would not have time to become romantically involved, but he still managed to find a island girl in the Navy junior pool. Back at the boat school he tallied up the Dant's, as well as the deputy's daughters; the siblings of high-ranked ring knockers must perpetuate the species. Derek chose to major in Mechanical Engieering so that he could calculate the yield stress of the bolts remaining after re-assembling his Capri's engine. His efforts paid off with a reward he wished he had never been awarded- four stripes, a purple heart for facial wounds received during sword manual, and even more to worry about. Derek spent his leave time in various ways; from going to drive-ins to corrupting Hoosier minister's daughters to commuting daily for cruise. Finally he reached the ultimate goal of graduation, Surface Nuclear Power, and most importantly, many close friends for a lifetime of success and happiness.
C.A.W.

Derek P. Rydholm
Fort Collins
Colorado
Physical Science
Navy Air
Ryders

Derek came to muggy Crabtown from the sparkling waters of Fort Collins, Colorado, ski country. During his first year Derek became a hit with the firsties when he was carried from formation one Saturday afternoon after enjoying a little too much spring water. However, during the winter months he became very flexible. This was exibited while on the varsity gymnastics team and finally on the batt football team that ended with a perfect record. After meeting Nancy we only saw him 45 minutes a day if we were lucky, but those 45 minutes seemed like 45 hours. Ryders has made a lasting impression on us all. He was a perfect example to follow but never getting the chance not all of us saw his true potential. Ryders, good luck in the fleet we know you will stand head and shoulders above the rest. Good luck always.

Frank P. Shaffer
Indiana
Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Fat Rat

"Fat Rat" Shaffer rolled down from Indiana, Pa., -yeah thats right Pennsylvania to Canoe U. with puppy dog eyes ablaze and a mind to match, he quickly adapted to the paltry three meal a day regimine. Frank slid through the summer unnoticed except by the wrestling staff, who realized they had a potential F-14 on their hands

Starting off Youngster year on a good foot, Frankie impressed all by drinking vast amounts of road sodas, impressing a certain roommates relatives and completing a two mile cross country steeple chase back to Sunday evening meal formation completely unscathed.

The high point of Youngster year definitely had to be the one long distance road trip to the ski slopes of New Hampshire (You know, the live free or die state). The dangerous three kept warm with quality two dollar anti-freeze, often picking Frankie up off the slopes and replacing his many divits. The final count was many dead soldiers, bruised ego's and his dads new car. Despite it all, the three heros made it back alive -more or less

2/c cruise expanded both Frank's pro knowledge and his waist line. The III-C parties and mornings on the beach won't be soon forgotten. Frank resisted membership to the last in the lean green puking machine. Second class academic year saw Frank's first of many mistakes, with his two new roommates and the room which remained no. one on the company's top three most dirty list. His introduction to Navy sailing did little to improve his stellar attitude about Navy but did wonders for his alcohol tolerance levels. Although enthusiastic about sailing he was prone to sudden seizures of sleep on board though he never missed a party, or a chance to blame his troubles on guilt by association

First class year saw Frank roll back into Annapolis with the hottest car in the yard, his latest true love, a Camaro Z-28. With fond memories of June week with Julie and the nights on the beach in Hawaii, he dove into academic year labs, the rack, and the wardroom. He has set his sights on another eastern wrestling crown and then flying high with Navy Air. His intensity, drive, and determination will make Frank an excellant officer and probably the Navy's hottest F-14 jock. Ole' Frankie will be missed by all with fond memories. We are looking forward to the times together in the future.
S.O. & C.L.

Scott A. Steeves
Schenectady
New York
Systems Engineering
Surface Line
Scotty

Scotty hails from beautiful upstate New York, Schenectady to be specific, where he finds both the cold and warm climates satisfactory to his Apline and water skiing habits. An eager individual for abuse, he followed in the footsteps of his brother, Sean, and gave up a normal college life to become a squid at Canoe U

Scotty was a soft spoken, mild mannered plebe who managed to survive the flaming firsties of 17. Scott also saw the light quitting the beaters and blowers saying "D & B is not for me." He turned his attention to battling the systems engineering major of which he constantly complained.

Scotty became an important member of the company slow-pitch softball team, not for his athletic skills, but for the cookies and brownies his lovely companion, Amanda, would bring to the games. It was said if you ever wanted to find Scotty, you need only look in three places- Ward Hall, The Rack, or 49 College Ave, the residence of Amanda. "Haze gray and underway" is the road for this mid and we all know he is bound for success. Best of luck, always.

KBM

Craig A. Walker
Mishawaka
Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Nuclear
Mishawaka

Living only a footballs throw from Notre Dame, Craig arrived from Mishawaka with a knowledge of Michigan beaches and his uncle's sea stories under his belt. Quickly falling into the routine of every normal Midshipman, Craig occassionally honored the sub-squad with his presence, learned to use crutches, dreamt of "the q" back home, and deftly avoided the titles "Geek" and "Sweat"

After deciding that Mechanical Engineering was the only real major available, Craig graced the Glee Club and Chapel Choir with his voice and spent many of his vacations on the road with his good friends John and Jack

After providing the theory that new stereo speakers can improve your grades Craig's professionalism shone through when he reluctantly turned down a first class cruise at sea and instead chose recruit training at Great Lakes. He felt he could get a more meaningful experience working with the young enlisted people and returned very much satisfied with his summer activities. Craig's dedication was not unnoticed because he returned with a position on Battalion Staff, no morning quarters, and 3-striper libs.

Always keeping in touch with reality, Craig was often a stabilizing influence when the rigors of academy life became heavy. He was always available to offer constructive criticism and lend a helping hand. After authorizing an interview with Admiral Mckee, Craig chose what many feel the real navy is all about: The wind in his hair, beautiful sunsets, port calls, and no unreps with oilers We wish Craig the best of luck with his future and know that wherever he travels he will always find life as sweet as honey.

DGR

STALAG SEVENTEEN

James A. Blake
Springfield
Massachusetts
General Engineering
Supply
Deac

"He should have gone to Broadway instead!"

Geoffrey R. Brandquist
Annapolis
Maryland
Management
Surface
Geoff

Geoffrey Roland Brandquist comes from a long line of proud swedes. Although the continental quiff got off to a slow start plebe summer (Since he was Capt. Brandquist's son, sir.), it didn't stop him from making such cheers as "From East to West," or "From Atlantic to Pacific" famous. Plebe year took its toll with the long hours sleeping in the tennis clubhouse and strenuous runs to his house on Worden field

As Youngster year rolled around, Geoff finally met someone besides Henry Dicker to keep him happy; her name was Margie. He called her 'my favorite nurse'. In sports he rallied both the heavy-weight football team and Co. basketball team to two losing seasons, as quarterback and guard respectively

As Second class year came upon him, Rip Van Brandquist found it hard to stay awake at least one-third of the day to go on steerage runs, call Margie, and play lead cowbell for the smack

During First-class year, the chicken wing lover was able to keep his grades sat and would frequently recruit people to drive to Buffalo with, where his bride to be lived Also First-class year the square-head was able to take wires again, and coach his no-practice basketball team to a 2-7 season. Brandquist's increased financial capabilities were evident by his frequent stereo and book sales to finance his debt. Hopefully Geoff, who is choosing Surface Line as a service selection, and Margie will enjoy life together as much as we've enjoyed him. Geoff's been a good friend to everyone and fun to be with. Good luck Geoff.
M C.D

Michael W. Byman
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Mike

After leaving his home in Ohio, Florida, or Virginia (depending on which day you asked him), Mike arrived at Navy and breezed through plebe summer. However the cold, hard reality of Ac year soon pulled him up short and he discovered that the secret to happiness plebe year is a very low profile. Staying generally neutral in the eraser fights and moth and mouse safaries of pugs and mud shark, Mike layed claim to a desk at Nimitz and hit the books hard. Youngster year Mike continued to look out for pugs, and always dragged him out of the rack about two minutes before quarters, but he wasn't able to drag him into Second class year. After Youngster year, Mike started going through roomates fast, as he couldn't find anyone who would room with him for more than a semester

One important fact that Mike reaffirmed during this time is that without Jesus Christ as Lord, life simply isn't worth living. Mike frequently had to reevaluate his priorities with this in mind

After practicing with his "flipper sub" Mike is prepared for Nuc. school. He will leave Navy with many memories of good friends and great times on the Severn

Reynold J. Convento
Duncanville
Texas
Applied Science
Surface Line
Rey

Rey came to Annapolis, via NAPS, intent on participating in a huge family reunion with the Filipino connection in the wardroom, but soon found out that this was not the purpose of this great institution Undaunted, he plowed through plebe summer, shining as the weeks progressed, despite spending half his valuable time dressing his now defunct company mate (HPD). Rey entered the academic year, only to find he was marked by the administration to receive all of the hardest profs. and classes at USNA. Three TI-55's and a nervous breakdown later, Rey found the happiness that existed after Herndon—life as an upperclassman. Rey's artistic abilities surfaced during the next few years as a result of a heavy influence from his youngster roommates, Lennon and McCartney, and from a deeper inspiration from his true love, Sabrina (Veronica was such a tease). He emerged as the company photographer automechanic, and shoo-pow (and other sweet asian foods) distributor. Despite all these attributes, it still took a free Camaro to coax him into finishing his 7 year stint in the armed forces. In his waning years, Rey managed to advance above and beyond his classmates socially. He could always be counted on to be the life of the party, with such original antics as lampshade-hat wearing, and immediately informing the crowd of his state upon accomplishing a buzz. "Roy" the Japanese guy recently had been adopted by Geoff and Margie. They will surely take care of him till he can make his decision as to whether to go Surface Line or Surface Line
Bronze and Chaz

Michael C. Dellatto
Brooklyn
New York
Management
Marine Air
Dellatts

Mike Dellatto came to USNA from the streets of Brooklyn New York. He had a tough time plebe year because being a good Italian he constantly needed to shave. Because of this he acquired the affectionate nicknames "Bluebeard" and "Sasquatch". His musical tastes (disco) and appearence made him the top contender for the John Travolta look alike contest. Mike worked hard to make an athlete of himself, he pumped weights and stared in such macho sports at batt rugby and batt football. But he seemed to forget about his legs, because of this his legs became known as the "Piano Legs" throughout 18th company. Mike an excellent student and a Management major, seemed to enter psychotic states when a test came around (mostly the mile run). Mike applied his management experience to financial endeavors while at the Academy.. He managed to save his money and invest it while others wasted theirs on stupid things like beer and fun. Mike was also the only plebe to return triumphantly from Herndon with his pro keds, socks, and tee shirt. Mike's only desire while at the Academy was to go home and see his steady Patricia or "Pumpkin" as he called her. Mike hopes to become an NFO in any service that will allow him the most ground time.

After plebe year Mike's comic ability became evident by his imitation of nearly every one in the company, no one was immune. The company Christmas party was his best medium for this talent, where he kept everyone in stiches. Whatever the Brooklyn "Cujeen" does or wherever he goes we know that Mike will do well. We will miss his ceaseless humor and friendship. Take care and good luck Mike and Patricia, we'll miss you.
G.B.

Donald G. Drehoff
Baltimore
Maryland
Economics
Surface
Don

"Smile everybody, and welcome to Fantasy Island! Today we will take you through the surreal and imaginative academy life of Don Drehoff."

The disciple- Always under devine inspiration, Don did his best to spread the word of the Lord among his peers at the famous company bible studies (What better way to spend 0530 to 0600?) Don let it be known that he was born again, again and again. However, his applications were progressive, by cranking the tunes of Larry Norman and the Dyl-man.

The movie star- Don's greatest triumph was as Mr. Hollywood himself, writing, acting, producing, and directing such memorable features as "The Chow Package," "The Newlymid Game," "Family Feud," "The Interns (released at Holloween), and the still to be released "Star of Annapolis."

The musician- After being influenced for years by the likes of Lennon, Dylan, Costello, Young, and Gates, Don (along with Mick Gabber), organized "The Smack", one of the most influential bands of the 80's.

The naval officer- Still an unexplored fantasy, as Don still has no idea what he wants to do.

"The plane boss, the plane!- Good-bye and good luck, Bunks."
B.H.

Stanley D. Gabriszeski
Glen Burnie
Maryland
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Gabber

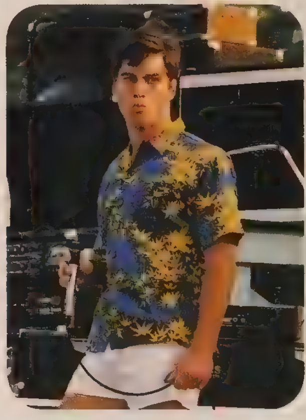
Stan happened by chance upon the Naval Academy in 1979, hardly even knowing that Canoe U. even existed, despite the fact that he had lived just down the road in Glen Burnie for the previous eighteen years.

One of his many accomplishments during plebe summer included being a member of the "Dress me 'cause I'm Harry Dorman" pit crew. Stan survived plebe summer, and the Glen burn-out in him was finally purged from his system.

Stan managed to make the plebe football meat squad. His love for the team extended mutually to his classmates as Stan was well known for his love and support of 18th company.

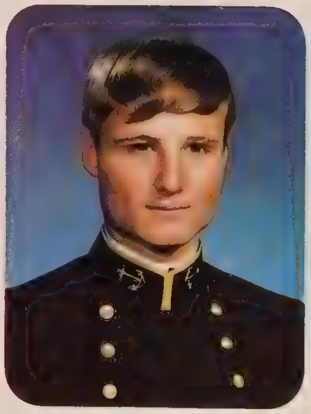
To escape the pressures of the next few years, Stan found peace in cranking disco music on his prized "Close-and-Play." Fortunately for him his tastes have gone to better and stranger things.

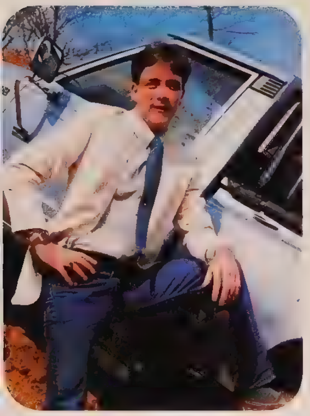
Life was not all Diet Pepsi's and Salem Light's for Stan as problems did mount through the years. But even with cysts, stubborness, and a pierced ear, Stan still remained dedicated to join the nuc power team, sure to give the best 30 years of his life to Uncle Sam. You're a class act, Stan. Go Mr. Navy. Nuc 'em till they glow.
Chaz and Caesar



William J. Galinis
Delray Beach
Florida
Electrical Engineering
Surface Line
Joe Head

William John flew to "Canoe U." from the "sunshine state" with a confused look on his face and a determined, but less-than-eager attitude to give up Florida fun for the spontaneous life of Annapolis. Bill made it easily through plebe summer by feeding his classmates his endless supply of chocolate cakes and making midnight head class in a slightly modified uniform of the day. Plebe year brought a new "Youngster J.G." attitude, a double E major, and "Lady Di" to Billy. The latter of which fascinated the company with her interesting chow packages and letter addresses. Never one for the complex life, Bill found much freetime enjoyment playing sports and going out with his buddies Jim, Jack, Hank, and Merle, but he was disappointed when he found out you couldn't deep sea fish on the Chesapeake. With many late nights of country music and double E, Billy Joe would let loose by going out 'Moe and Joe style' to the Sail inn, the moutains of western Maryland, or, if enough time allowed, straight south like a lightning bolt. Bill narrowly missed the job of brigade commander (you had my vote guy) but did manage to attain two stripes and the titles of "the most unimpersonatable man", "Billy leadership", "the eternal sub-commander", and "the most dedicated student". Quiet and reserved in the line of duty and a wild son of dixie by night, Bill proved to everyone what a timely fine person he is. Whether the Navy takes him above, below, or on top of the water, just listen for the sounds of a fishing pole and country music and you'll find Bill. Best of luck and God speed, my friend!
M J.O





Lawrence L. Gill
Lake Havasu
Arizona
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Lee

Lawrence Lee Gill arrived after the life in his luxurious Florida resort. Tiring of the fun and sun on the beach, Lee deciced to apply himself to the Corps (Marine), the Squadron (Y.P.), and the major (Math). Fairly quickly he learned he travelled north for nought. Classmates found Lee spending time browsing cataloges and junk shops for gadgets. Irons, coffee-pots, and popcorn poppers were the beginning, but he didn't stop there. No he also had Christmas lights, an ironing board, a shower-massage, and a 24K gold toothbrush! Plebe year began and with it came "E tables", cope chow calls and many love letters. Spring break found Lee and the boys on the beach reliving those "old days." Lee found that his romanced topped even his love for baseball. As president of the Eastport 'Vette club he found Ted's lounge, and himself getting engaged 'a la shotgun. Youngster year past as even more flames ignited and smothered. Second class year brought out the best in Lee.

Giving up on his roommates, he put on the disco (heavy sail innfluence), rearranged, and cleaned the room weekly! It kept his roomates on their toes and the plebers in awe. His musical preferences (mo tapes) and talents were suspect until the "smack" formed with Lee playing trumpet. Carrying around that 'mean looking chicken' in his front pocket has been a heavy chore for Lee.

Lee's new girl for senior year had baby blue eyes, a shapely body, four wheels, and was the prettiest . . . . truck. It was more than Lee could do to keep her in trouble and off the road. Lee also ran the tailgaters for the football season. Lee is going to 'glow' with the nukes, and all that we ask is that you continue to have fun in the years to come . . . . the work comes easy. Good luck!
M.J.S.

Jeremy W. Gillespie
Cincinnati
Ohio
English
Navy Air
Dizzy

"In the absolute order of the universe no mere words can adequately convey the being and essence of any person but in our small world we must try to capture life's passing with our words."

What biography of Jeremy would be complete without this quintessent of philosophy? Life with Jerry will never be dull for anyone within earshot as long as they have a friendly ear and an appreciation for the finer nuances of life. Jeremy is the one man always ready to proofread a midnight paper, make a steerage run, loan out his car, catch some "quick rack," discuss some bull, and pull an all-nighter in the same night as well as in the same breath.

Living as a true renaissance man at USNA, Jerry has been teaching us all a thing or two about everything for the past four years. With the muses of the poets and J. P. Jones' recommended traits, no one can dispute Jerry's qualifications as a gentleman and an officer. In all of Jeremy's endeavors, success and new experiences will be found wherever he is.
R.W

Angela J. Goehrig
North Miami
Florida
Oceanography
Geo Physics

Tiny Angie hails from North Miami, Florida. An Oceanographer by trade, but a land shark chaser by choice. Angie bounced from crew, to the musicals, finally settling down to Bancroft Hall to study and escape the clutches of the Ac-board. Always complaining about her wieght, maybe 101 pounds dripping wet, Angie was constantly on a diet. This tiny, skinny girl is looking for a job in the Navy. Best of luck and smooth sailing
L.Y.

Robert J. Hennelly
Decatur
Illinois
Resource Management
Surface
Bob

That teeming midwestern metropolis and cultural center of it all, Decatur, Illinois, has produced few individuals possessed of a sensibility, wit, and predilection to contrariness equal to that of Bob Hennelly. Bob began his quest for higher learning at the Naval Academy by pursuing the Dragon of Aerospace Engineering. Fortunately, halfway through Youngster year and prior to any mortal combat with the Dragon, the muses came to him in a vision and he saw the error of his ways. A bull-major at heart, Bob opted for practicality and became a Management major instead. Second class year found Bob suffering from the sports car mentality brought on by dreams of his RX-7 extension, with symptoms compounded by his feigning that he never did any real work. Ailing as he was, Bob still managed to earn a varsity letter for fencing sabre. During first class summer, the Decatur caterpillar felt that he could best professionally develop himself by sojourning in the Mediterranean, and so he did. Assigned to a semi-private stateroom on Concord, the cruise was filled with human sacrifice, sex, and Panorama. Given the tremendous responsibility of being the MMC (Midshipmen Mail Coordinator), Bob found it difficult to squeeze in any liberty, what with the time constraints that sleeping, eating, and reading placed on him. He did get off the boat some though, so that he could experience Europe in ways only a literate and sensitive man of refinement could. Skinny-dipping at 3 a.m. in the serene blue water off the shores of Palma, Mallorca being not the least of these. Through the years Bob has earned the respect of his classmates not only for his sense of humor and athletic ability (racquetball exempt), but for his common sense as well. I, for one, am deeply appreciative both of his friendship and the sound advice he has always been willing to give. To you Bob—best of luck, best of health, and continued happiness, there is no one more deserving.
J.W.G.

Kenneth A. James
Bronx
New York
Oceanography
Surface Line
Zoot

Kenneth James, the man who hails by the name of Zoot, has blazed many trails in his four years at the Academy and has established a name along more than one of them. A one time member of the Gladiators he then pursued a carrer in the 0-6 Club, an organization known to only a few. This individual, possessing one of the best known laughs of the century, used it often during his stay at this hallowed and well loved institution. He loved football games along with his best class: swimming. He came to the Academy without the skill of a fish, but he left as one of the best swimmers (in the vertical direction). Parting words to those he left behind: Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha- Ha-.

Gene E. Kessler
Lakeland
Florida
General Engineering
Strategic Weapons Officer
Bean

Gene brought with him from Lakeland, Florida very different set of values. These differences lead to some humorous situations but over the four years they have brought much ridicule Gene has changed and matured here at the Academy. His goals and directions have not been towards Man but towards the Lord. With the Lord providing, Gene will be with us and the Navy for many years to come.

May the peace, grace, and mercy of Jesus Christ be with all those who read and understand this.

Michael G. Kohrs
Madison
Wisconsin
History
Navy Air
Mike

Mike gave up the good life to come to USNA. He gave up the fast cars, fast women, and fast drinking at the U of W - Madison for a slow truck slow women, and faster drinking (to help catch the slower women). At good old Canoe U., Mike's major contribution to the boat school was his participation on the track team where he and teammate George Abitante singlehandedly drove the coach to fits of rage with their dedicated training habits. These included the Weems Loop, Friday night carbohydrate loading (beer), and their extra Saturday night training runs while being chased by the Jimmy Legs. Despite being a jock, Mike remained a stellar performer in the classroom. Double majoring in weekends and wardroom T.V. trivia, Mike redefined the term scholar athlete. Even with his heavy class load, Mike still managed to help his friends when they needed help with their homework. Everyone who went to Mike for help improved in cribbage 100%
D.C. McC

NAVY
17
NAVY

Angus.M. Laney
Miami
Florida
Marine Engineering
Surface
Gus

With a room off campus in mind, Gus arrived from sunny Florida in humid Maryland. His only problem was whenever he asked for directions to the dean of housing, he only got yelled at ("Why are these guys so bent out of shape, anyway?")

Gus found a way to survive plebe year by hiding in the crew house, watching TV until dinner was half over. When he realized that he had an easy squad second semester, his crew career came to an end

Youngster year, Gus decided to go Marine Engineering, resulting in a perilous flirt with academic disaster. He also managed to get nailed for disrespect by the amazing argentine for his views on the plebe system. Tsk, tsk

Second class year Gus found himself flirting with automotive disaster. His loan payments outlasted the car two to one. After getting rid of his car Gus decided to return to academic disaster, proving that since "Ignorance is bliss, I'm one happy sob." Gus also gained a perspective on the structure of the Bay bridge from the top of a car. Remember, act like luggage

First class year found Gus still a Marine Engineer, despite the fact that he never burdened himself with studies ("Homework, what's that?"). He may have been a low-track Mech-E, but he sure knew his EN100 by the end of first class year. A short lived rugby career entitled Gus to a charter membership on the excused squad. Do you know how hard it is to get a guy with a cast on to roll over so you can get some sleep, too?

Gus, always remember: The silver dollar; that unbeatable quarters team; nightly happy hour; sturdy luggage racks; the Maryland lacrosse game and the long walk back afterward; and the spring break pre-restriction party

To a true friend, good luck
B S M

Gilbert W. Mayo, Jr.
Cary
North Carolina
Oceanography
Marine Corps
Major

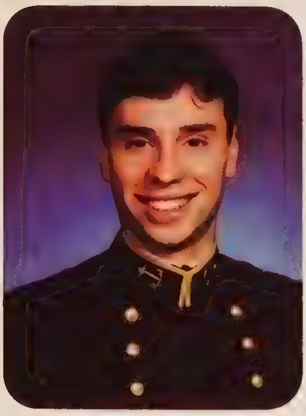
Straight from the heart of dixie, Gil arrived at USNA with his hiking boots on, a backpack over his shoulder, and a bottle of Jim in his back pocket. Plebe year, Gil began to exercise his skills in plant care (esp. his roommates) but when hordiculture wasn't offered as a major, he turned to more constructive projects like building tents out of newspaper and bombs out of shaving cream and chose the Mechanical Engineering major. When Gil wasn't studying, sleeping through comearounds, or making permanent the arrangement of his roommates medicine chest, he was to be found over at the crew house. When Gil found out that he couldn't go camping and be a Mechanical Engineer, he decided to pursue oceanography. His favorite past times were preaching about the holy trilogy (the Major, Bama, and the Bear) admiring his physique in the mirror, and playing b-ball in the hallway with a wad of red man in one cheek and his tongue hanging out of the other (without that tongue his layups were worthless.) During second class year Gil found more time to get out and about. Weekends found Gil leaving in uniform with his backpack on his back and his boots slung over his shoulder, headed for the mountains of western Maryland. If he couldn't make it to the mountains ''Moe'' and ''''Joe'''' hit the Sail Inn, cheap beer, a country sound, and a little Jack allowed Gil to show off his dancing skills with himself or the cutest forty-year old he could find Despite his ''good ole boy'' attitude, ''the man who could do no wrong'' was awarded 3 stripes over plebe summer and 4 stripes First class year. Everyone is sure Gil is going corps, except Gil, but whatever he does, he'll do it with style, pride, and a taste of dixie. Good luck buddy and God bless

Dennis C. McCall
Washington
Iowa
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Dennis

We were all lucky that July day when Dennis wandered into Annapolis from the corn fields of Iowa. Everyone who knows him has gained from his helpfulness, good nature, and Mama McCall's cookies. Dennis quickly put the energy previously used to educate long haired hippie weirdo freaks into being a star football player and Mechanical Engineer. Dennis' dedication in both athletics and academics was an inspiration for us all. Only a few days after his knee operation he was fighting winter snows and his injury to become a member of the Wednesday afternoon rem squad. A spongineer in the truest sense, nothing could come between Dennis and his books, except Star Trek, Magnum P.I., and his rack. When not playing football or hunting gouge, he could be found at Rudy's (where life makes sense) delving into mankind's deepest problems. Though normally quiet, Dennis was very vocal when the need arose, as shown by his handling of the cheering section at Hammerjack's, and the John Hopkins football players at Goucher. Dennis was always looking out for others. Once during Youngster year he tried to run down the gate watch so that the second class he was driving back from Hood wouldn't get in trouble. Good luck always!
P S.R.

George D. Miksch
College Point
New York
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Mixer

There it is!



Brandt S. Moran
Baltimore
Maryland
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines

Coming from Baltimore, Brandt took a wrong turn on Richie hwy, missed Anne Arundel Comm. College and came through gate 8 instead. No one had the heart to break the news to him until First class year, when they told him that he would have to stand duty one weekend out of five

Knowing that you can't push a rope, Brandt joined the sailing team. This primed him for the out-of-brigade striper billet that he would fill the next three years.

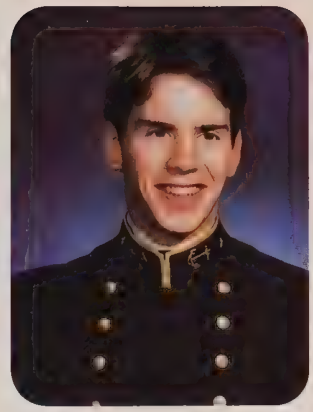
The needs of the Navy and Mom's better judgement prevailed third class summer, when his cruise got slashed from a med 3 to a yippie cruise. Youngster year brought on the character Albo Skoggleman (consumer advocate). Albo harrassed corporate VPS with such problems as melting of MMS in your hand and inconsistancies in the number of licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie pop. Youngster year also saw the first courses in Marine Eng, long days at Rickover, long nights asleep and the ever present ''Moran on sailing M. O.'' sign on the door.

A firstie rommmate Second class year added such privileges as Friday night libs and civvies. An easy first semester lulled Brandt into a false sense of academic security. But second semester he was blasted into reality by the rocket.

First class year was just no fun because everything he had done to this point was now legal, well almost everything.

Another semester with the rocket almost prevented nuke school, but he bulled his way out of it (or was that into it). He got command of ''Connie'', his first deep draft vessel. Maybe too deep. Where did that nickname-mud come from anyway?

To a good friend who'll be successful where ever he goes. May your rum bottle and your spinnaker always be full. Good luck!



Mark J. Olson
Owatonna
Minnesota
Oceanography
Nuclear Power
Mark

On a bet of a case of beer that he couldn't last until Christmas at Canoe U., Mark transferred here from the Owatonna school of reform on July, 1979. When he found out that the law here could get him into trouble, he decided to become a real mid and take 18th company seriously. With Jezabell, his base guitar, as the key to five weekends, he made it through plebe year successfully, managing to kill Bill the goat only once.

Youngster year brought on new challenges, new girlfriends, and a '79 Chevy Van, but he didn't let any of these get in the way of academics (much to the pleasure and surprise of the folks back home). His hard work earned him a prized set of gold stars, an accomplishment he never lost for the duration of his stay at the Academy.

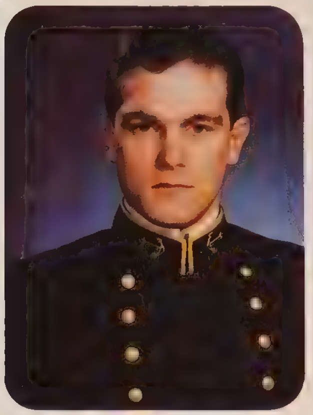
Mark started off Second class year with yet another girlfriend. Who was the fool that parked between those school buses and then had to use the lawn of D.C. high school as a getaway path? At the end of Second class year, Mark achieved a remarkable accomplishment: from derelict to to trident scholar in three short years. This reward, along with another new girlfriend kept him busy throughout First class year. Never one for "haze gray and underway" Mark headed south to Chile for first class cruise. There he enjoyed sampling the food, drink, and local wildlife very much (too much). Upon graduation, Mark plans to get a job as a gloworm with the submarine jocks. This will give time to pursue his hobbies, and acquire more trophies like the ones that hung from his closet door for so long. To a fine scholar and a great friend, we wish you all the luck in the world, wherever your dolphins may take you!
W.J.G. & E.E.R.

Eric Reintjes
Shelton
Washington
History
Nuclear Submarines
Reintch

Eric flew to the east coast from the metropolis of Shelton (or was it Sherman?) Washington, where men are lumberjacks and women are in Seattle. Voted the ugliest shave-headed plebe during the summer, Eric proceeded into academic year set on following in his father's footsteps of Chemistry. When it was learned that you would have to study (God forbid) as an SCH major, Eric re-routed his interests to the complex world of History (the majority of which he already knew). Plebe year found Eric busy with the pistol team, Glee club, and trying to avoid homework in order to build models. Near the end he finally got the ultimate model to work on in the form of a giant, blue and chrome '56 Sherman tank. Eric could be seen cruising the town, playing "Reintch Music" and getting stares from everyone, or cursing and groaning over a never ending list of repairs on that beast. Economic to the end, Eric discovered that all it took was about $500 in repairs and a couple of cliff dives to drive from Md. to the west coast. As Eric eventually got his car in working order (?) he began re-focusing his attention on models and hopping across state lines with the Glee club in order to add another state to his "bag". If Eric was old and rich, he would be eccentric, but since he is young and not-so-rich, he's just a nut. With his nuke bonus and pay for more car repairs and models, Eric should find a good home in the Navy. His give-you-the-shirt-off-his-back kindness is a rare treat which is seldom seen today. Eric, you're literally one of a kind! Best wishes wherever atomic power takes you, my friend!
M.J.O.

Michael D. Resnick
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Marine Corps
Res

See you at the Casbah



The Washington Post

Patrick S. Roach
Riverhead
New York
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Roacher

The Clip came down from Riverhead N.Y. one fine summer morning in 79 and found himself in our nice environment where mids are mids and they're a great bunch of guys. He got right into the spirit by posing for the centerfold of the parents weekend program. Pat established himself as a prankster one Sunday night by putting an ice block in Geoff's pillowcase; sorry about the wet term paper Pat.

Youngster year Pat showed that he could be helpful at times. It sure was nice of him to take Stan's uniform to the press shop-to bad it was his fresh pressed one all ready for formals. And how about giving information to that big bruiser at Joe's organic bar-MGK really appreciated it.

But buckshot's Second class year was monumental. He broke into the ranks of the slob squad. There was the time he was left at Goucher and nearly had to walk back bowlegged. Patch was the only one who didn't think it was funny when he forgot to shave for formals. The Clip was at his finest when pizza face gave him a 1.G for his room, lowest in the history of the company.

But what is a slob squad member if he can't get a rem star for Wednesday afternoons. Pat even went back as a firstie to coach a new batch of segundos. And in between all those steerage runs he even had the chance to earn the name Ralph P. Roach. Mark did ask "What good is a clean van anyway?". Nuke power is waiting; will it ever be the same?
M.K.

Geraldine W. Santos
Hollywood
Florida
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps
Gerrie

Geraldine Wendie Santos, Gerrie or Ger to her friends, sleeping beauty to her professors. Gerrie is of Puerto Rican descent, Spanish is her second language; naturally she found her way into a Spanish class. I thought they didn't teach basketweaving at Navy. Transplanted from Florida, she had a hard time weathering the cold Maryland winters, her sharp mind quickly solved this problem, she simply found herself a fiance in twelfth company, Tom Pax. Easy for her, she didn't have to explain to Admiral Rickover why grades go down when one spends more time studying in Nimitz library! Gerrie wasn't busy enough as a Systems Engineering major. She filled her free time in the D & B for a while, until she decided that having to listen to people who were such negates that they could only get stripes in D & B was not her thing. Gerrie was also a member of the Spanish club, concert committee, and the Society of Women Engineers, of which she became president., and subsquad, which she decided to quit. She was in other clubs, but who really cares?

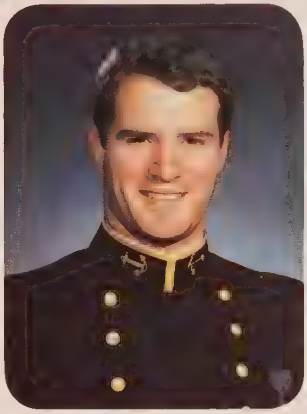
Gerrie hopes to be in the Civil Engineering Corps when she graduates. Who ever said there was no such thing as a free lunch? But there will be tough times ahead for Gerrie. She and Tom plan on getting married a couple of days after graduation. In July she starts school in California while Tom will be in New York. They will be separated almost a year. No one said the Navy was an easy way of life. Good luck, Gerrie

Michael J. Shippee
Lafayette
Indiana
Engineering Management
Navy Air
Mike

Michael John Shippee came to the Academy from hoosier-land with Navy Air in his eyes and corn in his drawers. Plebe year Mike stirred the water both in and out of the company by rowing plebe crew and being co-instigator of F.T.P. operations. Apparently this didn't effect him because we found him leaving for spring break in civies. Youngster year, Mike's yankee room turned out to be a real southern comfort on those cold friday nights. Occasionally, we found Mike crawling out of bed to play a little batt. Lax, but he limited this because he was afraid the helmet might constrain his follicle development. People felt Mike was naturally lucky, but those of us who know him, have reason to believe his source of luck is right in his back pocket. Second class year we found Mike coming around both professionally and academically. He seemed to have settled down by bringing his girl out from Indiana and holding down a steady job. This did not keep him from getting the necessary work done as he found plenty of time to arrange the hats on his walls and get beer for the tailgaters. Possibly the largest noticable change came First class year. Mike showed up with a new gung-ho spirit [Marine Air?] probably as a result of being Capt. Connolly's company commander over the summer. It's just too bad this spirit did not carry over to the William and Mary football game. Continuing to be active in the company, Mike loved to play with his sword, as commander of the second platoon. To a great roommate and close friend; red eyes and blue skies forever.
LLG

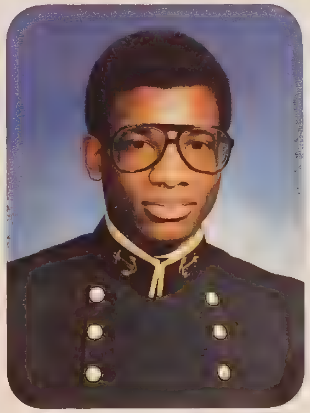
Matthew T. Tammen
Monterey
California
Physics
Navy Air
Tams

Matt's trip from California on I-day was only a brief interuption between workouts in a swimming pool. As a star water polo player, Matt spent more time in the water than the chlorine did. Plebe year found our all-American at the busy work of books, Brasso, and "Bing." It was an uphill battle, but old Tams finally made a name for himself. Youngster year romance struck briefly and tenderly but Matt recovered and strove towards new hieghts of stoic professionalism. The USNA physics community stood quietly in awe as the wizard of Monterey began to weave his spells of "F&M", heat sound and light, and tensors. A path was beaten from his door to all corners of the brigade by seekers of the gouge. The motivation mid continued to excel throughout all the gungy phases of bustramid, but Matt really mellowed and matured during his Second class year: a year with the "Bean" has sobered the best of us. First class year finds Matt still treading water, the bumps and grinds of life not withstanding. Matt will always leave us with vivid memories of him momentary excursions on land which included tailgaters and roadtrips. Fair winds and clear air space always. If there was ever an ideal mid, Matt Tammen meets the specs
Rich.



Reginald Waye
Bronx
New York
Physical Science
Surface Line
Reg

"Well, the beat goes on."



Stephen F. Wickerson
Concord
North Carolina
Physics
Surface Line
Wick

"No one here gets out alive."
J.D.M

Richard F. Woodford
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
English
Navy Air
Woody

A true bull-major, an English major from first to last, Rich Woodford more than anyone took his work seriously. Woody will be remembered fondly by many for a multitude of things: His two springs of airborne training, once as "leg," once as sargent-airborne; his nocturnal escapades in the name of the Army project, plebe development, spirit, professional enhancement, and a USNA police license plate; as well as his inspiring the addition of two new words to the english lexicon: fith and woog. The only literate among the abuse brothers, Rich gave to their pratical jokes and shenanigans a sense of sophistication and subtlety. Rich used to say that "the essence of life is not necessarily knowing a certain piece of information, but rather knowing where to find it." Woody was a veritable intellectual powderkeg when it came to knowing the answers to perplexing questions; such as, "Did Mom's plants die for the same reason?" He could even speculate with accuracy on such puzzlers as, "what really happened the night Rey turned 21?" Having lived with and survived such diverse characters as Gilly, Pee, and Tams, and the Bag (with whom he cavorted in the infamous bullpen), one wonders whether or not the rest of his life must necessarily savour of anticlimax. I think not. Woody is an incorrigible romantic and while he lives, the collective actions of the world to the contrary, chivalry and free-thinking humanitarianism will not die. Here's to Rich, who was never wooged as he himself wooged, may he forever remain strac and fith as those of us who are his friends shall always remember him.
J.W.G.

SERENE EIGHTEEN

Robert W. Alcala
Los Angeles
California
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Al-Bob

Who is this man? Robert M. Alcala—No, that is not his middle initial. Maybe he better have his nameplate fixed. At any rate, Robert W. Alcala, alias Al-Bob, was a model midshipman. He missed home sweet home, west L.A., with its temperate weather. He found Maryland weather to be hot and humid in the summer; freezing, snow and ice in winter. Al-Bob loved all these, but water best. Yes, water balloons were Bob's favorite, Plebe year and Youngster year. He is now a seasoned veteran of innumerable room wars. Remember the night he took on the Barracks? Speaking of wars, Bob's alter ego, Darth Vader, was the embodiment of Bob's black clouds. When the black days of the academic dark ages had settled in, out would come the unfinished F-14 or the brand new F-18. For long hours in a small fume-infested sweatbox, i.e. his room, Al-Bob would slave over his unparalleled works of art-his room looked like the hangar deck of an aircraft carrier. Always wanting to expand his horizons, Al-Bob studied the works of Tolkien and Herbert with a religious zeal. Deep philosophical discussions were not too much either for this versatile man from L.A. There is little left for Al-Bob to become master of.- - -He is man of the Era

John V. Amy, Jr.
Phoenix
Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Surface
Johann

One shouldn't make the mistake of wondering whether John was ready for the Academy, but rather, whether the Academy was ready for . . . Johann!!! One of the hardest working Midshipmen ever to come out of Phoenix, Maryland (No, I haven't heard of it either) John gave everything a one-hundred percent effort. It didn't matter that some of his endeavors were, shall we say, questionable in the eyes of our infallible administration, it only mattered that Johann could accomplish the tasks that most would never have dared release from their fantasties. Playing cards in the shower, dueling with foils in the hall or drinking coffee with his nose . . these were the talents that John honed to a fine cutting edge. Equally ready to lend some of his academic genius to a poor soul hopelessly lost in a maze of circuit diagrams as he was to lunge at them for a few quick falls on his rack (male or female, a threat to his insanity was a threat nonetheless.) John sent many a Mid away wondering "what happened?" In fact, at this writing, he had sent two roommates to the showers and was diligently working on a third. A varsity sailor for 3 years, John knew when to retreat from his mortal enemies at Prov/Dev. So, in his senior, when they came with their sailing team P.Q.S. books John was ready and not waiting. Professionalism was never John's middle name but what could you expect from someone who sent his cover out in his white net laundry bag. We wish him well but we hope he'll have pity on those who just don't understand, remember, you can't judge a Mid by his cover.

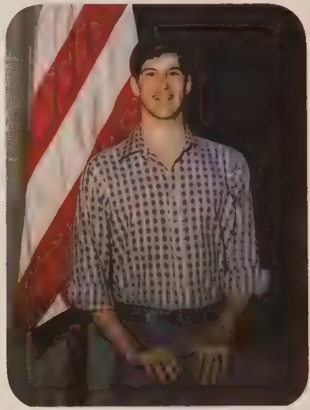
Brian K. Belcher
Texas City
Texas
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power
Belch

A Plebe's Plebe and a Nuke's Nuke. Need I say more? To put it simply, if Belch hadn't spent the four primest years of his life here at the Academy, he would have been a chiropractor. The real Mid: updated MHP, form 96 in cover as firstie, Wuba lovers, cleans navel regularly with Q-tip, drinks merthiolate, and reads Army Officers' Guide Belch's degree states that he studied Marine Engineering, but we know that the only thing he studied was the inside of his eyelids. I mean, he could have had a 4.0, but his great philosophy on life prevented that, "If you know it, you know it. If you don't, don't study." That saying will definitely be carved into Belcher Hall, which should be built here at the Academy in around 2024.

We were pleased to teach Belch how to party Plebe year. The turning point in Belch's Naval career was when he fell in love. He dropped the load. In sports, Belch was a tremendous swimmer, having lettered four years in high school and validating everything while at the academy. In fieldball, he was a, well he . . . , well, in soccer, he was pretty, uh, kind of , , okay, but in softball he was good at, uh . . well . . , boy was he a great swimmer

Really though, Belch was and is a really great guy, though at times we wonder about his idiosyncrasies. But then again, that's what makes him "The Belch".

It would not have been the same without you!!!!



Scott W. Bell
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
E-Factor

Plabloom!!!!! Varsity letter in one month! Not bad, for an Ohioaniteoid, only problem was that it was black! Let's forget about Plebe year, O.K. Scott? I mean who would have known your grades would skyrocket and you would end up with a "WUBA", temporarily. To err is human but be real!!!!! Let's forget about the "WUBA", O.K. Scott?

The most awesome car in the world!! It even has a foot rest for the left foot. The most precision, expensive, high class French machine ever built!! Let's forget about the Peugeot, O.K Scott? Oh well, bimwah isn't that bad. Fieldball. Need I say more? By the way, if you need a spare leg, say to run the o-course or do sit-ups or something, maybe you can find one down there at the bottom of the pool. Let's forget about P.E., O.K. Scott? How bout them brewers!? The A.L. All Stars, best record in the major league. Let's forget about the world series, O.K Scott?

Majoring in Marine Engineering and aspiring toward a career in Nuclear Power, Scott really proved to be an example for the rest of us by constantly improving his grades and professionalism. His Battalion striper position was well earned and well executed. Between road trips to Goucher and Hood on the weekends and academics during the week, Scott couldnt' afford to use his three striper libs. But Bose, the god of sound, kept him happy in his humble 4-0 abode Now, here are some things not to forget about, O.K. Scott? "Trash", the rocket, 4.0, Ashley, Ellen, transparent H2O, Pam, The Jersey Boys, bull courses, Hollywood, one L, Army party '81, Army '80 (hee, hee, hee), Pearl Harbor, Ralph, Ho Chi Minh, and Goat court. Live by chance, love by choice and sink by profession.
LLZ

David S. Bogdan
Edison
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Bogs

"Bogs" hails from the wide-open spaces of New Jersey

Sliding through plebe year without a fry, "Bogs" also established himself early as a fine student (although it is rumored he never cracks a book)

As an upperclassman, "Bogs" took his lumps as a Brigade boxer in proving himself a resident physical stud. A pilot of the airwaves, "Bogs" and his roomate spun wax in reviving golden oldies on WRNV during Third Class year.

A lover of fast cars, fast women, and fast food, Dave's zest for the exotic carried him to Florida for diving trips over spring break

To the dismay of his classmates, "Bogs" succumbed to the pressures of Second Class year when he was stricken with a mild case of Wubitis. After a slow, but full recovery, Dave redeemed himself as a reamer and straightened out First Class year. Good luck, Bogs!

Christopher L. Butler
Tinton Falls
New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Buddy

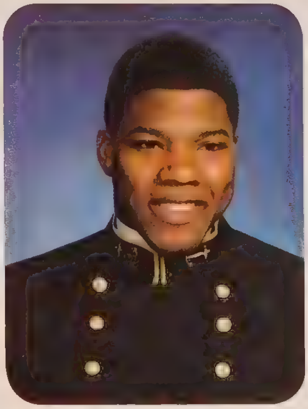
Born in New York City, presently living in Tinton Falls N.J., Chris arrived at Annapolis with many friends made after a year at Naps. During Plebe summer, his infectuous sense of humor won his companies respect and help keep the class of 83' in 19th Company very tight indeed. He started the academic year off right by rooming in the Barracks-where he was always ready to raise hell when it was time to party or when called upon for one of the mightly rumbles

While never losing his sense of humor, Chris was professional and worked hard at the Academy He became a Systems Engineer and kept his grades high. From Plebe year on he started a very successful career with the 150lb football team, of which he became captain and will always be remembered for his 305 yard game w/ 4 TD's, his final game against Rutgers. His hard line charge during Nap's detail gave him the nickname 'Butane Butler,' quick to the draw

While Chris worked hard, he remembered how to play hard, and was known for his 'craziness after dark' Nobody will forget his long mailing list or the wild clothes he wore that let everyone know that 'Lover C' was about

His summers were filled with fun- from athletic director at a camp, to a Med and WestPac cruise. How 'bout those international rollers!

Chris's future is assured in the Nuclear Power program where he will succeed
MP



Big TOM
8·925 6873

Thomas N. Cheamitru
Woonsocket
Rhode Island
Management
Surface Line
Chim

Tom started his naval career as an NROTC student at Jacksonville University in sunny Florida After leaving his mark there, Tom came to USNA, mostly because he heard there was good fishing in the area. Chim displayed a mild insanity during plebe summer when he wore a white athletic sock as an improvised uniform. It didn't take long for him to realize that you haven't done anything wrong unless you got caught. After a few Saturday nights on the town, Tom started hiding on the backstreets with Laurie (and hasn't stopped since!). Chim will never forget Raz's lessons on "How to Kill a Gook" because he always played the part of the victim. Along with Youngster year came a black N. Tom will also miss his conversations with Major Mayer (Tom, I'm concerned . . . Bite the bullet on this one . . . I only have so many silver bullets behind the power curve . . .). Second Class year brought the Dynamic Duo together again as roommates, The Wild Romanian and Psycho. The late nights became later and crazier Then came spring break in Florida with Goobs, Doc, Chief, Gals, Larry, Mr. and Mrs Kim, and Jose Cuervo. (the moon IS made of cheese! . . . How many things did you have? . . .). Chim always hang around the halls, catching bullets, etc . . . (Weenie, the halls are getting shorter!). Take care roomate. Best of luck in the future. HOO-TEE-HOO!
AMH

Lawrence W. Comerford
Pensacola
Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Larry

Larry came to 19 from the sunny shores of Pensacola, Florida-home of Navy Air and the Annapolis of aviation. After settling in, he and his Plebe summer roommate were attacked by a vicious bat; both contracted a sleeping sickness and disappeared from view for four years Unfortunately, Larry chose the Mechanical Engineering major and had to attend an occassional class When he was not in a horizontal state of unconsciousness, Larry was in search of

The Gouge. Often becoming tired of his surroundings within the yard, Larry would become mobile A thousand mile trip home on a three day weekend was not uncommon. After riding on a nuclear submarine Youngster summer and the "Connie" First Class cruise, Larry was undecided concerning his service selection. He must have been affected by the radiation, though, because he is going back for more. Imagine, a nuke from Pensacola, that is like an iceberg in the middle of the desert. All in all, Larry has had a very successful four year stay at the Academy. His wit and humor will be remembered by all, and his ability to climb over each obstacle (or rocket) has paid off as he is on his way to join the "silent service", Navy air's loss was nuclear power's gain The seas will be safer with this hard charger of the deep on patrol. Good luck, Larry
KK

Thomas S. Corcoran
Newark
New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Surface
Corky

Tom came to us here at USNA from God's country, Newark, NJ. Along with him, Corky brought his disco music, his "troback" habits, and his never ending list of one-liners. Tom found himself plebe year, and with his new image came his $100 per month bar-hopping habit (on a $50 paycheck). Despite his weekend rituals Tom only had to be carried in once, over the shoulders of a future 6-striper. On Youngster cruise Corky got to see the "real" Navy on one of our finer ships, *the Piedmont* (need I say more?). Youngster year Tom returned ready to attack the Naval Architecture curriculum. Having to take such courses as Dynes and Thermo (w/Rocket Reed), Corky found ways to unwind with Doc and was soon tabbed the Bourbon King. He could always cheer you up either with one of his crummy jokes or with his personal supply of "Russian potato juice". Second Class year Tom returned in full form, expanding his bar which soon became a popular meeting place in second wing. The highlight of Tom's year was that infamous road-trip to the Liberty Bowl with Chuck, Chief, and Meli (Memphis will never be the same). Tom survived Second Class academics and went international making himself a legend with the women of Europe and the Med. If you ever want to hear a good story ask Cork how he lost his docksiders in Palma ("you're the best i've ever had"). During First Class year, after a brief stay in a Jersey jail, Tom could be found either driving his Ghia north or at Franny O's with Sammy "hold the fruit salad" Medile. More seriously though, Tom has been a great roommate and an even better friend. The nukes got themselves a great one when they nabbed you, Corky. None of us here in 19 will ever forget you and your mammoth-sized heart, Corky, "Who loves you, baby . . . you're beautiful!!!"
MM

David C. Cullison
Pickens
South Carolina
Physics
Nuclear Power Subs
Cully

David Cullison, Dave, Cully, Baby Husy, whatever . . . . hails from many diverse places: England, Japan, Colorado, Fairfax, and his "home" Pickens, S.C. He is third generation Navy and I dare say there will be a fourth even though Dave says he hates kids.

As the company's lone expert on physics, Dave finds his major alternately rewarding and frustrating. When not acting as tutor to a struggling third class, Dave labors diligently on many paged physics descertations. The subject matter in which he is so conversant is so far above us that he sounds like a PhD when asked what he is studying.

Dave has many other interests here at USNA including several Christian ECA's, rugby (a nasty habit he picked up in England), country music, and cute girls. The last of these is mainly directed at his "wife" Shelley; whom he still says better watch out, "It's not over until I say 'I do'."

Dave became one of the elite sixteen (not counting Sam) when he selected nuclear power. He was to gumgy as to select the first class at nuke school so he could apply all that physics he has stored up in the brain of his.

Dennis Deberry
San Diego
California
Applied Science
Marine Corps
"D"

When "Sweet D" left his sunny San Diego and entered the ivory gates of USNA he was surprised to discover that a a large bronze statue in his likeness had already been erected in T-Court.

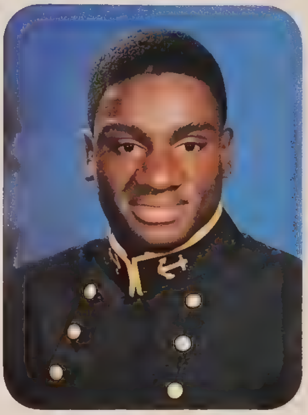
Dodging pennies and swim test over 8 semesters, D's positive attitude and perseverence always helped to carry himself and his classmates through the rough times.

Disco "D" reigned as the Master "D" at Dahlgren on Saturday nights. After four frustrating years of "Ain't no mo," Sweet "D's" romantic pursuits of the "Wardroom Mama's" have become legendary.

When not taking swim test for God, country, Navy, and Scar-Belly, "D" entered the ring and smashed noses for the Fourth Batt Boxing team

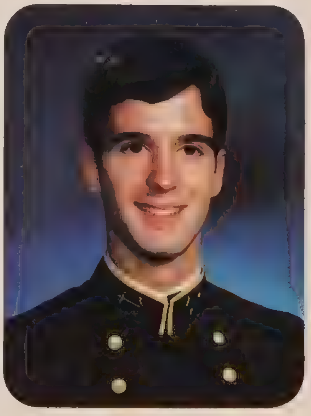
After a Hawaiian First-Class Cruise and a memorable experience with Julie, "D" became a confirmed Jar-Head

Always a dependable friend, "D's" good-natured wit, courage, and sincerety will always carry him in good stead wherever he goes.
GHM



Fredric D. Forney, Jr.
Glenndale
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Fred

On July 6, 1979, Fred packed up his belongings, said farewell to his family and his beautiful girlfriend, and began the long journey from Glenndale to Annapolis, twenty miles in all. He became a member of the notorious group known as the Kilo Company Communists. Under the able leadership of Cdr. J.C. Glutting, this group brought new meaning to the word competition and filled their pockets to the brim with quarters in the process. Fred spent his four studious years at USNA rooming with such outstanding 19 Co. personalities as Dave, Larry, Eric, Mike, and Dennis. The first year was tough but Fred found enjoyment late at night in such Plebian activities as dropping Pepsi cans out of windows in Goat Court and tieing up overbearing upperclass. As a Mechanical Engineering student, Fred learned first hand what the word sweat meant. As other Mids left on their weekends, Fred could be seen leaving with his Awol bag packed with clothes and his B-4 bag stuffed full of textbooks to study. His idea of a fun date was taking his girlfriend, Cindy, to the computer terminals to show her some computer graphics and then to King Hall for a hot meal. Fred swears that he had the toughest profs at USNA (maybe that's why he got a few B's). Nevertheless, his diligence paid off. Out of his struggles came the "unique character" which it takes to choose nuclear power over flying. In all seriousness, there are few people like Fred. He is always willing to lend a helping hand (or Brain) and never allows obstacles to stand in his way. His compassion for other people is an example to all. Good luck Fred, our prayers are always with you
DW



Brian T. Gahn
Mamou
Louisiana
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Gonzo

Brian reported to USNA as our resident cajun having already spent two years at school back in Louisiana. This proved to be his key to success since he was never bothered with trivialities like studying. Instead, he was always available to help out a classmate with any problem, and few ever left his room without receiving his genuine support during E.I. During Plebe year and Youngster year, no one could really figure Brian out since he played as many sports as he possibly could and was usually caught sleeping during his free periods. Brian's speed on the O-Course is a testament to his abilities, but when he discovered sailing, he said good-bye to most of his weekends. In this, too, Brian excelled markedly becoming a cockpit captain quicker than most people learn to trim sheets. During Second Class year, the girls discovered Brian, and he was literally besieged by them with letters and calls. Without much effort, he managed well in the face of this and he will probably always be seen with a different young lady in his passenger's seat going down route 50. Brian must learn that drinking excessively during Plebe year does not help one's chances for stripes, but it does help one's chances for form-2's! Despite the fact that he could have been commissioned two years before the rest of us, none of the Boys from Nineteen would have wanted Brian any other way than the loyal classmate he was.
EBM

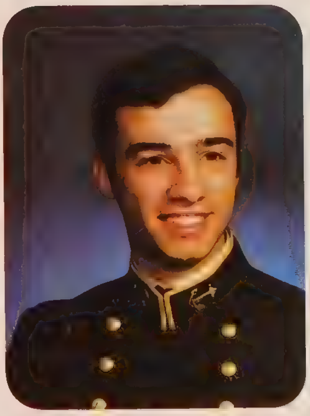
Christopher P. Gallagher
Grahamsville
New York
Mechanical Engineering
NFO
Gal

Chris came to USNA from the boonies of upstate New York. (The rednecks in Grahamsville still ask where he's stationed.) Yet, we were all able to learn from Chris. If it were not for Gal, we would not know that it is actually Paul Revere buried in the chapel. Chris was a prime professional example, and showed us how to get through a semester's worth of inspections without ever having to visit the press shop or barber shop. Gal was also the Company zoo keeper — not anything normal like mice or goldfish, but hermit crabs, chameleons and venus flytraps. Chris was a man who left his mark — on everyone else's car. This is not to say that he was uncoordinated. As four year captain of Batt rack, Gal perfected his style until not even the 5-minute call could break his concentration.

Chris had USNA under control his first two years, with stars each semester. Second Class year and his buddies in the ME department broke his streak, but not his sense of humor. Chris was an inspiration. He was one of the smartest guys around, and could always be depended upon to help solve a problem. Friendship with Chris is like stock in gold, as it can only appreciate over the years.
TJK

Andrew M. Hofley II
Birmingham
Michigan
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Psycho

Psycho: the wild kid from the motor city. A true legend in his own time. He came to the Naval Academy an individual and left the same way. An outstanding athlete and a true competitor. Takes no back-talk as a 2nd Lt. at the pistol range can attest. Dangerous with a lacrosse stick on goat court. Drift-busting with Chief in T-Court. Resident of room 2411 '80-'83. Co-founder of the Ribaldos. A wildman in the halls. Chris Mulry, a true legend. The Captain's chair. The Ledge. Rack wrestling. Eye gouges. Birdland. Christmas in Newark, Delaware. The Torch. Food fights Match fights. Long hair at 3/C Army- "Andy, good God! when . . .". Short hair 2/C Halloween. Numerous late night assaults in the Yard. With Goobs in SDB's on Tecumseh. Member of the be nice to little people organization. Discovered the roof with TNC in RTA. Cigars. The launcher Studying with geekers at the Brary. One-on-one commando training with Mac. One-on-one urban terrorist training with Goobs in the library. Forbes. Out of control 2/C Army. 1/C cruise grease interesting for Drew and Meli. "you know Tom, the sad thing is: 90% . . .". USMC please. With a special thanks to: mom and dad; Father Condon; Christopher John Mulry; Major Mayer USMC; roommate, Goobs, Meli; Butane Wayne Harman; Mike Kessler
TNC



Thomas J. Kalfas
New York City
New York
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Tom

Tom, being from a typical Greek family, left home because he didn't like the way he was being reared(!) Tom came to USNA with one goal in mind: to become the greatest Navy fighter pilot of all time. Tom believes he was born to fly. His second choice for service selection was death.

As an Aero major, Tom always complained about all the work he had to do- never did any, just complained about it. Tom spent all his spare time in the rack. He was one of those nocturnal Mids who would sleep all day and cram all night. Tom didn't do this by choice, however. He once put off an assignment and had to stay up late to finish it. He was tired the next day, so he racked. That night he had to stay up late again to do his homework, so the following day he had to rack again. Tom found himself caught in a viscious circle that continued for four years

Between rack sessions, Tom played hockey at 0530, sat on the Company soccer bench, rescued his toy airplane from the 33 degree Severn, drooled over Lori Rampp, listened to the Beatles, saved a hermit crab from a crazed agressor, tormented chameleons, was constantly preoccupied with women, and was founding member number 2 of the infamous "L" club.

Tom has been a good friend and has made USNA a little easier to take. We will all miss him, especially AY. Good luck at Pensacola, Tom. Tear up the skies!
CG

Michael P. Kendus, Jr.
Unicorn
Maryland
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

Mike came out of a small area off the Eastern Shore to Crabtown for one reason - P-Cola. The sacrifices demanded at Canoe U are many, but he managed to make the most of it.

The military was new to Mike, but with a roommate that spells frog UDT and is almost five years older, who could have a better teacher, and through the year, a closer brother?

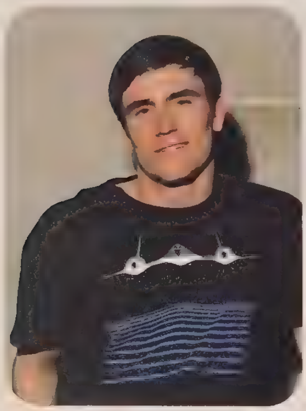
Mike's record on helping classmates isn't so good. Bricking a classmate is one thing, but burying two at once in a ton of cement is another. On top of that, throw a 75 &2 goodbye Army weekend deuce during Plebe year. It's a good thing blood's thicker than water and the deuce went into the can. Perhaps wedding bells for one classmate makes the score even?

Mike had his hands full with Razz. It wasn't easy keeping up with the Old Man but it was pure fun, and fun is hell. The Old Man's car was closer than the stadium and Mom didn't count weekends. Every weekend was a road trip and every other was an overnighter. Pretty rough for two Third Class, huh.

Second Class year was a culture shock and, although late, a formal introduction to USNA. For some reason, Mike chose Systems Engineering. The free weekends stopped, someone was counting, and the work load was very heavy. His grades couldn't drop or else P-Cola would drop. Hardly any weekend was a good weekend. Welcome to USNA.

First Class year is even worse, but Mike's priorities are properly set. It's weekends with classes in between. The 2:30 late nights and signs of aging are showing. - the trips aren't varied, they're to the same place. Poor boy, hang in there. You'll finally be free of this magic kingdom.

JWE



Karl W. Kornchuk
Rio Linda
California
Oceanography
US Air Force
Karlchuk

After a brief summer camp with the Marines, Karl roamed the streets of Rio Linda, California, and attended the local college in his spare time. Headed nowhere, he was crushed when his mother threw him out of the house and told him to go find a service academy. He chose Colorado Springs, but took the wrong turn in Nevada and somehow wound up in good old Crabtown. Karl never accepted the idea of being a Plebe, since he was constantly seen riding the 'vator in civilian clothes to all the concerts. He didn't even realize he was in the Navy until Youngster cruise, when he was under the water for 3 months. No one in 19 could understand why the future airdale majored in oceanography, until they found out that he could study it in the horizontal position with his eyes closed and still be Sat. He did venture out of the rack long enough to coach the 4th Batt cross country team to a successful season. Karl's professionalism was admired by all; he was never caught out on town liberty without an extra pair of Wuba. His humanitarian efforts were without par, as he tried to bring a poor dead mouse back to life with a 220 V AC. and a spiffy.

The halls of Bancroft will never be the same without this future warrior of the skies. Good luck Karl!

LWC

Timothy Mahony
Hopewell
New Jersey
Oceanography
Navy Air
Tim

Tim came to the Naval Academy to try something different after a year of playing football, pledging 'TKE', and wrestling at a ''normal'' college. No one seems more surprised than he that he is facing graduation from USNA in '83. After a shakey start and then some personal reassessment, Tim has shown continuous rapid improvement.

An Oceanography major, Tim plans to fly anti-submarine warfare and hopes to further his education in oceanography either prior to or following flight school

Tim has been active in the Naval Academy Judo Club. He achieved his brown belt after a first place finish in the Maryland State Judo Championships while a Second-Class, and has served as the club vice-president as a First-Class

When not tossing someone around on a mat, Tim can be found in one of his other favorite hobbies-running

Being fourth in a family of seven, Tim has disproved the theory that the middle child is the problem child

Tim is also a Lay Eucharistic Minister in the Catholic Church and continues to be an example by keeping his moral as well as his physical and academic standards high With his discipline and dedication, Tim shall be a great ''sub-killer'' among the nation's finest

JAW

Stephen G. Marr
Longmeadow
Massachusetts
Nuclear Power
The Big Kid

The Big Kid came to us from the beautiful state of Massachusetts on that memorable day in July '79 He was so aptly named because he's the biggest and the youngest of the boys of 19. He was an original member of the Barracks Plebe year, and held the uncontested heavyweight wrestling crown there, even with such stiff competition As the only true member of the D&E Inn, you could always find the Big Kid and a half-a-dozen certified looneys there partaking in a few cold ones on the weekends As an upperclass Steve set his priorities right away. He had to get his 38% (not even close to 40, though) every day There were very few mornings when you could walk into the room and not find the sports and comics strewn about the floor Dr Horizontal's altimeter stuck at six feet, and the size elevens hanging a foot and a half off the end of his roost If he wasn't comatose you could find him on the soccer field helping 19 take home the Brigades, watching TV, but rarely at his desk The Big Kid also had his little smorgasborg of women (and I use that term ''loosely'') If he wasn't at home ''robbing the cradle'' you could find silky campaigning at Goucher Rumor has it that the silk even got lucky in Europe, to bad she couldn't speak English You'd think that as often as he had been to Baltimore he could find his way back but the Big Kid and some of the Boys spent eight days figuring out how to get to Philadelphia On the weekends he and George (a rolling depository of empties) were always up for a road trip I don't think we're ever going to forget the Boston College bloody mary bash or the Margate masterpiece. Yes, the Big Kid is a true friend and will leave some fond memories in all of us when he departs for the silent deep Oh gwad, will he

RLS

Brian E. McGee
Plano
Texas
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Goober

The Goober came to us from a simple bar near Plano, Texas called Adairs. Since then, he's slept his way to a 3.7 cum as a EE, never stopping to study and achieving the undisputed title of the Geek. The Goobs was silent Plebe summer - and no one knew him except the Academy photographer who took enough pictures of him to fill 57 catalogs. Plebe year, he was a resident of the Barracks and he came out of his shell and into the bars. His favorite being D & E's Tavern Youngster year started the 19th company road trippers of which he was an avid participant He made it his goal to always finish the keg This led to such physical endeavors such as running a mile through a stream in order to lose a stray cat, running the Quantico O-course at 3 am twice in the pouring rain and dying, pitcher in hand in St. Pete. Second class year the Goober tried to find himself and shaved his head. This hurt his already dying chances with the women. Road trips escalated and peaked out when the Palm Plaza Six hit the beaches of Ft. Lauderdale All hopes for his liver were lost. His moral decline continued culminating with his arrest in N J for drunk and disorderly (a bum rap?). Of course, he got out of it without getting punished The Goobs' personal records and contributions: never been fried; brought country music and dominoes to 19; never had a girlfriend while at USNA; six unusual dreams while on sub cruise (now he's going NFO); never fried or yelled at anyone; could sleep anywhere, anytime through anything; and was just about the friendliest guy here If you're ever passing through Pensacola and see a dumpy trailer with a simple guy settin' out front on his cooler, old yeller', beer in hand, a mouth full of chaw, pettin' a hound dawg and cleanin' his shotgun, stop and say hello to the happiest guy in the world . . . . the Goobs
DWS

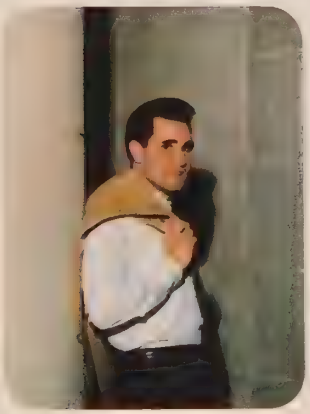
Michael R. Melillo
Berkley Heights
New Jersey
Operations Analysis
Marine Corps
Meli

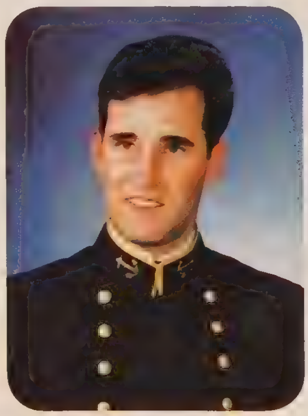
Mike came to us from a loving family and the great state of New Jersey after a last fling at the Shore, Mike was ready to tackle Plebe summer (just ask Muls about it some time). As a Plebe, Mike had a great quest for knowledge, a desire which extended to things such as exploding hydrogen balloons. His first experience in the "fleet" came aboard the Barney Boat, port of call St. Croixs. This cruise impressed Meli. So, he came back a devoted Marine

With Youngster Year, came a new experience, the "road trip". After getting over a two year fling (#3, the "L" club), his famous excursions to Hood and Goucher made him a legend with all the girls. With age, Pits also expanded his values from pure New Jersey boy to a Tequila pounding amigo with a ear for Jimmy Buffet (thanks Shoe!!!).

Second Class year started early with an excursion to Texas with Goobs where he left his mark on Adairs (M.R.M.). But who could ever forget Memphis and the Liberty Bowl with Cork, Chief, and Chuck (die hard Navy men, with the bar tab to prove it). Mike can now be seen with Cork at Fran O'Brien's drinking a famous Sammy gin and tonic

Seriously Michael, God blessed this person and this company when He brought you to us. The Corps is getting the best USNA has to offer and never forget that None of us will ever forget this party animal from Jersey. "Who loves" you, baby . . . we do!".
TSC





Gregory H. Miller
Berea
Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Line
Killer

Leaving his hometown of Berea, Ohio, Greg came to the Naval Academy and became an instant hit during his debute in the Plebe Summer talent show as Elvis. In addition, his daring exploits in the boxing ring during Plebe and Youngster year earned him the colorful nickname "Killer". However, when the toll on his nose became to great, Greg hung up the gloves and tried his hand as a disc jockey where, along with his roommate he was responsible for the revival of the "Golden Oldies show".

A full time resident of Nimitz library, Greg managed to breeze by as a starman until Second Class year, when he made the fatal mistake of switching his major from management to General Engineering.

Greg had a close call near the end of Second Class year. Seems he enjoyed himself so much as an exchange student up at West Point, that he decided to drop the Navy Blue and become a permanent member of the Long Gray Line. As it turned out though, the administration just couldn't picture Greg yelling "Beat Navy" and decided to can the whole idea.

Downtown Annapolis just isn't going to be the same without Greg's 56 "Caddie" hogging up the road
DSB

Eric B. Moss
Charleston
South Carolina
History
Nuclear Power
E.B.

Eric came from Charleston, South Carolina to Annapolis eager to begin his career as a naval officer. Unlike the majority of his classmates, Plebe Summer was relatively easy for him because he already knew the intricasies of military life. A musician before reporting here, Eric felt the need to express his talents and joined the Drum and Bugle Corps. The D&B took most of his time that year and there were many good times on the road, not the least of which was Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

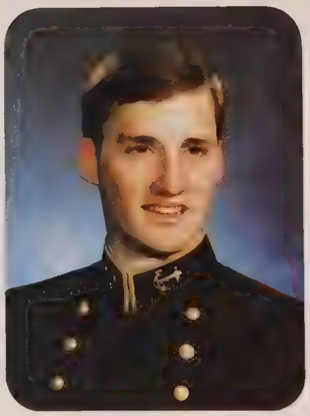
Youngster year, Eric returned from cruise to a new stereo and the green beach - many things were done in stealth that year. First semester he was dodging firsties with his girlfriend. During Army he lead Plebes on recon raids and other spirit related activities. Second semester he began smurf ops and the rigors of recon training. Spring brought the sunshine and Eric was always sneaking out to the green beach in search of "the perfect tan". As always there was D&B and their numerous road trips around the country.

During Second Class summer the love of the sea made its mark and Eric decided against becoming a Marine. He returned to USNA to devote himself to his studies and professional duties. Many girls tried to drag Eric away from the hall, but he would have none of this. By the end of the year, Eric had a reputation as a professional who mixed a strong drink. The newest addition to Eric's life that year was a fast car.

First class year found Eric still in the D&B as a striper, during the summer and the academic year. The study hours have shortened and the weekends have been few, but he still retains an anticipation to graduate. Surface warfare since Second Class year, Eric will drive America's grey ships to the four corners of the world.
BTG

Robert G. Papp
Commack
New York
History
Cryptology
Rob

From Long Island to . . . Plebe Year . . . Submarine summer . . . Holy Loch, Scotland . . . Youngster . . . Spanish, slum-arounds, Vlad's gang . . . the Russia trip . . . Montserrat . . . power racking and funk . . . Second Class . . . Annapolis round 1 . . . over the border, Guadalajara, Mexico . . . interlude, restaurants . . . exit Mike . . . round 2 . . . the drunken PCR . . . First Class . . . summer school . . . Uruguayan winter (where?) '80 Scirocco . . . reggae . . . Georgetown U. part-time civilian . . . squad leader (computer error) . . . back in the USSR . . . the door opens and the world awaits.
MIT



Michel T. Poirier
Fairfax
Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines

In the beginning there were the days of wahoo-wa . . Randy's card on the drive . . . plebe summer . . . Albob . . . colors . . . those first beers . . . parent's weekend and Linda . . . AC-year and Friday night with the headphones . . . the barracks and night wars . . . mega-awesome and 10:30 rem . . . Skipper!!! . . . Tim and Paula and drinking and chief's bottle caps . . . Army . . . trashed Friday with '80 . . . Fetus gets revenge . . . rats skellar GMU . . . Sandy . . . skiing with the Hess . . . Christmas and the BD's party . . . URI with Cheamie . . . 4.0 and the dark ages . . . ee . . . knapp . . . Kapok and Goat court . . . Raz, Mike and Cheamie . . . June week and a USC visitor . . . summer leave . . . golf, drinking, the beach, poolside . . . Lockwood in Japan . . . Mt Fuji . . . Japanese beer and small restaurants . . . sleeping in subways . . . Frank and Tokyo . . . magic shows . . . Cheamie and late nights . . . weekends . . . afternoon circuit analysis . . . major mayer . . . UVA game, Bill and familiar faces . . . Dalgren, tailgaiters . . . Army, the flask and 6:00 AM chugging contests . . . Christmas in Canada . . . TKE . . . thermo . . . crew . . . Mary Wash . . . Sampson . . . Actramid and Annapolis . . . Ocean City . . . Strubes and Hoops . . . VA Beach and Michaels's . . Kelly and Magnolia Girls . . . Protramid, Quantico, in praise of older woman . . . periscopes, a weekend in R.I . . . the Weaves, F.F., and D. in seminar, Notre Dame, Halloween in Baltimore, rolls with Lance, Rox at Marymount, Huddleson Library, Buddy . . . Radford and tows . . . Porsche turbo . . crew and cremating Rutgers and Columbia, heatache at Harvard . . . E.E. sucks . . . Eastern sprints . . . the VA Beach roll . . . Ring Dance with Kelly . . . New Zealand is beautiful . . . Pukaki . . . skiing southern Alps . . Skyhawk bombing runs . . . the good, the bad, and the ugly, Australian models and New Zealand spies . . . Christchurch . . the stags . . . domesticated Randy . . . 1/C year . . . rebuild . . giving Mako crap . . . head of the Charles, tailgaiter and five squad cars . . . rolls, when it rains it pours . . . squad daddy . . Laurie . . Rhodes . . the nuke six . . . weekends and great classmates . . . crew . . Rutgers comeback . . . Mary . . . out of control . . . Graduation!!!
M.P.

Walter A. Powell
Harrisonburg
Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Andy

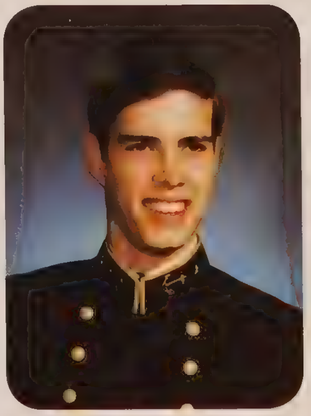
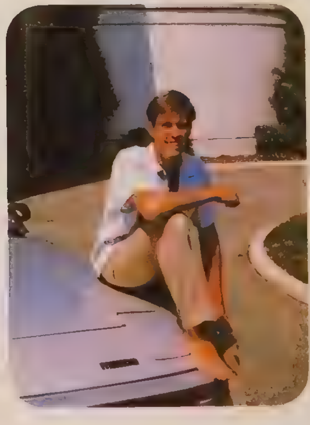
Andy, also known as Wally or on the occasion 80-Knot Powell, entered the Naval Academy from Mt. Solon, Va. during his eighteenth year. He quickly established himself as a Geek and a sweat in his attempt to become an Electrical Engineer. In the latter half of his stay here his weekends stopped being rest days, time not taken up with sailing, chapel choir, destroying his room, and such was used for studying and on the rare occasion, sleep. Andy always had a thing for money, running the company change business and eventually selling his body to Admiral McKee and glowing for Navy.
D C

William B. Ramsey
McLean
Virginia
Systems Engineering
Navy Air
Ram

Ram is third generation Academy stock. We knew Blake was destined to become an Admiral as his father, uncle, and both grandfathers achieved that lofty designation before him. To ensure his induction to flag rank however, Blake picked out the most eligible Admiral's daughter. So what if the Admiral was the Superintendent, and the daughter was only 17! (Hurry up Ram!)

Hailing from Virginia Beach, Blake majored in Systems Engineering. His academic prowess was unmatched until he redefined his priorities senior year (right Chrissy?) Blake starred in company sports, providing everybody he played with the type of role model books on sportsmanship are written about. The two brigade championship teams he played on (field ball, Plebe year; soccer, 2/C year) dearly appreciated the contributions that he made

After his folks moved to nearby McLean, Virginia, the Ramsey residence became home away from home for many of us. (Let's go Blake, hurry up!) When he was rejected from Nuclear Power, Ram decided to settle for second best - Navy Air. But that's okay - somebody has to fly those missiles-with-wings (Let's go Blake!) As company commander of the Cloud, Blake was outstanding in neutralizing Sam. And, taking full advantage of the accompanying 3-striper libs, he finally achieved his lifelong ambition of catching the Who in concert. Good thing he bought that extra ticket - he needed it! (come on!) Good luck, Ram. We know you've got the right stuff. (Hurry up, the reunion starts in ten years!!!!!)
LLZ

Robert M. Russell
Miami
Florida
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
"Goose"

Bob came to good 'ole USNA from Miami, Florida with his mind on sailing. Although he spent many weekends away on trips and many afternoons freezing on the Severn, they paid off in a varsity letter all four years. When it came to sailing, Bob was always off to a corner looking for the Bob Hope puff, and he usually managed to come out in good shape. We remember many a road trip to regattas (we're not sure if Bob does) that just wouldn't have been the same without that partying spirit that hovered around him. The infamous Russell partymobile was always on the scene of a celebration. The party inside was usually so hot that smoke poured out of the cracks in the doors (put there by his hellacious sound system!). Bob was one to find a good a time as possible, as his conduct record shows (was that a maroon van with Fla. plates in the yard last weekend?).

An electrical engineer, Bob spent many late nights studying. His hard work paid off, and Bob will be sailing beneath the waves after graduation. Maybe there he'll be able to get away from the Maryland winters he hated so much. Bob was not only a fine engineer but was able to hold late-night highly theoretical conversations with his political-science roomate on those nights when the work should have been getting done. His favorite activity other than sailing and partying was sleeping, hibernation in the winter!

Although we'll miss him when he leaves, we know that when we get back together, we'll be making up for lost time. We wish Bob the best of luck in the submarine force and long live the Nads parties!!! (#9 acorn!)

David W. Saba
Reston
Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Doc

A nutsy, crazy guy if there ever was one, Doc was a true member of the Boys throughout his four year stay. A member of the Barracks Plebe year, we all knew Doc was alright when his favorite hangouts became D&E's Bar and Grill, the Wharf and the Buzzard. Along with our dear, departed Mul's, Doc terrorized every "respectable" honky-tonk inside and outside the 7 mile limit. Doc also became probably the only Plebe ever to wear Docksiders with Mess Dress during June Week-(4th wing basement will never be cleaner). During Youngster summer, Doc attempted to become a "real" Mid and had a brief encounter with a girl with a four digit phone number, but luckily found his senses and left her high and dry in a Newport bar. Doc continued his "sober ways during his Youngster year as his home in Reston, Virginia (became a haven for the rest of the Boys in 19). During Second Class year Doc began to collect more "girlfriends" than he could ever keep track of. His affinity for large Florida women got the better of him Spring Break and quickly earned him a reputation of losing his standards during prolonged partying. A great organizer, Doc spent a great deal of time First Class year organizing tremendous tailgaters with Meli, outrageous road trips to Madison and UVA, and a second annual trip to the Palm Plaza Motel in Ft. Lauderdale in search of bigger game. With tremendous parents who always went out of their way to make sure no one ever felt homesick, Doc was a great asset to 19 and a perfect roommate for our four stay on the Severn.
BEM

Paul W. Siegrist
Fairfax
Virginia
Political Science
Nuclear Submarines
Grist

Paul came out of high school in Fairfax, Virginia with thoughts of becoming an Oceanography major. Somewhere along the line here at USNA, he was sidetracked and majored in Political Science. Paul never took his studies lightly. He could, however, occasionally be found at his desk, coffee cup near and book in hand, eyes closed is a very good imitation of sleep.

Paul participated in the Drum and Bugle Corps his Plebe year, but left to play company and battalion sports. He was on the fieldball team each year and sailed for the battalion in the Spring.

Paul enjoyed joking around, such as the time he "wild-manned" Butane Wayne the night before the Army game Plebe year. One of the favorite sayings in the room was, "Well, if they can't take a joke, . . ."

Besides his books, Paul's only love during his four years here at USNA was Beth, who he will marry shortly after graduation. We will miss Paul after we all leave "Mother-B", and wish him the best of luck in his endeavors in submarines.

Charles J. Sitarski
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Navy Air
Chuck

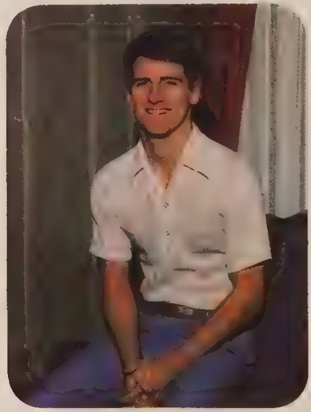
Chuck came from Philadelphia and is a typical wild, give 'em hell Eagle, Phillie, and Sixer fan We never had to worry much about Army parties; Between Chuck and Pops there was always plenty of Schmidt's and meatballs to go around. Due to his "Class A - Knight in Shining Armour" performance on his Third Class YP Cruise, Chuck spent most of Youngster year laying low and staying out of trouble at Dick and Elfie's. Second Class year, Chuck came back to USNA ready to have a good time. On Friday nights Chuck, Shoe, and Chief entertained a few of their friends with darts, steaks, and Tequilla. This came to an unfortunate end when Sam got wind of the darts and created Cell Block 2436. That Christmas Chuck left his mark in the South as one the four that made the infamous Memphis - Liberty Bowl roadtrip and he is planning his upcoming Christmas leave around Navy's bowl possibilities. Chuck has spent much of the last four years on the water, rowing for Navy Crew. His dedication, hard work, and sacrifice didn't go unnoticed and Chuck was named captain of the lightweights his First Class year. An Eastern Shore Waterman at heart, Chuck's favorite hangouts weren't Fran's or Riordan's, but the honky-tonks on the other side of the Bay Bridge, Droter's, with it's great country juke box and even better down-home atmosphere, was Chuck's favorite and he soon became a favorite of Cass and Burt's. Chuck's post-graduation plans include pilot wings and living in a trailer in P-cola with Goobs. Chuck, we "ginned and beered it" for four years, things are good again and you're a diamond of a friend.
AJW

David E. Weaver
Grand Island
Nebraska
Applied Science
Nuclear Surface
The Weaves

Grand Island, Nebraska to Crabtown, USA. July 6, 1979—Happy Birthday 2nd squad, 19th Platoon, Kilo Company. Easterling, Butane Wayne. Paul and Tim, Ringside. Flashlights and razors. Colors-Communists. Glutting, and Maj. Lumpy. Larry, Fred, Eric. No socks, early pipe-down. Al and Army. Red T-bird. The City of Brotherly Love. Eric. Troy and Baxter-late nites, Romantics. The Luce. June 3, 1980-Tornado. (Founding member #1, L-Club). Jimbo, Eric 150's. Muls vs. Irwin The Lizzard King. Jools and Jim. Fred. Trash, scream. Brad and DC. The Boss. July 4, 1981 - Beach Boys Hey Baby. Southside. FCA. 150's (-20). ''Coach Man'' Army. Rick James Cutch. Fred. Squadleader. Blue buick, Asbury, Kentucky. RRFJ. 75 mph in snow. Captain H. and no prayer breakfast. Spring break, N.C. no heat ain't he just the prettiest *** you have ever seen! Lyston and Slick Keith Green, Raleigh. Weabs. Pig pick and sunburn. June Week P-rade. Pass out and eat grass. Capt. H. vs. Capt. O. Ring Dance with Cheri. How to see Europe as fast as you can! Tom. The Fat Ladies of Wales. The HB house. Ford. Coral Sea. San Francisco, Sacramento. Fred. FCA. 150's (-30). ''Hey man'' Forget Cornell! Army 27-7. (December 18, 1982). What now Luke? God's Will! A child's embrace. ''A wise man seeks the silence that deafens every fool, a wise man seeks the island of solitude. Let Jesus be your lover, and you'll deafen ever fool, as you sing what you've discovered within His song of solitude.''-T.T. 1982. (1 Timothy 1:15). Laura, Family. Graduation!!!

Anthony J. Wilding
Columbia
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Line
Biltmore

Tony came to us from the apple orchards of Columbia, Maryland home of the fighting scorps. He soon established his routine of hard academic work with plenty of Joe during the week and total release on the weekends, mostly at Marinas and the Fleet Reserve Club. Youngster year, Chief began his M.E. career, and more importantly, his road tripping career with a ''Rocky'' trip to P.S.U. and all too frequent ''doctor'' visits to U.VA. After spending most of 2nd class summer playing darts at The Wharf, Tony decided to become a 1/3 partner of the 2436 Bar & Grill. The Friday night special included dart tournaments, steaks, Jimmy Buffet, and some Pasaic sunshine. (sorry . . . . no grenadine). Unfortunately, Chiefs bartending days were short lived as the Bar & Grill was put out of business. After paying his debt to society, Chief bounced back and was ready to join the Memphis Four during Christmas leave. After violating some state laws in Nashville, Biltmore, his partners, and a case of hoody were on the road to Memphis again ''Hook em, goats!!!!''. Chief spent spring break enjoying Mr. Rogers, happy hour, and palm plaza plasterers in Ft. Lauderdale, along with some midnight lifesaving on the beach. After his first class cruise in San Diego, Tony returned to USNA ready to wage time war of accountability He spent first class year in search of eastern shore crab feasts, making a few good road trips, and hoping for a return bowl visit. Tony goes on to Newport or Pensacola upon graduation. You have been a good roommate and a great friend, A.J., And I hope that our paths will cross soon and often in the future. Friendships like yours made the whole thing worth it.
CJS



James A. E. Wood, Jr.
Moorestown
New Jersey
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer
Jimbo

''The Greatest'' descended upon the Nineteenth Company from Moorestown in everybody's favorite state, New Jersey. Jim has always exhibited a deep concern for people and high moral standards by his involvement in the Big Brothers program and the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. ''Number One'' is most recognized throughout the Brigade as the P-rade announcer who sounds as if he is having such a good 'ol time at such a mundane event. He enjoys the exposure. Jim has been a reporter on the Brigade news program ''Channel Check'', and is now the founder and president of the TV club, ''WMID''

Jim is going to follow his first love-flying-and become a fighter rio. Maybe, once he gets to Pensacola he will invest in a real tie, and buy his own towels for a change (an aviator does not wear a clip-on). Jim has his own way of doing things. His solution to how to tune-up his gold '78 Scirrocco was to trade it in for a gold '82 Scirrocco. Jim is the only Mid known who survived second class academics with a twelve o'clock lights out policy-as if he didn't get enough sleep in Fluid Physics, or with the rack monster during free periods-his second love. Good thing aviators are required to get enough sleep. May fair winds and blue skies follow him always.
TPM

Jesse E. Wrice, Jr.
Macon
Georgia
Physical Science
USMC Air
Jesse

Jesse came to USNA via NAPS. As a member of the fencing team, glee club, and protestant choir, he soon became known to many as a fine person and a good friend. Good luck in the fleet and with your new bride!

Lance L. Zahm
Boise
Idaho
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarine
"L"
Plebe year—nineteen-year-old
Youngster year—eighteen-year-old
Second class year—seventeen-year-old
First class year—sixteen-year-old
Lieutenant—in jail

Kaboom!!! Totally disgusted with his immature classmates, this old man decided to show us all some "Real Navy" conduct. Result: another member of the N-Club! Following this black one with a gold one youngster year, "L" learned early the bennies of varsity sport (??) status as a member of the Pistol Team But he proved he could also play real sports, like championship soccer, fieldball, and softball, although he still never moved more than two steps at a time

Academics were never a problem for Lance, as he found time to read novels (and other non-texts) between stints serving as a secretary for the rest of us, while still pulling off at least one perfect semester. Second class year, however, "L" realized that if he was to keep up with those nimble young ladies, he'd have to shed something more than just his clothes so, it was two-a-day and no more "pop" or beer (this was serious!) Until he hit the magic 150 Thereafter, though, a liquid diet every five days enabled him to maintain. Road trips, via his dentmobile (not a lemon, but . . . a potato!), which averaged 60 mpsp, took him to Hood, Goucher, Marymount, Notre Dame, Annapolis High, Annapolis Junior High, and assorted elementary schools But above it all, Lance was and is a friend and shipmate we all respect. We'll never forget his infinite wisdom and true concern that helped us through these four rewarding years together. By the way, Lance, where the hell is Idaho ?
BKB

EAGLE'S NEST

Jeffrey L. Benson
Baltimore
Maryland
Systems
Nuclear Submarines
Bens, Ensign, J.B., Benso

Jeff's one of those local boys who never had a Plebe year. It was during that first yeat that he discovered two things. One was that B-more is only a quick jaunt down the road. The other was that sailing is the best way to coast through this institution of higher yearning. The sailing attitude continued until 1/C year when he no longer needed nas to skate out of his duties. Besides, why waste unlimited weekends. The wife may have had something to do with that decision. 1/C year was also the year we Jeff's eyes glow with dollar signs. Even though big bucks and plush duty were his real reasons for going Puke Power, the admiral was more than happy to get hold of this sweat. Being Jeff's roomie did have some redeeming qualities—his parents. July 6, 1979 they thought they were kicking their kid out of the house. They ended up adopting a whole company. Who knows how they were able to take it all these years. What's a gater without the Bensons (I'm talking about Mr. and Mrs.; not you JB). It's been a great four years, Bens. Don't worry, I'll get you to that alter June 4. After all, I wouldn't want to miss that reception.
RPJ

Christopher J. Bush
Pocono Lake
Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Navy Air
Pick Em

Busher . . . 2-3 or bust . . Plebe heaven . . Boy that's a mean one . . His eyes keep following me . . (TC) . . Don't make me kill you . . It's my hanky, I like it that way . . If you have any questions on the problems . . It was not Vinnie's fault . . Stiff . . I have to take a fwayne . . Football tailgaters at ho jos . . I miss your face . . Hey Bunny . . I hate Alan Parsons . . Excuse me Caption, but could you tell me where . . . . Whaaat?! The dynasty and slow Pitch . . Cindy and Peggy, Michelle (YO Y/ET MOI) (Bun-nie) and Jackie . . The boys go on . . Hey skids, let's go get pizza . . Mister . . Midininski . . LTMS never die, they just learn skills . . Dan Fogelberg . . TZUP?! . . Not much, how's it goin? . . The annual folstrip . . Seymore . . Sloanepatch . . 45 musical majors . . call me mr. bush . . na na na nice . . choice . . CSW, L fat slob, and the sea nymph . . Golfing splurges . . Love those mile runs . . Hey Ron, best rocket left on the pad, wouldn't you say? . . Solid 'B', but i'll tale a shakey 'A' . . What are those?! PPPenn State (#1) pants! . . I'm going for a bonnie cut . . Tina, i can't keep waiting . . Personal services and the midstore; Ann, I want the ring . . um, Mary-K, could i talk to you, today . . tomorrow . . Joey and Java . . Skids . . Hubba . . Loscar . . Daego . . Swunter . . Holsom . . Bee-Bobsh . . Smironoff . . Brooksie (We'll be there in Pensacola) . . Ripples . . Hanno . . SSSandy . . The Nimitz Librarians . . Polo, and of course Doppler Seuss . . The Toomeys and Mr. Nobody . . It's been great busho, 106 . . . Those shorts . . Don't worry LCDR Herbert, I'll buy black socks . . 106 . . Be there in Sept of 83' from the port side for 8 straight . . But most of all, 106 . . Oh well, TILITBC, DYKWIM? . . 106.
R.J.H.

Carlos Deltoro
New York City
New York
Electrical Engineering
Surface
Los

Confused and disoriented I came to this pleasure palace with hopes of fun and EE. What?? The summer was tough bur T.C. made it so much better. I now know window sills weren't made for sitting and mustard doesn't go well with whiteworks. Right, Mr. Guest #1, the fun was soon over with a fresh shave for Fols and a new can of edge for Jeff. The next 4 years were long but I survived with . . . . Army 79', don't do it Dave, Rumbles. In the hall, Scuba, a drive home with Rossi, a long herndon, the start of EE, Randy's greenmoble, a change at a gas station and I know of a short cut, parties at Ho Jo's, mumbles, a trip to hood, Rick on crutches and don't open that locker, Fols in N.Y., St. Thomas and strawberry daquiries, Mike and El Paso, a blind date to remember, a road trip to hood, do you party Randy??, Protramid, Actramid, a growing relationship, those IEEE meetings, X-mas in Florida, the slow death of my QPR, a ring dance to remember, my new Honda $1001 club, Spain 82', the King, July 23, a weekend at Fols', go back to bed or we'll kill you, exit Bergman, enter Marti, Skids, rooming with Rick, the apple, I want quiet!, Hey . . . Bird, Dec 23, the Beginning of a beautiful life with a beautiful lady, the final stretch, Ken and J.P. in N.Y., the Chesapeake, EE at last, Thanks Rick for all your support. God bless you all, 20th company Firsties, Los will be pulling for you and wishing all of you the best of luck!

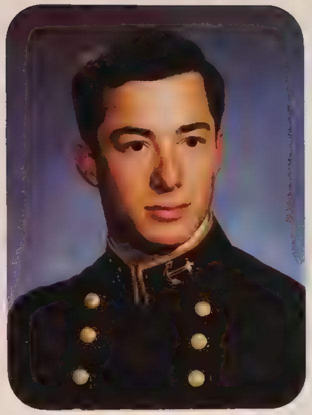
David Diorio
Pittsfield
Massachusetts
Oceanography
Nuclear Power Officer
Dave

The "Italian Stallion" hails from the small northern town of Pittsfield, Mass. Dave feels right at home in the heart of the Berkshires, for this mellow, nature-loving, cold weather camping hobbyist truley enjoys trekking into the snowy wilderness, armed only with a tent, a sleeping bag, a bottle of wine, two glasses, and his special friend to share the exciting, stimulating experience the wilderness lustfully produces. Dave defines the term "romantic". Despite this fault, Dave upholds some "REAL MID" traditions. After switching from Mec E to Oceanography, Dave achieved stardom as a top man in his major. This two striper's attitude during Plebe detail was inspiration to all concerned. Assoc. Prof. Diorio helped many of his buddies with his cram gouge session during AC eyar. Unprofessionally, Dave will be remembered as the guy saying, "I swear, I'm not going to Nuclear Power!" Dave is the only guy who can study fluids by drinking them. The Nuclear-Air Candidate will recall in years to come; the homecoming at the cabin and his special friend; Armies in Philly (which hotel was he in?); teaching Murph which way the moon shined; telling Chris that captains wear civies too; giving Joey some white hair to cover his baldspots; assuring Rich that Florida still existed; teasing Skids about western skiing; and traveling to hood college with bashfull Brooksey, Hungryman Hunter, and Barnyard Burt. Dave will undoubtfully continue his romantic antics in Orlando, unless a special girl intercept's him. He will make a great Nuke. Good luck in subland Dave; we'll always remember your lust for weekends and your smiling, friendly face
S.B

Peter C. DiTullio
Milton
Massachusetts
Applied Science
Marine Corps Aviation
Ditto

Welcome to the United States Gymnastics Academy. Have a beer. Waivor, have another; thanks coach. 2.0 way to go. Have a cookie, now some water, sleep with it, baby pistols, last house on the left and a basket full of emptys, that's too big DiTullio, Mr. Staplers house, recon: sorry Benson, I'll always out rank you: wrong Dom. Parent's weekend, Doug apt., brownies were great Mike, Silver Spring, Bill's house, happy birthday Mike, no Army-Navy for me, 1.70 leave at USGA, parties, civies spring break?, Bill's house, easterns, 6th pipe, N#1, party No June week for me, 2.17 cruise, leave, summer school 1, Don's house, welcome back, car, out of here, captains house, no Army-Navy again, zoomies tower dive: don't worry I'll clean it up, back to school, easterns, record, N#2, 2.05, no June week for me, racktramid, summer school #2, bye Jeanne it was nice, I think I remember where home is, study more, marchovers??? What are weekends, no Army-Navy for me, Merry Christmas, 1.41. Thank you admiral I'll try harder, party, we made it Nancy, thanks coach and captain, study hour?, Fwane, OTW, record, easterns, 3rd, 5th, 5th, N*, on the docks, Ocean City, Jane, 2.16 No June Week for me, cruise, leave, summer school #3, I'll make it yet, 2.08=2stripes, I'm sat, weekends, road trip, I finally made it to Army-Navy, 4wk 2.63-co. officers list, N*, Nissen NCAA's, I should finally make it to a June week, oh for the stories we can tell. BMW 528e.

Keep a positive attitude, get sign in, OTW three times a week or more, only go to Army-Navy and June week you're 1/c year and yes, I actually wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.



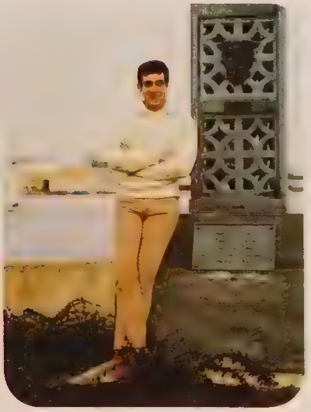
Paul T. Fernan
Alexanderia
VA
Electrical Engineering
Surface Line
Zgg

Plebe year: How about Foley's crew cut. Rooming with Mustela Frenata for a year. Does Noodles have any photos of Dave, J.P. and the roller skating queen, Dit's jigsaw and the missing piece. Beat Army cake and Skent Wonder Pup Randy and the one man formal.

Youngster year: Rooming with Aquaman and Randy. Where's my soccer jersey? Scuba with no license. The Chevy's paint job. Jesse and the party at HoJo's. Hearts during finals 0 for 3 at Winston's. The inner fear of Hood. The rack thief and Randy's night in the wardroom.

Second class year: Did they ever find the ball I lost on hospital point 26 Oct.? The magpie and moose call showers. The cook out with a toaster oven. Redecorating Warren's room with red hots. Friday night lax games. the end of Seymour. The 280Z motel B and E in Belgium.

First class year: Rooming with Ken and his cheesey dogs. Is the supermarket open? The nuke bonus and bumed. Trashing the grease. The agony of fall parades Army duty with Per Diem. The parking lot on West St. gas ventriloquism at the stadium.



Michael J. Foley
Enfield
New Hampshire
Physics
Marine Corps
Fols

The Michael. The J. The Fols. I came here planning to fly with hopes of becoming an astronaut But as luck would have it, my eyes were bad before I came here and I found that out Second class year. We did have some memorable times. Beer cans, slimey gun barrels and baby pistols Plebe summer. A birthday "shave", illegal music, in November, hookers on roller skates at Army Plebe year. (Razor blades in the morning). the start of the yearly ski trip to the Foley hotel and ski lodge, fairwell to "Chief" Matthaie Youngster year. The Potters sponsor garage and hotel, the party rust bucket, first taste of power as squad leader, J.O. and his mouth wired shut and a bottle of mouthwash a day Second class year. Special thanks to my mom and dad, and to my sposors, LCDR and Mrs. Dion and Mr. and Mrs. Potter, also to J.O., Randy, Carlos and Tom for smoothing out the bumps. To everybody else, hey I did my best, if it is not good enough, too bad! As for the future, I'll be hanging in there as always. Thanks for helping me through Lord. M.J.F

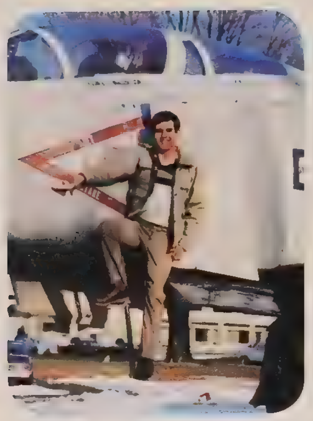
Randall L. Fuchs
Gatesville
Texas
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Randy

Looking back . . . From Plebe summer and "The Halsey-Taylor Memorial Sir" to Army Plebe year—"I've got just the guy for you to meet . . . Hurry up Dave, I want to get some sleep . . . OH, come on lets get some Zah . . . Can I call my boyfriend? . . . You take that picture and I'll break your face . . . Smack—Get out! It was funny last night, but . . ." And there was the Orange fights and the great fall from JROTC.

The trips in the Old green bomb—"Hi! Do you get high?" . . . Where's Carlos? He was here just a second ago. WATCH OUT RANDY, there's the turn!" Turtle neck shirts with ties, the competition with the GeeeekSweatMo, and saying good-bye to the gill-man

Second class year—the barn and living with the "wonder pup", "Magpie", and "ZGG" grilled burgers and playing tennis with a F-16 model. "Hi, do you guys need a date?" . . . "Ya sure?"

Then there is "THE DYNASTY" and "Ohh, don't make me hurt you!" Do I hear a donkey laughing? . . . Where's the organ grinder? At times it's actually been fun, but the only reason we did it was for the stories we could tell.



James F. Garrova
Temple City
California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Jim

I came here to the boat school from the sunny skies of Southern California (after a brief stopover in Newport, RI). Even with the late nights, the meetings with the Lt., and the near misses with end of semester meetings with the Admiral, I can honestly say that it was all worth it. Thank you for coming May 25!!!

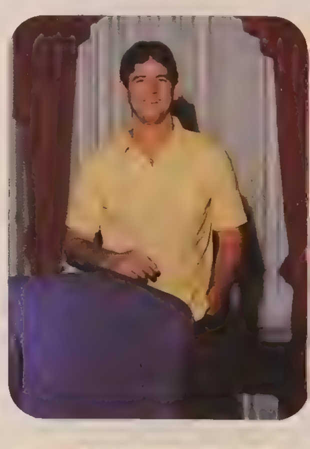
Mary C. Gaul
Winter Springs
Florida
English
General Warfare
Cathy

Cathy came to us from warm, sunny Florida. Energetic and cheerful, Cathy has been involved in cheerleading, sailing, Glee club, tennis, and church activities. Her proficiency in German won her an intriguing trip to West Germany. Cathy will always have fond memories of the exciting times she shared with her fellow rah-rahs, Emmi, Patt, Sandee, Cary, Terry, and Janet. She has excelled in Academics and, as a result, served as president of the English Honor Society, Sigma Tau Delta. But Cathy still managed to devote much time to having fun with her elite group of friends in the I-5 (Cath, Wa, Mark, and Murr) and with crazy antics with aliskins. She portrayed Bielke in "Fiddler on the Roof" and a dancing fair maiden in "The Pirates of Penzance." Little Cath will never forget her surprise party at Marmaduke's, late evening talks with Sue, annual ski trips, spring break '81, and her excursions to Thompson's. And of course, her sweetheart, Mark A child in her own heart, she spent time camping, tree climbing, picnicking, and flying kites. The fleet should be looking forward to receiving this prospective general warfare officer who can handle anything thrown at her. Cathy has been a true friend and little "Sis" to all. "YEAH!"
S.M.K

Richard P. Guest III
Satellite Beach
Florida
Resources Management
Surface
Rikk

It started for me in Kingston Pa., Lou, Billy, Bill, Jessica, Dinacola's Igloo, chopping wood in Eaglesmere, frisbee on Thompson with Paul (the hippee), code of conduct, Mr. Guest #2, dial a demo, the rest is a blurr, the J.B. concert (hell of a job), the class of 80, Piedmont, Matt, Mayport, huge pig, Skids, Los, the 20th Co., the team, the Butera's, the money's (my other mother), the Burt's, the C's, I love them all they are so beautiful, all those boring classes, weight gaining, the Bogue turf, good fight, the keg at the pond in Conn., sleeping in late at Va., expired license plates, T.R. and the regs (ask P.S.), the power of Van Zant . . . . I'm with you, Lou you just got to believe, the round up B.R.M.S., Atlantic City, nugget-nugget, 41 East, 95 South, 81 North, power eating club, C.K. what a dude, Jose . . . . stop right there I got to know right now, the Vinson, once again the perfect cruise, steak, cheap rum, off early (bummer), lots of leave at home all 4 years, there was nothing gained from the love that I lost J.L.E., some of its magic and some of its tragic but Ive had a good life all the way

It has been a five year effort that I am still uncertain about. I thank God, my mother, father, Debbie, Amy, Lori, Judy, Gram, Mr. T and my loved ones who have always been there for the past 23 years. I have not always been the ideal family member yet they are the greatest. I pray that my direction is right and gives me peace of mind.
R.P.G. III



Richard J. Hayes
Denville
New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface
Dicky

10G . . . Boy that's a mean one . . . TC and what's for lunch . . . stiff and when I played Army and I . . it wasn't my fault . . . Clifton, our boy, it's my hanky and I like it that way . . . I love it here . . . Ma and Harry, tailgators and Ho Jo's (hey bunny) . . . Fwayne . . . Cindy Sab and Rocky Terollie? . . . 500 huh, What was the other one?, Combined? Oh . . . . . oh Mamma not renegade again . . . the Dynasty and slowpitch . . . fun things to do with PCR . . . Michelle, Jackie, Peggie G. forever . . . 4 years with the same guy (do you think people wonder) . . . help . . . 106 . . . 106 . . . 106 . . please, one semester at a time . . . the boys . . . 2-3 and never movin . . . love that medical department . . . IJLTFOOTP . . . CWTGTFOOH . . . he said something about the library . . . 106 . . . but I'm a Business major . . . Doc and Mrs. Felter, homecoming . . . there was never a doubt.

A very special note to Mom, Dad, Di, and Jim; it sure has been a fight, but . . we made it thanks . . . . 4 great years Dicky . . . I'll be there in Aug of 83 . . from the starboard side for 8 straight
C.J.B.

Laura A. Hinkley
Hialeah
Florida
Mathematics
USMC
Hinks

Bliss is when "La Machine" decided to get up at 0300 to run and the rest of the room gets to sleep in. This is even after she stops studying at 0100

Depression is watching her eat and eat and eat and never gain an ounce. In fact, on one early morning run, the Annapolis Chapter of the Audubon Society got all excited thinking that they had identified a new species of crain. They were most disappointed to find that the "Bird - Legs" they spotted belonged to Hinks."

Ah yes! Saturday nights are all important to her. She developed a tradition Plebe year that she continued well into First class year - staying in and studying

And what a buddy - offering junk food to her friends who had weight problems. "Gives them a chance to build character when they refuse it" She would say. She never seemed to notice that they always took it. She would never - ever share her green M&M's though

We wonder about Math majors. Do they all push their cars uphill to get them started or is it only done in Michigan? Or is it that bus rides up to Maine were made for dancing to the Go - Go's?

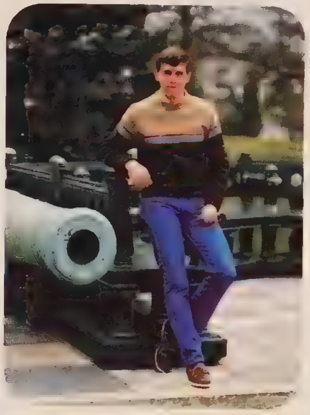
When will these poison control parties ever end!?

N S.

Donald A. Holcomb
Seattle
Washington
Physics
Navy Pilot
Don

Don was just another Navy brat who wound up coming to USNA with great aspirations, and an over abundance of confidence. Plebe year offered Holcs a wide range of new and wonderful experiences. He was introduced to his favorite nickname by his little green roomate and found that Bruce Springsteen could really wail a tune. Only Don could irritate J.G. but at least wound up as Ted's favorite boy for the second semester. Youngster year brought more squash, the "good deal" adjutant job, his first (and last) bout with alcohol, a second semester date he just couldn't wait to talk about. As a second class, Don took a semester's leave at Air Force (airborne!), and came back to Navy to share a comfortable room with two of his best friends. He took "Navy Air" cruise during First class summer because he wanted no part of submarines and returned to USNA to receive two sets of four stripes. Don had always said he wouldn't get married "until he was 26 and established in the Navy," but after knowing Jenny for a whole two weeks he decided he just couldn't do without her. You're a lucky girl, Jenny, and I've been a very lucky roommate. See you in Pensacola, Don.

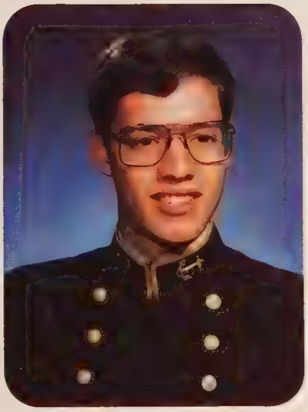
J.F.H



James F. Hunter
Beaumont
Texas
Political Science
Navy Air
Jim

Jim tries to convince everyone that he's not so smart; however consistently high grades contradict him . . . but then, he is a bull major. Some people go crazy if they study too much, but not Jim. Hunts could be found in the hallowed halls of the Hunter memorial wing of Nimitz library any evening during Plebe and Youngster years (including Saturdays). Of course, he had to leave the library in time for Plebe taps but thank God he had late lights to get one more hour of work done Late lights on a Saturday night may be going overboard, but Jim didn't mind . . . a Geek is a Geek. The sweat didn't stop rolling in the classroom, though, and Jim earned the honor of being Woody's protege. All of his hard work paid off in his selection for the west point exchange program Second class year. The woops reactivated the dormant Jim of the past and buried the Geek and the sweat forever. How about those women . . . and we thought he studied among the rows of books in the library. Army weekend as a Woop was a swinging time—keep those women smiling, like when you proved that civilian schools are more fun when you went to U.T. for two spring breaks. Jim started to understand the value of weekends Second class year, especially when his roommate(s) drove him nuts. '86 will always shudder (women will quiver) at the mention of their first set summer company commander's name. It's a good thing Jim was around to remind Brooksie that it was time to go home. As a firstie, Jim made a deal with his roommate and traded one stripe for four, but pledged that the captain would never make him "see the light."

D.A.H.



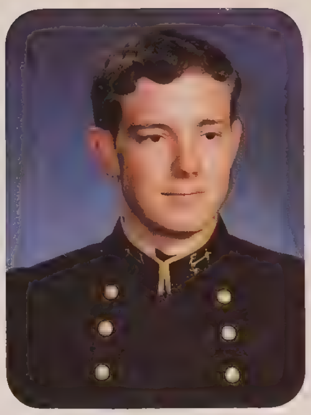
Ronald P. Jordan
Universal City
Texas
Oceanography
Nuclear Submarines
Jordy

Ron came from the far away state of Texas. Being from an Air Force family, Texas just happened to be home for most of his stay here at UNSA. Ron was not alone when he came here His brother just happened to be a firstie when Ron was a Plebe. Bob visited Jordache often to keep him out of trouble Ron was a good little boy except when it came to loud alarm clocks and unwanted roommates. Of four roomies only one, myself, could put up with him. He drove one roommate out of the Academy completely. One roommate was driven out of his mind. The other roommate was that way already so Ron simply got rid of him

Jordy's favorite past-time, when not horizontal, was playing defensive back for the extra light heavyweight FB team. He always thought he did a great job; we didn't want to hurt his feelings An Admiral could have cared less. In reference to a more important matter, a certain Admiral told Ron that he "lacked intelligence, lacked motivation, and put forth no effort." Believe it or not (we don't), Jordy will glow anyway. In all due respect Jordo, your a good roommate and an excellent friend and you had better get me to the altar on time

P.S. How about that Damneck O-club!!!!

J.L.B



Mark R. Kanakis
Joplin
Missouri
Applied Science
Navy Air
Aka Tippy

Mark Twain once wrote, ". . . all a frog ever wanted was an education." How I puddle-jumped my way to Crabtown from the Show-Me State is a story in itself, but here are some scattered recollections from this mid's four-year climb to the bottom of the heap

4/c Year—Leaving my home, leaving my friends . . . , carrying Levins through the summer, Frank and Jim, making the *Post*, Plebe of the Week/Month, R&R in Bethesda, Thanksgiving in the Hall, catering Dave's Army party, birth of the Cutlass, the Moore Wars, living through Herndon

3/c Year—the Mt. Fuji Expedition, Benson's tupperware, camping out at Ken's, blowing a knee in Jersey, Thanksgiving on astroturf, living with Circus Boy, Dress Whites on the Boardwalk, a wrinkled forehead from countless folds

2/c Year—an endless summer with the 1-C Bonus Boys, the TexMex road race with Tolbert, end of the Welsh era, Thanksgiving at Denny's, living with Cowboy and Giraffe, leaving for Hood with McCall, returning to Bancroft with a state trooper, death and resurrection of the Cutlass

1/c Year—a minesweeper cruise(?), Pistol Detail, hittin' BB's off both wings, the Pat Roach Memorial Chair, assassination attempts on the Cutlass, the Tranquill Regime, living alone with Ken Wood, Marty-Parties, Thanksgiving at the Ford's, forced retirement at Christmas, How 'bout them Hogs in Houston, the Fourth Wing Furriers

Yes, those are memories that make me a wealthy soul. I especially thank God, Mom and Dad, a vast array of roommates, the men of Navy Football, and Jeff- #16 in our programs, #1 in our hearts

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition

M K

Susan M. Koye
Highland Park
New Jersey
Political Science
Supply Corps
Sue

Susan Marie Koye came to the Naval Academy waith more experience than most. She was prepared with two years at Rutgers and a younger brother who outranked her. But Frank ('82) helped her adjust to Bancroft life. Sue tried her hand at a variety of sports, including cross country, indoor track, gymnastics, and tennis. Unfortunately, her athletic career was prone to injury, so she spent most of her time studying Political Science. As a result, she was given the rare opportunity to work as an intern at the Pentagaon and was also a member of Phi Sigma Alpha, the Poli Sci Honor Society. She participated in many activities, among them Catholic choir, musical productions, Glee club, NAFAC, Spanish club, and the flying squadron. In her spare time, Sue could be found running in a 10 K, going to Washington theatres, or gallavanting around Georgetown. Susie will never forget Paul and the cats (or the pink rabbit), Katie, spring break '81, and first class cruise on the luxury liner, the USS Cape Cod. But probably her most memorable moment was on 27 August 1982, her birthday, when she became Mrs Mike Boehle-to-be. She'll undoubtedly be a huge success in whatever she attempts. Always ready to have fun, always willing to be a friend, Sue is wished the best of health and good cheer

MCG

Kenneth C. Levins
Blenhein
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
Ken

As a member of the Natural Academic & Physical Stud club (better known as NAPS) I was a bit skeptical of this place come I-day. Like all Plebes, parents weekend & Christmas were the highlights of the year (I skipped Herndon). I couldn't have made it w/o the Wonder Pup- but Tipper, who carried who?!?

Youngster year brought part I of "Fwayne meets the Boyz," the expansion of the Hayes-Levins tailgating Co., and JP! How 'bout them Douglass girls! Just the beginning of some great friendships, a beautiful relationship, and some fantastic parties

Segundo year & part II- "Seymore VS. the Boyz." Ahh yes, all those weekends I didn't get. (106) The little things that kept us going- bat ftball, more choice 'gaters, our tall blond spelling champ- hey Bopshun- was that C.S.H.?! Still speaking of "little things, what's our co. song- Another One Bites the Dust? See what you started Murph. Dec. 18, 1981- Joey & Java made it official (rings & strings). SAT grades (It's amazing the incentive a little bet can bring!), road trips to Douglass, & class rings (hello $1000 club)

Firstie year wasn't the breeze I thought it would be, but who can argue w/ a Co. that cancels tailgaters & has "Marty parties" instead! Counting the days w/ some special thoughts & dreams: black shoe Navy- here I come, May 25th; June 11th. Mom & Dad- I love you! Boyz- I'll miss ya'! USNA- We shall return!

KCL

James O. Mulligan
Fords
New Jersey
Math (Computer Sci)
Navy air
J.O.

(J.O. is an average mid: proud to all Exit 10, New Jersey, "home", he thinks of USNA as NAPS postgraduate school, and drives a sports car. To him, the academic months have always been a time-out period between his $10 international trips.) Starting in Newport, Rhode Island, with a $450 Oldsmobile Cutlass and $300 a month, I progressed to Plebe summer, shoe leather, and $50 a month. Getting locked outside at 3:30 am with a black net sock bag over my head after reconning 4-0 with shaving cream bombs was indicative of my luck. I couldn't have picked more "interesting" room-mates myself (3 times)! and I'll always "mind my helm" on good-deal (thanks, Rat) Y-P trips. Having 007 as a partner in crime made (getting caught) riding the 'Vator Plebe year (thanks, Spock) memorable! "I'm tempted to nail those guys myself" Hi Rog. After 22 consecutive seasons, I finally ended my track career. That coincided with getting braces (on my teeth, not my legs!) which led to the "joys of blender cooking." All you guys who made fun of my mouth being wired shut deserved every whiff of halitosis I could summon!

I've seen some of the best looking girls in the world, having been throughout Europe (esp. love those danes), to Hawaii, and into Australia (and without the Marines!). Unfortunately, Caroline never did accept a June-week invitation. After changing my home address to Ward Hall, I was able to spend lots of time with everyone's nemesis, the Honeywell 6060, and, despite it all, my victories are still (very) few. Living with the Fols has been more fun than a barrel of monkeys; Randy may never need a Maryland driver's license, but I'd rather have the hair; and Tom's been a great help to my sarcastic wit, that vegemate-loving Dag. Leo, I'm happy to say I knew you back when you were jumping 7-0 and winning at A.C. and Monk, you're really inspiring. Above all, thanks & love to Mom and Dad for all the long years of support. Navy Air, here I come! AIEEEE!

JOM

Stephen J. Murphy
Webster Groves
Missouri
English
Navy Pilot
Murph

Murph has managed to slide through the Naval Academy while making every effort to keep inconveniences to his social life at a minimum. Never let it be said that this English major allowed mere academics to interfere with either his sleep or liberty. This is the man who passed wires in three easy lessons, one before each "X" period exam

Second class summer brought Murph a fiancee, 12 days after he met her and two years before graduation. Luckily, Jeanine has no complaints with his docksiders, plaid pants, and button down collars

Murph has kept us all entertained with his service selection. After putting in his papers for Nuclear Power and withdrawing them, he has narrowed his choices to Navy Air, Marine Air, Special OPS, Surface Line, and Jag Corp. Whatever he does, Murph will have no trouble excelling due to his extraordinary ability to get along with others and his political nature.

Perhaps what we'll all remember Murph for is his outgoing personality and his concern for others

What the future holds after a June week wedding and a pilot's seat . . . Well, only Salty Sam knows for sure

Nancy J. Schiavetta
Bethpage
New York
Political Science
1100
Skivetee

Nancy Schiavetta graduating!!? They said it couldn't be done by someone who seemed to be majoring in academic difficulty and who suffered from firstie burn - out . . . as a Plebe! Two supes, three dantes, three company officers, a host of professors, advisors, and good friends were convinced that U.S.N. enlisted would be her service selection. One company officer asked her about her grade goals, "to keep my weekends" Nancy thought. He then asked her about her goals and objectives at the academy. This inquiry caused much thought, self - searching and a reply of "to play basketball, sir" the company officer gave up "counseling"

Basketball!! Four years, four varsity letters. She proved to be a controlled and reliable player Once in a while her on court language caught the refs attention - nuff said.

Beyond b - ball, weekends, holidays, and leave periods were the be - all and end - all of Nancy's academy life. In fact, Nancy actively supported one age old academy tradition, the middle of the week weekend

Her social life, though private, always seemed full. Even first class cruise saw her weekends full of fun. When asked why she didn't date midshipmen, she simply laughed and launched into a series of buba jokes . . . . By the way, Nancy, who was that LT(JG) Brady who kept those long - distance lines burning?

Mark L. Skidmore
Reno
Nevada
Math-OA
NFO
Skids

July 6, 1979, I-day, looking at the cameras, running into the hall, not saluting Irwin . . . V.D.D meek, Kathy Walsh. Standing next to Guest in formation . . . Mr. Guest you have smiles in your cover. No excuse, sir. You lose. Living on 2-3. Thomas Boguenanas. Plebe heaven. Francis (Howard) Hughes, Tom Rossiyo. 11 sheet posters. Plebe year co. CDR. Bulletine board fire Missing 1st period Plebe English. Nelson and donuts. Waiting at BWI Heading into that sunset again buddy. Go for it, Skids! The Michael the J the Foley LHA-3 USS Belleauwood. Bert and dad and eating at the crabclaw in St. Michaels. Foley, Matthiae, mint julip & venetian blinds Well hey there Frank. Bottle rockets. Summer school-law. Failing probs and stats. Don't try that one again until you're a Youngster. Hey Chris wanna go get a pizza? June 14, 1981. Pete + Lisa=1.67. Hospital for gall stones. First class cruise in Hawaii, USS Badger FF1071, Pete McKenney and David Kelln. Becky Taunt. Choice. NS300 first class summer, XO, summer school again-survey of American History. and Uncle Shylock said . . . Tom Dacey. Count it, UN, TS, SUL, Hannun, Sulward, Rippo '69, Hubba Bubba, Sweaeaeat. It's all Boguenanas, whaaaaat? . . . "The only time that seems too short is the time that we get to play" These have been the hardest and sometimes loneliest, but sometimes best years of my life. No, I would never do it again, but then again I would never give away the experiences that I have had since I've been here . . . I would never have made it with out my mom's love and my dad's discipline, and certainly without God's help . . . . . . "It's like a feeling of anger tied with a knot of pride" . . . . . . And to all those who helped me make it through here . . . Thank you . . . . . . I wear the ring

Lynn A. Thomas
Utica
Michigan
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Lynn

Weird? No, but definitely different. Lynn must have salt water in her veins, because even the fresh water lakes of Michigan couldn't keep her away from the Crabtown Boat school. That salt water started out chlorinated After two years of swimming for Navy, Lynn "crawled" out of the pool and lettered in track (managing her roommate's team) and softball. In her spare time she got involved in the Catholic choir, Pep band, YP squadron, Women's Glee club and Hop committee, to name only *some* of her interests. I'm convinced Lynn must be a publisher's heiress, considering all the books and magazines she reads. Heaven knows how much has accumulated in her locker. Watch out, they're cutting the lock . . . Oh No, the cymbal is *&#@!-falling. Lynn Thomas, for notoriety unexpected of a midshipman. Hey, I haven't seen that medal on her B-robe, it must be a new one. Maybe I'll buy her a new B-robe for Christmas, but not another stuffed animal. One teddy bear is enough to molest at night Where she's found time to major in OE and do all that she does, I wish I knew. No one gives away 3.0s here. Lynn has an intense desire to be involved in her activities, but more importantly with people We've crossed lines many times, but remain freinds, and still after all these years, I find Lynn a sensitive, amusing, and understanding person. To my roommate and friend (highlight the brigade bulletin?)- You have my best wishes always!
L.A.H. and H.A.F.
P.S. Now aren't you glad I wrote this??

Steven M. Wirsching
Twin Falls
Idaho
Aeronautical Engineering
Navy Pilot
Wirsch

Wirsch came all the way from God's country to pursue excellence here at The Boat School. Over the years he has been known by various pseudonyms, ranging from "Be-Bop" to "Guru".

Never denying the fact that he is a sweat, Wirsch has pulled more than his share of aero all-nighters. A cup of coffee before fifth period, a piece of "Big Red" before every parade, breakfast after quarters; where would we be without life's little pleasures?

I know I'm not the only one who will miss him — how's the telephone company going to pay for their new wing once Wirsch goes back to Lisa? Looks like the real world will bring Wirsch a flight seat and a beautiful wife . . . what more is there in life? Best of friends, and best of luck, always.

It's been real, Wirsch.
SJM

TWENTY

Timothy A. Batzler
Baltimore
Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Line
Tim

Tim came to the Academy with a deal that anyone could envy. Living within 45 minutes of home, Batz had no problem getting a home cooked meal and a refuge from the tedium of plebe year. This overactive pituitary gland towered above the rest of us in more ways than one. With a strong background in computers, Tim punched onto the Applied Science field that spring of plebe year, and he never looked back.

Tim was an original member of the 4-3 youngster wardroom, supplying the JD and a place to hide the 19" Sanyo television. Youngster year kept Tim deep in the bowels of Ward Hall. We all thought he had found a cute secretary or computer tech., but we were wrong, it was a keyboard.

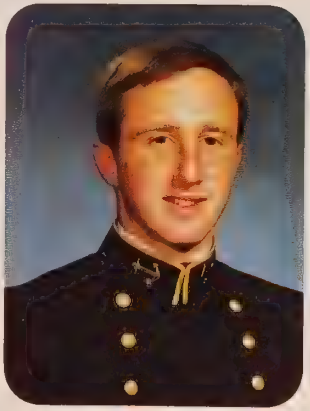
This affair turned into profit for Tim his second and first class years. Batz entered his MIS billet (and the three stripes that went along with it) and still managed to convince the Company Officer into three more stripes for 2/c Company Commander. It might have been that he deserved the praise, or it might have been that he was trying to outshine a gloomy Army-Navy game plebe year.

First class year Tim continued his good deal with the three striper libs, as the MIS billet again fell to the most qualified. Timber also found he had ample time for members of the opposite gender, and he continuously visited the local colleges in search of the ellusive prey. In fact, Tim was able to burn the candle at both ends and the middle and still come away with his hide. Between Mary Washington, Hood, Goucher, and a company mate's sister, Tim was never without a plan for a good time. Never one to turn down an invitation to a party, Tim developed a social lifestyle true to the Midshipman image.

The ship that grabs him will be the luckiest in the Fleet, and the lady that stops his wandering will be the envy of her contemporaries. Fair winds, following seas, and the best of luck, Tim.
P.J.F.

Francis J. Blankemeyer, Jr.
Broomall
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Marine Corps
Frank

Frank "wires" Blankemeyer came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology straight from the United States Marine Corps and Broomall, Pa. He met alot of "good dudes" at the Academy-but good dudes are good dudes and I do not have enough room to mention them all. He entertained his roommate many times with his late night German lessons. Frank on occasion would tell us that "I happened upon Hood College this weekend", but would never tell us why he got kicked out by the security guard. Tell us Frank, are Hood girls good girls? Frank's close friends wondered why he did so well on the swim tests. Was it the five fish sandwiches he demolished at lunch or was it the extra flotation device he employed. Frank kept tradition alive in 21, being Company Commander for almost a complete semester, thanks to having the right friends, like the Major Burly. With all kidding aside, Frank is an outstanding friend and a good dude who will more than survive the Marine Corps. Hey, face it, anyone who can pass EE312L can do anything in this world.



Robert S. Brooks
Richmond
Virginia
Oceanography
Navy Air
Brooksie

R. Scott Brooks (the R stands for Richmond) came to us a self-proclaimed southern "gentleman." Upon starting his romantic legacy in Timmy's training grounds, Brooksie almost destroyed his Naval Aviation aspirations by leading us all to believe he was colorblind. Continuing his Youngster year exploits, Romeo, "I still got it," moved from Annapolis High to the Horn Point Condos. As Scott's reputation grew with the local female population, so did his nose. Scott proved to be the best of friends, except where girls were involved (especially the little ones). The "Ripper" proved time and again that Brooks' corollary, "Every good-lookin' girl has an ugly friend," consistently remained true. Second class year, as Scottie's girl's blossomed into womanhood, he moved onward and outward to local colleges where he met the muffin of his dreams, or at least that night's dreams. We will always remember the tarzan demo at the boat party that year, fortunately Scott never will. Since Scott missed the ring dance he felt compelled to uphold Navy tradition by dipping his ring into Seven Seas of the Orient. Following this exhausting first class cruise, Scott returned to the Academy for first set Plebe detail. Brooksie always ate his wheaties so he could keep his plebe fit by day, and himself fit by night. By the way Scott, have you cleared six feet yet? First class year found this professional guy stars and a three striper MIR billet, yet no one can recall him ever studying. The most surprising change in his life style was his dedication to an outstanding young woman. Nightly libs made this relationship successful. Scott's new Fiat "cochroach" Spyder made rides from ooh-rah liz unnecessary. With his antics being what they are, this southern "gentleman" will have no problem carrying on the tradiation of Navy jet jocks. Good luck Brooksie, let us know if anyone ever arrests your gear.
T.M B.

Terry M. Burt
Oklahoma City
Oklahoma
Mathematics
Navy Air
Heebs

Hailing from Oklahoma City, "Bassett," seldom known as Terry, completed a fun lovin' year of "real college" before metriculating to the boat school. Plebe year was a real shocker for this adventurous young lad, the "Bassman" could frequently be found "floating" throughout the hallowed halls stuttering "hebedebedebe." Youngster year found Terry longing for home and "real college;" many doubted seeing him again after our Second plebe year. The lure for Navy Air coerced "Heebs" back to Canoe U, however, and the rest is evident. Second class year showed Terry that studying at the Severn Institute for Seamen differed from anything he had previously encountered. Upon this realization, the Bassett quickly switched from Systems to Math and discovered a "weekend." Firstie year found Terry a new supra compliments of the 'rents back in Cowtown, and this Willie Nelson lovin' clown could frequently be found stalking the local girls' colleges with a bottle of vind-courage inside, desperately attempting to terminate the record streek he encountered "out east." Always will we recall teaching him how to dress, or how not to dress, and we fondly remember his last from Oklahoma State Penitentiary. Terry will be remembered as the guy who keeps tempo with the oil derricks, and as the Fall Guy second class year with the car privvies - "What, this car?" Remember University of Maryland and waking up on the floor. Remember Goucher and waking up on the floor. Remember Hood and Hunter waking up on the floor. Remember Maryland and Bill waking up on the floor with a doll. Remember all the great road trips and drinking binges. Your buddies will always remember your smiling face and great tailgators, ya blonde hound! Good luck at Pensacola, Heebs, and keep a six of cold Coors for a buddy.
R.S.B.

Febi O. Calle
Fort Ritchie
Maryland
Oceanography
Pilot
Ocampo

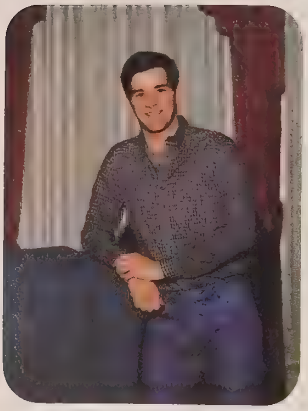
Febi Ocampo Calle, the intercultural member of the 21st company prides himself in having come to us, at USNA, from Ft Ritchie via every type of neighborhood in America. Originally from the Phillipines, this Navy brat reported on I-day well prepared. Having been a five-letter varsity stud and graduating in the top five from high school Ocampo mastered Plebe summer. Febi started and ended his stay here playing for the varsity 150# football team, his Plebe (meat squad) and first-class years. During the interim, Febi Ocampo was a crucial member to the company's lightweight football team and first singles for 4th battalion tennis. Never one to worry about academics, Ocampo was maintaining a 3.0 by the end of his third year and as many girlfriends.

No stranger to the ladies, Ocampo has charmed female hearts form Dahlgen to Hawaii while at USNA with his dancing abilities and good looks.

Ocampo's most noted quality was his ability to get along with people.

The thing he gained the most at USNA was friends and his favorite activity was giving himself to others. Febi Ocampo will fly a long way in Naval Aviation.

J.E.W.



George W. Ellard
Pleasanton
California
Political Science
Surface
T.H.

George- is he just a casual guy, or is his deck missing a few cards?

Service Selection: ''So I can get some bose speakers, of course Admiral McKee.'' ''But . . . but . . . I'll never make beaucoup denero now that I'm not going nuke power. Wait a minute. You say they're coming out with ''plug and chug'' ship driving tecniques? I'm there.''

Sleep Seizures: ''He touched me . . . he's over there . . . he's over here too.'' ''Oh . . . did the alarm clock go off?''

Assorted Quotes: ''Space is here, space is there, space is everywhere.'' ''Why shouldn't I play raquetball during a forrestal lecture?''

Living on the Edge: ''Here, have a stick of gum.'' ''Anybody heard the one about the lights going out in Georgia?''

Who really knows about George except that he's surely a knucklehead and he's getting outta here. We definitely enjoyed having him around though, and appreciated the interesting way he was able to view life, even without the aid of mind-altering drugs.

S.J.S.

Peter J. Fanta
Manitowoc
Wisconsin
Political Science
Surface Line
Pete

Pete came to the Severn River sailing institute from the great white north of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. We didn't see much of Pete during Plebe year, as he was constantly away on a sailing movement order to some yachting party . . After his famous watch during his room's dark ages baby caper, Pete decided to avoid making more headlines Plebe year

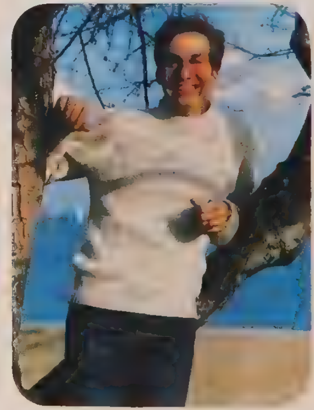
Pete was a Naval Architecture major until two academic boards convinced him to change, and prolong his naval career at Canoe U. . After much soul-searching, Pete decided to major in Navy Varsity Offshore Sailing, with a minor in Political Science

Pete was often found wandering the halls on honor business, as he gave up his free time to work as an investigating officer on the honor committee

Pete's GT-G made him one of the most mobile mids during the ensuing years; taking him on many road trips to places unknown. Pete's weekend exploits have brightened the lives of many a young lady at such colleges as Mary Washington, and a very special young lady at Marymount College in Virginia

Always willing to lend an ear, and on occasion his famous wine glasses, Pete was always a friend you could count on

J F N



Mark A. Gallagher
Gibbstown
New Jersey
Mathematics
Navy Air
Mark

Mark came to us from the home of the oldest log cabin in the U.S., Gibbstown, N.J. A graduate of the infamous Marine Military Academy, Mark had no trouble with academics while at the Academy An ardent fan of nats, he spent many a night in ward hall. Mark's yearly schedule resembled that of a bear, with hibernation or racktime filling most of his days from September to May Mark was always a loyal supporter of Navy, especially ''go Navy, beat Army'' cheers, a member of the IPEP team, and was the only member of the Skinner Bell Ringing club. Mark was a member of the varsity baseball team Plebe and Youngster years, until he received an injury in the elbow known as the chronic duffer disease. First class year, Mark made many new friends at the Army game, including a civilian named Horne who thought Mark had far too much weight on his sleeve I believe you, sir! We know Mark will do well in any field he chooses, and wish him the best of luck

Darryl Gaston
Chicago
Illinois
Applied Science
Navy Air
Darryl

From the South side, venturing forth to challenge the seven seas, his brief stay at Annapolis has left him unscathed and little known. Few have survived so well

William A. Gott
Milford
Ohio
Physics
Nuclear Power
Bill

Bill came to the Academy via a Navy family and NAPS. Having lived in Guam, Sardinia and Great Lakes, he knows about all the ideal Naval Bases Being a Nuke from I-day, Bill is looking forward to being stationed on an Ohio class sub out of Diego Garcia. Bill could never be accused of studying. Every night he could be found wandering the halls or talking to a plebe. His famous sayings include: "Turn the other chin", "Oh! Buddy", "Sadda Dunomu", "D-Head", "You wiper of other babies bottoms", and "Hoffa Dutts". Bill developed a keen eye for girls ranging from 22nd Company to Hood College. While in search for the perfect woman he perfected the art of butt biting By 1st class year he had qualified for the national championships to be held at M-CRUD in San Diego. Bill will take his sunburned knees to nuclear power and if he doesn't kill too many whales along the way he should be in Admiral McKee's shoes in 30 years
M S P

Tomoko Ishikawa
San Jose
California
Chemistry
1100
Tom

Tom always wanted to be a doctor, so when she heard about USNA, she didn't hesitate to apply She arrived from California in high heels, a purple skirt, and a suitcase that was bigger than she was! It wasn't UCLA. Soon she was singing "I believe" and screaming "I'm an American fighting man . . ." What a life!?

In pursuit of becoming Dr. Ishikawa, Tom chose to major in Chemistry. Needless to say, I learned to sleep with the lights on and the coffee brewing, thanks to Prof. Elert and Inorganic chemistry. Since this wasn't enough to keep her busy, Tom tried her hand at gymnastics but found her home in a crew shell, yelling at her teammates and getting very wet

If Tomoko had quit studying for a minute she would have discovered a way out of all the work she received as 3/c company commander, 2/c Brigade Admin, and 1/c CAO She definitely received the award for the most "Berle-grams." Congratulations Tom!!

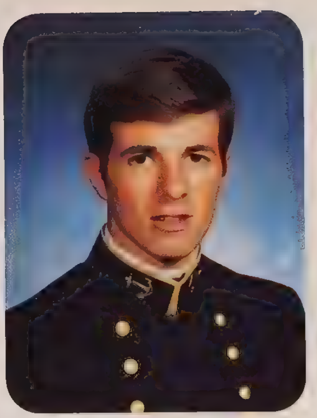
Seriously Tomoko, there are lots of memories, both good and bad. I'll never forget how to cook ramen noodles or oriental rice. I hope you'll always like grits as much as I like seaweed, and I hope that one day, I get a pencil sharpener which eats Japanese pencils!

You've been a good roommate Tomoko and a close friend- Thank you, RAV
P.S. "Hit it Miss Ishikawa "
R A V

Edward J. Lester
Grapeview
Washington
Electrical Engineering
Surface Line

Lester, Edward J Age: 22 Podunk: Grapeview, Wash Major: Crew Sex: As often as possible, Height: Aahh Wieght: Oohh Build: Hmmm A.K.A.: Easyed, Mo; Edmo, Hey you - â #&%*!

He came . . . he rowed . . . he left! When Mo was a plebe he decided he would do EE . . . . . Now as a firstie EE is doing him Mo is the founder of the 'What's on my mind society', he told the OOD he wasn't going, nuclear power where to stick their bonus and taught his Co officer the facts of life. As a Segundo Mo consoled the plebes by telling them "You can't win, you can't break even, you can't even quit the game" Mo's plebe indoct man was the "Conan the Barbarian" series Yes *some* members of 85 did *have* a Plebe year Mo had a simple philosophy, one show, the diploma, the commission, the girl . . . . goodbye!!! Of course he may never get over the head of the Schuckyll or over coach â #*&%$! But Mo will go on living happily with the wind in his face, the woman at his side and no money in his pocket Welcome to the ranks of the true professionals, the real men, the blackshoes! Do you hear me Mo?
L L H



William F. Mattingly
Arlington
Virginia
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Bill

William F. Mattingly, an Arlington native, came to the Academy with high aspirations. Bill was a W & L crew stud with plans to continue this endeavor while majoring in Systems Engineering. He had his life planned and expected a glorious career as an astronaut via Navy air. While Plebes sounded off "Go Navy, sir!" Bill's voice could be heard above the rest — "Go Navy Air."

Then the systems curriculum took charge, effectively eliminating crew and much of his social life. Bill's fear of low grades justified to him the constant burning of the midnight oil. However, through it all, he maintained good grades.

With the encouragement of his friends, Bill made his way to MWC. There he met Ann Marie Smith and found new purpose in his life. Bill's eyes exhibited a certain sparkle which was surely due to his meeting such a "fine friend." With visions of a more stable Naval career, he opted for the security of nuclear power. (Is that what really changed your mind, Bill?)

Bill's warm friendship will be remembered fondly. We wish our good friend luck in all that he does in the future

J.P.W.

Luke M. McCollum
Stephenville
Texas
Political Science
Navy Air
Luke

Luke McCollum hailed from the small town of Stephenville in the "Lone Star state." From the beginning, Luke's southern drawl and congeniality marked him as a true "Texan".

Tex arrived to "Crabtown" with an unbreakable will and spirit. (The Firsties remarked: "His mule cannot be loped!") Luke's strong effort during Plebe summer earned him the honor of being our first company commander

Luke gave much of his time to academy activities and E.C.A's which had a humbling effect on his academics. However his determination prevailed over any academic difficulties. With a need to relieve his anxieties, Luke excelled on the 150's gridiron leading Navy to two victories over rival Army.

Luke's strong moral character served as a guiding light to the company and friends. He was an active participant in the Big Brothers, FCA, and BSU. When things got rough, Luke's genuine concern and inspiration were always available

The "Sorus" arrived at Annapolis whipped and never seriously strayed. During his first years, Luke's social life was sometimes confined to and centered on his high school sweetheart from Texas. However, he later created more regional interests but nothing serious ever developed. Then he met his Texas "senorita." In combating any long separation, Luke would always remember what "my daddy said."

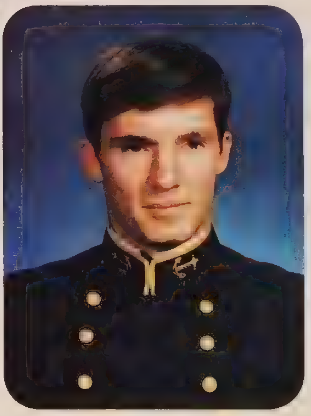
We wish Luke the best of luck in his Naval career. His many friends throughout the Brigade will always cherish his warm friendship and helping hand. May God's spirit, grace, and blessing continue to be with you Luke, until the very end. Amen!

J.W.

John T. Mullen
Rapid City
South Dakota
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air
Meeps

Born in Saigon, John came to USNA via such other exotic lands as Brazil, Virginia, and Maryland, finally claiming as home the frozen wilderness of Minnesota. Affectionately called "Meeps" (due to his computer-like genius), John fulfilled his destiny by becoming an EE major Being a creature of the late night, he was often found keeping the company wardroom safe into the wee hours of the morning. Knowing everything about everything, John managed to put himself and several classmates through the academy. Despite these tendencies, John proved himself a stud by breaking through to the brigade championship on the Batt tennis team after years of agonizing frustration. He surprised many of us by successfully resisting the nuclear power "force." Foiling all attempts to lead him astray, John kept his sights on Navy Air. Good luck to you John, and may God bless you in your every endeavor

P E F



Bradley T. Murphy
Vienna
Virginia
Political Science
Navy Air
Murph

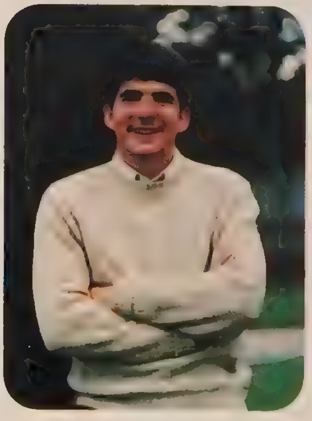
The well-traveled Brad Murphy came to the Naval Academy after completing high school in Jakarta, Indonesia. Readjusting to the American way, Brad was forced to conform to the fast paced lifestyle at Annapolis. He now claims Vienna, Virginia as home but his destiny is to travel.

Murph's field of study was Political Science. Like the true politician, Brad used his resources well. (Thanks for the help Mom!). He enjoyed three years of active participation in the Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference and excelled in the study of the Chinese language. After "sweating" through celestial navigation, his stars finally sparkled when he met an old acquaintance from afar. Since that time Brad has studied diligently during the week but on the weekend has been roadtripping it to "the Wash" to see this special blond. Surfer Murphy is now out of circulation but happy as can be

Upon graduation, it is Brad's ambition to be a Navy pilot. Whether he will remain in Navy Air or begin a career in the Foreign Service remains to be seen. Whatever his future holds, he will surely be a sucess

Brad has been a super friend we will always remember. His good will, humor, and enthusiasm have encouraged us all. Warm wishes for continued success in all your endeavers. Good luck in Navy Air!

J W



John E. Nielsen
Stratford
Connecticut
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer
Buba

Hailing from Connecticut, a true mariner at heart, John has USNA to thank for helping him to "see the light" of the computer and to dump those viscous little electrons. Before freeing himself from EEE, John amused himself by setting intake records at Army, Youngster year (those who saw still can't believe) and by seeking sympathy for that "little scratch" on his knee. After his liberation, John awoke to the "delights" of Hood, Goucher, and Mary Washington, and was eventually certified an official "stud" by his classmates' unanimous consensus (despite the "AT"). John has also seen the light in the sky and has decided that's where he wants to be—NFO or bust! But we will all remember John best for his exceptionally good nature and his ever high spirits, always there to remind us that life is OK. Happy landings Buba
J.T.M

Joseph F. Nolan
Massapequa Park
Long Island, New York
History
Surface
Joe

Chalk another one up for NAPS. Even though it meant a cut in pay, which must have broken Joe's heart, he took the oath like the rest of us that summer of 79. This History major sailed through Plebe year adding to the draft of a Navy yawl. During the dark ages that year, the Nolan Day school and nursery opened for business, and, was just quickly closed by the ood; forcing Joe's 6 month old brother to hit the streets. Youngster year Joe found better things to do. He became the proud owner of a fine automobile with the shrewd purchase of a 1966 Triumph TR4-A. He never had trouble with parking spaces, because it never moved without external assistance. Joe and the Calculus Dept. did not see eye to eye that year for he failed the course. Of course the failure some might say, could have been linked to a certain blond in the brigade who kept him out of his room and his roommate in. Having enough of brigade amor, Joe found another roommate the next year. He got his mathematical skills moving that year which is more than we could say for his car. As Joe's grades inflated, so did his spare tire, this of course did not keep him from having a good time out at Frannie O's. Joe's love life blossomed and wilted on a number of occasions that year, proving a red-headed irishman can be loved by other than his mother. First class year finally brought a steady girl, but still no car. He furthered his knack for foreign relations by serving in the office of the Naval advisor in Berlin, Germany. Joe improved his athletic ability that year during his early morning runs" ("I have to do what Major?") Good luck Joe, the Surface Navy will be getting a good man

Michael S. Price
Middletown
New Jersey
Management
Navy Air
Mike

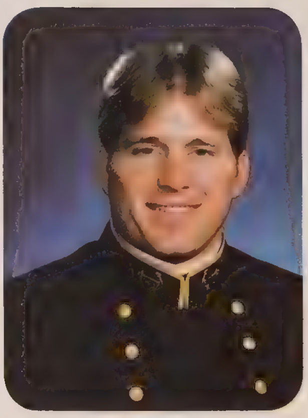
Mike, the "Southern Boy" from North Jersey (7A), came to the Naval Academy right out of high school. Having been recruited to play baseball, he was one of Duff's boys for a year and a half. To Mike, Plebe Summer wasn't too bad if only he had gotten to sit under the sink with the hot water on, or if his company officer could understand why he liked to hold his girlfriend's hand. Youngster year Mike decided to move up socially and live in the "Swamp". To improve the room even more he also decided to water the floor in the middle of the night Mike disappeared every weekend possible to visit his girlfriend Cindy at Hood College. Second and First class years brought more weekends and more trips to Hood. Now his car can drive itself to Fredrick Although it will not be a June week wedding, Mike will graduate, get married, and move on to flight school in Pensacola.
W.A.G

Chris Ratliff
Greatlakes
Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Ratman

Drive fast and die young, Ratman, and at that final big crash remember to keep your eyes wide open so that you can tell St. Peter all about it. You won't be missed, but neither will you be forgotten.

Erica L. Ryder
Sanford
Florida
Math
Marine Corps
Erk, Gidget

Erk arrived at the Academy with both feet planted firmly on the ground. She was quite sure of what she wanted and how she was going to get it. She wanted to go nuke and she was going to court to get it! She wanted to be a double major and she was going to study a lot and sleep little to do it. Well, it wasn't long before Erica realized what life was really all about. She was having too much fun rowing crew and visiting with the boys to waste time studying. As expected, the absolute value of her grades rose as the variable of work approached zero and Gidget found herself on Regimental staff her 1/C year. Her gidgetizing brought personality to the normally subdued 4-1 clan, which included Junior, Pa, Grandpa, and Rock to name a few Erica took it upon herself to organize such events as staff blanket parties, taco runs, and teaching Junior the ways of the world. In only a few short weeks she made many close friends who won't ever forget her thoughtfulness, kindness, and positive outlook on life. Erica, ''Who's your friend?!'' We are. As far as nuke power goes, well, everyone knows that Erk's favorite color is green, and that only Marines wear green. In fact she was once quoted as saying, ''I'm no lady, I'm a Marine!'' Finally, here are some things we hope she will never forget: Plebe year Army, Halloween costumes, living with a gimp, living with an ''American fighting man'', Kathy Smith, Bunny, NWC, unicorns, Tom's box, Zit, Tom, and Donny, and lastly, her love for red hair. Good luck!
R.A V



Steve Shatynski
Downey
California
Resources Management
Surface
The Shatman

Steve's motto accurately summarizes his past four years here. ''Surface Line mighty hang-over.'' At least his priorities are right since Steve has never let school get in the way of his education. This human wrecking machine has left quite a legacy. Is there nothing he can't break? If Steve isn't rolling down muddy hills in whites he's driving home from D.C. at 4 a.m without headlights. Yes he is a thrillseeker and a madman. Who wouldn't party with him? Between those mysterious dates and sneezing fits this man has successfully driven his roommates to ruin. Steve is an institution in himself. He is well on his way martyrdom We'll miss you Steve and don't get in the way of fair winds and following seas because you may get wet. And don't call him Shirley!!!!!!!
GE

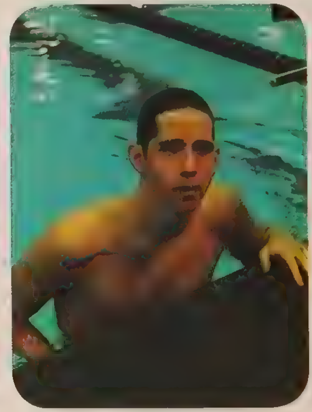
Brian D. Sheppard
Kalamazoo
Michigan
General Engineering
Supply Corps
Shep

Sweet, innocent? Shep came to us from the frozen north. Kalamazoo was a long way to travel for this young swimming protecy. ''Shep'' lived and breathed the clorine gas of the Banana River, developing the tendency to enjoy other fish rather than his partners in crime in company. As Brian degressed from Naval Architecture to General Engineering he progressed with his relations in company and his hometown sweetheart

His Youngster year was exciting having garnered the responsibility of maintaining the Youngster wardroom with his three other roommates (an overactive pituitary gland, a Marine-astronaut-pilot dreamer and an academic cripple). Not to be ones to do things half way the 19 inch color T.V. has yet to be equaled, along with the refreshments and 4-3 barber shop facilities the wardroom was complete.

Second Class year brought the downfall of many of Brian's goals. After two N-stars, a set of uncooperative shoulders brought his swim carrer to a halt. We were all sure that Shep would use this opportunity to gain experience at the local colleges. We were wrong. He persisted in trying to develope gills instead of social skills.

His excuse squad chit started the fall of Second Class year and kept Shep from enjoying the experiences of First and Second class year (i.e. formations, 1/c Cruise, sports, P.E. tests, and Service Selection), but this did not stop Shep from doing the more important things in life. The ''Corps'' will be getting a good man
TB



Ruth A. Voor
Louisville
Kentucky
Political Science
Supply Corps
Ruthie

Ruthie came from an all-girls school in Louisville (Loou(r)-vil??) ready to play B-ball for USNA. Athletics were no problem for this jock who set a new ''W'' course record during Plebe summer. ''Carrot top'' spent most of Plebe year at the gym (or somewhere but not in company) until she came back one day with a splint on her right knee. Ruthie's B-ball career as a player came to an abrupt end then; after three knee operations, and three years on crutches and in white works, she finally gave up (not really) trying to play again. She put her energy into political science, the Honor system, and managing B-ball. As a first class, ''Gimp'' found herself with THREE stripes and a phone that wouldn't quit ringing to go along with her Brigade Honor staff job

Ruthie (your hair's still on fire!) you will always be remembered for your grits, Win, Jim, the Coast Guard cadet, Rudy's to Fiddlers, and Naturals! Seriously, Ruthie's unselfish and friendly personality will bring smiles to those she encounters in the Fleet. Good luck in the CORPS! I'll miss you
T I

Jeffrey P. Wilcox
Lake Villa
Illinois
Political Science
Surface Line
Jeff

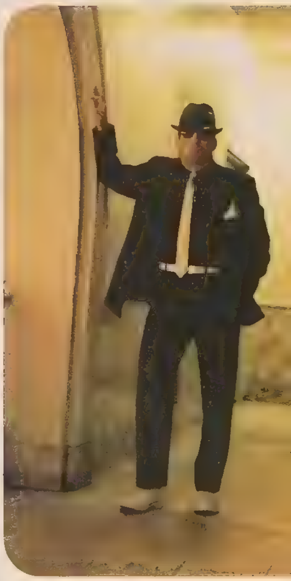
Jeff Wilcox, a high school valedictorian from the small midwestern town of Lake Villa, Illinois, came to the Naval Academy with high ambitions. He was immediately "befriended" upon his arrival to the fast paced life of plebe summer resulting in some unique challenges

Throughout his stay at the boat school, the "Bear" maintained his midwestern identity An avid sports fan, he continued to espouse support for his beloved teams. (And that took courage!) It was this same courage that lessened the humbling effects of academics for Jeff. He was "blessed" with the Schaefer, Johnston, Bach Curse. Jeff amazingly overcame these obstacles and excelled in the study of Political Science

A self confirmed bachelor, his weekends were spent running from the clutches of one woman into the next. (Jeff, we are sure you will find that "right girl".)

Jeff longed for the challenges of the "real Navy". He dreamed of breathing the salt spray from the bridge of his destroyer and viewed the boat school as a simple transitional step toward this end

Jeff's friendship, loyalty, and warm hearted concern we will always remember. We wish him the best of luck in Surface Line and hope that his future aspirations are achieved
B M.



PLAYBOY CLUB

Brian K. Antonio
Bowie
Maryland
Naval Architecture
Surface
Brian

Brian travelled long and far to attend the Naval Academy (all of twelve miles). How he managed to eat wardroom food after getting good old home cooking every weekend we'll never know. Brian had a rough Plebe year like the rest of us, but his problems were more with girls than with rates. Have to keep those priorities straight, huh, Brian? Being a go-getter, we all thought Brian would choose a challenging major, but even though we tried to change his mind, he decided to breeze through as a Naval Architect. Oh well, we can't all have real majors! Brian believed in the theory of studying hard and getting into the rack by 2300 every night (whenever possible). It must have worked because Brian and his 3.0 CQPR were swept out of company and on to battalion staff. We thought Brian might forget about his friends in 22 while down on 4-0, but we weren't that fortunate! Just kidding! From day one, Brian has claimed to be a devoted boat driver. So even though his grades make him appear intelligent, we have to wonder. Maybe it's because of all those Brian cells you killed out at the Happy Buzzard plebe year. Whatever the reason, I guess someone has to drive around those big, gray things, right Brian? Seriously, we all know you'll do well and wish you the best of luck out on the wide-open seas. Keep in touch and if you're ever feeling down, just remember those inspiring words spoken late one night plebe year.
D.J.B.

Daniel J. Ball
Grapeview
Washington
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer
''Q''

''Q-Ball'', a Washington state native, left the beautiful, serene atmosphere of his home on the edge of a lake for the fast-paced, always hectic life at USNA and a scenic view of ''T-Court''. Needless to say, Dan put his Eagle Scout skills to work and easily survived Plebe summer as a 4/C scholar. Dan's marks were average, but we all know he could have done better if he didn't have to keep getting up in the middle of the night to turn off his alarm. Of course, the problem was corrected and Dan quickly found himself doing well enough to go for a nuclear power interview. This is especially impressive to those of us who know that Dan never saw the other side of midnight and that several of the hours he was awake were spent trying to please a favorite female friend not too far away. We have no doubt that Q-Ball's combination of intelligence, athletic ability, and popularity will be attributes that will be well received no matter what decision is made on service selection night.
B.K.A.

Michael S. Bartkowski
Fallston
Maryland
Res. Management
Navy Air
Bart!!

Bart came to us friom nearby Baltimore, but since finding a certain nice gorgeous blonde, home is almost as far as he ever goes on weekends. His NAPS experience helped us all during the fun days of Plebe summer. Most of Bart's time was spent with his three favorite pastimes, other than academics!, playing varsity lacrosse, women, or straining beers through his 'stache. Not even a severe shoulder operation could keep him from having his fun. It must have been all those twelve-ounce curls we did together Bart. Scott would always come up smiling and with his sense of humor intact. The green machine and a little(?) friend(?) between 14 and 16 didn't even scratch the surface. Bart was always the one to look for when there were long lines in front of our favorite watering holes. He knew all the doormen well! That man had his priorities set right. Navy Air gets another good man, and here some words of wisdom Bart- Remember, midway is the key objective, and always watchout for the arrows. See you at your wedding Bud!
Love Ya Pal-Bates
J B

James C. Beatty
Williamstown
West Virginia
Physical Science
NFO
Bates

Bates left West Virginia an All-State football player and came to the Academy to spend most of his athletic efforts trying to get out of taking gymnastics. He was a great athlete if you consider the body God gave him, and what he did with it. One thing he could do is float. He aced all of his swimming qualifications (I remember one time he floated to the surface of the Atlantic Ocean with a lobster in his hand.) Athletics are not Bates only strong suits. His social life as a midshipman is unmatched in recent history. Parties, mess nights, green alerts, and the bathroom sink all seem to go together for Jim. Academically, Bates had trouble at first, but knew the system by junior year, and transformed into a 3.0 student. Underneath Jim lies a true teddy bear He'd do anything for you, if he was awake at the time. He maintained a sense of humor throughout his years at USNA even though he roomed with a geek and a slob. You can't help but to love him, he's so cuddible. At least that's what Vicky says. I just wonder if he'll get his ring back from you-know-who. (oh well it was a good investment.) Take it easy, best buddy. Love-
K L S & R L W

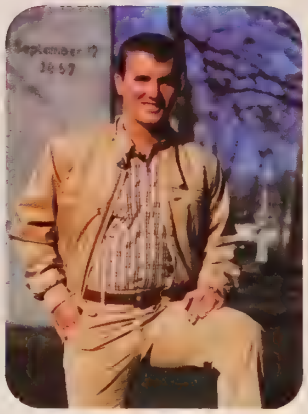
Keith N. Beatty
Tucson
Arizona
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Big Bates

Keith came to the boat school from the desert city of Tucson, Arizona. "Tall Beatty" was a company name for him, because of 6'7" he was the taller of the only two Beatty's in the brigade, Both in '83, both in 22. Picking one of the tougher majors, Electrical Engineering, he spent many a weeknight studying through the wee hours of the morning. On weekends, not wanting to break his sleeping habits, Keith would spend most of his time after midnight watching the all night movies; however, he usually made it to his rack before dawn. With many late nights spent there, wardroom president was a natural position for him to get during first class year. Video screens must have had it in for "Bates" because his one weekend love was "Pac-Man," which he kept very happy with his quarters. Having a 5000 mile round trip to go home on leave, Keith couldn't do it the normal way by flying, but had to do it the hard way by taking nonstop cross-country car trips home and back. Surpassing even himself at the end of first class cruise, Keith made a solo cross-country drive from San Diego to Annapolis including a 5 hour stop over at home in just 68 hours. Well, "Big Bates" will not be seen by most of us after commissioning for he will be banging his head on the low overheads of his new home under the water on a sub. All those who know him, wish the best of luck to one of the new nukes.
J.H

Randal D. Black
Haysville
Kansas
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Randy

R2 drifted out of the midwest prairie state of Kansas with two goals entrenched firmly in mind. He wanted to graduate with a degree in Mechanical Engineering and then enter the fast life of a navy pilot. Life was tough as a plebe. Who could forget the Saturday night watches, Army duty, and the man who knew it all. Youngster year brought more watches, army duty again, and the guitar man. Blacker finally found his calling during second class year. He defined the word "sweat" with his Saturday morning library tours and late-night forays into the worlds of Bernoulli, Brayton and all others so loved by the engineer. Second class year also brought the ring dance where Randy showed the academy what a midwest girl is really like. Off he flew to first class cruise and the rigors of navy life aboard the Ike. However, his love of Academy life overwelmed him, so back he came to partake in the strenuous life of a plebe summer squad leader and AC-year company striper.

R.T., above all, don't forget the good times . . . waterskiing . . . rumbles . . . the Seca . . . the snowbowl . . . lightweight football . . . turtle wrestling . . . bright blue . . . the lady tow-truck driver . . . tastykakes . . . but most of all don't ever forget Evel.
D.E.H.



James F. Brzostek
Havertown
Pennsylvania
Applied Science-Computers
Strategic Weapons
Dusty

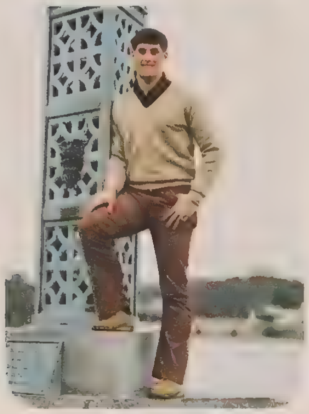
Dusty (the condition of his uniform most of the time) arrived at the Academy after a fun-filled two years in the enlisted fleet. He enlisted in May of 1977 under the nuclear power program. He went to boot camp and machinist's mate school after which he was promoted to petty officer third class. On his way to nuclear power school he was selected for the Naval Academy Prep School. Plebe year found Dusty on the crew team, the Y.P.Squadron and finally found his niche on the sailing team. He spent all youngster year on the team and half of second class year trimming the main, as cockpit captain and finally as helmsman. First class summer Dusty had command of NA-11 Swift for a cruise to Bermuda and Florida. After the summer Dusty came back to fulfill his dream, to be a Nuclear Power Officer. Unfortunately, Naval Reactors did not see it the same way. He is now going marine air, and will just have to suffer through flying. On New Year's Eve Dusty joined the ranks of engaged mids. He met Jan while giving blood on 2-0 Another good incentive to contribute to the Navy Bloodmobile. We wish Jim and Jan all the best on the road to Quantico next summer
J.F.B.

Brian Cianella
McLean
Virginia
Physical Science
USMC Air

Brian will always be remembered as a fine person and a great football player. His dedication to his classmates and the team has left an impression on us all. Good luck in the Corps!

John G. Forti
Newton
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Marine Corps
El Destructo

John "El Destructo" Forti could never be called a typical mid, but rather unique. He survived Plebe summer with only minimal weight loss, and hit the gridiron fully psyched. Unfortunately he wasn't quite as zealous with academics and professionalism. With the help of "The Monster" he managed to avoid the axe boards, but room 5138 remained a prime target for the "Gull", the "Shaft" and other assorted flamers throughout Plebe year and into Youngster year. P. Acid, Laundry Rumble, No Stuff, Rm Ins. were the obstacles. The word spread and the room became the well known eatery, and the home of the Physics Gouge file. Second class year Forti's Bar and Grill had to be moved down the hall, and with the arrival of Riz, things went into full swing. It didn't last long though. The Boob, the Cube and several other modern day Napoleans lowered the Ginsu. One room couldn't handle four bose, so the Monster went down the shaft. Riz went to Penn State and Forti found a new home with Surfin Smurf in 22 But John will always be a part of 15, and on graduation day will show the Boob and Boy Scout what a lean green fighting machine really is, Thanks Mom & Dad. 143 forever Brenda 12/23/78
PDC



David J. Fuhrmann
Antioch
California
Applied Science-Computers
Naval Flight Officer
Dave

Dave came to USNA from Antioch, Calif., and spent his 18th birthday getting inducted into this fine institution. He managed to get around the admin conduct system his entire 4 years, not to say there haven't been a few close calls. Just ask the Sandy Point State Park Police. Plebe year, he could be found in the rack, in the water or at the Happy Buzzard. He began actively persuing a career in beer-chugging water-polo where he was bestowed the dubious honor of "The Enforcer". This well-deserved title instilled fear into his opponents and respect from his teammates Dave's first, steady girlfriend, Karen, was very thoughtfully provided for him by his roommate. His mind was always on water-polo or Karen but never on academics. The "Heeb" always got the most money when he sold his books back. That just-like-new condition was carefully preserved under a semesters worth of dust. After 2½ years of being "spoiled", exit Karen and enter Mary and a few courses in patience-101. His favorite question was, "What's your CQPR?" And was usually asked of those mids who went civ-line. But after a semester or two of diligent work and the sacrifice of 1/c summer, his class rank has risen to a level of service selection security. Five years will find Dave as either an F-14 rio or a farmer in South Dakota with 10 children
K.W W

Jeffrey N. Hallin
Hacienda Heights
California
Applied Science-Computers
Marine Air
Mad-dog

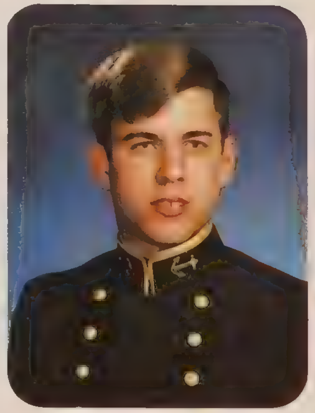
Jeff, hailing from sunny Southern California, came to USNA by way of a year detour at USC, after deciding that there are better things in life than wine, women and tuition. After enjoying computers at USC and being the person who everyone ran to when they had problems in Plebe computers, he knew exactly what to pick as his major, Poly Sci. That later seemed to be an illogical choice, so in youngster year he changed to (believe it or not) Applied Science, computer track.

Jeff, trying to find a remedy for having his car on the wrong side of the Rockies and the seven mile limit imposed on youngsters, found his cure in a young lady who lived less than 5 minutes from gate 1. Moving his car to the east side of the Rockies second class year, he made the cross-country trip in his Vega with 3 massive cylinders of power. Later "Mad-dog" decided that he didn't need a new car, so he kept his stock broker busy investing his car loan.

For first class cruise, Jeff was on the carrier *Midway*. It was then that he decided that aviation was really his choice. This narrowed his service selection to aviation, Navy or Marines. Although Jeff was determined not to follow in his family footsteps of Marine green, all who know him wish him the best of luck at both TBS and P-Cola

Kyle F. Hancock
Richmond
Virginia
Applied Science-Computers
Navy Air
Sievecock

Kyle made it to the Academy via a two hour transit up I-95. Plebe year was pretty easy thanks to swimming and T-tables. Those swim team parties were great, but don't ask him where the leftover brewskies ended up. Yes, beer had a strange effect on Kyle, like the time he got up in the middle of the night to use the head, but made a wrong turn somewhere, and . . . . . never mind. Youngster year came and Kyle found a new sport, playing goalie for Navy water polo, i.e. the name Sievecock. When it came to academics, the only book Kyle needed to open was the TV Guide. Each year we could find Kyle with a different girl. We're still waiting to see "what" the next one will be. After graduation Kyle will be heading into the skies as a Navy pilot. (no Marine Corps in that boy!). We wish him the best of luck
D.J.F



Douglas E. Hintze
Waldorf
Maryland
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Squintz

Doug made the long tirp up from Waldorf Maryland (almost 40 miles) to donate four years of his time to our great institution. He was a proud advocate of the minimum study maximum sleep philosophy. As a varsity golfer for almost four years, his appearance at evening meal formation was almost cause for an investigation. His grades never suffered though, since he seldom finished a semester below 3.7. Doug thoroughly enjoyed his time at the Naval Academy. When people asked him, "How's it going?", his usual reply was, "Any better and I just couldn't stand it here." Doug stood out among his classmates both on the athletic field and in the classroom. The nuclear navy can add a plus to their column of assets when he joins up. Good Luck Doug!
R D B

Jonathan P. Houser
Windham Summit
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Hous

Hous had spent most of his time in the outdoors of Pennsylvania, hunting 'coon and chipmunks. He left "The Barn" and came to USNA, Leaving behind Ma and Pa, Mary Lee Weber, Cliff Athony, and Tiger One thing House hates is a tame squirrel, and would gladly substitute a TI-55 for a warm 22. But not only is he a hunter, Hous is a well-rounded athlete. He can bowl with either his left or right hand. He is also the quickest white man on the b-ball court (all those hours shooting in "The Barn" paid off). He also turned around the 22nd Co Ltwt football franchise around, and made them a real contender. Not only did he have a rifle arm, but he could stay in the pocket or scramble, just like Roger Staubach. But Pinser was more than an athlete, he was an academian as well. Since he did not spell well on paper, Jon picked Mechanical Engineering for a major His brain seemed to be designed for statics and fluids problems. But when the problems got too hard, rackser would sleep. (Yep, he loved that "dadburn" rack) But academics and athletics do not make the man. Hous had a way of making everyone happy. His wholesome wit and small town logic brought smiles to everyone's faces. He always saw the brighter side of life We all wish you the best of luck, Subser. Love, the boys from 22

Malcolm B. Lemay
Corvallis
Oregon
Political Science
Marine NFO
Malc

Malc came to USNA from the booming metropolis of Corvallis, Oregon. After breezing through plebe year despite the demands of heavyweight crew, he decided that Poli Sci was the way to go. His decision was rationalized by his statement that "engineers make good naval officers but Poli Sci jocks make great naval officers." Youngster year introduced him to the world of rugby and the rack A survivor of the dreaded t-shirt war but loser of the female contest, Malc skated through his second year at Canoe U. Second class year he decided to come out of the closet and show the world just how much of a stud he really was. Attending 'Buds' that summer and playing "A" side rugby, Malc managed to slip in a 4.0 and stars but found himself with a multitude of women but no time to spend with them. It would seem that Malc had everything a mid would want, yet he was not satisfied because his roommate had something he desired but could not have. Despite this, Malc grabbed for the gusto in typical Lemay fashion. First class year was his year to kickback. He started the year with a four week Hawaiian vacation with Uncle Sam and the USMC picking up the tab. After that he put a postive impression on '86 with his exceptional leadership while on plebe detail. Malc is NFO bound for either the Navy or the Corps. Good luck in which ever path you choose— you deserve it. Later, Malc, Buddy!
K.L.M

Edward A. Logue
Lakeland
Florida
General Engineering
USMC Air

Good luck in the Fleet Ed. We all wish you the best with Marine Air.

Marc A. Manzelli
Watertown
Mass
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Zell

Zell took to leadership early. Leading the hell squad through Plebe summer with, ''We have met the streussel, and it is ours — We have not yet begun to eat.'' He also took his roomate, I do not want to go to Liberty, Missouri, and of course, taking it to a bullet, I really did pin Grevey's shot. Hey does anybody know how much it costs to call Finland for 40 minutes? Later on, Zell found out the hard way that crutches and b-ball don't mix. But there were some highlights out there, ''I can't believe that dude blocked my shot.'' And floating around Florida with C - The American Sportsman, Heeyyy Wubetty, the great lobster connection, Zell is probably one of the few ever to go UA by going back to the Academy, rackaloo, deja vu in Newport, and on your face move. Ocean engineering was a goal accomplished, and so was diving for those deep ocean sponges with Jacques and Phillipe: What a classic! After cat shots on Mo and Pace's desk, slamming YP's into the pier, Hijacking canoes, and VA Beach (How in the world did a date with six girls end up in a motorcycle police chase?), Zell is ready for Pensacola. Plus that blond from Beantown. Just try to be on time Bud.
KS

Patrick M. McCool
Milwaukee
Wisconsin
Physical Science
Supply
Mac

Mac came to the Academy to play football, but he was to small. So, he tried to become a trident scholar

For a city boy the kid has so much class, I can't figure how his parents managed, but they did a good job.

Here are some of the classics:
Fitz in the elevator at Army, Pork & Dork, Coach Markos, ''McCool, You can't read that play, you're not that good, no J.V. in the country can read that play!'', ''Balls! We've got lots of balls!'', Crush that beer can on your head, I am humungi!, Give me a redneck girl, Levi Garett, Don't you got any more sense than to call at 11:00, Down by the river, Mary Mount rage, The Ohm party series, Throwing chili on the dog, Apple Jack, An overcoat racing off into the darkness, Saturday night at the library, Saturday morning YP's, Crust elimination showers, Mac, what did we do last night, I'll go Corps if Carl does, Applehead, Fires behind the school, White javilins on West Street, ''Get him, kill him!,'' Blue prints, Miller, JD, Molson, Rockin', The Blues Brothers, Love that shotgun, 4 wheeling (on my hood), Boots, jeans, and hats, Happy Yon Kipper, You got great taste in women, we got the only two of them left in the world, Purple helmets

That's just a few of the good times but just remember one thing: my heroes have always been cowboys, take care Woodstock
G.L.W.

Franklin N. McNeil, Jr.
Memphis
Tennessee
Political Science
USMC
Frank

Frank was the first mid, in the history of the Naval Academy, to spend four full years at USNA. His academic performance made us wonder if he went to high school back in the big m-town of Memphis, TN. Yes, it's been a struggle for Frank all the way to the line but his never ending Christian faith, his loving and supportive family, and friends (Bill, Bill, Et Al), and the Baptist Student Union have been there to support him the whole way. As a great man once told him, 'You are a survivor. You will succeed.'' Aside from his academic wizzardry, Frank has other boasts: he's one of the few, the proud, the LIM's. He owns controlling interest in Wendy's Hamburgers Inc., a batt fencing team member four four years and coach of the brigade champions 1/c year, with a varsity letter to follow, hopefully. Plus he has the largest synapse known to the medical world. He was a poly-sci major with a minor in bilging and fine-looking women, none of which have snagged him . . . yet. He acquired a few nicknames, among the printable ones are MC-Bilge, Smack-Neil, McDrag, Brooster, and Grace (for his roommates' many broken pocessions.) His classmates will remember him for his love of swimming tests (which was exemplified by his taking most of them over again), his preppyness, his attibutes on the tennis court and his 280-ZX There was only one service selection for Frank. It was just a matter of time before he got to select the finest, Oorah, Semper Fi, be prepared Mom! Good Night Frank! Good Night Frank! GOOD NIGHT FRANK! Gods continued blessings . . . remember the sheep and the goats Buds forever!!!
E A L

Kevin Miller
Denver
Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Air
Disco

An aviator from the word go, Kev arrived at the boat school after a journey down from the mile high city of Denver and Broncomania With a friendly smile and a cheerful attitude, Kev easily survived the hardships of '80 and plebe summer A graceful tumbler on the gymnastics mat, Kev excelled in academics as well, wearing stars second class year His study motto of know everything there is to know and don't make any mistakes,'' and a sweat-filled brow carried him through aero Second only to jets, women, all women—tall, short, large, and thin—have been known to turn Kev's head His life long search for the perfect derriere and the proper chest dimensions of la femme is a continuing saga Professionally, Kev was a leader by example and his performance during detail was exceptional His creativeness was unique, who else would have thought of giving a written drill test to the company? A veteran of many inter-room rumbles and survivor of countless rack and t-shirt wars, Kev remains a true friend and is respected by all despite his poor taste in music—funk—and his strange personal belongings—a rubber duck? Aviation and a cockpit are in the future as Kev will be the pilot you would want as your wingman Good luck to you Bud see you in the wild blue yonder. Just stay away from the fat ones!
M B L

James A. Nail
Liberty
Missouri
English
Submarines
Dear Jim

Jim arrived at USNA from the wasteland of Liberty, Missouri. Although he is very proud of his state, Jim never did learn how to pronounce it correctly. Jim struggled thorugh plebe year with visions of nuclear power in his future. The only major problem Jim had was with girls. His "Dear John" letters were famous throughout Bancroft Hall.

With the help of his English major Jim didn't have much trouble with academics. He is the only guy I know that could study with his eyes closed or sleep through Chem labs standing up. All those trips with the D&B must have been too much for him. Speaking of the D&B, that ECA was Jim's lifesaver. Jim never found out what a real noon inspection is actually like. If he ever got himself in a tight spot, he could count on his good buddy Paul to bail him out. Also, this mid literally blew his way to four stripes. Throughout our years at USNA various roommates have tried to change Jim's way of life. He's always been too nice for his own good. Success was finally acheived second class year under my guidance. Now, Jim is just another obnoxious midshipman. We will all remember the Saturday night that our little Jimmy didn't come home to Mother "B". Now that Jim has been accepted into the Nuc power program, his worries are over. The coast button is within reach. In May, Jim will leave USNA with his Dungeons and Dragons books and his horrid collection of mellow music, destined for a life beneath the waves
T.C.V.

Thomas C. Nicholas
Butler
Pennsylvania
Physics
Civil Engineering Corp
Nick

Tom came to USNA from Pitt country with quite a knack for the books the deafening silence during study hour was too much for his first few roommates. He quickly became known for his high strung personality; something that has been subdued for the most part, but still surfaces occasionally. Nick did get a lot out of his stay here. He was involved in Glee club, etc., which got him traveling quite a bit. He also took a vacation for a semester at USAFA. He spent his third class cruise underwater, and most recently was awarded plebe detail First class summer.

As far as his social life went here at the Academy, Nick wasn't the luckiest man alive. Usually he would try playing the field in town on Saturday nights, which is working at a disadvantage for most. As of yet, he has not found quite what he is looking for, but if an emergency situation arises, he has always come up with something. One thing he hasn't learned to use yet is the potential of his vette.

At this point it looks as though the Corps (as in supplyo) will gret him a dying breed: colorblind midshipmen. Whatever the job though, you can be sure he'll be a success.
B.R.

Graham W. Rossano
Wellesley Hills
Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Surface

This innocent young man entered USNA directly from his high school in Wellesley, Mass. . He survived plebe summer along with the rest of his classmates, not much worse for the wear Once Ac year started, his real purpose became apparent—he served as one of the varsity filters in the company, taking much of the heat for the whole year. His one escape was crew. He rowed the whole year, racing in every race, and winding up with a third place at the IRA's. Youngster year followed after an exciting (??) cruise aboard the Navy's only training carrier. This year passed quickly with a 3.0 in sight but out of reach, and no more rowing backwards up the Severn River. Second class year marked the start of his career in the Navy. His choice of major (M.E.) caused him some difficulty as he fought for a 2.0 the whole year through. The end of this year saw him in the hospital, a good time he will never forget as is clearly evident on his neck. A month on board a submarine as a firstie convinced him that he wanted to go Nuke Power for service selection, but a rejection letter from Washington said no. He will offer himself and his Diving Officer Of the Watch qualification once more and if still not wanted will be seen in the surface fleet. Wherever he goes it will be in the North, as all of his roommates (especially Dusty-2 yrs) know since his room was always kept several degrees cooler than the rest

Good luck in the REAL Navy Graham!!

Jeddy M. Ruiz
Pensacola
Florida
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Jed Wayne

Jed Wayne hails from the sugar white sands of Pensacola beach, where the fine, blonde, tanned lassies roam. Plebe year and Youngster year, Jed was a menace in the boxing ring. Third class summer, Jed was "death from above" when he went airborne (air-bone!!!! oorah!!!!). Jed didn't stop achieving Second class year even though his attempt to qualify for the Bud's training summer program was unsuccessful. Finally, Jed "set the pace" for the class of '86 as a second set squad leader during Plebe summer 1982. On the weekends and on leave, Jed made his moves on the night club circuit. If you're in the local area, look for Jed at Bojangles, Big Apple, Frannie O's, or even at the Camelot (occasionally). If you're in Virginia beach, Jed will certainly be at the 4400 club or at Peabody's. Now, if you're at his home turf (Pensacola) he'll be at Seville Quarter, 2001, Machine Gun's, or any other place that has a special. The list can go on and on of the hotspots where Jed has left his mark. The night club circuit wasn't nearly enough for him, so he could occasionally be found at the area colleges such as the University of Maryland, Goucher, or Mary Mount wrecking havoc in the girls' dorm, constantly falling in love (or lust), and breaking hearts. Jed has a real neat philosophy about marriage immediately after graduation . . . . . there are too many fine women who haven't met him yet, so why can't they have their chance to fight over him; get tied down a little later, but for now, lock up your daughters and sisters. Europe's finest will have their chance. Jed came to USNA a beach boy and southern rock fan, but hasn't been corrupted by the northern ways. He is still a typical, Florida beach bum who is disguised as a midshipman. Jed's ultimate goals in life: to watch Bear Bryant lose the championship game against the U.S.C. Trojans, and to become a Pensacola beach life guard in 1988. The Trojans' biggest fan will be missed by his classmates and friends but our loss is the Navy or Marine Corps' gain. Good luck Jed!!! boom!!!! gotcha!!!!
F.N.M.

Walter G. Ryon III
Bethlehem
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Doctor Organization

On Walt's diploma one can read the words "Mechanical Engineer" and a few other odds and ends. On his transcripts, you might find a more detailed, statistical printout of Midshipman Walter G. Ryon.

You will never, ever, though, find a piece of paper which can tell you who Walt really is.

He lives in Bethlehem, Pa., but his home is Beach Haven, New Jersey. He has a degree in Mech. Engineering, but he studies "surfer" and "rolling stone". He keeps his shoes clean, but polishes his serve and his pass catching. He digests "fluids" with some difficulty, but pounds Molson's and Moosehead

In short, studying takes up most of Walt's time, but a spirit of fun takes up most of Walt. It is this spirit that makes Walt what he is, a friend, a classmate, and the most wild woman-chaser that ever walked the face of the earth

Anthony J. Sanchez
Orlando
Florida
General Engineering
Marine Corps
Chez

Chez came to Mother "B" from the sunny shores of Florida with a brief stop in Newport for a year. Tony did well plebe year and proved his skill in the use of recon tactics on a certain beloved firstie. T-court will never be the same without you, so how 'bout shutin' up, huh?! During youngster year Chez took a hit from the great P.P. and had to relinquish his grasp on Aero, but you know what they say, "sooner or later . . ." Chez and cars didn't get along so well second class year, but then it just goes to show ya, there's always a in a crowd. First class year saw Tony expanding his horizons on good luck. But who can complain about tenth in platoon drill And remember, if it aint taint and it aint waint, then it aint. Good luck Chez, the Corps needs you. Don't punch to many Florida cows.

Kevin L. Smith
San Pedro
California
English
Marine Air
Smitty

From the waves of sunny San Pedro, Ca, Smitty has come a long way. Plebe year was a breeze for the "Saw-off Aardvark." He kept us laughing with Saturday morning jumps over ledges and Saturday night excursions to the Happy Buzzard. By the way, what number cover are you on now? But Alas, Younster year brought on an end to this happy-go-lucky lifestyle. Missing movement orders, UA's, and civilian clothes (just to mention a few "mistakes") all boiled down to a final warning by the Dant. The realization that he may be forced to leave this heaven on Earth, along with the guidance of a certain dark-haired beauty from Ellicott City has settled Smitty down to a point. Booze, cigarettes, dip, and even coffee are no longer part of Smitty's new image. But all this has not changed the Smith spirit. Not even the threat of expulsion from the Jack Daniel's Club has swayed the rugby superstar from his chosen ways. Rosa takes with her to the sun and waves of Pensacola a fantastic guy and a helluva friend.

Kenneth R. Spafford
Prospect Park
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
Ferd

Spaf; Spafooooomatic; Incrediferd; Horrendaferd; Fatferd; Blindateferd; Hoodferd; Joyceferd; Engagedferd; Whippedferd; Rockferd; Ringferd; Hookedferd; Rackferd; Nameferd; Zzzzzferd; Snoreferd; Lip-smackferd; Mountainhipferd; Talkferd; Reformedferd; Awakeferd; Joyceferd; Hangarferd; Modelferd; Only-10-ferd; Joyceferd; Academicferd; Geniusferd; Blow-it-off-ferd; 2.0-ferd; More-modelsferd; Finalferd; Geekferd; Joyceferd; Pt-ferd; O-courseferd; Pukeferd; Milerunferd; Pukeferd; Struggleferd; Pukeferd; Passferd; Swimferd; Diveferd; Awesomeferd; Boxferd; Ko'd-ferd; Joyceferd; Hoodferd; Everyweekendferd; Clothesferd; Sweaterferd; Brokeferd; Joyceferd; Service-selection-ferd; Flyferd; Blueferd; Navy or corps-ferd; Joyceferd; Graduationferd; Weddingferd; Joyceferd; Slimferd; 190-ferd; alrightferd; Joyceferd

God's blessings, remember the sheep and the goats . . . Buds forever!!!! The Hangar (Barn), Ed, Jim, Frank)

James R. Sweeney II
Indianapolis
Indiana
Political Science
USMC NFO
Sweatney

Hailing from the land of the "500", Jimmy came to the shores of the Severn where he declared war on sleep and women. He won the first being the only person we know to pull all-nighters for the sake of all-nighters; goodness knows he never studied, at least not until 0200 or so when the books would finally come out.

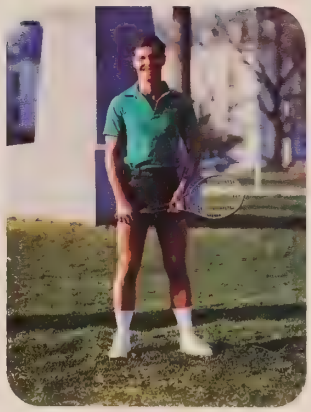
His war with the fairer sex was less successful; first he gave in to Nancy I, followed by models II-VI which carried him through 2/c summer when he signaled a quick retreat and turned his attention to boats: he proceeded to build a submarine which saw action at Army, yet is preference was for a sleek, '62 CHRIS-craft.

Jim's size may not look intimidating, but he never gave away less than 25# in boxing, wrestling, or judo; yet never lost. And in rumbles, WELLLAAHUU, he was AWESOME (right schmultz lips?)! "Sweatney," as he was loving called, in continuing with his boating endeavors, ad infinitum; encountering groadball, public enemy #1, #2 & #3, and the BARN along the way; proceeded to obtain controlling interest in Columbia House and single-handedly support steerage

Then came Natallie and Zoner. Will Georgetown ever be the same? Will Jim?

Jim was always trying to get into better shape, even though he got 100s on all his PE tests (Schmultzney); yet he always found time to help any and all with their academic and PE pitfalls (ie. devising workouts and strategies to pass), but even more importantly, he could always bring humor and a smile to every situation, lifting everyone's spirit as was so often needed

Remember the Sheep and the Goats and hopefully the time, effort, and money put into that boat will pay off. Paul Davis??? BUDS forever!!!! FRANK, KEN, ED—THE HANGAR (BARN)
F.N N



Kendall S. Switzer
Bozeman
Montana
General Engineering
Marine Air
Switz

A large proportion of the population of Bozeman, Montana departed the day Switz and his one and only, Lisa, departed for the shores of the Severn. As a high school tennis star he came to the Academy and chose the obvious sport, boxing. After losing in the semi-finals his plebe year he went on to win the brigade championship both his Youngster and Second class year. Also in his Second class year he won the Eastern Collegiate Boxing Championship and brought down All-American honors. If his success continues a national championship is well within his reach

Switz changed some during his stay at the academy. For example this once a meat and potato eater simply couldn't get his hands on enough "figs and danus." He also developed Switzers Laws which read in their most basic form

The fig newton is the essence of life as we know it today on this earth and everything else is relative! As a charter member and co-founder of the Space Twins he had to be constantly reminded that all of his courses were in Rickover and had been the entire semester. This caused his friends to assume that Pinhead was not of this world but in his own zone far, far away

This seemingly endless ability to forget who, where, etc, did not deter his ability to lead under difficult circumstances. His strong sense of what is right will carry him to a great career with the Marine Aviation community

Ty C. Vaughan
Ordinary
Virginia
General Engineer
Navy Air
Too Mean

Ty came to us from Ordinary, and soon proved to us that his life as a midshipman was going to be anything but ordinary. While some of us withered under the watchful eye of Kevin Currie and "The Nose", Ty took plebe year in stride. We knew he had the system beat when he spewed milk all over our dear squad leader. After youngster cruise Ty "the Animal" Vaughan seriously dedicated himself to his favorite hobby, collecting girlfriends. It was smooth sailing until Dungeons and Dragons took control. A furious semester of maiming and killing was spent dodging form 2's and the company commander. Youngster year came to a fitting end with Arlo, Fuji, and 9 cases of beer. Ty nearly left us before 2 for 7 night but decided to stick it out. His latest conquest of the female sex was a world famous model, but not even she could swindle him into marriage. Now as first class year rolls by, Ty is still undecided about service selection. He could go up, or he could go down, from what I hear he prefers the latter, but the men in green will never get this man. When asked about going Marine Air, by his company officer, he gave us a quote that will long be remembered, "If the wings don't swing, there's no sense in flying it!", right Applehead!!!! We'll always remember him, driving off into the sunset, his hands firmly gripping the wheel of the abuse mobile, with his black jacket and black book, with us all wondering who will it be this weekend. Go for it Ty and good luck!
J.A N

Geoffrey L. Walborn
Clifton Springs
New York
General Engineer
Navy Air
Nosko

Geoff came to the Academy with high hopes of becoming a nuke or a marine, but after four years of closely monitoring these two service options, Geoff finally deceided to fly, right big brother! Greatest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. W who sent us Dr. Red, and their loving dedication that made Geoff such an incredible person, and helped him make it through. Geoff is one of a kind; Mama don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys, right Mrs. W!

Here's to the memories we'll never forget: Rainbow woman-Camp Dittmar, I'll be at the clipper for the last call, Good Morning Fitz-don't let me bother you, Sunday night strips, Don't spit in the library, Saturday night wino's, Mac, we've got 5 minutes to get back!, I'm runnin', Glass mountains-red animals-Meredith, remember that Buffet concert?, I don't, Come one step closer and I'll slit your throat!, Haul that keg, Gutterborn, 1 triumph, 2 tylenol, Shrimp Feast '82, Mac, look what I've got; 1 bourban, 1 scotch, 1 beer, Stella and Scooter, what friends!, Good Morning Geoff, care for a dip?, You piss me off . . ., Geoff, don't try too hard to climb that fence!, Love on a loading dock, Nelson Funkborn, Wags, I know you love TY, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr Willie Nelson!, Mac, We've got 2 more hours of rockin' to do!, It's cool Mac it's cool, Rockin' at the Biyou, Chink-food, The Blues Brothers, Johnny Walker Red, or was that a Scotch on the rocks?, Don't worry Geoff, I'm just backin' up!, I am humungi!!!, Party at Ohm's, guess we'll have plenty of beer next weekend too, right Steinborn!, Joey, who left that crap on the floor at The Buzzard?, I love that 30-30!, We love you Jack, AC/DC, San Antonio Rose, tad here we come!, TFC, shave YHK!!,

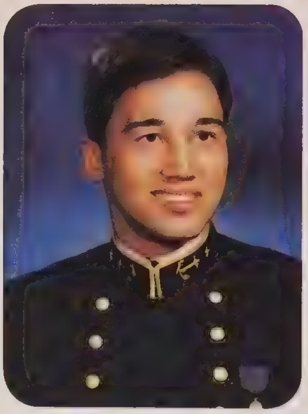
I can't recall them all, but just remember, If you ain't country, you ain't nothin' (jean jackets) Don't ever forget Geoff, real friends never die, so you better get with the program!! We can't forget Pete and Sharon either! Mac (P.S. We love apple heads!)
PMM

Kenneth W. Wilson
San Diego
California
Mathematics-Computers
Navy Air
Ken

Ken came to USNA from San Diego, following in his father's footsteps. Plebe year for Wilt was pretty much of a skate. If he wasn't rumbling or high jumping, you could find him and a clan of youngsters gathered around his desk gawking at a picture of ''B.T.'' (Oh those Calif. girls).

Academically, Ken started off behind the times, but later showed he had some intelligence when he picked math as a major. Youngster year rolled in and Ken found that ''Disco'' Dahlgren was the place to go. He was a lucky one though, he actually found someone worth keeping. I can hear those wedding bells now. If just so happened that Cary's school was 20 minutes from his new home in Vienna. VA. Two years later, Ken and Cary are still a pair, but we won't talk about those bridge-to-bridge signals on first class cruise (Go Gitmo).

For service selection, it was a tough pick between Navy Air and Navy Air. I just hope he can fly an F-14 better than he does remote control planes. Good luck Ken!
DJF



Randolph L. Wood
Alexandria
Virginia
Management
Naval Flight Officer
Woody

Nearby Alexandra, Virginia brought to USNA one of the most incredible persons we have ever met. He got his 4.0 every semester and studied the same amount as the rest of us. But the amazing thing is that he's a normal guy and not a geek.

We all had him pegged from the married life but once again he crossed us up. As another member of the Happy Buzzard Brigade, when he was a plebe he always looked forward to Saturday night and a little illegal dragging. Amazingly, he never got caught. I guess a little ''common sense'' goes a long way.

We'll never forget Army-Navy during plebe year. Woody spent the later hours of the evening crawling on hands and knees, searching for the great white telephone.

The pool proved to be Woody's biggest weakness. Swimming near the bottom was his best stroke. In fact, it was his only stroke.

Spring time found Woody horizontal in his favorite habitat—Red Beach. The Sun God led the brigade with the darkest tan for four years running. His Marine option cruise during first class summer was little different as Woody was the first MID to qualify in tactical tanning on the Hawaiian Beaches. The M.O. cruise also showed Woody the light as he quickly applied for Nuclear Power upon returning to the Boat School. In the end though, the nukes lost out and Woody will be decked out in a flight suit upon graduation.
KS & JB

TWENTY TWO

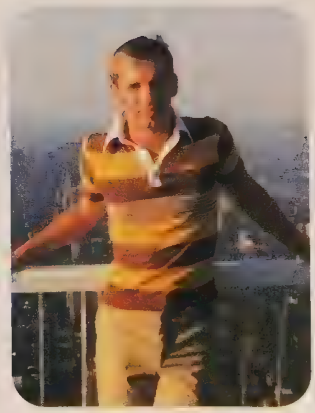
Manfred F. Arnold
Mountain Home
Idaho
History
Marine Air
Ferd

Manfred arived at USNA from the far off wastes of Idaho. He adapted well to life on the Severn, except of course for his initial inability to run. After capturing the sub-squad triple crown first semester plebe year, he joined coach Lenz's varsity squad. He saw the error of his ways and became a run-a-holic. Plebe summer he earned the name ''Baby Ostrich'' for his cute haircut, gotten at the insistance of some member of '80.

Academically, Ferd was always a leader of the wildmen. Unfortunately he just never could stay on the good side of his superiors. He was a founding and nearly constant member of the BIC. (Bottom Ten Club) When he first came to the boat school, Ferd had a girlfriend. She didn't last to long and neither did any of the rest of them; by first class year he was considering the priesthood.

Second class year Ferd found his true calling; Marine Air and AV-8's. He ought to do great in green seeing as he is a true red hater. This came to light first class summer when he went over the wall. No less a wall than the one in Berlin for our Baby Ostrich. His recon on the communist horde earned his restriction and our respect. Good luck, Wildman. P.S. Ferd went on to become one of coach Lenz's sub-squad instructors.

K.P.N



Timothy C. Bonnett
Holyoke
Massachusetts
Oceanography
Nuclear Submarines
Bone

Fonebone: A bluntly expressive wildman (who never misses a comeback). We are a part of all that we have met . . . class of '80; 3 hrs with Marcus; purge your roommate; as caustic as battery acid; morning faces; Herndon; 4/c June week with Sullivans; Lola, Stoned Harbor and our first weekend; other beach trips; a 3/c forum army party; the Roach Motel; Pummel horse specialist exemplar youngster year; Boon companions; protramid; Fonebone, Karbunkle and the Tank; the girls in the loft; ''Please get me some Alka Seltzer . . . (AFM)''; a 2/c forum army party; '' . . . A little affection.''; the girls of Trinity; who's ''getting better looking every day?''; In search of real life variations; legs; ''I finally got my truck!!!''; A young lady named Lisa who put a special sunshine into Bone's smile and granted him 3-striper libs all year when his total stripes summed to 1. Studying the ocean and going nuke - definitely a thalassic midshipman. Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades forever and forever as we move. You've made your mark and earned your name and you're still a bachelor (hopefully)! We won't forget you, Bone. Keep smiling.

A.F.M.

Paul A. Boyne
Chicago
Illinois
Math (OPS analysis)
Nuclear Submarines
''PB''

Paul joined our ranks from somewhere in Virginia however, that was never his hometown. Yes, Paul has been quite a wanderer, but we keep hoping he will settle down someday. As he says 'Chicago is like Annapolis in that its a nice place to be from!' The bets are still on and he won't stop until he collects! Not to mention what he's already collected. If it's not blonde it's black and it always spells trouble (isn't that what we always told you?)! Blonde women, black cars and black ''N's'' are just part of the routine this year but from now on it'll be black subs. Yes, Paul has been a die-hard nuke from the word ''glow''. Now he's going to be Ivan's problem!!!!!!! Even though he has criss-crossed the Atlantic over and under he never did catch that mermaid! But Paul we're warning you; All mermaids are blue-eyed blondes . . . T-R-O-U-B-L-E . . . !!! But we know Paul and sure enough he'll be off to the Pacific to try his luck there. Paul, good luck and remember: It's kinda like a fan and black and decker's cord doesn't extend past the seven mile limit!!

R.W.G.

Robert Corolla
Port Jefferson
New York
Resources Management
Navy Air
Bobby C.

Bob arrived that Memorable Day in June fresh from Ward Melville high. He was so attached, he became a three year veteran of the Senior Prom. Well, at least he'll never run out of champagne glasses, or dates, come to think of it. Rooming with Rich (Univeristy of the Redwoods) Emmons during the summer taught Bob some of the finer points of life, but cutting hair wasn't one of them. (Face it, the razor was just too sharp) As it turned out, Bobby had a problem with yard gouge also, but nobody caught it until Second class year. Actually, without his inability to tell steps from a driveway, club 3000 would be nonexistent and we'd have never came to know Smoke Hall so well. Thanks roommate. Despite his temporary misdirection, Bob has shown us what perseverance is all about. He stuck with lax and put up with the 'Fat Man' when most of us would have quit. He never ceased to amaze us with some of those catches as a 'Natural Light', (he was awesome too, huh Ploofer?) And lining up on the other end became something to look forward too because of him. Just like beating heavies every year. It'll be hard to forget those road trips in the 'Lude with the Moody Blues and Lil' Oscar riding shotgun, or the fragrant 'good mornings' you and the Hulk provided us. (Toot) In all honesty though, we owe Mr. and Mrs. C. a great deal of thanks. If they hadn't guided Bob so well, we never would have experienced those huge chow packages, had any lax tailgaters (wear beer holsters), or given Andy any well deserved wedgies. Take care of him Leigh, and please, make him get rid of those cowboy boots! (How does it feel to be Mrs. Aldo Cella?) Roll right, flood right, on two, ready, break.

T.B.R.

Wadi N. Farach
Tegucigalpa
Honduras
Mechanical Engineering
Honduran Navy
Wads

We weren't sure what to think of our friend from the banana (bohica?) belt when he first ''got off the boat'' at USNA. Communicating was difficult because he had as much trouble with English as we did pronouncing his hometown. His comprehension came and went, usually parallel with his knowledge of the answer to the question. (Menu for noon meal? Sir, I do not understand!) But he caught on quickly, and soon became a leader among us. Who can forget his Farach-onward uprising against the attacking firsties during plebe summer? When Wads chose Mech E. for his major and racking for his ECA, we knew that he'd be general in a year; but those 4.0s kept on coming. When he wasn't comatose, the Frito Bangeeko could be seen rushing frantically to fellow Mech. E. rooms, begging for the answer to a question—and then answering it for them. Holding a 3.Infinity was hard work for Wads, so he learned to enjoy the good life in America. He could always be found at Fran's, the Chinese Disco, or making his famous pizza and beer floats in Eastport. He also discovered cars, and learned how to drive (?) by watching ''The Dukes of Hazzard'' in the wardroom (What's a speed limit? I didn't see any pedestrians). The Mad Honduran will certainly be missed when he heads back to the South, but the ''gap''ing smile and 9000 watt stereo will never be forgotten, Remember us when you take over, Wads, we should all need a job by then.
M W

Roy W. Giles
Lemoore
California
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Fragiles

All the way from Lemoore, California came this one and what a one he has become! Obstacles were no problem for this Magnum: over, under, or through he broke himself to do it!!! A running struggle it was if not for the help of an early morning running mate. Yes, they say your mind is an asset but did you ever remember to process your chit or was the express office closed? You've been through quite a bit, but now it's fast cars and fast music. Too bad the first time was also the last time!!

You generally followed the Big Blue Binder . . . That is until you answered the wrong question on the wrong test with the wrong person grading: Tass y'all!!!! Well now you've wised up to the nuclear way and real warfare, first class vacation in the jungle of subic is just a memory and oh! What a memory!! Don't worry though you won't have to run the mile on a sub and ysomac!!!!!!

Good luck and a neutral bubble!

Richard F. Hans, Jr.
North Merrick
New York
Political Science
Nuclear Submarines
Spaz

A Long Island native, Rich arrived at USNA to fill the role of company spaz. What else can you call the only Midshipman who was successful in spilling his urinanalysis at the precom physical and who had problems keeping a bowl of pretzels in the upright position?

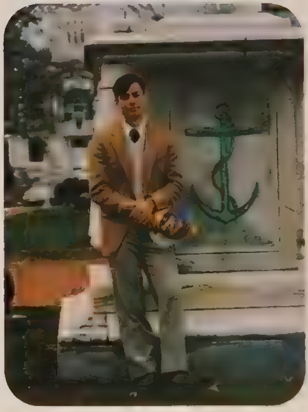
Rich started out plebe year on a sour note receiving one of the first Dear John predicted by the class of 80 during plebe summer. Ever since that day of infamy, Rich has lived with one objective in life . . . . to find a wife. Nobody can say for sure how many times Rich tried these lines on some lucky lady: ''Are you Catholic? Do you want to have four kids? Do you want to dance?'' Rumor has it that not only doesn't he have a date set, he hasn't done all that much dancing either.

A gifted political scientist (the art of piling it on in the right quantities), Rich spent three weeks of his first class summer as an intern at the Pentagon. Nobody has been able to figure out who he learned more from- the Admirals of the Pentagon or the girls of Georgetown

The Spaz also distinguished himself as a member of the wild ''club 3000.'' He was a comic inspiration at the many ''buffett and black'' parties as he climbed the charts to be ranked as the second-best air guitarist in the world (second only to Funky Winkerbean).

The world wonders what the role of a transphibian will be on a Nuclear-Powered submarine, but we all hope and pray Rich finishes grade school before he hits the fleet

We all had the utmost respect for your natural and timely wit, and we just hope we can enjoy it often after we graduate and go our separate ways
K J.K



Raymond L. Herb
Jacksonville
Alabama
Aeronautical Engineer
Nuclear Submarines
Herb

Mere words cannot express the respect and admiration Ray received from all those around him. Bringing with him from that fourteen hour drive from Alabama was a natural ability to excel in the Aeronautical Engineering major. More difficult for Ray was leaving behind the charming and equally intelligent Kimra. We all wonder how such a nice girl like Kimra is going to put up with a guy like Ray. We all know what he's really like!

If Ray made himself a name in one way, he did it by reading and accumulating the largest library of novels in the company, if not the brigade. He was the only guy we knew that could digest *Shogun* in a few study hours plus one or two youngster afternoons. If you ever needed Ray, the first place you inquired was his rack. You could usually found him there with a book in hand. A true wildman at heart, no one will ever forget the Sunday afternoon during plebe year when Ray and his best friend, Kevin (Glen) Comer decided to accept an invitation to a class of '80 Thrift Inn kegger His roommate especially will not forget the surprize Ray left him on the foot of his rack in the middle of the night. All Ray could say in the morning was, ''I was wondering what that funny taste in my mouth was!''

We will always remember Ray as a classmate who would never let you down when you needed him and a top knotch person all around. To him and Kimra we wish the best of luck We know that you both have a rewarding and exciting life ahead of you!
K J.K

John E. Hoch III

Jacksonville
Florida
Oceanography
Nuclear Power
Captain Decibel

"Hochenstein" came into our "midst" from Jacksonville, Florida with a strong naval heritage Besides sharing his father's name, he originally intended to share his wings. Then blindness set in and the New London nukes got hold of him so that: ". . . visions of dollar signs danced in his head . . .!"

Jack, known for his spending sprees on stereo equipment, never settled for having just the highest fidelity . . . he had to have the highest volume, too! Nothing beat 200 watts/channel of music from those 4 wildmen from L.A.: Van Halen. He still can't figure out why Valerie married Eddie (Good with his fingers, I tell you!). It's too bad we never did get to see the second encore of Van Halen's Tuesday night concert during Actramid: Of course, this way we've still got our CQPR's, our hearing, and an 'A' in conduct!

Jack is also a certified, bordering on lifetime, member of the 99% club (i.e. dealing in female trade-ins) with females # 2A, 6, and 7. Number 6 did manage to last 2.5 years, but Jack finally moved on.

Jack is also well known for having better luck tempting fate than your average guy . . . He's the one we always asked if we wanted an accurate weather report; he also "had a feeling" about ski's stripes and the night we met our waterloo on a yacht in the Annapolis harbor! Then we all knew he had good luck when he survived first class year living in the "voodoo room"—with the only live-in maid in the company—*and* sleeping in the 'voodoo' rack! Talk about tough!

All in all he's been a good friend and the fleet has gained something from his presence (Don't ask me what, it just sounded good!). Lance Corporal Sequoia befriending kit!!!
R.W.G.

Pamela A. Horine

Fairview Heights
Illinois
Chemistry
Marine Corps

Pam came from Illinois (no not Chicago) and traded in an all expense paid trip to Germany for a four year hitch on the beautiful shores of the Severn. She soon found that camp Annapolis was not heaven on earth even though she was rooming with an angel. An Italian was enough of an adjustment for the kid from the midwest but a singing cheerleader at 6am (G-O-O-D-M-O-R-N-I-N-G, clap, clap!) was too much! By Christmas, Pam only had to cope with a civilian-minded Italian who came from an all girls Catholic high school. Pam made it through plebe year unscathed and into youngster year witthout succombing to organic chem or the I-don't-care-second-year syndrome. College selection night rolled around and USNA won out. Second class year started out a little shakey-chemical engineers start at 28,500?!-and the plebes paid the price. Celestial Nav, Biblical Chemistry (I can tell you where it isn't but I don't know where it is!!) And wires made for long days and even longer nights. Academics and fencing occupied most of her time but Pam still managed to hike the canyon and ski Killington. First class cruise was great-they said it couldn't be done-but nothing could change the green heart of a future marine. Well, Pammer, four years hasn't been long enough to get me to wear a spiffy, shine my leathers like 'Frams or march in step but some things just won't change! (You still don't understand Italian!) Anyway-take care of yourself and knock 'em dead. Go Corps! Ciao.
L A.P.

Michael R. Huffman

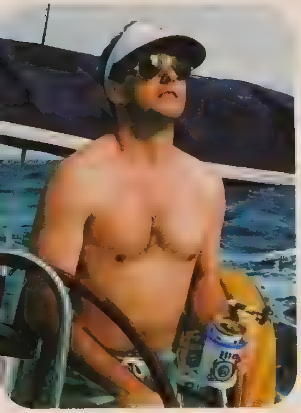
Hildebran
North Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Huff

Mile stormed into USNA from the hills of North Carolina; the land of moonshine, broad women and narrow views. Growing up without shoes prepared him for the rugged life, and he met the challenge of plebe summer with ease. His transition to civilized society did have its traumatic moments, like his first assault on navy-issue linen (just because you lie on your rack doesn't mean you can make it.)

Always the aggressor on the athletic field, Mike quickly proved his ability. In plebe boxing, he fought with the grace of a wounded buffalo trapped in a box canyon, but the end justified the means (messy-messy!). His competitive drive continued though Hand vs. Gland when he delighted us by tying his opponent into knots and dropping him on his head (how does the world look from down there, Worls?)

His unfaltering dedication has led to several achievements in the last four years . . . A "B" in the rocket's class, three stripes, and second place to spriester in the hairy wildman contest Mike will also be remembered for his argumentive ability and opinionated expressions. He has never conceded an argument, but how can you lose when you have the ability to ignore the facts?

Our leader wants to "light up his life" in the Surface Nuclear Navy after graduation, and those who have followed him hope that he gets his wish. They don't march on ships, do they? Wherever he serves, it will never be the same. Will "eyes right" ever be the same for 23? Enjoy life to the fullest out there, we wish you the best. Don't worry, the sharks can't see you either!
M N W



Kurt J. Kammerer

Willingboro
New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Jammer

Kurt, a go-nuker to the core, came to us from Exit 5 off the Jersey turnpike. A true wildman, Kurt always seemed to be fighting against one thing or another. Who can forget his two-term membership in the club 3000 and his being one of the original fearsome fivesome and the Notre Damned. "Who's wearing civies? . . . you don't see this . . . you're dreaming! . . . what car?!" Don't worry Kurt, we'll always be around to drive you out of the stadium. We'll always remember his "big fig" and the buffett and black parties, "One more time!", his weekends in Norfolk, the insane army and Thrift Inn parties, and his much deserved captaincy of the sailing team. Kurt found being a narc wasn't all that challenging. The challenging part was staying awake Kurt, a true rackhound, perfected the arts of osmosis and sleep-debate to heights heretofore unknown

Kurt earned his duckmaster nickname in a manner unmentionable here . . . shades of Rodney Dangerfield in "Caddyshack" -"who stepped on a duck?!" It never did seem to bother him as much as it did those around him. Thanks, Kurt, for your adventurous, fighting spirit, your sense of humor, and, of course, your balding crown. They have kept us going in the toughest of times. Good luck and fair sailing!
R F H

William P. Lewis
Alexandria
Kentucky
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Wild Bill

Twenty-third company's own Campbell County camel came to the Academy from the hills of Kentucky. Plebe summer saw the start of a new life-style for ''Wild Bill''; including his first pair of shoes, inside plumbing, and city-style 'vittles.' From his first night of a cut foot and ''squeaking'' bed springs, Bill began his love affair with the military.

He quickly saw that the rack was going to be a very good friend, providing his required twenty hours a day of sleep. Arising occaisionally during the year to growl at the rest of the barn, Bill spent plebe year engrossed in motorcycles, cars, and thoughts of Kim. (Pantza, Wik, etc.)

Youngster year saw Bill and Kimmy become seriously attached and her acceptance by the barn. How 'bout that aching leave back, Bill?

Captain steamboat returned to second class year with new designer jeans and jockey shorts. Wasting no time returning to the rack after leave, Bill spent the year in thoughts of Kim, motorcycles, and cars, not to mention councils.

The barn will never forget the smashed toe, shoulder pads, Kim's sheet poster, and the ever-present ''signal bridge''. We wish Bill, Kim, Bubba, Duke, Bronco, Raoul, Mandingo, Chang, and others the very best and good luck in the future. Dive! dive! dive!

Alan F. Mangan
Bethlehem
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Marine Corps
Mangs

Known to his friends by various nicknames like Mangs, Crazy Mangs, Karbunkle and Nick, Alan was one of the wildest wildmen of 23. Coming from the University of Florida and Chi Phi, Alan won the hearts of his classmates, but had a tendency to 'rouse his roommates. Remember room purges with Stace, Bobby C. and Bone? Your's was the first. Alan's puppy-dog eyes were killers. You vowed never to live with Bone again after plebe year, but like Oscar and Felix, he found you on his doorstep, 2/c year, with a foxtail in hand and agreed to let you clean the room for a year. Remember weekends in the loft Al? Alan has habits which are well known to all. Six a.m. nose blows, ''warning signal bridge'', sink on mach 10, the list goes on and on. Time for a study break Al? See you tomorrow morning. Mangs had a good outlook on academics. If he couldn't solve the problem he slept on it. ''Why do you persecute me so, Bone?'' Alan was always easy to spot in a crowd. He was the one with a tracy haircut and geekers on. You do have class Alan. Alan devoted three years to the Navy crew team but found his true love on the rugby field. No one had as many girlsfriends as Mangs in the four years at USNA. ''Variety is the spice of life, eh?'' Alan you really are loved by all of us in 23. One of us will miss you more than everyone else and you know who that is. You taught me a lot Alan. I learned what having class meant by living and week-ending with you. How many roomies went off together every weekend like us? Good luck to you Mangs. Don't be surprised if someday when you're walking the streets of Hong Kong you hear a certain voice cry out Maaannnngaaannn!
T.C.B.

Scott D. Miller
Delray Beach
Florida
Economics
Naval Flight Officer
Killer

Scott came to the Naval Academy from sunny Florida, where he was immediately taken under the wing of ''BMF''. He quickly distinguished himself as a connosieur of old Skoal at rumbles, a harbinger of ill winds, and sampler of spirited beverages. After surviving profs boatman and love, Scott's academic performance simmered to a slow burn. Bearing an appearance like cro-magnon man, Scott epitomized the strong, macho, Florida sun God-exept for one thing . . . he wasn't. Scott established himself as a ''guba'' by being one of the only mids in history to go home for two straight Christmases on crutches . . . one of them due to the manly game of volleyball. Sweating grades, acting in councils, and driving his fiberbird in search of hairpins. During first set plebe detail, Killer's old torch was rekindled when Renee, his high school sweetheart, re-entered his life forever. We will never forget the good times. Week-old socks, empty shower, layers of blankets, and those alligator roars late at night. The barn wishes Scott and Bubbles fair winds and following seas.
The Barn

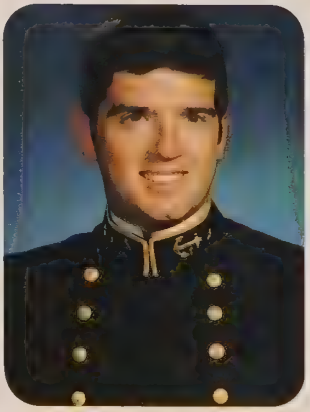
Kevin P. Newmeyer
Montgomery
Alabama
Mathematics
Surface
Kevs

Kevin came to the Academy from the deep south. Even through people from that part of the country have a funny accent, he seemed to have adapted well to the lifestyle of the ''Damn Yankees''. Like the good old clean cut American boy that gets accepted to the Naval Academy, he was an excellent student in high school, a fine soccer player, and had kept his high school sweetheart. He eventually learned how to be a plebe (and remember his rates)

Youngster year was one of emotional surprises. He started out by rooming with the Spic and Captain Decibel. This year was full of road trips to Quinnipiac College. It was on that November road trip that he made up his mind who his lifelong partner would be. After this, Kevin and Mike made innumerable road trips to QC

Second class year was the time for Kevin to improve his grades. He partied hard on the weekends, including one weekend in D.C. where he lost his glasses, mind, and lunch. Then came the ring dance and as expected, Kevin got engaged

After enjoying Japan on cruise, Kevin returned for first class year and decided to glow. Best wishes and luck to Kevin in his marriage, nuke school, and future. Kathy keep an eye on him!
W N F



Linda A. Petrone
Bowie
Maryland
English
General Warfare
Lin

Linda comes to us from Bowie, Md. with the advantage of knowing the ways of the Academy or at least some of the ways. If Dahlgren Hall wasn't so dark she probably would have been of more help both as a roommate and classmate plebe summer. As it stands she was a tremendous help by preventing me from literally killing the cheerleader roommate first semester. Having the "all-girls-Catholic-school" background presented somewhat of a problem though She really didn't know what to do with roommates who returned from Saturday night liberty under the influence. Her first solution was to hide the aspirin, set the alarm early Sunday morning and talk extremely loud when roommates awake and are hungover. Being Italian wasn't such a bad deal. She can cook fantastic lasagne and really knows her pizza. Cruises were always a good time. Naturally youngster cruise was on one of those Greyhounds of the Severn. The underway time wasn't that great but the ports were unbeatable. Second class summer proved to be even more fun. We started in New London which wouldn't have been too bad if it hadn't taken so long to get to Aunt Rose's. Fortunately you had those marvelous personal defense classes and were able to handle the purse thieves in the bus station. From there we move moved to the USNA/Oceana. Welcome back to the fry trap and welcome to the world of dirty old men. Dam neck existed along with LCDR Mann. From there we move to Quartico. At least now Linda knows why she doesn't want to be a Marine

As we know nothing lasts for ever. (we really get to leave this place after 4 years.) Here's wishing you the best in the future. Thanks for all the laughs and good times.
LAP

Mark R. Ploof
Chaska
Minnesota
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Ploofer

This young wildman came to us from the frozen wastes of Minnesota, where he left behind a lot of snow and a fair blonde maiden. Four years later, the snow still hasn't melted and niether has the love of the young maiden, at least the return address on all of those letters he gets hasn't changed. (I love you!) However, much has happened in that time. Ploofer began his tenure at the Naval Academy by reminding us all that "plebes are the only thing lower than whale crap." However, Mark has certainly risen above all that. In fact, he probably reached the highest point in his Naval Academy career on the wall right behind the chapel. (the notre damned) His grades were never anything to look down upon either. It was his hearing we were worried about. Of course not all of Mark's time was spent with his books. He was one of the three founding members of the buffet and black movement not to mention, and please don't, those wado and other type parties within the confines of mother "B". Athletically, Ploofer made a significant contribution to company sports playing soccer, light weights, fast-pitch, and ultimate frisbee. To find this out all you had to do was ask him. (I was awesome today) but through it all, Mark's laid back manner and helpful attitude made him a valuable classmate and a hell of a friend to have around. So go nuke young man! (And then Minnesota gas and electric)
M.T.W.

Charles Ray III
Augusta
Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
C.Ray

Charles (NMN) came to us from Georgia and the whole company knew it. C.Ray made sure everyone knew the status of the Falcons, Hawks, and of course the streaking Atlanta Braves. He knew obscure stats on just about any team in any sport. Accused of being unimaginative by a plebe roommate, Charles retaliated by putting toothpaste in between the guy's oreo cookies. His roomie had previously stated that he wanted to room with Charles since he seemed like the perfect southern gentleman. Youngster year C.Ray set up three classmates with his pretty sister during June week; and he fell in love then too, with a northerner even- "Well, she's not like the rest of them." Two- timing at the start of the next year, another pretty girl fell for him. C.Ray was convinced that she was a psychic and decided to give her phone number away to a companymate. He thought she put a hex on him for this when his grades went way down and he lost his other romance. He battled all year- "The worst year of my life," but still stood well in the class. A veteran of two Thrift Inn parties, he decided to run a taxi service for two plebes- "Everyone should experience a 3000 series." First class cruise took him to Europe where he managed to spend a grand (underway for four days), and he came back to be a platoon leader over plebe summer. He'll use his Aero major down at P-cola, where he was born, and be a fine navy pilot. Godspeed to you C.Ray
K.B.T.

Timothy B. Rebhorn
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Resources Management
Nuclear Submarines
Rebs

Rebs won't admit it, but until he received his appointment to USNA, he was convinced that he would never get out of Philly. Not only was he one of the lucky few, but so were 23's beloved wildmen. Who else could have filled Tom Doughty's shoes as Mr. Wardroom? Wasn't it grand joining club 3000? Tim liked it so much that he became a two-time member. Tim wasn't so good at climbing walls, but he ran fast and in the right direction. In only 15 days Rebs single-handedly (almost) revolutionized the 2330 restriction muster (wear geekers). Tim was a great athlete and a mediocre scholar (luckily he didn't have a real major). He put these two together to (maybe) find the formula to maximize the number of color prints per intramural sport. By the time you read this we'll all know if it worked. A little known secret is that Rebs was second only to John Scanlan in unfollowed first dates. Rumor has it that Jenny, the wonder from the far east, did alot to further this reputation. For one reason or another Rebs couldn't walk right for a week. A wardroom rat from the beginning, "Dallas" and "Dynasty" were written for Rebs mentality. Rebs is definitely one of the pure-breed wildmen. He will go down in history with such greats as Lengyel, Gehrke, and Wellsley. Wherever he goes (nuke air?) he will not be forgotten by the boys of 23. By the way, where is the orange prelude, the world wonders?
M.R.P.

John M. Scanlan
Stoutsville
Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Fireplug

Coming from Scanlan's mountain via Ohio state and NAPS, John came to 23rd company to be our very own "Fireplug". How could we ever forget such antics as death chow calls, wedding skits, tackling the company commander, and getting caught trying to steal the company staff's swords? How about that big batt stink, John? John's unique domestic life was filled with motion - he never quit moving! When he wasn't awaiting mail or listening to Springsteen, he was playing rugby. He was never known to waste time doing anything and holds the Bancroft hall record for the fastest head call: 14 seconds! His worst fear was in having to go to sleep at night . . . . John couldn't even take a nap in the afternoon because the rack was the only place where he couldn't "warp out". John's fine taste in automobiles was a source of great speculation in the company as we constantly tried to guess what was going to break down next. Forever the ladies man, John could always be counted on to bring "interesting" dates to the dances . . . but you really had to see "the loin" in action to appreciate this. A charter member of the barn and the royal high master of the supreme high council, John's warped but creative mind was always put to good use

23rd company was a much livelier place because of him - who could ever forget John's smile and a laugh that penetrated walls.? The members of the barn wish John the best of luck in the corps and with future female encounters. After all John, time is running out! Take care!!!
The Barn

Michael F. Silva
Hermosa Beach
California
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Here we have another wildman from that golden state of California. During plebe year Mike made quite an impression with his first class when he amazed those on detail with his "bare" ability to defend his room from recons (naked on top of a desk with a bayonet). Mike also impressed his firsties with his ingenuity to disguise himself during a "birthday party" with a black net sock bag. However, he managed to leave behind his cup that he used to soak the firstie. Not to worry, though, it only had his name and alpha on it. Mike didn't spend all of his time with Recons. In fact, most of his entire four years at the Academy was spent cleaning his room. A stickler for neatness, the surest way to get Mike upset at you was to disarrange his blotter and other articles on his desk. Of course Spriesterbach often took advantage of this and usually received a head lock for his trouble.

Mike was always the most popular guy during National Hispanic week, despite his morning quarters announcements reminding us of his ancestoral origins. During his last years at the Academy, Mike's true loves were his bear (exit 9 off the Jersey turnpike) and his RX-7.

A hard worker, Mike was a valuable friend to have around when things needed to get done. All things considered, Mike was a great classmate. We all wish him luck for the future, and I'll see you down in Pensacola.
M.T.W.

David E. Sneddon
Colorado Springs
Colorado
Oceanography
Marine Corps
Sneddy Bear

Sneddy bear appeared at the gates of the United States Gymnastics Academy to escape the responsibilities of student life at the University of Northern Colorado. Still a naive youngster, Dave quickly fell under the influence of the wildmen of '80, to whom he will be forever grateful. During his plebe year the seeds were planted which later nurtured a staunch conservatism, unyielding male chauvanism, an affinity for sport cars, fast women, and most of all a sense of spirit and a desire for bold action at the risk of restriction. Who will ever forget the infamous "Black N Sally" and the spring formal youngster year? She was not the last hood girl to capture his heart and we await the outcome of his present dilemma. Simultaneous girlfriends were the order of the day during second class year, as was hitch-hiking in uniform (is there any other way?), and unauthorized overnight guests in Hotel Bancroft. Academics presented no problem to Dave because after all, he was a jock and they're allowed to have lower grades? Having run the gauntlet of service community picnics during protramid, Dave felt his personality best befit the Marines, and his psychological disorder was confirmed first class summer with a voluntary three week vacation at airborne school.

We hope Dave finds the excitement he's looking for in the Marine Corps, but if not, we're sure he'll create his own

Good luck to a true wildman

Thomas P. Spriesterbach
Mi Wuk
California
Aerospace
Navy Air
Spriester

If someone once said, "life is but a stage and we are merely players," then Spries is the guy in the back working the lights. All jokes aside "the human eyebrow" has added a little something extra to just about everyone. Take for instance giving E.I. to the classes of '80, '81, and '82' in addition to countless others in our own '83. Besides. who could possibly hate someone who breaks both arms falling backwards out of a parked car additionally, his dedication to duty was inspiring. Single-handedly, the cach drank some fifty-odd "beat army crush" sodas to support the Brigades worst army project. This spirit was also noted in his athletic endeavors. He was probably the only varsity (?) sailor with the capability to calculate streamlines and potential flow around the boat while maintaining a sailing gas factor in the negative numbers. Maybe it is time to change the subject! Let's talk about Arbutus, Maryland and that lovely strawberry-blonde Alice, who has immobilized this young man for the past few years and will do so for many more to come. Never before has mankind witnessed such a level of control that we see in this relationship

Professionally speaking, Alice is definitely the commanding officer, but we can't hold that against him. No, when all has been said and done, the grinch who has been terrorizing the Whoville of Bancroft Hall for the past four years is the greatest. We all wish you the very best Fair winds and following seas!
B S & S S

William C. Stacia, Jr.
Richmond
Virginia
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Stace

Willie T. came to us with bright eyes and a blocked head from old Richmond, Virginia. He quickly distinguished himself as a plebe destined for stripes by his well placed contacts, continually sweating the load, and his penchant for wearing ''geekers.'' Bill redefined the phrase ''halo effect'' throughout his years at USNA and was affectionately known as the ''All American Boy'' by his frustrated roommates. Bill's physical endeavors can only be described as a lesson in masochistic pain. Starting with judo and finally embracing rugby as the prime sport for pain, Bill was never without some kind of bruise or cut. Who could forget his delicate nose which regularly smashed in judo and rugby or those sprained toes from ''rando-ing'' too much. Stacy's driving passion throughout his years at USNA was his beautiful fiancee Donna. In fact, Bubba Duke was the only mid to have his own home away from home when the rigors of 5 stripes got too much. Bill will be remembered by us as a man of high talent, cool intellect, and a warm heart. Spries and Scrote wish you and Donna the best of luck in the future and on the ''boats.'' Take care good buddy.
S.S. & T.S.

Scott M. Sundt
Fort Atkinson
Wisconsin
Physical Science
Surface Line
Scrote

Twenty-third company's ''missing link'' surfaced from the fleet to spend a year at NAPS before arriving at USNA. After laughing his way through plebe summer, Scott's colorful plebe year included the football meat squad, various drunken stupors, and a pistol shoot that resulted in 110 demerits. Did you ever find that uniform, Scott? Another highlight of plebe year included a football movement order to Pittsburgh where he met his future wife Diane, whom he thuroughly impressed during June week with a class ''A'' offence for driving in the yard. The year ended with a much sought after and well deserved cruise on a YP love boat. Old age soon settled; afterwhich youngster year saw Scott forsake the football for a diet of sodas and his all-time favorite— manicotti. Never one to waste water, Scott continued through Third and Second class year with a certain ''air'' about him and a pile of clothes that multiplied. His engagement to Di brought on a craving for blocks to give his ten Neandrathite children. As a member of the barn, Scott was a mainstay in council meetings, and late night philosophizing, where the mellow throngs of Judas Priest and Ted were not uncommon. Scott will always be remembered for his stellar physique and an affinity to rip underwear off his roommates. The barn wishes Scott and Di the best of luck in their future together
S.M., B.L. & J.S.

Kevin B. Talbert
Tiffin
Ohio
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
Tab

Until he appeared one day at USNA, Kevin was an inhabitant of Tiffin, Ohio, more commonly known as ''America''. Tab wanted the Naval Academy so bad that he gladly spent a year at NAPS. Kevin was an athletic stud, so crew plebe year was the sport for him. Unfortunately, he had a little trouble with academics second semester while living in the cave with the other hibernating bears. His knockout June week date ended his miseries quickly. Youngster year Tab was ready for the big time- living on 2-0 with the icemen. 2-0 was like mid heaven- even OBI-WAN didn't rate being there. Having your own grill, barbershop, etc. what more could one ask for? And who can forget Lizardman or the Tribunal? At years end Kevin's roommates both left- one to become a truckdriver, the other to be a California beach bum. Fortunately for Tab, 2/c summer was a good time as the adventures of Sammy and Otis began to unfold. Then Second class year hit with full force- wires especially- but Kevin was smart- as a Poly Sci major, he had a little extra time for the good things in life- girls, country music, and a lot of beer. Second semester saw Thrift Inn parties, a heavyweight football championship aided by the Kevin Talbert school of acrobatics, and the Florida Keys driving trip with Otis. Over first class summer, Kevin went back to NAPS for detail. Too bad about those O's! Kevin will be headed to Pensacola after graduation to become a fine NFO. Best of luck to you, Tab
C.R. III

Mark T. Watson
Cupertino
California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Wats

Straight from the beautiful beaches of California, Mark never let being a midshipman stand in the way of being as laid-back as possible. Contrary to popular belief, his nickname, Wats (pronounced the same as watts), has (God-forbid) nothing to do with his love of double-e and he did not almost flunk his pre-com due to permanent rack burns. Mark's love of academia is typified by his favorite study position (horizontal). No true wildman will ever forget his four consecutive years of HBO (in various homes), his co-founding of buffet and black parties, or his late night ''walks''. By the way, Wats, which way is the anchor tending? (By Mark's late night calculations bancroft hall has not drifted in 137 years.) Always ready for a party, Wats was an ''anytime, anywhere'' type of guy, and it is fortunate that the times and places were restricted knowledge. The majority of Mark's time was spent sailing to one place or another. First class year he sailed across the Atlantic and returned home to find out he was skipper of his own boat (Be sure to check that anchor) Mark will be fondly remembered by all the wildmen of 23. It will be a lucky F-14 pilot who gets Wats in his back seat. You're an NFO for now, but keep your ''kismet'' in mind, and in the meantime keep the commies off your six
M.R.P.

Michael N. Worley
Indianapolis
Indiana
Political Science
Nuclear Power
Worls

This 6 foot hulk legged his grotesquely over-developed frame from the midwestern city where cars drive in circles. He amazed everyone with his simple athletic prowess (who else would even consider running through the O-course wall instead of over it). Actually, it probably was the lack of mass which allowed him to run like a gazelle.

But then he found his true calling, a Political Science whiz whose willingness to not only remember but to even believe whatever the prof said made him a true master of unorigional thoughts. What is Frantzich teaching next semester anyway?

He is a true bull major master, why should we learn double integrals if we can't do single ones. Instead, he had the answers to the truly relevant world issue questions like who won the Indy 500 in 1952.

There is nothing bad that can said about dear Sharla, a beautiful lady with a brilliant mind and an obvious affection for pet rocks—those on fingers and those in the pool

Best of luck—enjoy NPS—fly subs!!!
M.R.H.

WILD MEN

Mark J. Alevizos
Minneapolis
Minnesota
Political Science
Nuclear Power
Vice

Mark hailed to USNA from the northland. As a varsity tennis stud Mark never attended a single evening meal formation or marched and yet held an out of company striper billet.

Known as the Greek God to the girls (of Dahlgren?!) he was "Vice" to us. In a less pretentious state he never stood out on the football field—with his bright white cleats and "00" on his jersey.

What kind of mid do you think Mark was? A real (bull) mid, of course. How else could Vice, a poli sci major who spent 1/c cruise in civies and docksides in Europe, go Nuke. Especially when four years ago the only sub the Minneapolis Apollo knew was for lunch.

Mark we'll be laughing with you all the way to the bank—us with our tans and you with the submariners tan—shades of white. At least you'll be warm inside—glow baby, glow. It all comes out in the wash though 20 years from now. Take Care and Good Luck, Vezos!

Douglas F. Barnhurst
Wallingford
Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Doug

Bonton came to the school for lazy systems engineers from a small home in Wallingford, PA. He left behind a small family of six and an easy life at Villanova in order to excel and get away from girls. Doug, you see, is a perfect example of why all male children should have at least 1 brother and fewer than 4 sisters.

Plebe year was pretty uneventful for Bug. He did learn the U.VA. fight song, but that performance didn't go over very well. He got along well with Jeery.

Youngster year was almost as exciting as a sharp stick in the eye for our young Mr. Barndog. He participated with group Alpha, but missed out on Bravo. It was also about this time that Deuce discovered his drinking prowess and his rivalry with Lee Majors. Mdn 2/C Barnhurst really came into his own when he joined "the room with everything". My what a fun filled year they had! Mere words cannot express the sheer zaniness of these guys or their madcap antics. All good things must come to an end, but so did 2/C year. Cammie and Tony moved into the ECA presidents' room and our hero joined the Bob & Doug room ('Ow's it goin' eh?) Could he survive the mental stress created by rooming with Bonk? Well, Tony was always next door, and two short knocks followed by one long would send the elf scampering over there for a brief repose. Well, we send our little Barnhog to the fleet as an NFO, but he will live on in the hearts of the champions of Stall 2. Whom do you think wrote this anyway?

Robert T. Bianchi
Maplewood
New Jersey
Management
Navy Air
Biancs

Bert, the italian guy from New Jersey, came here with no teeth and a steel wheel, but ready to play lax just the same. B-foul made it through his early years at the Academy because of his unique brand of military bearing acquired under the wing of J-foul and company. He'd have the chance to return the favor when K-foul (the foulest yet) came to town. Biancs has the uncanny talent of talking his way out of -or into - anything that might come up. It's a good thing too, because he had to use his talent a lot. The man with the silver tongue could often be found talking his way out of trouble at school and into trouble with girls off campus. Hacksaw Reynolds can take a lot of credit (or blame) for helping Bert along. Biancs really owes you, Bob. All those drunk cruises on the boat and the times he crashed on the living room floor will be good times greatfully remembered. Bobby must have known he was going to be elected lax captain as a senior because he started his three striper libs second semester- sophmore year. This 3 year starter was very quick with his stick, hence the name quickdraw. Laid back off the field, but intense on the field, Bert was a great leader by example. Fortunately the plebes didn't see his room. Felix Unger he ain't! But the "ice box" could always rely on clean mirrors. (is there a mirror on the visor of an F-14? Is there a visor?) The temperature in Pennsicola will probably drop a bit, but I think they're ready for him. We'll miss you, Bert, but the Bianchi dynasty will not die. There's two down and two to go.

Todd W. Bostock
Windber
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
Bo

Todd grew up in the hicktown of Windber, Pennsylvania. He is known for his quick wit and philosophical questions as: Does the Mafia really exist? Should a person be allowed to write on another's banana? And, how do you get a date to go to Army? Speaking of Army Bo, how is Kay doing? You may as well ask her to Army again, seeing that you really want to go by yourself anyway. We still don't know which took up most of your time second class year, studying the alphabet or studying wires. One of Todd's great responsibilities as second class company commander was the Navy Goat Towel Rep. He was charged with the duty of selling 35 towels and somehow "misplaced" 20. Have another buck, Bo! The main reason why Todd doesn't have any friends is that he never lets anyone borrow his rowboat. We really enjoyed the past four years together, even though you were quick to anger, we formed a friendship that will last forever. Rest in peace J.R.K.
B.K. and M.Q.

Sean S. Buck
Dallas
Texas
Oceanography
Navy Air
Sean

Sean is from Dallas now but he spent his high school days in Indianapolis, Indiana. Boy, those were the days. He went with some the most beautiful girls and he brought his habit with him to the Academy. Now he's got one for keeps, or she's got him, it's hard to tell about those things sometimes. And how he does it will forever remain a mystery. The girls love him even if he does wear a size 14 shoe and talk in his sleep; and sometimes when he gets going . . . He develops an aura about himself so thick you can see it, (They don't call his room the locker room for nothing). It's okay though, you just have to watch what he eats. But Sean's as good a friend as you could ever need. He's very easy going and he'll do anything in the world for you. He's fairly easy to predict because he always does his best and the results are seldon less than great. He supports the Naval Academy and the 24th company whole heartedly but he's not the kind of guy that goes around telling everybody about it. He works hard enough to get what he wants; the problem was deciding what he wanted. He's finally decided on the only real career: Navy Air. Watch out P-cole. An N-Star winner in tennis and a good all around athlete, Sean is an asset in everything he endeavers. Look out fleet, Here comes a good one
Wayno

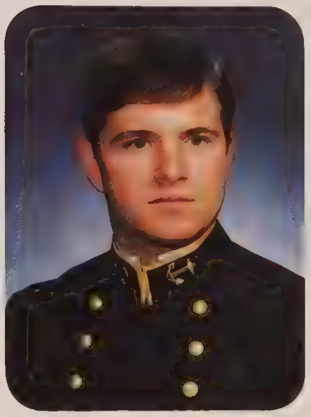
Daniel J. Evans
Danbury
Connecticut
Recources Management
Naval Supply Corp
Danny

He came from a town that he never appreciated until he left. The appointment itself was a strke of luck because he is color blind. Evs was never really sure if this was the place for him. He hooked up with the 150-lb football team and this gave him a purpose for being here. Still, if it weren't for John, this kid would have been history before Herndon.

But then again, there isn't enough space in this whole book to describe what J.V. has done for so many guys who were no different from myself. The spring of Second class year will be remembered as the time that he met Bob, or alias Mr. Rage. Many times were had with that man and the words allowed to be printed here couldn't describe half of them! Thanks for the good times Mr. R. Danny went through a lot of roommates here, mainly because he's so easy to live with. But if it weren't for Bert and Stapes, he'd still be looking for a place to live. I need to thank you two guys for just putting up with me. The ice box will live forever. We went through a lot together and I know I wouldn't mave made it without your help. Lastly, of course, there are two people I need to thank most of all. Thanks Mom and Dad, for the phone bills, the gas money, and all the rest of the material things. But most of all thanks for all the support you gave me over the last four years. And Tommy, thanks for giving me such a good example to follow!
D J E

Thomas R. Criger
Simi Valley
California
Resources Management
Navy Pilot
Cuber

Tom came to us from the beaches of Southern Calif. looking for the "Mellow" life at USNA. Surviving plebe year, despite the best efforts of the war pig, Cubes was ready for the good times of youngster syndrome. 3rd class year found Tom involved with 6-packs, the docks Nellie and an oar. By 2nd class year, Cuber had already punched the coast button for graduation although his grades never reflected it. Actramid brought into question Tom's manuel dexerity as his cover ended up as part of the Severn. At the close of 2nd class year, Tom got the two things he valued most (a fast car and a good woman, vice-versa?). Cubes has his sights set on P-cola and a pilot's seat after graduation. Go rack-beat USNA!



R. Wayne Fairchild
Atlanta
Georgia
Computer Science
Navy Air
Wayno

"Wayno", a nickname known well throughout the brigade. Too bad the administration could never figure that one out for good ole Ralph. Mellow in attitude and nature, but intimidating as ---! In looks, Wayno commanded and got the respect of many throughout his stay at our great university. He was a member of that select group of midshipman who, by means of their own, could attain a 2.8 CQPR. We can attribute that to his being a varsity N-winner crew jock—he was able to improve upon his osmosis study habits after each day of practice. Ralph saw the light in his last year and became one of 24's rookies. Remember 24's p-rade wins only came when Wayno was amongst us on Warden field. Wayno, alias midshipman yoohoo to all his fellow partiers, always justified his relentless chugging of that "action drink" on the athletic field; be that field grass, water, snow . . . . Wayno was always 100 0/0. You could say Wayno had an uncanny ability to analyze our problems and give us the exact solution or reasoning that we needed. And if it weren't for his fantastic building skills, how would we have ever been able to watch Furillo and Davenport in a wardroom transformed out of a ghetto. How about 24's greatest crip and that navy air Billet! Wayno definitely earned that spot on the Navy's team of show boys Everyone keep an eye on Wayno out in the fleet-he will be one of, it not the best, naval aviator to come out of Pensacola in a long time. Wayno was special to all of us, but to one who hopes to be his squadron mate, he was a brother. When the going gets tough, Wayno gets going or says "oh well '
S S B

Robert L. Gross, Jr.

Scotch Plains
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air!
Bonk

No one is really quite sure whether it was 4 years at the Academy which was responsible for Bobby's current condition, or whether it was something that had been brewing for much, much longer. It hardly seems like that such an advance condition as Bobby's could have developed in a mentally well-adjusted individual over the space of only 4 years. But if nothing else, USNA surely accelerated the process

Plebe year the disorder evidenced itself in the attachment of "Ziggy" a small stuffed Ziggy replica, woe indeed to those who threatened Ziggy's existance

Youngster year the symstoms increased. This may have been due to natural causes or perhaps they made Bobby sleep in the reactor room on his sub once too often. It was about this time we noticed Bobby having trouble with the English language, and for the first time considered the possibility that English might be his second language. None of us had a clue as to what his first might be. But he cries of "What the Christ?" kept us all guessing

It wasn't until 2/c year that he aquired the nickname that he had been setting himself up for since early childhood, yes, "Bonkers.' Exploits and zany antics has earned him fame -few people can honestly say they have shot themselves in the head. But Bonk had other claims to fame as well. He did lead the Co. Lightweight football team to 2 winning seasons, one in the playoffs. He did survive Rocket Reed's Heat Transfer class, even without the gouge. He made one hell of a two striper. Thats cut and dry. And as First Lt. he ran a taut ship-insuring everyone striped their racks came laundry day. We're all going to miss Old Bonk, but it's time for him to take his place in the fleet, soaring amoung the clouds, It's about time, his head has been floating up there since we've known him

D B

Kevin T. Hale

Chicago
Illinois
Political Science
Supply Corps
Nicknames to numerous to mention.

The man with a million names arrived at USNA still wet behind the ears from the beautiful lakefront metropolis of Chicago. Any innocence however was quickly snuffed out by Pinhead, Flea, and Embryo head who took to heart Their sacred mission of making li'l ole K.T. in a tough guy (And he is still exhibiting his appreciation to those three examples of studly "real man" midshipman hood by staying far away from them). After a plebe year, made substantially easier by the blessing of T-tables, K.T. came back to Canoe U. Ready to give his all to Navy track only to end up light weight crew and then back on track in a series of moves that had the marking officer baffled. Meanwhile back on the ranch K.T.'s semi-studly academic performance second class year kept him off the weekend list for some time, inevitably though he would land on his feet. As first class year got off to a rousing start K.T. began on the right foot by garnering a black n causing him to spend many a restricting night pondering the mysteries of wires and taps boards, but as long as the light at the end of the tunnel isn't another freight train hope springs eternal in K.T.'s heart.

K.T.H

Robert B. Herzog

Dover
Delaware
Chemistry
Nuclear Power
Rob

Rob, Bob, Zog (never did get his name right!) arrived to Canoe U from the great state of Delaware? Oaklahoma? Washington? (Oh well never did get his state right either). Rob was an "academic stud", he geeked out plebe year and took a break the remaining three years. Rack, rack, and rack were Rob's top three priorities, poor guy, without 15 hours of sleep a day, he couldn't function. His famous magis words, "Oh I don't have a date for the dance" never failed to be disproven. Youngster year, Rob kept busy between "A and B" group, the green bucket, yes of course, the remodeling of Dahlgren Hall's Brick wall!!! Talk about a stud, nobody could out do Rob, whether it was swimming in whites in the Chesapeak Bay or zooming through the Marine Corps marathon (you're welcome for the gloves) yes, he did it all. Rob's love for schooling intensified diring his youngster and Second class year. You could say he became a two school student, and Academy on the weekdays and trinity on the weekends. "Mr. Generous" was Rob's nickname, well at least to Ma Bell. He always seemed to contribute huge sums of money to her. When Rob was not a Trinity, Rob took road trips to New York City. He spent many a days falling in love with "the bib apple". 1/c summer, Rob, sacrificded a west pac 3 for a Y.P cruise. This is where Rob became a lady killer. With the start of first class academic year, Rob forgot his old interest in search for new ones. Let's just say he didn't have to go far. The biggest joke for Rob during the year was becoming academic officer. This actually gave him something to do study hour. Rob has been a great friend. He's always ready to help anybody at anytime. He will be missed by everyone and Rickover's Navy is fortunate to have him

A.M.

Brian Kulick

Edwardsville
Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Kulio

Brian - . Kulick is better known to his classmates as the swimmer. A former resident of Edwardsville, Pa., Brian arrived at USNA with the hopes of being a fighter pilot, only later to learn that pilots do not wear glasses. Deciding plebe year was pretty uneventful, he realized that late night TV was more enjoyable than plebe rates. The next year, Alantic City and its blackjack tables occupied his weekends, including Fridays. Road trips to the Casino city were not uncommon to Brian and his friends whether or not they were on a weekend. These trips truley made for some high risk situations. As the years wore on, Brian missed less and less the comforts of home. He even managed to tell the OOD that studying could not increase a 4.0. First class year brought nuclear roots, plebe detail, the twin, and company commander. He mastered the p-rade sequence the first time out; but, it took three times, or 120 minutes, before Dan E. Forth survived the 40 minute drown. Brian plans to join the ranks of Adm. Rickover and LCDR call-me-Bob; and, after his first successful tour on subs, who knows where this gambling fool will go. We wish Brian the best of luck because we have a feeling that he will need it

M.Q. & T.B.

Mark A. Lavoie
East Hartford
Connecticut
Oceanography
Strategic Weapons
Mark

Mark came to us from NAPS, Well, he was from Connecticut before that but you won't find anyone up there who will admit it.

Plebe year, Mark majored in backgammon and skate guarding and rooted for the Bosox. Being the manager for the hockey team earned him great respect and, more importantly, access to one of the log's highly rated "spots" in the yard. He earned his varsity "M" sweater and wore it proudly whenever he got a chance to go uncovered

Youngster year was more of the same. Mark moved on to bigger and better(?) things. Thanks for organizing the group Alpha and bravo "excursions". Good times to be had by all! He was very proud of his $400 tape deck so we won't mention that the receiver would break down

Junior year (sorry, 2/c) found Mark occupied with M*A*S*H and Star Trek (and Dahlgren of course). His two big loves will always remain his stereo and his red RX-7. We will never find out how he came up with a wife and a bunch of kids during this time.

First class year, Mark began to excel. His second sub cruise and his 3-striper plebe summer job proved once and for all he should have gone to Conn. Seriously, though, we had good times with Mark and he (almost) always took the ribbing in good humor. We send him off to put his finger on the button after tad at Dahlgren Hall. Best of luck, Mark
A.R

Andre Maraoui
West Orange
New Jersey
Physical Science
Surface Line
S.F.

Andre dragged himself away from the ski slope of West Orange N.J. at the end of his high school career to come to the Boat School. Our man Marowski, or is it M-M-M-Maraooooie??, started off his USNA career by being caught with his pants down by his plebe summer squad leader who he affectionately calls "Mom".

Andre gave up a stellar academic career during his youngster year to vigorously pursue his love life. It was here that he had his first true love, a green 1969 mustang fastback. On a more serious note, during this year, S.F. earned not only his nickname, but also a reputation for coming in with consistently less than 15 seconds to taps on saturday nights.

Second class year saw Andre tire of the grind of engineering and his girlfriend for hours on end. No one is really sure what he does over there, but he says that he does his best thinking when he's in the map room with the lights off.

First class year saw our man discover that there really are other colleges in Maryland than USNA- namely Goucher. He has taken to making frequent road trips to uphold the fine reputation of hard-core 24. Andre has decided to spend his upcoming illustrious Naval career as a surface skimmer. Our hope is that he will be as good an officer and leader as he is a friend. Andre is well liked by all- may he always have fair winds and following seas
Robert Herzog (24th Company)

Vincent J. McAneney
Cherry Hill
New Jersey
Physical Science
Marine Air
Vince

Vince came to the Academy from exit 4, New Jersey, otherwise known as Cherry Hill. He was a highly recruited football player out of high school, but a certain defensive back coach had different ideas. He found a home on the 150-lb team, even if his mom did hate to see him so skinny. Always ready for a challenge, Vince then settled down to the task of academics. He made through the hardest year - Second class year - with a little help from his friends. Thanks, Leo, Matt, Bo, Danny,, etc., etc., Vince will be remembered most for his checkered jacket with his punk haircut and ray ban sunglasses. Vinnie was always a great time when we went out - just don't talk about St. Louis, and he's fine. Another one of the boys who raged with Hacksaw Reynolds, Vince had many good times on the boat and at Frannie O's - if only he could remember half of them. No one can say Vinnie didn't like Annapolis though; he spent every summer he could here, visiting the docks and the afterdeck. He was an original member of the ice box until Spike felt the temperature was absolute. Seriously, Vince is the kind of person that makes going to this place worthwhile. He would rarely be in a bad mood, always having something to cheer you up. Vince, the boys can't thank you enough for that. We'll make it through Mac, and we'll have one big party when we do.
Dan

John W. Nelson
Gloucester
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Nuclear Power
Nellie

Amazing! This man from a small fishing town in Mass came to us with an accent as thick as the water in the Severn. Never one to bother learning his plebe rates, Nellie spent many an hour polishing his marching skills. He did however learn at least the third law of the Navy, the hard way. Not the hairiest man around, one of Jawn's biggest moments came when the OOD fried him at watch inspection for not being freshly shaven. (it had been six months!)

A certain blind date youngster year causes him to this day to say "Wendy's, ain't no reason to go anyplace else." Always proud to be a "scientist", Jawn never saw any reason to learn how to spell, and to this day he can't spell his roommate's name. Nellie will forever be remembered as one of "the world's two slowest humans." John professionalized himself 1/c year and, as a result, became a "two stripah." A very friendly chap, Nellie could always be counted on for pistachios, a biting wit, and a horrible singing voice. John's perseverence will be a valuable asset when he enters the silent force. "I may be a Buddah, but I'm a happy Buddah!"

Donald T. Ogram, Jr.
Bel Air
Maryland
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Ogie

After spending one fun-filled year of constant partying and all-around good times as a Bio-Chem major at Johns Hopkins, Don threw his head back, belched and saw the light (actually, it was a reflection from his father's USNA '56 ring.). He made it through plebe summer despite wearing the weirdest eyeglasses ever constructed by human hands. Ogie didn't think it fair that the plebe class not be allowed to drag or drive or wear civies, so whenever he got the chance, he would jump into a girl's car, change, and speed into the night. After a run-in with a certain meche prof (''D'' is for Dynes!), Don switched over to the math-O.A. side of the house. He almost didn't make it through youngster year, and if not for his scrawny roommate and a rather sweet-smelling taxicab, would still be wandering aimlessly near West street. Never one to forget a favor, D.T. compensated his buddy for the hernia and the cab fare by snaking him for the future Mrs. Ogie. 2nd class year, Don could be found either in the barber shop getting his head shaved after losing bets with plebes, or in medical dying of appendicitis, which, for some strange reason, milk of magnesia did not cure

Following graduation, Don will join the silent force, a fitting place for one of ''The World's Two Slowest Humans.'' It's been fun, Don. Fair winds and following seas, godspeed, and all that other navy stuff

Mark A. Quartiere
New York City
New York
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Quartz

Wow! Look at what Queens N.Y. sent to us, a ''fast pitch super star.'' Mark is the only one on the team to give his all to stop a line drive. In fact he gave the first digit of his thumb and the joint underneath. That-a-way hands. Believe it or not hands claims to be an Italian. We don't believe him. Quartiere definitely sounds like French to us. Mark also claims that his dad owns an italian restaurant named the, ''Pizza Bowl.'' Now, first of all, they don't serve pizza; and secondly, they don't have any bowling alleys in the place. Who do you believe? Quartz has always been a practical joker; but his best joke of all was, when he threw his own laundry in the shower. Quartz spent most of second class year writing letters to Frank, building a chimney for Christmas, cooking steaks, and watching Dallas, sometimes in the wardroom Mark can also drive to New York City in less than three and a half hours and brake, smoothly, from 90 to 55 MPH after the fuzzbuster goes off. He also believes that the shoulder can be used as a passing lane in times of need, his need. Even with all these traits we find Quartz a true friend and wish him all the luck in the world. He'll need it on future road trips to the city
B.K. & T.B

Alton F. Readen
Fort Washington
Maryland
Political Science
Submarines
Tony

Somewhere the system gave up on Alton, or was it vice versa? For Alton had his own system, over which he labored until he had it perfected. The basic theory: Find out what the minimum is and set your sights two notches below that. Alton became a pioneer in the realm of minimum standards, and began his long, hard climb to the bottom. He appeared to be an outstanding performer and a promising officer during plebe summer, but, then again, we all were different that first summer. During AC-year Alton discovered some loopholes and exploited them. He found that an S.I.R Chit could prevent the room from ever being inspected and that everyone was tolerant of a person sleeping 22 hours per day if they thought he had mono. Youngster year found Alton with a new roommate Noses may come and ogies may go, but the sen remains the same. Rack Readen now really made a name for himself. Unfortunately, this name was ''Awl-tun.'' Between Thursday-Tuesday debate weekends and his O.A.O. (his rack), Rip Van Readen was seen up and about only from 0100 to 0400. This was also the year of the infamous Indiana road trip. Moral: Nice guys really do finish last. Next came 2/C year and the room with everything (See Sen, Cammy, and Barnhurst, Douggie). 1/C year the heavy metal king went new wave.Playing more bow wow wow than AC/DC must have been a shock for the stereo,but his roommate's moderating influence helped save its transistors, and Buddy Rich played on and on and on and on. But this was the year of the car (and what a car!). Everyone is still dying to see if the first snow will force Tony to leave the T-top on Even if it does, at least the radio finally arrived

Josh L. Rubin
Cherry Hill
New Jersey
Physical Science
Navy Air
Fred

Josh ''Fred'' Rubin came to us from Cherry Hill, New Jersey (exit #4). He was already an old salt when he arrived due to being prior enlisted at NAPS. This didn't help much because he was always laughing at his squad leader This meant none of the rest of us could stop laughing either Josh did have a habit of getting into trouble, but he always had fun getting away with it. There were numerous recons and chases by Jimmylegs while Josh was a midshipman. It is lucky for Josh that he became a good runner while here, otherwise he would have spent many weekends restricting. Once plebe year started we never saw much of Josh again. Rumors of his disappearance centered around sailing. If he wasn't earning his letter, he was winning medals in some other country, earning money teaching little kids how to sail, or conducting Rubin enterprises (0709.11/3000). There was also a story that he had become a geek, but that is still to incredible to believe. The truth finally came out second class year when he drove up in his new Trans Am The beautiful blond in the passenger seat had a ring on her finger and a ring through his nose, but he wasn't complaining. Josh seems to have gotten alot out of his years here, but he gave alot also. His friendship and sense of humor will be things we all miss. We wish you luck in Navy Air Josh, just let us get out of the way before you start flying under bridges-Yabaadabbaadooo!
R W

Earl A. Schendell
Shelby
North Carolina
Political Science
NFO
The Pearl

Earl found his way to Canoe U. through all the backroads North Carolina had to offer. The Pearl delved into plebe summer with all the gusto of half a Rocky Marciano His boxing prowess earned him the "honor" of squaring every corner with a resounding "Muhammad Ali, sir!" despite all his extra marching practice with the dawn patrol, Earl never could seem to master all that "left-right-left" stuff. Unlike many mids, E.A. had a very exciting and event-filled youngster year. After losing a fight with the "NPQ maker," Earl looked for a waiver. Being a non-conformist from the words "study time," The Pearl disproved the old saying, "Poli Sci, QPR high " Rather than study, E.A. would "Earl about," going unnoticed for hours, only to reappear when the call for "Iowa!" went up

Never one to hide his anger, The Pearl's footprint could be found on many a locker door. Earl was a courteous young fellow, as evidenced by a letter of apology to a local cab driver following a tragic adventure upon which he and his hairy roommate had embarked

The Pearl could always be counted on to lend aid where needed, and is a good friend never to be forgotten. You just can't get rid of it

Cameron A. Sen
Chester
New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Cam

Cameron A. Sen came to us with little more than a swamp tape and a year's supply of Baklava He was influenced so much by his plebe summer roomate that he strove to be like him and did, in fact, eventually become him (without glasses, thank God). He excelled as a plebe, thanks in large part to the mother-like leadership of Jeery. Cam's temporary lack of confidence in Navy was quickly remedied and his musical background enhanced ("we come from uva" . . .). Later, this phrase would take on new meaning for group bravo. This year was also the beginning of "fun with coat hangers" and numerous engineer-like contraptions that included blank "mechanisms", rocket launchers, a scrub brush safety device for "the Frig", and many door contraptions.

Youngster year was no different. The Indiana road trip showed him two can live as separately as one (don't forget the horse) Second class summer found Cam to be the first person ever to be inspected by the now famous 2ndLT Myers That was topped only by indulging in whack-a-mole.

Now comes the fun stuff of 2/c year: "the room with everything" We took his sister's friends to a dance even after we saw their pictures, that's how much we were willing to do for Cammy How could we ever forget "sound effects panic", weekend posters, study atmosphere (rules 1-3 in effect), waiting patiently in the dark for plebe taps, or matching soap dishes

Midn 1/c Sen had it all together, especially in Georgetown ("good luck with your work"). He finally got the brass duck and squeaky pig for which he had long been striving. FCA presdents' rooms should be spared nothing. We send Cam off to be a one-eyed F14 pilot and hope he enjoys F-2's. We won't forget you or your dougie
A.F.R.

Dixon R. Smith
Lake Oswego
Oregon
Physical Science
Surface
Dix

Uncle Dixon comes to us from Connecticut/Oregon. Dix soon learned the ropes and became the only plebe on first class rates, so he thought! A true nad who always believed anything above a 2.0 was wasted. Dixon's only fear of USNA was the barber shops, so he opened his own. Spring breaks found Dixon on the slopes where Hosezilda took him to and fro and kept him warm in between. Uncle Dixon's true love was sailing whether it be Dinghy's or offshore, forced or voluntary. Your a true champion and friend, good luck, thanks for the trim and remember always pal . . . go-nads
R.H

Susan M. Smola
Anchorage
Alaska
Physics
Unrestricted Line
"Sweet Sue"

"Smoley" always wanted to be an astronaut; so, she entered the Naval Academy and became the only female Physics major in her class. An Air Force brat, she came to mother 'B' with tapeworms in her stomach and dirt in her mouth. Her appetite could put football players to shame, but she still looks like a toothpick. No wonder she never passed the mile until her Youngster year . . . The winds from the Chesapeake kept holding her back. (the drafts in the field house are incredible!) However, she realized her "Snickers" and "Gummy bears" were over when someone "zoomed" in on the "target". One thing Sue never ate but should have was soap. Compared to her roomate, "Smoley" considered herself worldly. That's why on her 1/c cruise she found herself in a boatswainmate's cabin innocently admiring his leather work. A lingering touch on the knee made her grow up fast. Sticky situation? Not for "Sweet Sue"! She tells the guy he can't do that. "I'm a midshipman!" Some of us could benefit from such professionalism. Sue could always be seen correcting mids' papers or dragging sleepy flips out of the rack at the 10 minute chow calls. We'll be thinking of you when we gaze up at the stars. If you ever have to "abandon rocket" remember the tower jump . . . cross your legs, arms at your side . . . and this time don't look down!
V.T.G.V

Matthew G. Stapleton
Barrington
Rhode Island
Political Science
Supply Corps
Whitey

Mr Cynic-, Stapes came to us from that small country of Rhode Island via the Peddie School. While at Peddie, Matt and the Goomba from the island wrote a new definition of the word rage. Once at the University of Navy he occupied a lot of time trying to find a local girl- like real local! After a few unsuccessful flings, he turned his attention to the real reason he came here—hockey. However, as hockey is a physical sport, Stapes had one nagging injury that cut down on his ice time-his grades. Yet Matt never let his academic progress cloud his witty and neverending sarcasm. His uncanny ability to find humor in the most depressing moments was an inspiration to us all. As it turned out, Matt got the last laugh and will be chuckling all the way to Athens where he'll be flying his LWD. Good luck Matt, the rest of the ICEBOX will miss you
D.E. & R.B

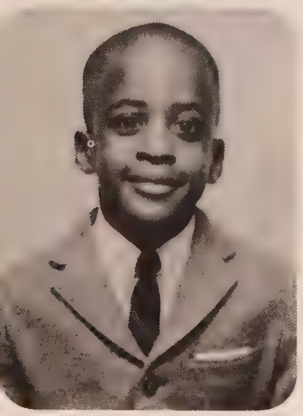
Valerie T. Villanueva
Quezon City,
Philippines
Oceanography
Surface Line
"Villawuba"

"Villawuba" has one of the warmest hearts and shortest pair of legs in hard core 24. She has been a source of inspiration to many people and can be seen "shooting the breeze" with anyone at any time of the day or night. You name it and Valerie has done it- - -changing majors (a smart move since she can't spell), gymnastics, karate, jumping out of airplanes, scuba diving, company fastpitch, volleyball, tennis, and the list goes on and on. She finally got her chance to be seen when she marched in one of the squadleader slots during p-rades. Even though Val would get lost in a group of midgets, she makes up for it in her quickness. She's been known to challenge male classmates in the O-course and win and she could often be seen darting up to her room at the ten minute chow-call for a "quickie" (shower) and still make it to formation on time. At times some of us wish that her mind would work just as fast (or maybe we're lucky that it doesn't)! Val came to mother "B" so naive that she needed a mit to catch everything that went over her head. Once, when a male classmate entered her room before knocking, she stood behind a plant thinking that it would cover her vital parts. According to him it covered everything that she had. When asked out for dates on a Saturday night, she was always doing her laundry???? Val sees the Surface Navy in her future but gets seasick at the thought of getting underway. We will miss her and her antics very much. Hard core wishes her the best of the seven seas.
S.M.S

Wayne K. Weir
Lakeland
Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Wayne

Wayne came to the U.S. Drill Institute and Military Industrial College from beautiful sun-basked Michigan, after a fateful four year pit stop at Culver Military Academy. Wayne's proclivity to speak his mind resulted in an inordinate amount of the firsties attention being focused his way. But, Wayne pulled through with few permanent scars as he coasted off a 3.4 plebe year. Life became a tad more interesting Youngster and Second class year as the evil mech department ganged up on our hero with dynes, strengthes and other various and assorted QPR busters; however, Wayne remained an "Aero" despite their efforts. Second class year also brought about the ubiquitous Susan and a N star as gymnastics manager.

After a fun-filled summer in the tropic mountains of Hawaii for a Marine option and three weeks of the urban pleasure dome of Columbus, Ga. for airborne, Wayne was more than ready for Annapolis, where he could get back to more pressing matters, such as his next Aero project, and at last sighting he was beating on the computer and baying at the moon



Leo W. Williams II
Muncie
Indiana
Math-Operations Analysis
Civil Engineering Corps
Astro

From . . . NAPS 1979, plebe summer, I-day, 12 hours late, 838256, #6213, Mr. Porter, Japanese torpedos, Bo's wake-up calls, tatro catch, spit-on-lip sealawyer, bagging pep, walking-talking skull, bad rates, Jewish orioles conference, regimental comearound, a "finger-biting" experience, 7' ¼" record, plebe year, #4355, Flea, Embryo, canvas back-dewey-tree trunk-MHP-webster, Pin-head, weeknight cook-ins, 3 on 1 get togethers, football pep-rally wars, Colvin's hideout, streaking, Army, last JFK, Vince taking Kathi home, Christmas, TV, what shall we watch tonight?, Naval Architecture, Detroit, Cobo Hall, All-American, quarters update on Porter's graduation, M's rainy relays, Herndon, IC4A's-7'3", '80 graduation, Eugene, olympic trials 12th, cruise, Charleston, U.S.S. Garcia, 28 days, youngster year, Math-Operations Analysis, #4350, tree trunk and Willie Wonka, 1st Atlantic City, Chuck's on time ride, resorts, 1/c CDO greeting, Army, Vet, Batt Jam, Ted's hole-in-the-wall, poached eggs, 1st Stones beating-7'3", world leading Eastman-Kodak jump-7'4 ¼", Puma, #4364, Vince & Me, 2 inch sign, J.O.'s Irish A.C. luck, Mindy's breakfast, win at Westpoint, Detroit record leap-7'5 ¼" A.C., B.B. delusion, "row talks", penn cold fold, steak and eggs, '81 graduation, Baton Rouge win, actramid-jump summer, Sacramento visit, U.S. National team, Lenningrad, Helsinki, Bucarest, "Astro", sing-a-gram, Syracuse, London, Budapest, London, fashion show-dance . . . Pearl, Pisa, London, *Rebirth*!!!, Gothenburg, Varnamo, Malmo, Herzogenaurach . . . Puma, 2/c year, #4366, voice of Navy X-country, October L.A. visit, Dallas' Afton- upclose and personal, Dan & Mindy's place, whole wheat pizza, Ryan's cheeses, Lauri and life, mysterious Christmas guest, 516 nuthouse, parent test, full approval, Toronto, world record H.H. - Skeets got the cot, New York diamond, Army loss but 7'5 ¾" win, Silverdome record 7'5 ¾", Leo and Dixon's barber shop, Texas loan service, llyyyoooid, M's Cherry Hill treat, hot penn fold, Monty gets slapped, wires gift, 3-diamond ring, car loan, '82 graduation, B.Y.U. - 7' 6 ¼" . . . 4th, U. of T. - 7' 4 ½" . . 5th, 1/c cruise, U.S.S. flint, California connection, homestate jump, Dad's first college meet, another Dwight win, Helsinki, Gothenburg, Malmo, London, Pearl, Eurorail, Bern, Magglingen, Herzogenaurach, London, Dwight's missing night, cologne, firstie year, dreary beginnings, lost friends, more A.C., David "card shark" poker, Audi 4000, youes guy's hamburgs, A.R. ?, W.R.?, '83 graduation!!!, to: . . . . . . '84 olympics!
L.W.W. II

Robert B. Woods
Arlington
Virginia
Political Science
Navy Air
Ratey

Bob ''Ratey'' Woods came to us after two years of college at Tufts university so he was already smarter than all of us? After we were able to tell him from his brother Mark, we realized that a great guy Bob was. His nickname, ''Ratey,'' stemmed from Bob's habit of being a sweat, though at times he spoke his mind. A good example of this was plebe year when he quite verbally informed a second class in his squad that she was incorrect about his grease. Bob never let upperclass stand in his way plebe year as he was quite the ''recon'' artist. In the span of one week he proceeded to ruin a youngster's room with a shaving cream bomb and to dump a bucket of water on one of the ''larger'' first class while she was asleep. By the end of plebe year Bob had distinguished himself in many ways.

For Bob's first three years he was an avid member of the crew team. Bob was also one of the company leaders in both grades and performance. In fact, he liked celestial navigation so much that he decided to take it twice. When Bob became an upperclass we finally persuaded him that a Chevette was not a fitting car for a-mid, so much to his father's dismay he bought a TR-7.

Bob's elegibility for crew ran out so he decided to come out of his ''shell'' and be an elegible bachelor. He also was company sub-commander for the first semester. Those two stripes looked good along with his buds and airborne pins that he had earned over the previous two summers. All in all, Bob was a great part of our company, as we are sure he will be in the fleet.

HARDCORE TWENTY-FOUR

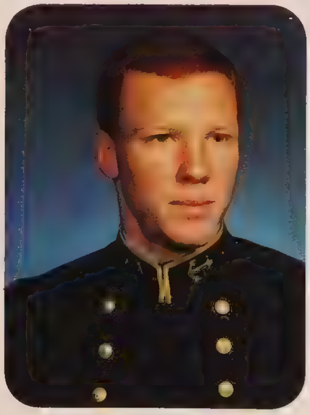
David J. Bartholomew, Jr.
Medfield
Massachusetts
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Bart

When Dave was young he had the misfortune of living in Annapolis and his fate was sealed ever since. While he was going through Plebe summer, Dave was already making plans to procure a brand new vette. His dream car didn't quite make it because he bought a chevette in his Second Class Year

During his First Class Year, Dave was the drug and alcohol awareness officer due to his vast experience gained at Rudy's.

Dave has had many girlfriends during his stay at Annapolis, but he has managed to elude them all in the end, or is it the other way around? Whether in the hall, out in town, or on the sports field, Dave was never known to be short of enthusiasm. In fact, Bart left many of us wondering if he would ever slow down. When it came to conversation, Bart was never short on words, although at times we wish he were. It has been rumored that all you need to do to pass word in the brigade was to tell Bart

When Dave first came to the academy he wanted to be a jet jockey, but when the eyes went he decided the Nuc bonus would come in handy when he finally bought that new car. We've got to hand it to him though, he stuck it out First Class Year with a Marine roomate. We hope Bart will never lose his enthusiasm for what he does and wish him all the luck in the world



Michael Beall
Houston
Texas
Mathematics
Marine Corps
Red

We can all remember when Mike wanted to be a nuke, but then our nuke co was replaced by a marine, and Mike became hard corps, much to the betterment of his class rank. Now that the marine has been replaced by a woman . . . . . . few people realize how physically fit Mike is; he is awesome. Since the corps didn't issue him a woman, he always had plenty of money for his vices: SOF, knives and running shoes Red surprised everyone by maintaining a high QPR while spending most of his nights either in the wardroom or in the rack. In all seriousness, Mike will make a fine general someday- if he always remembers to keep his helmet on. If we can pick out that head at a Forrestal lecture- it will be mighty hard to disguise in the bush
TJC

David A. Brooks
Lawrenceville
Illinois
Oceanography
Navy Air
Lizard

Brooksie came to us from the thriving metropolis of Lawrenceville, Ill., reporting on time as usual (three days late) sporting a silly grin. Dubbed the ''rock lizard'', he quickly settled into an academic year routine of backgammon after taps and basketball

Eluding the Glute was a major goal; it wasn't easy when he was always caught in the shower Youngster year brought more basketball and more to Tena. Most of his free time was spent as a referee for the Gaff and the Troll

Second Class Year brought in the Wingwang, whose amazing rack abilities soon rubbed off on Dave. Inspiration from the 151 Club led to a fine Second Class Year, both on and off the floor Especially to be remembered were the round trips to Ocean City and Florida

First Class year led to more fine road trips, especially to Air Force, where Brooksie lost his cookies. Graduation will lead to a June wedding and then on to P-cola and the fun of Navy air

Brooksie will always carry with him the best wishes of the boys of the 151 club and of 6224
Never forget Sigma Mu Delta forever!
The Gaff
MD

Catherine R. Brown
Wadsworth
Ohio
Ocean Engineering
Aircraft Maintenance Duty Officer
Spike

She came here from Wadsworth Ohio and all we knew about her was that her brother called her Spike. No one knew quite what a ''spike'' was but after they met Cathy no one could forget Her Cherubic looks and her innocent ''who me?'' provided a good front but then came youngster cruise . . . The thrill of the high seas and all those other thrills. Cathy tried settling down for a while doing her best at becoming an engineer, but summer came again and Cathy came back to life 2/c summer she checked out the Marines, the black shoes, and the aviators, but a week with the Navy divers was all she needed. Remember swim call at the escape tank, after hours? How 'bout the Mar Bar where you played body guard for Lisa? YP cruise and our call sign Bravo Four Spike? We admired your hot car second class year but then again so did the gate guard Really, we didn't mind driving you outside the 2 mile limit first class year. Cathy took it upon herself to conduct a unique survey during her four years here We all wish we had your talents, but when you picked up one in a skirt we did have second thoughts. Some of our fondest memories were made with you and this is from the heart, we love you very much. Did you win the $1000 bet?
B L & M

John C. Butler
Carmel
California
History
Navy Air
Johnny B

John sailed through four years at the Naval Academy without much real effort. He spent the majority of his time away from the company; weekends on movement orders, afternoons at practice, and evenings who knows where.

A master of the art of procrastination, the pitter-patter of his typewriter keys could often be heard well into the a.m. But John always found time to write to a dozen or so girls every weekend, of course he saved on postage because half of them went to Captains Row. Although the History Department filled his willing brain with alot of liberal nonsense, John still had more than his share of friends. John's ambition is to wear the Wings of Gold and we all know he will wear them with distinction.

JE

Timothy J. Carrigan
Bowie
Maryland
Physical Science
Navy Air
Gooner

Tim is a local boy who stayed close to home for the obvious reason, that he couldn't find another girl anywhere else who was tall enough. After a year of civilian college Tim never took life at the uncollege too seriously which made for some interesting problems during his stay here. He probably had more dates during plebe year than the firsties. Tim studied hard and was a great asset to the 25th Co. and the brigade. We will always remember Tim for his car, his friendship and his nose. Without a doubt Tim is the model aviator and he will be a great success at everything he does.

Jane F. Daane
Sugar Grove
Illinois
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Jane came to E-Z 25 from the 18th Company giving her the record of being in the color company for three of her four academy years. That's not the only record she's attained. Since she also spent four years on the women's crew team, she claims she spends a record number of hours soaking wet. But rowing is fun, right? Of course Jane was quickly introduced to Capt. Eaton's definition of "conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline"- by the way, what is Marine Corps cuddling?

Surface line may be mighty fine, but Jane has her sights set high on Navy Air, so its up up and away as a Rotorhead. No biggie, her head has always been in the clouds anyway.

She hates Mondays and almost lost Jellybean to the infamous USNA laundry, but she will succeed because she knows she can. Naval Aviation may never be the same, but then neither will we. Thanks for three great years and the horse they rode in on.

CB

ACADEMY CREW

Mark E. Davis
Warminster
Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power, Submarines
Gaff

The "Gaff" came to us from Warminster, Pa. the only mid to have his own clone for a company officer. Moondust, John Frye, and K-K-Kelsh prepared him for obscurity youngster year, which found the Gaff trying to recover from the influence of the Lizard and the Troll, it also found him in the company of giants- on the basketball court and on the rugby field. The wrath of Capt. R. helped to make Gaff an integral member of the EMBC. Refusing to become another wriststrong, Gaffer would not allow E.F. to interfere with his two favorite activities- racking and weekends. Second Class year led to 6224 and the Lizard and Wirgwarg, five weeks on the Riviera prepared him and his liver for the massive abuse it would receive First Class Year (love those roadtrips!) Sub-Commander Gaff enters the silent-but-deadly service with the best wishes from the boys of E-Z 25. Always remember . . . Sigma Mu Delta forever!

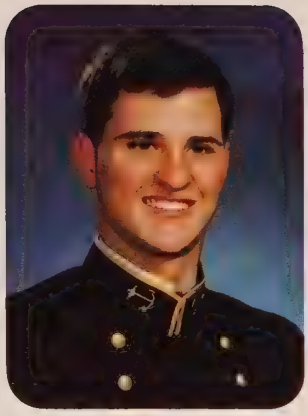
PP

Archibald S. Dunn
Mission Viejo
California
Economics
Nuclear Power
Master Chief

Arch came from that sunny haven in CA., and as one would expect, he was never a "regulation stickler" or load sweater. But he was the king of humor. Almost everyone who has met him would conclude that he was the funniest man they have ever met. His ability to make people laugh was all-encompassing. As the master of the tongue-in-cheek humor, Arch could torment people to no end. As the ruler of sick, perverted humor, he could stun, astound or sicken you with his vivid explanations.

As for his women, only God knows them all (certainly he doesn't). I've had many an adventure in drunken stupors with Master Chief Dunn. We'll never forget the special OPS in the Eastport woods, the boat OPS at the marina, car PMS and various other times we can't even remember. As a Mid, Mr. Bemho was quite involved in extracurricular activities. He was an active member of the Rockford, S.M.D. and S.M.F.C. Clubs. He sure was a "spirited" person to support Gubes, Wags and Navy ball.

I'm quite sure he will be an asset to the fleet in the Nuclear Navy- when he's sober! For under constant knowledge, you openly understand. Here's to all those sober weekends spent at the Academy -on duty- maybe.
JG



Joseph G. Ebert
Abington
Pennsylvania
Operations Analysis
Navy Air
Jober

A man of many tastes, good and bad, Joe, a blower from way back dedicated most of his time at Canoe U to D&B. He has made many sacrifices as a result. This is evident in his grade point average as he was no stranger to academic probation. Joe's academic prowess was only exceded by his luck with women. He has run into every imaginable lady problem, to which he blamed his drinking habits. Drinking turned him in the direction of a local girl, who we called "Killer", but we are not allowed to mention that.

We are, however allowed to talk about his athletics. He played JV tennis for 2 years, and was the fieldball star and coach. But Joe always sweat come mile and struggle time. His many ECA's included the Rockford Club and the Archie Bunker Club. Everyone always knew where to find Joe late at night-in the Wardroom. But Joe will be best remembered for his moral contribution to the 25th, As his quick wit and sick humor were never lacking.
TC

Michael J. Eddy
Beloit
Wisconsin
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Horse

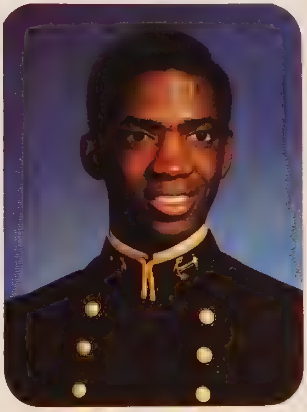
Coming from that distant state of Wisconsin, Mike hails from the bar town of Beloit. Now to see Mike today is not to really known the man. Big man is really what I mean. You see Mike entered USNA as a mellow blob of 210 pounds. But then the impossible happened as he shed 67 pounds over Plebe summer. The true reason behind Mike's weight loss is probably not exercise, but the fact that he was separated from mom's cooking. Luckily Mike recieved numerous chow packages from home, and soon mom's cooking skills were known throughout the company

Grades were Mike's field, as he always could find some way to squeeze the A's out of the prof's. I guess a little apple shining never hurt. On the subject of Mike's military attitude, Mike's company off. once was heard to say that Mad Dog had a better bearing and appearance

Mike's most noted feature was his ability to be milked for the gouge. It can be truthfully stated that probably more than one AERO engineer in 83 has borrowed his share of the milk from the cow. Finally Mike still claims to have lived here in the seafood capital for four years and never ate any of that "fish" food. Best wishes at P-cola and maybe you'll get your wish and end up in space

Michael J. Edmondson
Euclid
Ohio
Political Science
Marine Corps
Mike

Wonder Mike came from Baltimore city
Handsome, smart, and also witty
He ran cross-country, he ran varsity track
But quit and said "Cantello, get off my back"
Company b-ball and football were his thing
He had so many talents, if only he could sing
Mike was the practical joker and that's not all
When he scared Bo, Bo jumped through the wall
Mike is the coolest guy in the company
And it's not just because he's so funny
He's a good man in every way
And that's how he'll always stay
WTH



Jack B. Giessner
Cherry Hill
New Jersey
Physics
Nuclear Power
Hooks

Chief Giessner, lay to the quarterdeck! S.M.F.C. you workers! Who could forget the words of the Professor? Jack spent most of his time at USNA helping others pass and still kept on pulling a 4.0. This still makes the sweathorse quite jealous to be sure. When Hooks was not doing a woody torque or breaking jaws in Dahlgren Hall, he could usually be found in his physics lab . showing the 'tank' what he was doing wrong! Although Jack understood the Unified Field Theory (would you like that in Greek or Arabic?), he was more than just the top scholar. After all, he did try to throw Wingnut out the window at Dam Neck? Biologists refer to his breed as Porifera Alkoholis

Jack's favorite song for driving was 'The Trees' by 'The Police'. (From New Jersey, right?) He also was fond of the talking heads of lettuce, swine and COQ. While most of us were drowning in the sea of Academia, Jack was firmly lashed to a barstool advocating "timely drinking to oblivion"

Jackson was as active in the brigade as he was in the campus. Hooks was a knight of the Rockford, a member of the E.A.C. and played a pretty shrill solo on his sax. Those human Dagwoods! We all knew the Professor was a nukey; we did not know if he could get through his interviews without calling someone illiterate

Above all else though, Jack was an honest and good friend to all of us. Anyone with a favor to ask knew that they could count on the Hooks to lend a hand, if it was not around a beer or a book of advanced physics theory. No one will forget the NASAP kid for quite a long time!! Good luck to you Jack, and remember- S.M.F.C.!! As do I, It will be ready in a minute, boys!

Daniel C. Hahne
Coronado
California
Physical Science
USMC Air
Dan

After living in nearly every Navy town in the world, Dan Hahne stormed the Naval Academy, bringing with him a charismatic personality which affected nearly everyone he met. Academically, Dan recognized that Naval architecture would be a great obstacle on the road to graduation and smartly joined the PHI-SCI fraternity. After climaxing a years worth of sailing by taking "Astral" across the Atlantic and back for youngster cruise, Dan got serious and started playing some real sports: soccer, fieldball, and rugby

Whether it be the physics department secretaries, or high endurance weekend runs to Durham, N.C to see "anybody's", there always seemed to be a girl somewhere in the picture On the military side of the house, Dan led the company both as Company Commander, and as honor rep

Despite all these activities, it will be Dan's personality that everyone will remember. His warmth, sincerity, enthusiasm and his desire to look you right in the eye is what Dan has been all about at Navy. So, as he leaves one hard-skating team for the lean green team, he takes everyone's best wishes with him
DTP

Karlheinz Heimerl
Point Pleasant Beach
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface Warfare
Karl

Karl hails from that poor maligned state of New Jersey. He came to the states from Germany when he was a small lad. Why his family settled in Jersey we'll never know. In high school, Karl excelled in varsity soccer, was the class salutatorian and was an eagle scout. When he came to the Academy Karl was a very shy person; he led a sheltered life up to that point

He was ranked #1 after Plebe summer, but has gone steadily down ever since. This was due to the influence of his worldly roomates during Plebe year. Karl was the last person we expected to bite the bullet, because his high school dates could have been counted on one hand. But low and behold after he dated his first girl, set up by Bart, he ended up engaged. He has kept many a roomate up late due to his habit of beginning to study at a late hour everynight The organizer of those famous "barn" parties, Karl has been known to party hard and often. Especially one Sunday evening when he thought he could do better on an exam with a slight "buzz" on. As Karl progressed through the academy his part slowly shifted from the side to the middle, much to the dismay of our Marine Company Officer Remembering about the fluids exam the morning of the exam really helped Karl keep up that impressive QPR

The firsties are quite pleased with the progress they have made on our friend. In closing, the boys from 25 would like to wish the best of luck to that great pair Mary and Karl for we know they'll do great
KLJ

Warren T. Hicks
Portsmouth
Rhode Island
Oceanography
Surface Line
Hickbo

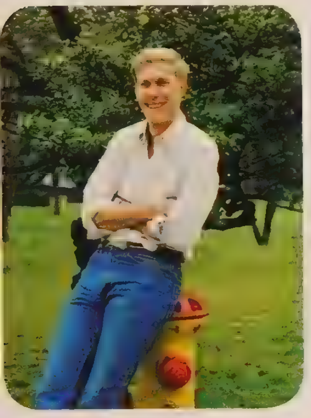
From Rhode Island there once came
to The Academy this man with four names
Warren, Hickbo, Terry, or Bo
Which one do we call him, does anybody know?
This man was big, yet quick and agile
He could even beat 'Hurricane' Rubin in the P.E. mile
He came to The Academy with aspirations of being a star
However, he bagged his way to the rank of M.I.R
He was intelligent and outgoing indeed that's a fact
But only I knew the weird things he said and did when asleep in the rack
I am his roommate and I know him as a blunder
But to everyone else, he will always be 'Chocolate Thunder'
MJE

Kevin L. Jones
Elgin
Illinois
Math
Naval Flight Officer
Old Man

We still don't know why Kevin came to the Naval Academy but the boys from 25 are certainly glad he did. He had a quiet aura about him and sometimes you wouldn't realize he was around if it were not for the shinny dome on his head (it is rumored that the only reason Kevin did not go Marine Corps is because he would lose what little hair he had left). As a math major Kevin did quite well, which is still a puzzle to most of us. Kevin was notorious for starting things he never completed (i.e. karate, 150's, scuba club, and going to the head) but when Kevin put his mind to something he was unstoppable

He was an enthusiastic athlete despite his injuries and helped lead the 25th company fieldball team to a brigade championship title. He even succeeded in being one of the rare breed of Midshipmen to hold on to the same girlfriend through 4 years at the academy

All in all, Kevin was the perfect model of a Midshipman. When he was not in the rack, he was budgeting his time between partying and deciding what he could do to get out of marching the next semester, but don't think of oldie as one to shy away from action, as a particular experience in California proves. (Why would Brad want to claim to be you anyway). As a roomate Kev was the greatest and all the firsties in 25 wish him and Lori the best of luck in the future
KH



Christopher J. Kelly
Willingboro
New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Bitch

Chris came to the Naval Academy for a very good reason, his father is retired army and Chris knew he could do better than that. Chris has had the same two roommates all four years here and we were all glad to have him with us in EZ-25. Chris' house in Jersey is a regular stop for rolls and beer when we head north for Army

Chris, being a true Irishman, has never been drunk as long as he could hold onto one blade of grass and keep from falling off the face of the earth. But don't start thinking Chris is all play and no work. Chris is a Systems Engineer and works very hard when it's absolutely necessary. Chris originally wanted to fly, but Second Class year they gave him a Visa Card and he ended up having to go nuke so he could pay his bill

On the sports field Chris was an intermural jock. He was known as the ''flying bones'' on the soccer field, and he still holds a record for being thrown out of more fieldball games than any Mid in history. Chris was a member of Plebe detail and helped fix a mistake on the Dahlgren Hall clock. He was also one of the detail's ''famous fourteen.'' Remember guys, they can't fry all of us. All in all it's been great having Chris with us, and we all look forward to seeing him again in the Nuclear Navy
DTW

Joseph F. King Jr.
Hampton
Virginia
Oceanography
Navy Air
Kinko

Joe came to us from Hampton, Virginia. While at the Academy he excelled in company sports, karate, and modesty. Kinko is the lead singer of the ''Walking Heads,'' and co-president of the 151 club. With all of these activities, one might think it hard to have time for anything else. This is not the case with Joe. He always has time for his friends and for ''Blondie'', but mostly ''Blondie''

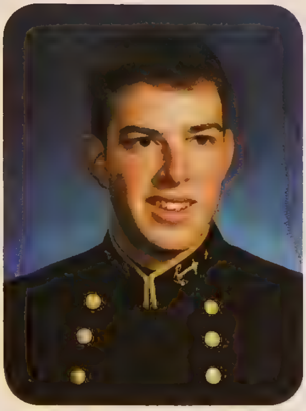
Joe became tired of the name Kinko and was considering the name ''Mr. Frank.'' It is still up in the air as to which one he prefers. We wish him the best of luck in this decision

One thing Kinko is set on is Navy Air. 25th company sends their best wishes to Pensacola with Joe, where he will continue to excell
DAS

Kevin J. McCarthy
Costa Mesa
California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power, Submarines
Kev

Kevin came running from Costa Mesa to Canoe U from the land of beige beaches and gorgeous southern California women (we wonder why). This astounding Mid settled right in with a cool, level headed attitude that made cruising at high speed, through academics look easy. It's not every day a Marine 'E' major comes back to his room saying, ''I got nuked.'' then pull a 95 on the test. We finally got Kev to suffer in silence

After 2 years of not-much-fun working for Rickover, Kev met Nancy. Finally Kev figured that he didn't need the 4.0, still get good grades, have a great weekend and continue to hit the rack by 11 pm weeknites. Oh boy! After 1/c summer, Kev was asked, ''Mac, did you give away any rings?'' ''No, just a promise ring.'' ''Promise ring? What's that?'' ''An I-promise-to-get-you-a-bigger-ring, ring.'' ''Amazing.'' But what was really amazing was how this knock kneed, sway backed, bowlegged Mid could run. Especially for the four year 5th batt. x-country dynasty. After being accepted to the order of the bubble heads, we wish Kev and Nancy the smoothest of seas on their course ahead



John P. Miller
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
U.S.M.C.
J.P.

"Gettem outta here!"

Lawrence P. Molloy
Baltimore
Maryland
Computers
Navy Air
Chip

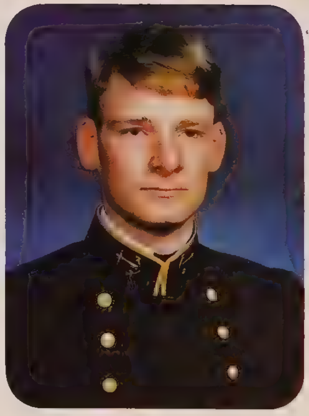
Chip was one of two guys in the company who decided to go away to school. He packed up his bags on July 6th 1979 and drove the 45 minutes to USNA with about ten friends and relatives in tow. For the next 40 weekends Chip could be seen hopping into a car at 1211, only to reappear magically at 2359, with at most 10 seconds to spare untill taps. All of us are familiar with the sponsor program here at the Academy. Well Chip found out early how good a deal that really could be. Sponsors? Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan. Qualifications? One good looking daughter, who now wears a diamond on her finger and is scheduled to be one of 83's first June week brides. Way to go Wendy!

Chip wrestled on the varsity squad for his first 2 years at the Academy, but didn't receive his 'N Letter' until he switched to Navy's 150lb football team where his talents were finally recognized. Being a computer major, Chip had alot of free time on his hands but never fear, he could always be found between classes or after practice, in the rack, putting this free time to good use. None of us are sure how he managed to pull through here with above a 3.0. Maybe there is something to osmosis!

It wasn't often when Chip went out with the guys instead of Wendy but it was always, to say the least, interesting when he did. We were all very impressed by his 'solution' to the problem of bathroom lines at the local bar. He also found out that 'Uncle Visa' makes a good get out of jail free card, at least until the bill comes. Inspite of the fact that this man has 'done time', we all loved having him in the company and wouldn't have wanted him anywhere else.
BV

David T. Pearson
Bass River
Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Line
Eli

Dave came to Annapolis from Cape Cod, Massachusetts and brought with him the concept of new liberalism. It took a while to figure out what he was saying because he has a strange way of pronouncing words like car and chowder. Dave soon made many friends, however, because of his endless good spirit and desire to have fun, he picked up the name 'Eli the ISCE man". Always known for his coolness and enthusiasm, Dave and his unusual laugh will be remembered always by the fellow members of the 151 club and we wish him good luck in all that he does.



Kevin Peterson
Lewistown
Illinois
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Pete

Pete hails from Lewistown, Illinois with a brief stop in the working Navy. Fine definition rack burns can often be seen covering Pete's body which clearly illustrates his stance on studying. Despite Pete's natural attraction to the rack, he has maintained a respectable QPR at USNA. Well rested, well tested seems to work well for Pete.

When Pete isn't sleeping he has proved to be an unfailing source of the dirt. If Pete doesn't know about it, then either the dirt isn't true or it isn't worth knowing about. Our grim reaper can often be seen slinking through the halls of Bancroft anxious to recieve and diseminate the dirt. You'll find plenty of dirt in the Marine Corps and Pete aims to spread his hatred and discontent by flying for the USMC.
KR

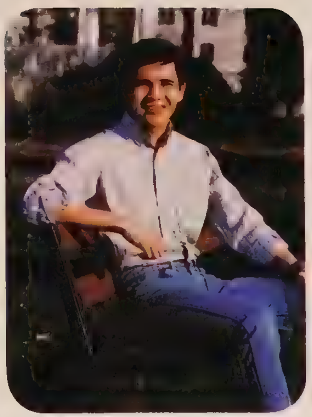
Patrick F. Protacio
Woodbridge
Virginia
Math
Navy Air

Patrick, the invisible man from Woodbridge, Va., the only man who could sleep between the sheets without causing wrinkles, weathered the Plebe year trials of rooming with Kirwad and Epstein. After the early departure Patrick found himself living with the "Stomper", an experience he will never forget. Youngster year found Patrick running at the back of the pack. Patrick managed to rack his way through Second Class Year, yet still led 6224 with an inspirational 2.24 The Gaff and the Lizard appreciated and benefitted from the fine example Pat set, especially concerning the times when Pat "bought the Buick" in his rack and in the sixth wing parking lot

First Class Year chow packages led to increased popularity. Road trips and skiing won't be forgotten

Patrick, on his way to P-cola and the thrills of Navy Air, carries with him the best wishes of the boys of E-Z 25, the 151 Club, and 6224. Never forget . . . Sigma Mu Delta forever!

MED



Gary R. Reeves
Colorado Springs
Colorado
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air/Pilot
Hank

Gary came all the way from Colorado to join the ranks of 25th Company. Hank excelled in academics yet very seldom sacrificed a weekend for studies. Being a member of the "Walking Heads", the "151 Club", and the "Ducks" kept him busy during the week but left him plenty of time for weekend excursions. It will be a long time before Hank forgets about Diana or Kelly, two charming young ladies that he met. Yes, Gary will always hold these memories along with those gained in Ocean City. Who could ever forget that experience? Certainly not the owner of the "Spinaker."

Hank's future plans involve Navy Air, where he will be very successful. He already has a headstart, being one of the few people to enter Pensacola wearing "Wings." Best wishes go out to Hank from the 25th Company where he will never be forgotten

DAS

John K. Rowland
Crowley
Louisiana
Management
Surface Line
Stumper

This ragin' cajun came to the boat school via Crowley, Louisiana. A most cheerful person and the eternal optimist (ha, ha) his motto has been "if anything bad can happen it will happen to me." It is alleged those long nights in Nimitz during Plebe year did this to him. A vital part of 25th Company his last year, the awesome responsibility of organizing tailgaters was given to him. He rose to the occasion and they were all successful. If nothing else, he will be remembered for the 'gaters

The Navy is getting a good man in the Stumper. He'll do very well or "someboy's goin to da hospital." Give 'em hell Stumper

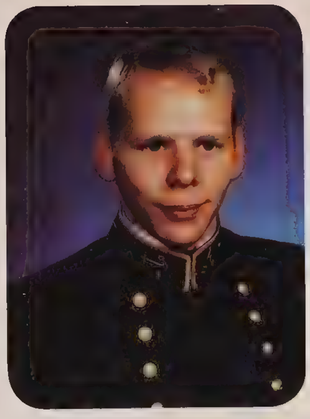
KP

David P. Rubin
Philadelphila
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Nuclear Power
Hurricane

The Rubes, as he is often called, is known as "the little guy" in 25th Company. He came to USNA from Philadelphia after two years civilian college where he did nothing except long for the glorious days of p-rades, mid-watches, and room formals. Rubes is one of those who holds nothing back, being blunt and open in speech. Unfortunately, in speaking this way, the Rubes lacks some tact, a trait that has caused the little guy quite a bit of difficulty during his stay in Crabtown, U.S.A. The girls just could not handle him or in most cases, vice versa, so the little guy just had to regress to good ole' high school dating and the accompanying games.

The little guys' fun comes from racquetball, tennis, wrestling, Philadelphia sports teams, and the lack of study or just simply "blowing it off". His biggest thrill is fighting tall people, as proven by his brigade boxing championship Plebe year. The Rubes will join McKees' machinery after graduation, and his stature should prove harmonious with the "real Navy"

TS



Timothy F. Seibert
Winston-Salem
North Carolina
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power, Submarines
Torpedo

Torp came to the Academy from "the real Navy." He was a "nuke" enlisted in the Submarine Service. He made the adjustment quickly and joined the rugby club until a surgeon's knife caught up with him. He now leads a docile life as wrestling team manager.

He now looks forward to graduation, marriage, and returning to "the real Navy". We wish him and his fiancee Marie the best of luck

TFS

David A. Smith
St. Louis
Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Smitty

Dave came to Annapolis from St. Louis, Missouri and provided 25th Company with lots of laughs during his stay with us. A superheavyweight, Dave liked his beer and enjoyed circuit training through the bars in town

As founding member of the 151 Club, Smitty was an expert at verbal abuse from the basketball stands. A gifted writer too, Dave was the author of the "Saga."

Though he was an aerospace engineer, Smitty lived for the weekends and will be remembered for his contributions to the company sports teams and the times he was out of control in Ocean City. Good luck to Dave from all of us as he goes to Pensacola to tool through the skies

GRR

Jerry C. South III
Hampton
Virginia
Political Science
Surface
J.C.

Curt South came to us from the great state of Virginia and he boasts a long Naval family tradition. J.C. did his best to live up to that tradition by learning how to drink, JS, and play cards like a real sailor.

After a breif foray into the world of collegiate sailing he became a valuable member of the company intramural teams (when we could keep him away from the surgeon). Curt was an easy man to find since he spent the vast majority of his time in one of his 3 favorite places: the wardroom his rack or Pete's place. Curt was able to impress us all with his brain power and his ability to sleep for indefinate periods. Good luck Curt and I hope you find that special girl with a tatoo in the fleet.

JB

Ward E. Stevens
San Marcos
California
Math
Nuclear Submarines
Wes

In the year 1979, Ward Stevens left the sun & sand of Southern California for the muggy heat of Annapolis' Plebe summer. Leaving the easy life was tough so Wes spent most of Plebe year trying to get out of the heat by icing his shins and renewing his no-chopping chit. Oftentimes he fended off 1/c flames with talk of his dad, "the Navy Capt." or helicopters while his classmates listened, "braced-up."

Volleyball helped second semester when he managed to get a teammate for a squad leader Except in volleyball, Wes never worked harder than he had to. Youngster year he adopted, "well rested; well tested." for his motto and has never been awake past eleven on a weeknight since

Owing to the fact that he was part of the color company, Wes started 2/c year as a member of the color guard. Understandably this called for taking a strain but B.C. and Wendy provided ample compensation. Just before 1/c year Wes cruised to Sweden and shed his squared-away habits for the sporting life, key words here: wine and women. Actually, Dubonet and Agneta, Grande Marmaduke and Gunilla, vodka shots and Katherine describe the venture with more accuracy. Nuke power claimed him upon his return to 21412. "Ensignship" holds great promise for Wes; we wish him well

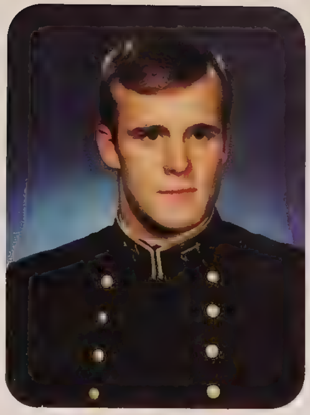
JD

Bradley D. Voigt
Tucson
Arizona
Naval Architecture
Navy Seals
Brad

Brad comes to us as an army brat from sunny Arizona. He started out as one of the finest plebes being the only one to memorize ''why did you guess''. During plebe year he worked his talents out with the swim team. He shortly converted to water polo and finally found home with the USNA rugby team. Brad's biggest transition had to be from Skoal to Copenhagen.

As a Naval Architect, Brad spent many long nights studying, but he never forgot his favorite famous naval saying, ''rack hard, rack fast, rack often''. His grades non-the-less always pulled through at finals. Brad always seemed to enjoy his weekends by either going camping or spending time at a local college (or not so local college with the rest of the boys). He hopes to go on and become one of the few chosen for Navy seals and pursue the career of his hero Magnum P I .

Brad will be missed by all the boys of the company but especially his four year roommate who will never forget him

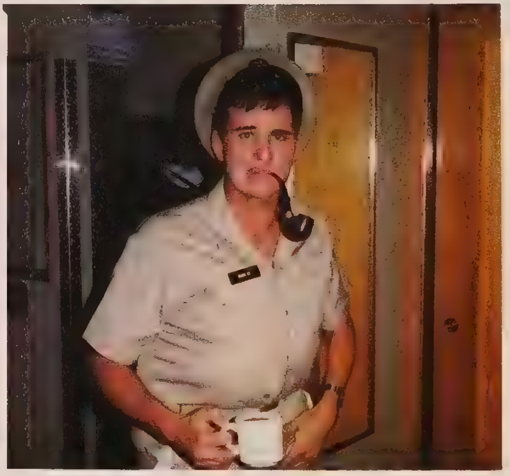


Dale T. Walter
Dallas
Texas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power
Dale

Dale had to leave beautiful Dallas to come to the big grey rock. When he got here he make friends easily . . . he had money. Plebe year went quickly for Dale and he hardly got fried . . . he waited until he was a firstie and picked up a quick 4000 series with the ''famous fourteen'' during plebe detail. Youngster year was nonexistent; the only thing Dale worried about was when he could get the **** out of Maryland and back to Texas for awhile. By Second class year, Dale started to have a great time and contributed to the class of 83's fine reputation: Rudy's, BC, Fran's, and those great disco Dahlgrens. No one will ever forget Dale's ''Captain Kirk'' award or his great times at Army. Dale's contribution to the sports world included 25th company soccer and fieldball, and the never present trap and skeet team. Dale, being the dedicated systems engineer he was, spent more time reading Playboy and proceedings than Ogata and Kuo. His service selection is Nuclear Surface and all the nukes from EZ-25 are looking forward to a great six months with him in Orlando and wish him good luck with his career.
C K

Stephen Quan-Yuh Wu
Sherman Oaks
California
Physical Science
USMC Air
Doc

Steve Wu, better known as ''Doc'', came from Sherman Oaks (land of the mud slides) California with his version of the essentials needed to make it through the Academy: determination and a titanium framed bicycle. Doc's relentless determination helped him survive the rigors of Naval Academy academics, where by alternating between sat and unsat semesters he gave new meaning to the word 'gravy.' When he wasn't busy recuperating from academics (or rack burns) Doc spent his time caring for his bike injuries. He spent alot of time on his bike and an almost equal amount of time of the pavement. Wiping out just seemed to come natural to Doc He always preferred to ride in a group (that way some one will be there to carry him back after he falls). Undaunted by the fact that the Academy was lacking a bike team Doc went out and formed one. Starting with a handful of spare time riders Steve gave the Academy one of its largest and most active ECA's. Rumor has it the 'team Navy' is soon to be a varsity team. Steve, of course, not only formed the team, but was one of its best racers. He placed consistently in class 'B' competition on the East coast. From roller riding in Bancroft (who says you can't hit 60 mph in the hall) to hop repping (we saw you with those int'l girls) to come arounds at o-dark-hundred (professionalism, or something like that) Doc has certainly left a lasting impression on us all. Likewise we all wish him continued success in those crystal blue skies
K.J. McC



EASY TWO FIVE

Barbara A. Bell
Traverse City
Michigan
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Barb

From "Barbell", she became "Free Weights", "Ding-a-Ling", and "Ma Bell", but she is by no means a dumb bell. Barb has always had outstanding grades here with a few red marks just to keep her humble. As our 4/c Company Commander, Barb created a "halo" effect, which she had tarnished by the end of youngster year. We didn't see much of Barb youngster year- she discovered a social life. She really got around while she was at the Naval Academy- Blue Ridge Mts., London, Aspen, Florida, Hawaii, and California . . . not to mention Skip, Vince, Hubs, Slum, Brian, Todd . . . Barb also made many trips to Colorado Springs- to see her brothers??? Picked up a bad case of jasina fever out there? And the search for real men goes on . . . and on. Don't worry Ma Bell, she'll get married sooner or later.

What fun you were on your 21st birthday. Talk about uninhibited! (must have been the S.C.), Too bad you can't remember- don't worry we won't let you forget. We never knew anyone who hurt so good as you could. Too bad that didn't apply to your knee, but there are so many memories from the track team and the team parties.

There will always be a special place in our hearts for you. "We wish you good spaces in the faraway places that you go. If it rains or it snows, may you be safe and warm, and never grow old. And if you need someone, you know that we will always be there."
K & M

Roger P. Bingham
Pitman
New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Line
Bing

Bing came to the boat school in the summer of '79 following brief engagements in Harligen, Texas as a marine and Pitman, New Jersey as a civilian. Rog kept us rolling plebe summer as half of the Rocky and Bulwinkle team. There was never a more easy going guy and this helped calm us more anxious types. Academics never came easy for Woogy, a proud LTM. Why do poly. sci majors have to be engineers too? The night before a big test, and they all seemed big, it was not hard to find Rog. All you had to do was check in the company zero's office or the closet. Those late nighters, and all nighters were tough. But Rog kept things in perspective. When the weekends rolled around he traded in his wuba and books for some of the most GQ clothes in Annapolis. And oh that hair!! That took almost as much preparation as classes. By first class year his Mercedes 480 SL had turned into a Turbo 280ZX. By the way Bing, where did you say your car was parked? Rog kept us all going, kept us all loose. There wasn't another 1/c who was more liked than Woogy. Everyone was his friend.

Looking to the future there is a ship out there in San Diego with his name on it. I'll never forget the boys from 26 but you and Denny are special. It's been a long road but we ran the race well Take care and keep the faith, son
DMO

Gregory E. Cerezo
Milpitas
California
Operations Analysis
Surface
Cerez

Cerez . . . Cerez-Daddy . . . Daddy-O . . . Greg got lost on the way to USNA and would up at NAPS for a year. As far as Greg was concerned though, NAPS stood for Naval Academy Photography School. As early as I-day we knew Cerez had the "gouge" when we found out that he had the same alpha code as his class of 79 brother. Press shop, Midstore, Supe's Stewards, Wardroom workers . . you name it; Cerez had connections with the right people. You never had to hold up a tray for seconds at his table. Greg worked hard the four years he was at Navy but the going was still rough at times. He must have found the east coast climate agreeable because this Californian summered in Annapolis for these years. Although he'll tell you he's just a "shy guy", Greg met more than his share of local girls; through his telephoto lens that is. When he did talk to them you would likely hear a Cerezo classic-" . . . a burger, fries, and a nice big smile." This closet disco fan knew how to play the guitar too. There wasn't a song that he couldn't play the beginning or end of on his guitar, but he'll never forget some of the songs about "the special times, special talks," and the left hook he caught in Monty's room. First class year brought with it some new conveniences-like his first stereo and one of those little foreign cars that gets more miles per gallon than miles per hour. The night life at U of M didn't bother Greg. In fact, he had no trouble sleeping through a party at a girls dorm. If you run across this dog (pronounced "dawg") in your travels you can be sure that this laid-back pilot will take time to share the gouge.

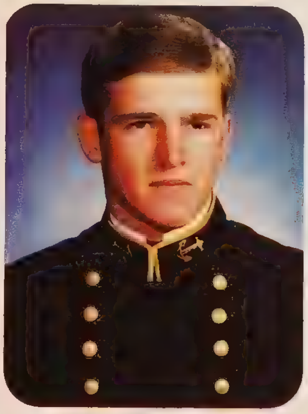
Thomas J. Connally
San Diego
California
Gerneral Engineering
Marine Corps
The Hobbit

Thomas John, or more affectionately known as The Hobbit, came to the boat school from Navy's own San Diego, (following in the wake of two of his older brothers.) Finishing plebe summer under the fine leadership and demotivation of Danny N., Tom was left with one question on his mind; "When does the hard stuff start?" The library and the wrestling loft were Tom's hideouts for the rest of plebe year. Summer finnally arrived and TJ headed back to S.D. for sunshine and Japanese food.

Youngster year Thomas was busy personifying "professionalism." He left wrestling after a slight disagreement about his ability with the short guy. Not one to be held down for long, Tom soon found himself recruited for the powerlifting team after they noticed him doing 500 dips one day. What better sport for a guy who is wider than he is tall? Blindly thinking he could live on Japanese clams for the rest of his life, Tom invested in a little oriental francise named Pam at Christmas, not listening to the wise advice of his studly roommate. The year ended with Tom lifting weights, dreaming of clams, and wondering about his sadistic love of Mech E

Second class year found Tom grunting hard for the Corps and flaming on plebes. Mech E. was ruining his beauty sleep while his Japanese francise was secretly catering to other customers. Soon the francise collapsed, leaving Tom with a 40 pt. rock and a heartache. Thank God all this happened after he won the Maryland State Championships in powerlifting! During Halloween TJ renewed his love of clams, this time American. Soon Tom was dreaming about a national championship. But in typical Navy form, Tom was forced to study that weekend instead of lift because of his stellar grades. Not wanting to be slammed again, Tom, with the help of The Rocket, decided to can M.E. for G.E.

Plebe detail found Tom rode tripping to Fairfax every weekend to see the young one. Tom finished first class year with the 83 nationals in Texas and having has many stripes as he over five feet tall. The Corps definitely got the finest of the finest! Give 'em Hell Conns and always remember the CY and its creed! . . . . G.
JLY III



Lawrence M. Giannotti

Woburn
Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Gig

Larry, alias Gig or Gio hails from Woburn, Mass., pronounced Woobin, considered by Larry to be the "hub of the universe." Two things always got Gig in trouble, his accent and his diehard loyalty to The Who. The only man to pull over a 3.0 by literally studying in his rack, that's "bed" Larry, without falling asleep How his profs understood his hieroglyphics is a modern mystery

The only time he wore his Navy issue geek glasses was to his nuke interview. The only thing he ever talked about was his "70" Challenger, using impressive stats that no one understood. True Larry, that car passes everything, everything but a gas station. At least he was able to pass the mile with it . . the theft proof drivers door was the real reason he bought it. Besides driving Larry loved lifting weights. It almost got him raped at Maryland one night

He kept that hometown sweetheart for four years. How? By saying, "No, I just came here to drink", when a Dahlgren girl asked him to dance. No plebe bulletin board was safe after one of these nights. One thing about Gig, he's a real connoisseur of clothes, jeans and flannel shirts Larry went out in town so much he needed directions to get to main street, after we convinced him there was such a place. The only guy to have his own stall at the girls dorm at Maryland, Elkton Hall. That Mech. E. degree will do him well in 6 years. Keep in touch Gig.

R & S

Mildred M. Gregorich

Calumet
Michigan
Political Science
Marine Corps
Millie

When she told us she was Millie from Calumet, we told her you've got to be kidding. We still want to know what a "U.P. er" is and does Heikki Lunta really make the snow come down? Borrow me a quarter, eh? Shall we reminisce . . . yes plebe year . . . Millie, the girl who plebe summer could eat anyone under the table and still lose weight. Thoughts of Gary kept you going when things got tough. How 'bout those lessons in controlling facial muscles by squad dad, history ei with the Stank, Nookie-Nookie at Army, camping in the Blue Ridge Mts. with your favorite roomies, our first June week and your first Mid love? Then it was off to the high seas and the never ending saga of youngster cruise, the Italian Lt, need we say more?

Youngster year, Kami Kaze antics and a one point landing off the unevens. Jeff was 3/c Army and by this time it was "Gary who?" Two dozen roses, one spring break, and a diary later it was over. 2/c summer, could the Navy handle the clone sisters? Your back injury and the orgasmatron . . . Bob, the soon to be pilot who flew out of your life as quickly as he flew in. By 1/c summer Millie was on the rebound. Cruise on a spruance in Newport News shipyard, then the excitement of 1/c year . . . room parties with the boys, Georgetown and mini-skirts, den mom and the adm, and graduation with the realization of our goals. The Marine Corps will be getting a fine officer and a great friend. It's been 4 long years and where would we be without each other You're the greatest.

BB & KM

Christopher D. Jones

Knoxville
Tennessee
Mathematics (Computer Track)
Surface Line
C.D.

Cris came to USNA from California via Tennessee (and various other states). However, if home is where the heart is, Cris hails from Severna Park, the home of "the greatest people in the world," his sponsors. One of the biggest things Cris has done for many of his friends here was to introduce us to his sponsors, the Hesses, with their unending crab and beerfests and sometimes extended parties. Many memorable weekends were spent there by all of us who are members of the "order of the Hess."

To be sure, the biggest part of C.D.'s heart reaches out to Joyce who has already discovered the challenge of the 'real Navy'. Yes, theirs is a happiness born of Bancroft and we wish them the best in future years.

Cris's second joy is either that rusting International Scout or the great white north album. On the other hand, everybody's greatest fear is his Scout -at least when Cris is behind the wheel Hey Cris, why not hit the other side of your hosermobile with one of those reflector poles to even out the dents? Cris is not an academic achiever either, but he has always strived for the highest ideals of a math major-to be indisputably confusing and always confused as well as to catch up on sleep whenever possible. Whether you end up glowing or "taking off" at P-cola or even riding the waves, from one beerhunter to another, like good luck and good day, eh?

PDS

September 12
1957.

Eugene W. Jones

Dumfries
Virginia
Management
Nuclear Power
Gene

Eugene is a multitalented individual with many good qualities, or so I've been told, as mentioned on one occasion or another by one of his many, many, women. "Gene is handsome, intellegent, honest, and always a gentleman." He sure has them fooled! Gene is someone who can be depended upon and is always willing to lend a helping hand for the cause. The cause is usually partying and Gene endeavors to do his best to "get off". He invariably succeeds. Gene came to us with his blue bandit "Betsy" and the Marine Corps on his mind. A few hard years of academic struggles and a few thousand dollars later and now he has a BMW 320-I and Nuke Power on his mind. Congratulations and good luck my Bra (that's spelled b-r-short-a). Gene will always be remembered for his love of fine "Redbone" women with healthy upper bodies. But he by no means limited himself to one catagory of women, they were all fair game and Gene was that serious big game hunter

Remembered always will be; those Saturday excursions into the city to party, ending on Sunday morning with breakfast at Mother "B"; Stouffer's killer game, winking and drinking champagne and canei; the summer of 80', fun in the sun with one-five-one; scraggily hair and parties up Fredrick way, with that Maryland U. connection a free place to stay; with that white RX-7 it must have been heaven. On a moments notice ready to "swing", the only thought being of the fun it will bring. The many Army jams, the New York trips, the Batt jams, the D.C excursions; the good times and the memories go on and on. All n'all it has been a "li-li-live" experience. Gene Jones, I am glad to have met you!!

Francis B. Jones
Lemoore
California
English
NFO
Brad

It is by no means enough that an officer of the Navy be a capable mariner.
BJ

Dietrich H. Kuhlmann III
San Jose
California
General Engineering
Nuclear Power, Submarines
Deter

Better known as Greg Zingler's roommate, Deter had great difficulty visioning what his future held as a Naval Officer. Not until futile attempts with contacs and geek glasses confirmed that he was blind did Dietrich choose a career in which light is not a factor . . . dive, dive, dive

When a plebe, Dietrich was awarded the 26th Company Banana. He successfully managed to stay out of trouble throughout his four year stay, however, his little trinket was not the only reason for achieving such a feat. His novels and all-nighters provided enough work to keep any Mid out of trouble. Deter was gifted with an enviable intelligence, however, his motivation toward applying such a talent was devoted more to R and R. He strongly believed in getting his beauty sleep and not until many hours of horizontal workouts did Deter prove that rack time reaps its benefits.

During his Second Class year he achieved a N-star in 150lb. football which earned him the rights to his Grandmother's station wagon. He finally had a car, but something was missing. Needless to say, Deter's beauty rest came in handy that Christmas and since that memorable holiday he has kept the station wagon in his future plans

Dietrich you are Super. Thank you for all you have done and may God's blessings be with you always
GBZ

Fred W. Martin
Fremont
California
Resources Management
Navy Air
Freddy

Fast Freddy (formerly from Fremont, now migrated to Mesa) stepped off the plane with shades and frisbee in hand intent on attending one of the finest engineering schools in the country. Through some quirk of fate he found himself not at Cal Berkeley but at some east coast military boarding school. One of the many plebe summer aero majors, Fred soon discovered that his talents lay elsewhere. When it came to resources management (most notably-sleep), Fred was right up there with the best of them. With a pilot billet well in hand after two years of hard work, Fred hit the automatic pilot button. While the hockey team was making the moves on the rink, youngster Fred could be found doing the same up in the balcony

"Pete", as he came to be called by T-Head, developed a taste for the local women. Come Wednesday night, Fred began his weekend plan-making telethon that lasted until Friday afternoon. Fred wasn't much on variety, he always went to the same place, "out". To keep up with the fast women, he needed a fast car-a red Firebird Formula. You can't drive too fast though, as Fred will tell you, or you won't be able to "scope'. As a second class, his car and other major expense- hair conditioner, left him short of cash

First class year Fred cruised his way through school and lived for the weekends. With Pensacola and a motorcycle (what else?) in the future, there is one question that remains unanswered: "Fred, what was in the box?"
JLM

Michael T. Mauro
Albany
New York
General Engineering
USMC Air
Mikey

Mike Mauro, the man who continually drove himself until he collapsed from complete exhaustion, only to rebound after a few hours sleep and start the cycle over again. Mike could not do anything in moderation. Everything from studying to athletics was done with a very intense drive. Mike would not have the opportunity to workout for a week, then in one day he would weightlift, box and run as hard as he could. He would then study until three in the morning and wonder the next day why he was so tired

Mike accomplished many things while at the Academy. He earned both his gold jump wings and buds pin. As a plebe he was one of the best runners on the plebe cross country and track teams. During his First and Second Class years Mike became an excellent boxer. He was a Second Class Squad Leader and 26 Company Commander first semester. As Company Commander Mike led the company to one of its best marching seasons ever. His fine leadership worked well in pulling the company together as a unit

Finally, throughout the brigade there was probably no one who kept his uniform, locker and rack as sharp as Mike's. None were ever less than perfect. Third Class year the ood, after having inspected nearly every room in Bancroft, left Mike a note saying his rack was the best he had ever seen. That was how Mike made it everyday and did everything while he was here
MM

Andrew M. McKee
Stamford
Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Andy

Andy drifted down from New England (God's country?) with his guitar, lacrosse stick, and several Grateful Dead records, ready to settle down and devote himself to some serious studying. Over the course of the next four years, he spent less time studying than anyone else in the company, yet he still managed to keep his CQPR around a 3.0 as as M.E. study hour would always find him out running, roaming the halls, or just plain "socializing," anything but studying!

Plebe and youngster years passed rather quietly, with the sailing team finally catching him at the end of youngster year. By the end of the spring he could always be found with the rest of the "destroy" crew, on the little green boat, or taking Wednesday afternoon libs, Monday afternoon libs, Tuesday night libs . . .

Second class summer was spent with the boys of group 3C and their notorious beer parties. Andy and "Malcolm" managed to spend more time at Norfolk NAS during surface protramid than they did at Dam Neck, although they did get in a lot of body-surfing during the "hurricane". After surviving second-class academics, 'Drew became the skipper of an academy sailboat, though fortunately for him and the Academy, this was a short-lived experience. Newport, the Bermuda Race, and Bayhead with "Sonny" and "Mona" will stand out as highlights.

First class year finds Andy sailing with "Malcolm", Dix, and the rest of the "Bad Boys", destined for a summer of sailing and then flight school. If he survives first class year after four years of living with Brad, though, he can probably handle just about anything.

A Cast Of Thousands.

John L. McPherson
Bradley Beach
New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power
Johnny Mac

Johnny Mac came to USNA from a small, sleepy beach town on the Jersey Shore. It's a good thing that he came so well rested because he spent the next four years pulling all-nighters. John quickly showed us what he was made of by establishing himself as the Felix half of the odd couple. Who else do you know that covers all of their books and files their clothes? John is certainly not without a sense of humor, as he demonstrated to a certain frog-like classmate in the middle of the night armed with a cream pie.

Youngster year it was easy to find John. All you had to do was look for the long line of help-seeking guys in front of his desk.

Second class year John displayed his intense attachment to sitting in classrooms by being the only Mid with no free periods. It was this year that John accidentally walked into a bar (he thought it was a real library), tasted his first beer, and met a certain fast-moving young lady. After flaming all plebe detail, John was ready to cool off.

Arriving for his final year in a red hot Z-28 (with a t-top even), his sleeves covered with brigade stripes, and an mir attitude, John found himself being thrown out of bars with Rodney and picking fights with bouncers in Ocean City. John was able to keep us laughing with his quick, dry humor and an uncanny resemblence to a favorite Company Officer

After changing his mind five times, this airborne Mid decided to follow T-Head into the world of glowing mystery. No matter how tough things get for John, he got enough California in him during first class cruise to know when to blow it off.

FM

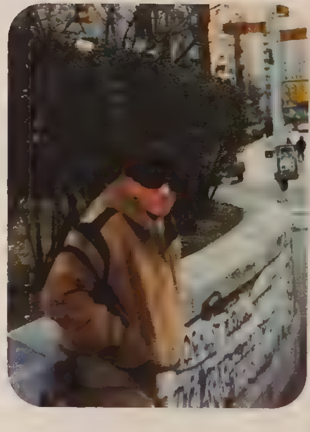
Joseph G. McQuade
East Rockaway
New York
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Joey

Joey-the-Fug arrived in Annapolis with fast feet and high hopes. After entering cool school (taught by two very cool professors) he left the world of stripes and Dant's lists and began a new life in the fridge. The Fug went from Chris to Virginian drill sergeants and covered all breeds from A to J.

Joey is better known for discovering hope on trains to Hoboken, slipping behind the Iron Curtain, dimming high beams on the run, and being generally fugnacious. Always seeking maximum surface area, Dr. Ohm will next attempt to fugify Nuke School- - -but will the nukes appreciate reverse polarity?

Joey's collecting of states was his most prized hobby besides his strenuous marathon work-outs in the hypotenuse. The Fug has proven to be a trustworthy car borrower, true hog-man, and faithful follower of Wiesbaden and double E. We'll never forget his unprecedented fall in performance and we wish him luck with all those beautiful classy women. Fug, we love you immensely.

AAV



Troy M. Mitchell
Battle Creek
Michigan
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Breeze

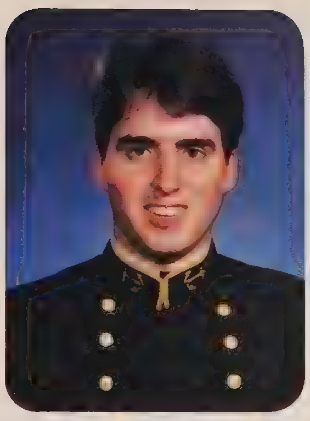
Known as "Breeze" to all the ladies and "low-down" to all the fellas, this gent was one of the most suave to ever walk through the doors of Mother-B.

Joseph W. Montgomery
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Navy Air
Monty

Joe, Monty, Groderian, Carbon Joe, came to Annapolis sleight of build and slick with sweat. After a few Nick's, roast beefs and six packs of Schmidts, he grew into a bulk modulus. Being company p-rade judge, Monty's appearance was never brought into question. Joey recieved many calls from Phil via the bonophone second class year but still managed to escape with his 2.0 Monty belted himself each morning with gamma-rays to bring himself to face quarters in Diamond Jim's platoon.

Monty's cruise experience started small with the greyhounds of the Severn but ended big with the FID out of Florida. During second class summer Monty went on the road and chased after the good life in the beer halls of Germany and mountains of Switzerland, but being a Philly-boy to the core he always returned to the Jersey Shore and Frankford Ave. We wish Monty great luck in his winged career, always seeking that right stuff we all know he's got.

JMcQ



Karen E. Mulvaney
Warwick
Rhode Island
Mathematics
Surface
Muffins

Karen . . . that amazing Orthodox Catholic from RI (an acre of land she calls a state). For 4 years we've been trying to teach her to talk right, still she continues to resist a good education. Karen considered enlisting in the Navy, but when she found out that only officers can make CNO, she came to the boat school, with 12 cotton bras in one hand and a baseball glove in the other

Plebe year her 2/c couldn't decide between asking her out or asking her rates—he chose the latter. We knew she was professional, even though she couldn't stop smiling. Who else would spend Xmas break working on her plebe pro-notebook instead of having a good time—or maybe she was? She did have a good time at her first Army, well . . . CC did anyway. Karen sure surprised Mom Mulvaney over spring break when she brought her "tv" home, but Karen's mom would be even more surprised if she ever found out about her skinny-dipping on youngster cruise

Karen "caught" mono 3/c year. How BG didn't get it, 16th Co will never know. When we first met Karen, she didn't drink or drive. The first was easy to cure. The second . . . well we got a few gray hairs out of that one. She got everything she ever went after, except she never got Colon for Christmas.

First class year brought the realization of many dreams. Karen is no longer sailing dinghys, she is now sailing ships. Fair winds and following seas

BAB & MG

Michael R. Mundt
Buffalo
New York
Ocean Engineer
Nuclear Power
Mich

Mike, affectionately known as "The Sweat", had his own private room in Nimitz Hall. His grades reflected his hard work and resulted in Mike graduating in the top one-hundred of the class. Mike was always over a 3.0, and usually closer to a 4.0. Due to his great success in academics, Mike was one of the chosen few of the Naval Academy Engineering Honor Society

Grades were not the only facet of Mike's life. He was a member of the plebe-JV X-C team and the plebe-JV swimming team. During his plebe year, Mike was very rarely in his rack. He was usually off on some recon raid. Whether it be wandering through the steam tunnels on the way to ring the bell in Mahan Hall or "borrowing" all the swords from brigade staff, Mike was usually in on the action. Mike accomplished other amazing feats such as living with Bill Demorris for a year without killing him. Mike wasn't always selfish, and he usually was an asset to the company Mike was a squad leader during plebe summer and served as a company sub-commander during academic year.

Mike also worked hard during his summers. As an example, Mike sometimes stayed on his submarine until midnight just so he could earn his silver dolphins during first-class cruise. Mike was a great roommate and a friend to everyone. How can you not love someone who gives you a sneer and puts in his earplugs when you walk into the room? Good luck Mike!

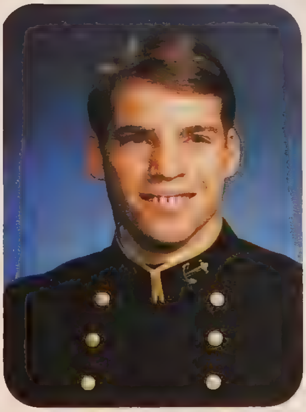
LDS

Daniel M. O'Hara
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Aerospace
Navy Air
Dannyo

Dano, the all-American boy, was born with Navy wings and came to the Academy determined to fly. An aero major, "O" never had much trouble with his books, but was always willing to spend his study time helping another engineer with his problems. He was very disciplined and had an uncanny ability to concentrate through any disturbance, while always looking at the practical side of things. He was the company's most natural athlete and he showed his abilities on the field, court, and dance floor at "Mr. Pips", his 1/c weekend home

Boomer and his great family became the core of the company tailgaters and he had the best tasting shades in the world. He'll be remembered as a leader, the original night jogger, and as a good friend to all. Danny deserves wings more than any one, and we all wish him the very best of luck as he flies his prized prelude to Pensacola to take to the air

DFY



James R. Pasch
Chico
California
Applied Science, Computer Science
Surface Line
Skipper

Jim, known by his classmates as "The Skipper", came to the Naval Academy after spending 6 months at Northwestern Prep School in Mound, Minnesota. He arrived on I-day, and like most of us, excited and curious about the events to come. Unfortunately, that is about where the excitement ended.

Plebe summer is an experience we will all remember as a group, but I think Jim will remember it more as a challenge of the individual. Having started plebe summer with no prior Naval experience, he found that everything was new, and the Firsties picked up on this flaw. And to think that this was only in the first few days! This was to go on for the next year, and the memories may not be that fond.

Nonetheless, The Skipper made it through plebe year like the rest of us, and he found youngster year an easy one. With no responsibility, no meetings to keep us on our toes, and a great class schedule, he learned to appreciate what could be offered here at Canoe-U. He became more active in the YP Squadron, and because of his participation, managed to gain the position of fifth battalion YP Commanding Officer. Letting loose all reigns, Jim decided the squadron was not good enough for him, so he started in on his "subtle" hell-raising. As a result, he found out that this caused a lot of hard feelings with a lot of his classmates. Hopefully in the long run, his efforts will pay off; for himself and for the squadron.

Well, here it is, the final year, and as we look forward to that moment when we can throw our old covers into the air, and don our new future, we can look back and ask ourselves "was it all worth it?". I think Jim will. I think the time will actually pay off in the end.

John J. Reilly
Montclair
New Jersey
Physical Science
Surface Line
Reils

Reils, Push, J.J. whatever, came here blanket in hand to see if he could fail out plebe year! A harrowing experience with a Marine Corps Colonel awoke the prince of dormancy. His sleeping habits are still matched by none, but his academic sweat-factor has increased ten-fold.

As far as lacrosse goes, Bar-Bar hated him but depended on his scoring ability heavily. Many friends from the Academy travel countless miles to visit Push in the 'Clair, some even get invited in to his house. Reils still misses getting back to nature with Boom-Boom? and the dining room table. Reils' rich cultural background has proven helpful on the dance floor, where he is devastating

As a plebe, J.J. was weened by Daddy-Gluts which led to his tremendous success and high MQPR. Push's vast knowledge of rules of the road earned him an interview with Capt. S that left them both in the fog. The ring dance rolled around and Push wowed us all by gathering Marilyn Monroe alias the queen of mystery who took a chunk out of Reils' heart and Baby Salvi's arm. Looking back, his quick wit and unique personality will never be forgotten.
AV, ES, BS & FMcQ

Raymond J. Rodriguez
Willingboro
New Jersey
Political Science
Supply
Ray

Meet the other half of the Rocky-Bullwinkle team. I think Rod just about managed to say, "I'm your new roommate" before he sprung up on to the upper rack 2nd semester plebe year. It quickly became evident that Rod needed 12 or 14 hours sleep a day and he got them. After changing majors four times (they all expected him to study), Rod breezed into the poly sci. dept. Marching didn't fit into the scheme of things either, so Rod traded his rifle for a camera and filmed his way through three years of drill. Rod loved his darkroom and simulated the lighting many times back in the hall during free periods, not forgetting to set his alarm for the weekend.

Youngster year found Rod at what would become his permanent table at Dahlgren for two years. Many nights Rod lived his dreams- like jumping the railing to sweep some girl off her feet. By the time first class year rolled around, Rod's hair was long enough for him to be mistaken for a young MAA by the mates. After a steady progression to the rear of the side shaft and the acquisition of a new '82 black Firebird, it was time to enter the roadtrip scene and a frequent sight was his blackbird streaking down 301 toward U of M. Rod will defend his two most frequent musical companions to the death: The Boss and The Lizard King.

Rod believed in sharing and constantly reminded us of it. Any unattended food was never safe if Rod was around (as if it mattered if it was attended). Cheech was always on the sidelines filming Navy football games and he never missed a shot- of the visiting cheerleaders. Rod's love for video games and shuffleboard took him on many nights of 3-striper libs and Pete had to be visited to make the week go faster. Always up for fun, he and Johnny Mac would entertain themselves by pretending to steal the purse of a bouncer's girlfriend and then get themselves removed from the premesis in the process.

Rod's billet as co. safedriving rep was a true example of, "Do as I say and not as I do". Rod will be leaving here NPQ (what else?) with a supply billet and will someday probably be the new David Chan. Pretty good, pretty good. Pretty neat, pretty neat.
RWS

Larry D. Smith
Clinton
Iowa
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Smitty

Larry Smith came to the Naval Academy from Clinton, Iowa. While at the Academy Larry proved to be one of the most affable members of the twenty-sixth company. His ability to get along with just about everyone won him friends wherever he went.

Larry met his future wife, Bonnie Sperl of Baltimore, during youngster year. For the next two years, Larry spent every authorized and a few unauthorized weekends in Baltimore. Larry lived for the weekends. When Friday afternoon rolled around and he disappeared, no one had to ask where he was.

Out of all the mechanical engineers at the Naval Academy, Larry probably studied the least and did the best. He amazed his fellow mechanical engineers by the amount of time he spent in the wardroom watching television. Larry's academic efforts won him a billet in Admiral McKee's nuclear power program.

Among other things, Larry proved himself to be a fine administrator. As the company administrative officer he helped the Twenty-Sixth Company out of many awkward situations. As his roommate, and the Twenty-Sixth Company Commander, I would have to say that he was one of the best administrative officers in the class of 1983
MTM

Marc W. Theberge
Corte Madera
California
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Magnum

From marvelous Marin County, California, came this born killer! A year's stop on the shores of Narragansett Bay certainly put a lot of distance between San Francisco International and BWI Plebe year went by slowly. It has to when the only places you're ever at are Nimitz library and Halsey field house. That was just fine with him though, you've got to do something while you're waiting for your hair to grow back!

Youngster year was quite a bit different, to say the least. As he adopted a distinct hatred for engineering, Dahlgren Hall became the object of his aggressions and its patrons, his passion! Of course that led to further developments, as Saturday nights no longer found him at Nimitz library but Marymount, Hood, Georgetown or Goucher. Well, the boy did get around! These good habits followed him right into second class year and so did a growing list of women's colleges where he was banned! "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," was a lesson he could never learn!

Aside from those marvelous nights of hard playing, hard work was always the rule for this unreal Mid. Three years of Navy powerlifting and two years of Navy boxing have immensely changed this animal. Halsey field house will never be the same without those wild screams of pain and tears of joy and any Mid whose had the guts to get out of the rack and workout every day of the week for the last four years (three stripers and below, that is!)

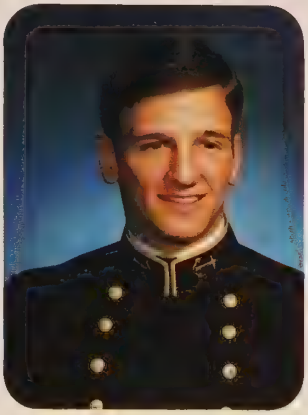
What no one knows is that his real love is studying! That light on all night in the sixth wing for the past three years had to be somebody! And it's all been for Mom and Dad, God Bless them!
MWT

Alan A. Vazquez
Smithtown
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Julio

Big Al, Yo Squezzer, Julio, Ozzie, Aldo Nova, Allie-Urso Allie-Mundo, Crepes- oh the miles, the many, many miles. Al came to the Academy with high ideals and standards in dealing with the opposite sex. The Squez's Latin blood ran hot and soon the fact that many "corpulent" women seemed to come Al's way didn't surprise anyone. Much of the Squeezer's spare time was spent shopping for lingerie, seeking El, and sprinting to Frannie O's for hot tamales

Julio was a popular lacrosse figure in the Annapolis area beginning his college career at Navy, moving on to the big green machine and finally returning to the Navy program. Unfortunately, a Rocky Mountain high proved to be a major obstacle for Julio. This man's talent ran deeper than sports. His writing ability brought many through the mail love affairs where he could really see the Goddess of Lust as she truly was. Al's true girl, though, is his Mom

Al had a way of making friends with all breeds of Mids, "Hey Skipper," and his bros' Cliner(re)", and dish. If you ever need to buy a car ask Allie, he checks all the details. Allie will follow Big Bro Bud into premature baldness and Big Bro Cork ('81) into the friendly skies of Navy Air.
JR & ES



James L. Yates, III
Germantown
Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Stud

Jim, alias, Yateser, and more affectionately known as Stud, came to USNA from "Mempho" as a path to jets and wings of gold, what he found . . . ?

Plebe summer put Jim's "southern hospitality" to the test with Danny Boy. Jim excelled anyway and plebe year found Yateser on the mats. A champion in his own right, wrestling for the short guy finally got to him and the books took priority. Second semester saw Jim's toleration for plebedom fall and good friends and Gaby kept him going. Then plebe year was over and youngster syndrome took over, but not for long

Middle Earth became a citadel of professionalism and The Hobbit witnessed Jim's academic and professional success. Middle Earth had it's trials too Jim's comeback on the mats was thwarted and a certain damsel put Jim in distress at midterns. Yateser recovered in fine form, and his engineering prowess began to show. At midyear Middle Earth fell to The Troll but the "CY" were strong

Second class summer found Jim at "Buds" and driving like mad for the airport. Second class year was rough as Jim fell from the air but came back to build a mansion not a home in the ring Plebe detail was a 4000 experience to remember. First class year finds Yateser with 3 stripes and thirsting for the championships. USMC lost a good one to nuke subs but The Hobbit and the 4 will remember Jim for his competitive spirit, dedication to a southern belle, and a hell of a lot of self confidence. The only question now is: are there barbells on subs, and when do accompanied cruises begin? You got the best Gaby. Good luck Stud and keep the hands up champ. 6
TJC

Dennis F. Yeatman
Arnold
Maryland
Applied Science, Management
Supply
Yeats

One hot day in July 1979, I think it was the sixth, the "Dog," lax stick in hand began his descent from that promontory in Arnold, Maryland known as Yeatman's Mountain to begin an eventful four year experience here on the bay. Yeat's, a local boy and son of a pilot out of the class of '47, seemed to know the ins and outs of Naval Academy life and waisted no time investigating the outs. Never let it be said the Academy walls were sufficient to fence in this "Dog," especially with one special blonde waiting on the other side.

Yeats, a high school all-state lacrosse player and promising Navy defenseman was sidelined third class year with a hampering knee injury. Never one to be pulled down by details the "Dog" hung up his stick and continued on. Lacrosse was just one of Denny's many virtues. Probably his greatest attribute and one which we'll always remember him for, is his GOLDEN TONGUE. Yeats was never lost for words and when it came to selling himself or anyone else for that matter, who was better than our "Dog". A management major by profession, Yeats instituted the fourth wing barbershop which was to rival the Academy barbers for business. Definitely a pre-inspection must for the fashionable Midshipman. Yeats its time to close up shop but your marks been left on this institution we call our own.

As we depart in our own ways and take with us only the memories, one which we will all cherish is the friendship you have given us, and the home Mama Yeats has given us there on Yeatman's Mountain. What a long road its been Yeats but it's over and we're there

Gregory B. Zingler
Medford Lakes
New Jersey
Applied Science
Supply Corps
Zing

With roots going back to New Jersey, a slow start for anyone, Greg marched into USNA via the Marine Military Academy. Once here Greg wasted no time in making his presence felt. Before plebe year was over, Greg had acquired a pretty impressive list of nicknames, including "the GREATEST," "POPE ZING", "FATHER ZING", and "CEPHAS (THE ROCK)". Greg could always be counted on to give everthing he had. While earning his N* in 150 lb Football Greg gave his shoulder, his back, his knee, and both his ankles. But the atheletic field was not the only place Zing left his mark. A little bit of "St Zing" rubbed off on everyone he came in contact with. Whether it was an encouraging word, a badly needed favor, help with some homework, or just a smile, Greg always managed to get people to look past their own problems. Well Greg your congregation is splitting up but we've got some pretty good memories: midnight birthday parties, "Reflections", FCA, Big Brothers, and your 280Z(ing)X (or is it now a R(ing) "O"). We'll miss you Grep.

ADMINISTRATION

HEAVEN TWENTY-SEVEN

Philip K. Adams
San Francisco
California
Oceanography
Marine Corps - Ground
Papa Kilo

Phil came to USNA via prep school in Minnesota (ah, the preppie days). He started plebe year off with Navy crew and ended first class year as 5th battalion coach.

As a plebe, Phil came around to LCDR Glutting daily, enduring such threats as "I'll rip your face off." But really, how many Mids highlight in yellow the weekly menu. Ice cream and Phil Adams were synonymous. He personally finished every carton he could find in the wardroom. At first, Phil wanted to be a nuke. Youngster year he decided he wanted to be a Marine, which he attacked as enthusiastically as ice cream. Sam Kramer refered to their room as the "barracks." Phil was always refering to the "maggots" and going out into the "field".

As a christian and member of the navigators, Phil constantly recruited for rallies and bible studies. Everyone considered Phil a "real Mid" because he lived at Nimitz library second class year, but that all changed when he got thrown out of class for sleeping first class year

As for intramural teams, Phil always ended up on the company sports that needed help - knockabouts, fieldball, softball (0-8) - and needless to say they still do. If anyone ate, slept or breathed the Marine Corps it was Papa Kilo - Phil Adams. Always doing pushups, pullups and sit ups to max out on the PFT, he is one of twenty seven's many lean mean green fighting machines. Ooh Rah!
PA

George R. Anderson
Peshtigo
Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Big Foot

George came to USNA from the woodlands of northern Wisconsin (a fact he never let us forget). Perhaps that explains his resemblence to a certain ape-like creature with rather large extremities that is said to roam that part of the country. When George arrived at the Academy, the dairy had to but another herd of cows just to keep up with the massive amounts of milk that he consumed with his meals. A farm boy at heart, George insisted that his service selection was going to be civilian line so that he could work at the feed mill. Since when do they make feed on board nuclear powered submarines?

George has been known to do some strange things during his time at the Academy. Perhaps he is best known for his strange study habits. He appointed himself president of the late night study club during youngster year, and held that position for three years running. Such an honor doesn't come without sacrifice (of sleep that is). Actually, George had the system pretty well in hand. A masqueraders sports exemption got him out of intramurals so that he could sleep in the afternoons and study all night. Study what? Everyone knows how easy mechanical engineering is

George does have one good point to his credit: while most Mids tend to become rowdy after they've been drinking, George never had that problem. He was rowdy and out of control all of the time. Remember the hotel night wrestling matches and the late night water fights? Chances are that George probably had his hands in on every devious act ever committed in 27th Company during his four year visit there. USNA will never be the same as a result of George's presence; and his graduation leaves the company with some BIG shoes to fill. Good luck George
RB/GA

Hector M. Atienza
Quezon City
Philippines
Applied Science
Surface Line - Philippine Navy
Heck or Hector

Hector got off the boat from the Philippines lacking two important social skills, the ability to speak english and an appreciation of the American women. His inability to command the english language quickly became apparent plebe summer when the detail repeatedly asked his classmates to interpret his chowcalls. He realized that speech was not the place to get a varsity n, so Heck turned to sailing. His introduction to sailing came during plebe summer, but Heck had a few problems; he could not tell the difference between a dolphin and a sailboat. After he tried to sail a dolphin out of Santee Basin and wound up in the water, he realized that nads was the place to look and ended up with his letter

Heck's second letter was in varsity "rack". Hector was not always in the rack, but it did seem to occupy a majority of him freetime. Plus, he had the bad habit of sleeping a the wrong time, i.e. during a minority lecture with the chaplains. Heck was yet to get over his aversion to the American women, but he does seem to come up with so beautiful Filipino women from somewhere in D.C. He had one trip into the mainstream of social life. Seems he was setup for a formal with a nice lass from Baltimore, at the end of the night they had to be pryed apart, but to this day he still insists that she attacked him, but Heck that's not the way it works

After graduation Heck is off to join the Filipino Navy, so the opportunities to share good times will not be as numerous as they are now, but we will all remember the little "alien" from the Far East. Take care Heck and when we're in PI we'll be looking to reunite the Hilton regulars. Good luck in all

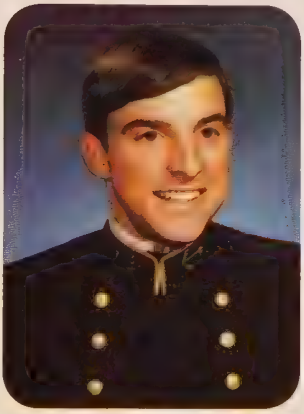
6

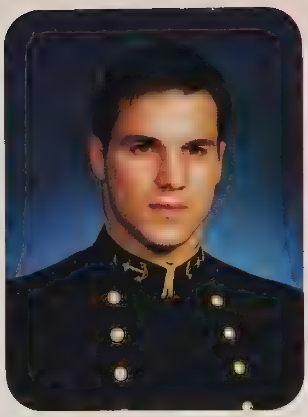
Randy M. Beekman
Laguna Niguel
California
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Beeks

Randy was one of those guys who made plebe summer worthwhile. Remember memorizing names and hometowns? "Midshipman Fourth Class Beekman, Laguna Ni-where??, California." Academic year showed Birdlips Beekman continuing to make a name for himself by winning the company chow call competition. Even as an upperclass, Randy continued to prove that he was stronger than the average Mid. He was one of those unusual guys who wished that book issue for second semester went before Christmas leave so that he could take his books home and study As it was, he was already caught up to the four week point by the first day of classes But that's no major accomplishment, considering he was a "baggit" math major. Just look at his grades Anyone who can get a 4.0 and still be in the rack by 10:00 every night must be in an easy major

With all his free time, Randy did occassionally find time to write to girls back home (believe it or not). In fact, you might say that he had a "heavy" relationship with one certain girl. Being the social wonder that he is, Randy was the perfect choice for company sub-commander first class year. He fulfilled his duties in this regard in the true tradition of Sid Dugan. The one or two times that he was dragged out to one of the local girls' schools, the walls almost collapsed from the mere shock of his presence.

The nuclear submarine force is the perfect place for Randy. After all, how much social life can there possibly be on a submarine? With his good grades and high level of professionalism, Randy should be a very successful submarine officer. We wish you the very best of luck, Randy, in all you do.





Mark J. Belton

27 Churchill
Maryland
Political Science
Navy Supply Corps
"B"

"B" or "Belts" as he is known to us was one of Bob Bauman's boys from just up the bay on the eastern shore. He came to us in love and leaves us in love. Though it's not with the same girl, Donna, Dara and Michelle are all fond memories. But the future holds only Mary.

Well she is going to have to share some time with the supply corps, because Mark lives in the "Q" room. Besides that, his experience with L Moe of the USS Fortify MSO446 gave him all the haze grey that he could handle, His youngster cruise in Hawaii and the gold band (handcuff) of marriage had him set for a while. But he saw the light or rather the doc saw his blood pressure Mary must really heat this guy up! She heated him up so much during summer school one that the admin conduct system had to cool him down for 15 days.

When he's not with Mary, he hops in his BMW and heads over the bay bridge to the back seat of his roommates car youngster year or to the farm and Russ, Pa Belts as he's known to most. Chopping wood and cutting grass are some of his simple joys. He's also been known to make road trips to see (who?) at Washington College.

Mark has a great future ahead of him both with Mary and the Navy. We all wish both of them the very best of luck. If he's as good an officer as he has been a friend, he will go very far. Good luck "B" and "G".

William J. Bissenas, Jr.

Tocama
Washington
Aerospace
Nuclear Submarines
Road Runner

Roads squared the corner of life into USNA from Tacoma. Plebe year, his charm didn't prevent him from having friends among the firsties (they liked his alpha code). To say Bill was a s-screen is unfair. He never performed that well. As an upperclass Bill single handedly kept the social director in business. Roads went to every dance and social function arranged. How else do you think he got the addresses of girls to write to and describe the wonders of Washington? It's no wonder none of the girls wrote back. A four page letter describing rain, apples, and Mt. Rainer must be boring

An aero major, Bill spent many long nights in the wardroom studying radiation effects on an electron beam. The rest of his free time was spent flossing and brushing. A tooth brush to Roads was like a pacifier to a baby. A familiar sight during study hour was Bill in shorts, t-shirt, and mocassins, with a tooth brush or floss hanging from his mouth. Teeth weren't the only thing he kept clean. After 6 times through the press shop he had the cleanest and best pressed ID card un the brigade. If that wasn't enough he also sent his class ring out with the laundry. What item do you check on the chit for that Bill?

If he ever satisfactorily completes his first class cruise, Roads will go on to serve in the Nuclear Navy, that is, if he can keep the brews in his 'mouth and not in his lap.

Though a Richard Shlong to many he is a "neat guy." He takes from USNA fond memories. Not the least of which is graduation '82 and a special thanks to one who made it memorable. Remember Bill we're laughing at you not with you . . . . . . Beep Beep
W B

Michael J. Blasik

West Warwick
Rhode Island
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Blaze

Mike has led a double life at USNA. Posing as a heavy metal freak from Rhode Island who got lost on his way to a Who concert, Mike proceeded to amaze everyone with his academic ability Youngster year was espically difficult. Even while acting as one of the supply officers for the Stud Street Bar & Grill, Mike kept his vow of verbal celibacy with Dale for over a semester and a halt

A veteran of many Ho-Chi-Minh trail campaigns, Mike was fortunate enough to avoid the avalanche that came with the downfall of The Three Stooges. He did occupy "The Bench" for a while and once did a solo skating performance on purple ice.

It wasn't until second class summer that Mike showed his true self by joining the masochistic boys from Ft. Benning. Many people cannot understand jumping from perfectly good aircraft, but Blaze certainly got a thrill from it- so much that in his first class year, he got his gold jump pin for completing ten attempts at suicide. When he wasn't floating in the air, Mike could be found with his hand wrapped around a cold brew or crashed in the wardroom. It is rumored that Mike even studied once or twice to keep his 4.0

When it came time for nuke interviews, Mike wishes Rickover had still been there. How can you turn down someone when their academic class standing is one? The Academy won't be the same without this academic wizard and road trip warrior. The bubbleheads will gain from the exchange, though. "For tonight's entertainment, Mr. Blasik will parachute from the top of the periscope down the #9 missle tube." Gotta love it!

Michael J. Chromczak

Utica
New York
Political Science
Marine Corps
Chrome

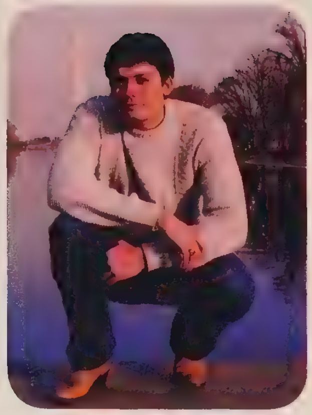
"From the halls of Montezuma" Mike came to us as a prior enlisted marine. The Academy showed how much faith it had in the company token Marine by projecting his graduating CQPR to be a 1.74. Mike didn't let that phase him though and he charged into Academy life with the typical Marine gung ho

An academic wiz he never became. But somehow he avoided the axe boards. His exciting career included 2 years as a manager (he claims an asst. coach) of the womens softball team Contrary to popular belief, Mike was the company all-around stud, just ask him!

Mike tried to be perfect, but fell far short when it came to used cars. He spent more time repairing them than using them. Despite all our efforts to set him straight, he remained loyal to the core. Mike is really a good guy, for all his shortcomings (bad pun!) and we're sorry to see him go back to the Marine Corps. They'll never be the same. Best wishes Mike
A. McC

Robert L. Dabbs, Jr.
Tupelo
Mississippi
General Engineering
Surface Line
Dabbers

Two famous people have come from Tupelo, Mississippi-Elvis Presely and the slightly more famous, (or is it infamous) Bob Dabbs. Back in Mississippi, Dabbers liked to hunt deer, squirrel and dove. At USNA it became rack, rouge, and um . . . companionship of the opposite persuasion shall we say. Bob's trophies mounted quickly. The number of hours logged in the rack (sleeping) rivaled that of the "Dr." He quickly learned that one night of gouge is better than four weeks of study. If Bob hadn't come to the academy, he probably would have been head scribe at a monastary. This however, would have sharply curtailed his extra-curricular obsession . . . girls. Perhap's Bobby D's love life could best be described as a gourmet's smorgasboard. His tendency to shop around resulted in the hilariously conceited "Dear Bob" letter, which instantly became required reading for all plebes. Bob's exploits at the academy were as wild as his antics in town. Plebe year he survived a semester with "Too Tall Joe" and the "Edge." He was an eyewitness to the "Edge's psychotic assault and brutal bayonet attack on an innocent rodont. Bob's antics at his first Army-Navy game set the stage for what was to come. Declining to be set in the "programmed mode," he chose to run his own course and take his chances. The next two years saw Bert living down on Stud Street, where the relaxed atmosphere was obviously more to his liking the good times rolled. Despite the involvement in various stud street activities. Dabber's luck held. (Thank God for "Fish!) First class year saw Bob attending night school regularly, in order to get extra instruction. His two-a-day program dramatically decreased the "Dr." and his chances of getting heart disease. Undoubtedly, the Long Haired Country Boy will retain this laid back, free wheeling attitude when he leaves USNA. Fly Freebird!
DRM



John C. Edgerly
Silver Spring
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines
The Edge

The Edge followed his brother to Annapolis and quickly became the starring attraction. Plebe year he had more upperclass surrounding him than Davey Crockett had Mexicans at The Alamo. Like The Alamo, John never forgot, however, the assassination of Cley's car never left the barrel.

With the nuc bonus John received for becoming a bubblehead, he plans on buying a trident missile to complete his own personal nuclear defense triad. Complementing his airborne training, The Edge participated in the frontal assault, in his birthday suit, of the tow tank via the Ho Chi Minh Trail

As John rides off into the meltdown in his slightly totalled '65 Mustang, he leaves behind many memories that we will never forget. Good luck, John. May the force be with you.

P.S. John, next time use the gun.
SGK

Alan C. Gibson
Jacksonville
Florida
Applied Science
Supply Corps
Craig

The "Gib-Dawg" arrived from Jacksonville, Florida with a baseball in his left hand. The only time the ball left his hand was when it was being hurled past one of Navy's opponents for a strike. You see, "Pup" was king of the mound, a pitcher extraordinair. Plebe year found Craig with the lowest era on the team. After second class year we found his name in the Navy record book for the first Navy victory in a post season game. He started off first class year strong by making the Pan-American Regional Baseball Team. While baseball was his forte, he was strong in other areas as well. Along with his string of strikeouts, Craig leaves a string of women. It all began with Diane-Sarah-Este-Tammy (Skeek) and Valerie. The current "Gib Throb" hails from M.I.T. and aspires to an E.E. degree, (Keesk). No one likes you more than we, your beloved roommates, do Craig. Especially if "Ma Gib" and the clan keep sending in the chow packages at the record setting pace we are used to.

Service selection will be sending Craig to Athens, Georgia for supply school. That is if we don't find him on the mound for the U.S. Olympic Team in 1984. We'll be cheering for you Craig because you always cheered for us

Thanks, good luck and God bless
PR & MJB

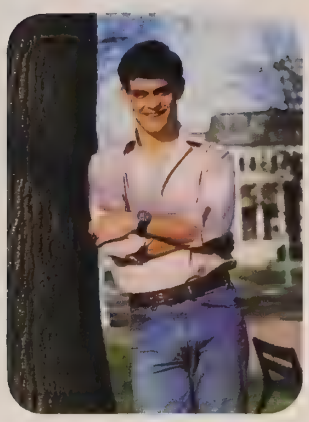
Dale R. Halling
Glenwood
Illinois
Resources Management
USMC Air
Dale

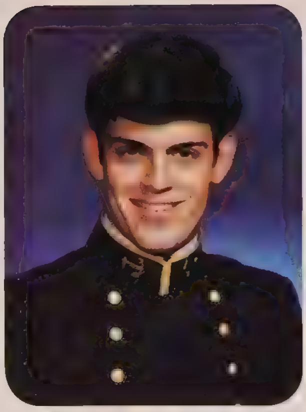
Dale was blown to the shores of The Severn from the windy city via the University of Illinois, Chicago circle and naps.

Dale had many talents which he was always willing to share with anyone. He could whip up your favorite Italian meal from memory, tune up your car faster than you could start it, or give you the best haircut you ever had at the Naval Academy when you were in a jam or even if you weren't

Our friend Dale will never be known for his academic prowess, (he couldn't even make it through a Rolaids commercial without a dictionary) but he had many successes here. His constant dieting and dedicated workouts lead him to four gold varsity letters (three of them on a set of uneven rings) and a trip to the national gymnastics meet during youngster year. Dale's biggest success, however, was in finding a golden girl right in Bancroft Hall. Good things really come in small packages and the two of them have really proved that. Both Nancy and the Marine Corps are getting a fine officer and a gentleman, and both Dale and the Marine Corps are getting a fine officer and a lovely lady. Good luck to both of them

P.S.. Really Dale! You look great so give your cheeks and stomach a break and would you mind letting someone else use the mirror for a while?!!
PR & RW





Richard K. Hartman II
Wilmington
Delaware
Physical Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines
Harts

Harts was a blessing to the company, in that he brought two good looking sisters and a set of great parents with him. Founders of the One-Ten Club, Mr. & Mrs. Hartman performed above and beyond the call of duty, providing tailgaters and Army parties par excellence. Meanwhile, back at the hall, Rick was deep in the dungeons, gaining experience points as he worked his way through three majors before finally settling down. Rumor has it that he took a cut in the car deal that netted him a new firebird.

Two Beers Hartman spent his weekends at the Supe's house, seeing that his Nuc bonus was not sufficient for a motel. Instead, he spent his money on stereo equipment, making sure he had at least two components from each country in the free world. Somehow he found time to study, when he wasn't rereading The Lord Of The Rings, or calling his favorite blue hen on the bearline.

Rick is off to sail under the seas, keeping the world safe and putting money in his pockets. We wish him well and hope that our paths cross again. So long Rick, fair winds and following seas to one of Navy's best.

SGK

Donald L. Heiken
Lancaster
Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Navy Air
"Heineken"

It sometimes appeared that Don's ultimate goal in life was to drink out "Docksides". With Jerry's help, he came close on several occasions. Then again, he had plenty of extra space in his belly for all that liquid.

Homecoming second class year was the highlight of Don's lovelife at the Academy. He finally found a girl that had something in common with him-weight. His roommate was lucky Don didn't kill him after that blind date. After that weekend, Don went back to his old standby. Apparently she had a very nice ring on her finger. Too bad it wasn't from Don.

Don's last love at the Academy was actually a very nice girl. He met her at the end of second class year and asked her to the ring dance after knowing her for only four hours. I think they make a great couple, but I still don't see how Don will explain to the NIS that he is dating a Russian.

As a prior enlisted, Don was a wealth of information for his classmates. After two years on a birdfarm in the Westpac, he knew all the good bars and entertainment centers in Japan and the P.I. He also let us know how bad duty was on a carrier, but he must have liked it a little because he is heading back to one if they can fit him in his cockpit.

EAMcN

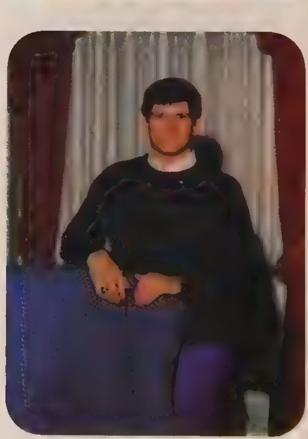
John H. Kenney Jr.
Humble
Texas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
John

John came to USNA as a Maryland-to-Texas transplant, somewhat a yankee but with a proud rebel heart. As a plebe he taught courses in "the J.K. method of piecutting" and "remembering hometowns in 1983 east steps." Army weekend found him being forced to participate in the festivities when a little bird was thrown on his lap. As a 3/C, John "saw the light" and dropped eas-y for a grueling life as a systems engineer (you got the gouge?). Unfortunately, that was all he saw because his eyes faded and John became a devout submariner.

He used his grandma's cruisemobile to speed through 2/C year. He began "The Adventures of the Latin Lover" (which is continuing to be written) and managed to set a single weekend record of a minute-and-45 second pick-up on the same night that he slept alone in the cruisemobile. Martha, how do I love thee, let me count the ways! Operating from grandma's house, he leaned toward stewardesses and Corvettes. A Hilton regular, 1/C summer found John on a fast attack out of Charleston, where he managed to spend more time at his roomie's house than his roomie did.

His push for excellence continued with a 4000 series as a plebe summer Company Commander. He finally finished SHOGUN and almost got his partner-in-crime slapped by grabbing rears. Just remember one thing Big John: A plane will always come down, but will a submarine always come up? It all breaks down to a system . . . 6.

J.M.L.



Samuel G. Kramer
Florence
New Jersey
Applied Science
Nuclear Surface
Krames

Krames came to us from beautiful Florence (exit 5) New Jersey, via Naps 1-3. He brought with him 5 years of premarital bliss and soon the entire company was caught up in our own episode of "Kramer's Hope". With mutual agreement on everything from Reaganomics to gun control, there are many happy years ahead for Sam and Betsy.

Youngster year found Sam still unscathed by the Admin Conduct System so he spent much of his free time practicing for his swimming tests. He and a few of his classmates had a private membership in the "Rickover Midnight Swimming and Diving Club", sans bathing suits.

Krames established himself as a bastion of strength on the company soccer and football teams. He was our own Charlie Waters, and really Sam, Jackie Smith could have hardly done better himself. Second class year brought $6,000 and a new Camaro, complete with a homing device set for Mansfield State and Rutgers, with Seton Hall soon to follow.

Sam may either wear the green or sail the seas on top, but he is also considering the silent service. Wherever he goes the Navy's got a great one. We all wish you the best Sam. Betsy, you have one hell of a guy-he's been a great friend to us all for four years-keep him in line. We all want to see him somewhere down the road, good luck to both of you! Sail Easy Sam and good luck.

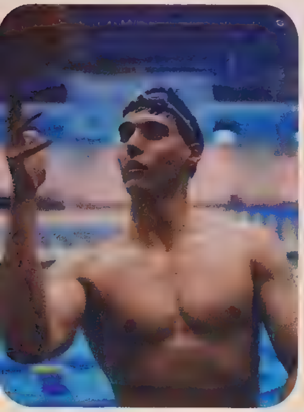
RKH

James M. Leland III
Charleston
South Carolina
Systems Engineering
Navy Air
Morri

Morri came to USNA from Charleston, S.C. (and damn proud of it!) with only one fear, "I'm north of the Mason-Dixon line!" Moving sure footedly through plebe summer, Morri advanced to AC-year . . . Morri had a tough time realizing that Stribling Walk was not lovers lane and made a couple of mad dashes back to the hall (in vain) as Mahon struck 8 bells on a Saturday night.

Third class summer brought a sub cruise out of God's country (where else). As AC-year started systems took a death grip and is still holding. In his spare time away from the books Morri could be found scouting out potential wives - not for himself but for his roomie. He finally hooked a great one. Morri picked up this knack for meeting lots of women. Then when things looked good — all the women met each other - head for the hills! Or O.C. and the first of many drink-ex"s. Next, the devoted member of the Hilton regulars set beertramid and second class year. In between the systems labs there was time for daquiris and the CDR's; Mary Washington and holloween; The Hobbit's sister and overcrowded motel rooms. This regular always made his presence known the day after. Finally the ring dance and forex to Peru to use the training gained from JK about the Latin women. In Peru it was Miss Universe, Cerveza, Miss Wales, Cerveza, Miss England, Cerveza, etc.

How about that professional training. First class year and Morrison buys a 14G auto, and invents the real man breakfast (warm beer and a donut). Where was that Holiday Inn? Navy Air will be getting one great officer and one hellova guy Remember - it all breaks down to a system. What ever's fair . . . 6
JHK



Craig B. Malloy
Santa Ana
California
Political Science
Surface Line
Mallory, Bleistiftgenick

As a plebe Craigie dear received two or three care packages a week from home and from his California sweetheart. Then came youngster year and Mom Malloy cut it down to one and his girl cut him off altogether a year later. Good thing the Supe's secretary was there to help him through the dark ages

Athletically he enjoyed two and a half unforgettable years with Navy crew before switching to his true love, water polo. Particularly unforgettable was the close encounter with hypothermia during his first collegiate spring break when his eight-man shell swamped in rough weather. In water polo Craig quickly established himself as one of Navy's premier holemen

Throwing frisbees and giving juggling lessons in Stud Street kept his grades around 2.0. As Craig's study habits and CQPR drastically improved, his conduct grade decreased disproportionately which was highlighted by a brilliant "class act" during first class summer

Several demerits and days of restriction later found Craig on another summer cruise while retaining his three stripes for first set. These stripes and his new Firebird kept him on the go even though he did attend classes between weekends and did his battsubCDR thing better than required

Once upon a time this guy sweated the load as only his gungy mother could, but with a little help from his other plebe year roommates, Fat Eddie and Drinkin' Don, Craig has become the well adjusted, upstanding and never-turn-down a good time fellow that he is. For a dude who can't stand an upset stomach, we wonderingly wish Craig the best of everything in the surface fleet
TGP

Angelo A. McCoy
Boston
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Ang

Angelo came to USNA from Boston, Mass. He soon found out that plebe year was a very interesting experience. Believing in class unity, he soon spread the trouble that he got himself in to his roommates who really appreciated it

First semester Angelo took academics rather lightly, until he was asked to show up for an AC board as a reward for his efforts. It's been said that no one can hear you scream in Bancroft Hall, but someone did and he was given another chance. Soon it was discovered that Angelo could cope with academics, but there was something still in his way. Science fiction! He had enough SF books to have a new wing of Nimitz extended to his room. His zeal for science fiction spread to dungeons and dragons, and while sleeping he could often be heard mumbling about different fantasy creatures. He even tried to keep some of them in the bottom of his locker, but had to free them when he put out his semi-annual load of laundry.

Angelo didn't let electrical engineering get in the way of his science fiction, and he soon found himself in the great world of physical science. Now equipped with an excuse not to study, he became the wardroom rat of '83. "Mr. Mellow" could never be upset and was the target of many a Mid attempting to shovel off a watch or duty. "No sweat" was his usual reply, as long as the TV was working. To say that Angelo lived in "Mother B" is not true, he was part of it

Angelo has aspirations of being an NFO. He definately deserves the best of luck in everything he does and we wish him just that
RLR

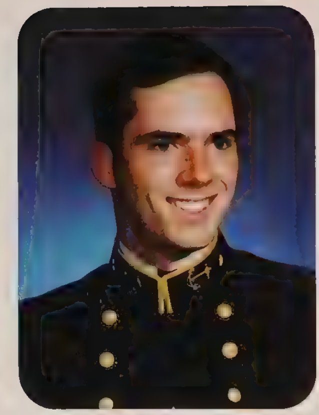
David R. McGuire
Bloomington
Illinois
Physical Science
Surface
Dr. Rack

Dave "Dr. Rack" McGuire became famous plebe year for his amazing chow calls. The upper class were so impressed, they often had him do chow calls from the ten minute call until formation

Dave's casual attitude set him right in the groove for his second year at USNA. With youngster year came the era of the three stooges-one of which was Dave's roommate. Soon room 6047 became a combination Deli and Sound Studio. The Stud Street Bar & Grill was always "cooking" (With cold drinks to go) and rocking. Studying was frowned upon and Dave, with the highest SAT scores in the company, frowned the hardest. Fortunatly, Lady Luck and the Cdr. smiled at Dave's AC-board and the mid with the worst grades in the company was given one more chance. Unfortunatly, two of the the Three Stooges had to exit stage left (with the other on the way) by the time Dave had added another stripe. During his 2/C year, Dave epitomized the expression "anything over a 2.0 is wasted rack time." Miraculously, his grades soared and the BZ memorandums from the batt officer flowed

Dave's ill-fated trip to Hood College as a second class was truly a classic. (But only Dave can do that story justice). 1/C year found Dave sneaking girls into HIS room, and living by a new philosophy- "Put off tonight what you can do all tomorrow morning." Pulling all-nighters became routine for Dave until he kissed the wrong person and got mono

Dave was a mid and mids are a wild bunch of guys. He will long be remembered as a soft-spoken, easy-goin, unselfish madman. We wish him the best of luck always



Eric A. McNamara
Bellevue
Washington
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Mac

With "I could never play in the NFL" as his battle cry, Eric was a permanent wardroom fixture on weekends. In shock when he found out that he couldn't serve on the USS Marblehead, he over reacted and went nuke instead. Never the patient type, Mac was relieved when he was McKee's first interview of the day, but he still can't tell you what the Admiral's office looked like.

A firm believer in the adage "anything over a 3.4 is wasted rack time", Eric (or "Ed" as some liked to call him), logged more hours deep in slumber than the entire fifth battalion combined. In his quest for fifteen hours of sleep per day, Mac had to endure many hardships: bright lights, loud music, and Don yelling at him about his date with Kara.

Whenever Eric was found up after his bedtime of 10:30, you could be sure that he was hard at work in the dungeons. The characters he liked best to portray were female magic users. Was this Mac's way of trying to see how the other half lives?

As co-destructor of Lt. Reese's station wagon youngster Christmas, Eric was Bear's usual co-pilot on long range road trips. Whether spending fifteen straight hours behind the wheel, or pacing the bearmobile to 120+ mph, Eric drove like a fugitive from "The Road Warrior". Some unknown Iowan nearly fell victim to the silver celica and its demented occupant; only a last ditch effort from Bear averted another driving casulty.

The company wardroom will never be the same without you Eric, namely, there will be more room for everyone else. Good luck EAM in Rickover's Navy, if your years as a mid are any indication, the Soviets have alot to worry about.

- - - Written by the Bear - - -

Sam M. Mills
San Diego
California
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Psycho

Sam was one of our favorite classmates right from the very start because it was easy for us to memorize his hometown - Sam Diego Mills. As one of the original "skid row boys", Sam got his quals in laundry bag fighting, serving as board monitor, and loaning stuff to the locker room. He will probably always have nightmares about hall ball ("one more pitch, Lou" and "new world's record") and midnight pep rallies ("get out there and support the big blue").

Sam had it real tough plebe year in Tonto's navy and as one of Fish's boys. Youngster year proved to be a real challenge for Sam as he was one of the four ready to take on the EE Major. Final score: EE-4 27th Co.-0.

In addition, he lived with the dynamic duo. If any of his uniforms were missing he knew right where to look, "Hey, Zap!!!" He'll never forget the day Phil turned green to the core (corps). Second class year Sam learned to love Pat Metheny and the Police. He also became a satisfied customer of "Hartman Motors". Sam was one of the few, the proud, the Astral watch captains. Are the British really our allies? Oh, well it was worth it to see David Letterman. Sam became a faithful member of the Hill Street Blues club first class year. He also learned the fine art of panelling selection and installation. We all wish you the best of everything, Sammy, you deserve it.

R.A.P.

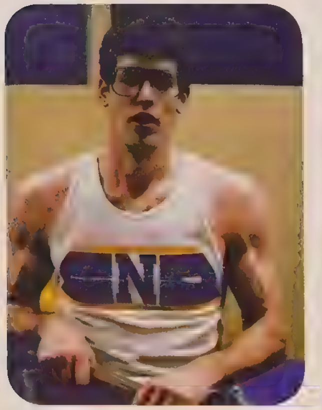
Rick A. Paisley
Dixon
Illinois
General Engineering
Nuclear Power
Babycrusher

Rick Paisley came to the Naval Academy from the petunia capital of the world - Dixon, Illinois. Known for its world famous Hay Brothers' ice cream and hometown of Ronald Reagan. Pais knew he would have a rough time at USNA from the first day. His roommate, Mike Macias didn't show up. Plebe year was a challenge for Pais. to keep his sanity, with squad leaders like L.A. and SAB. SAB recognized Pais' intimidating features and dubbed him Charles Paisley, the Babycrusher - son of the giant killer.

Pais will always be remembered as one of the original skid row boys, having midnight pep rallies, supporting the big blue, and donating his geekers and scissors to the locker room. Pais was cultured with the Far East, rooming with the little yellow rock and Bonzai. Only with Pais' luck (if it wasn't for bad luck he wouldn't have any luck at all) would he room with a Chinese cowboy from California and a Japanese redneck from Virginia. But, second class year was a happier time, for Pais was singing to the tune, sooner or later . . . . . . You go Genera. Pais' expertise in EE was handy in figuring out the multitude of knobs and switches on Hotrod's tower of power.

On our Astral cruise, Pais was the duty, duty man, being cultured with British vocabulary - The come closer tubes (binoculars), give me a full plate (What is he hungry or something?). First class year brought indecision owards Navy or Marine corps air, so he went nuke instead. At ur 20th reunion we are all looking forward in meeting your son . . . . Gurn Blandston Paisley. Good luck in all your adventures Rick.

S.M.M.



Terry G. Preble
Ansbach
Deutschland
General Engineering
Surface
Prebs

He row and he row and he row . . . (here I am at the Naval Academy, big fat hairy deal) Terry was definitely a free spirit. He came to the academy not to join the Nuclear Power Program, but to escape from it. And he always found interesting ways to occupy his study hours, like riding his bike to Glen Burnie or taking the dog out for a walk. Terry's goal at USNA was to get a black N, but the best he could come up with was a gold one. He came close several times for sending Lincoln logs to Batt staff and testing the aerodynamic properties of an apple. Terry singlehandedly chased off four company officers while fortunately being blessed with a golden tongue to keep himself out of trouble. He was also known as the man with a golden thumb, as he must have hitchhiked over every mile of roadway in the United States on his weekend and vacation jaunts. But as his thumb grew tired his fancy turned to a 73 Malibu which is rumored to be still haunting the Garden State parkway. Learning his lesson, Terry bought the indestructable car; a 72 caddy with a seperate battery to power the options and a gasoline trailer in tow. Between fillups Terry still had time to beef himself up by dipping in his roomates inumerable chow packages.

Even though Terry was slim and trim, he was one of the toughest oarsmen Navy has put on the water in recent years. When Terry hangs up his oar he's bound for the surface fleet. Good luck from all the boys

C.M.

Philip B. Raimondo
Port Washington
New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer
Phil

Phil or "Mundo" entered the Navy as one of the "Elite" from Long Island, New York. Munds started his self aspiring athletic career at the Naval Academy Prep School on the lacrosse field and in the soccer goal. Towards the end of plebe year he commenced a legendary string of events that mids will be attempting (in vain) to equal. What do red hair and green underwear have in common? The Beach Boys came to town and Phil joined them in surfing and swinging (from the rafters).

Youngster year saw "Skip" scaling the bell tower at Washington College and skinnydipping in the South River. An episode that cost him his high school ring and his young woman, who still steams at the thought. The only one that still knows they're in love is his car, (which surprisingly) breaks down whenever they travel out of state together. The legend continued during second class year when Phil was able to combine two of his favorite pastimes by playing defenseman for Riordan's Saloon Lacrosse Club. One weekend first class year, Mundo hopped in his "Stang With A Sting", also known as the little car that could (and sometimes did), to visit his playmate that wasn't. The mystery of the Yale cheerleader was a short chapter, but Phil has a lot of pages left to fill in that book. Phil's studly body finally got some recognition on Halloween. Did they really laugh that hard? Although and because he is a political science major, Phil promises the Navy a fine officer and I know 'll never break a promise.
DRH & MJB

Donald P. Reis
Belleville
Illinois
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

As a midshipman, Don was always in search of the ultimate joys of life. Fast cars, fast boats, and fast women were Don's favorite pastimes (but not necessarily in that order). Somehow, he got away with murder and the famed system never caught up with him.

After a low key Plebe year (he always knew his rates), the "Rum and Coke" man came to true form. Posing as photographers for Playboy, Don and Bob hit Atlantic City in March of youngster year. After a slow start, the boys proceeded to clean out the various casinos. Several hours and countless drinks later, a great idea struck these two fine upstanding mids. The A.C.P.D. (undercover), however, didn't think too much of the idea and a compromise was reached. The "photographers" would have to find other models and in return the Police wouldn't take them downtown for pictures and fingerprints. 'Nuff said.

As a firstie, Don's grade point average was still over a 3.0 (with no apparent effort on his part). Always striving to attain more knowledge, Don attended night school as much as 3 or 4 times a week at Fran O'Briens, the Vous, or Clarks. Ironically, his striper position was Conduct Officer and as a gambler would say: "Don knew when to hold 'em, knew when to fold 'em and throw 'em away

Don enjoyed his time on the field playing Batt football, saying he loved good team spirit and competition. During his first class year, when it was obvious that a winning season was out of the question, he managed to get hurt. He really took it hard since he missed a month of drill, formal in spections, march-ons, and even some classes; but not one night of liberty.

Guys like Don helped add that touch of mystery that '83 had in 27. And when it comes time for us to part, Don will always be remembered by those who knew him well as a real friend.
Bob

Russell L. Robinson
Boston
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Russ

Looking at Russell as a roommate and as a civilian trying to impersonate a midshipman, I can clearly deduce that Russell should have stayed in Boston and remained a civilian. Russell does not seem to be like any other normal mid because he is a gentleman and quite a ladies' man, about 6 ladies worth. Give Russ credit because he is in love with them all and I'm sure he will love about 3 more before May '83. There is really no problem with this as long as the right letters get into the right envelopes. Women do two things to Russ, help him or hurt him. The help comes to Russ because he feels he deserves a break from a long harrowing week and so his women relax him. Before a date, after hours of preperation, Russ is ready to relax with clothes that could light up a dark room. Women also hurt Russ because when Sunday night rolls around all he can think about is his relaxation for the next weekend.

Academics never interfered with his relaxation or his sleep. Russ had to have his beauty sleep With all that sleep he could have modeled for GQ. In all seriousness, Russ is one hell of a guy and will be respected wherever he goes. Good luck and God bless in all your endevors. Your friend always, Brian.
B.V.

Mark G. Schoonmaker
Athens
Georgia
Political Science
Navy Air
Schoons

Schoons came to us from Athens, Georgia or was it Kaiserslautern, Germany? None of us ever knew for sure, but he soon established a home at Navy. Whether sleeping through drill or showing sustained attendence at tailgaters, Schoon showed great support for his company. Known by all for his generosity and sensitivity, Mark would frequently endeavor to dispose of unneeded articles that tended to clutter the rooms of Bancroft. Some would say that he should have disposed of his car in a like manner, but after providing shelter to wayward light poles and lonely engines he could not bear to part with it. Schoons, although destined to be an airdale, will not soon fly from memories.
L.M.

William J. Schulz
Kirkland
Washington
Physics
Nuclear Power
Bear

27th company's answer to the demolition derby, Bear is the 1983 co-winner (along with Monkey) of the Navy Tactical Driving Award. The bearmobile deserves the real credit, standing up to the 25,000+ miles of abuse Bear heaped on it since youngster year. Whether driving through Glen Burnie at 90 mph, driving over admirals' cars at football games, or getting stuck up to its axles in mud, his blazer was a delight to mids and police alike.

For a physics major, Bear learned to write amazingly well. Raising the art of the special request chit to a new high, he created a new honor committee billet and got three stripes in one mighty stroke of the pen; no little feat for one ranked 27th out of 36 at the time.

Bill's summer cruises were equally amazing: a submarine cruise that turned out to be five weeks of sailing on Long Island sound, and a westpac I that saw Bear spending more time in bars than aboard ship. Maybe that's why he volunteered to be our cruise coordinator.

A devout husky fan, Bear turned as green as the trees of his home state during the Navy-Washington game, but that didn't stop him from continuously promoting his home despite protests from all around him. When are we going to have that mushroom hunt, Bear?

And let's not forget the letters from Tom, the infamous William Michael Ericson (wanted in 37 states and Bermuda for speeding, illegal possession of alcohol and forgery), and the S&M twins, ("Bark like a dog!"). Seriously, Bear, why was your head shaved when you came back from spring break?

Let's hope you meet your primary goal in the Nuclear Navy, catching up with the dreaded beekeeper. May you someday be able to answer the question, "got enough iced tea there bear?"

Bruce J. Seitz
Catonsville
Maryland
Physical Science
Surface
Sietzer

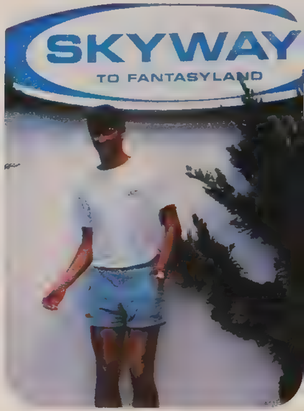
Bruce, B.J., Midn seats, Seitzer, Wheel, came to Annapolis with lax stick in one hand and Jenny's phone number in the other. His intense Plebe summer and napster experience culminated with his escape at the end of Plebe summer to a Beach Boys concert in B-more. This is consistent with Bruce's Jimmy Buffet lifestyle

Bruce's first three years were filled with dedication to blazing home every single weekend. B.J.'s devotion to the 'Vill, O.C., and his grease squeeze Jenny has forced him to miss home football games, formations and other mandatory activities. The apex of this phenomenon saw Seitzer making a round trip from the 'Ville to Philly for the Army-Navy March-on enabling him to view the opening kick-off in the privacy of his own home.

You can count on the Wheel to take you to a party where you don't know anybody. You can also count on him to leave you there

Bruce is by far the best looking mid in the brigade—just ask him. His lacrosse ability has earned him his fourth letter while making him a devout disciple of slazarian logic. Upon graduation, Midn seats will no doubt occupy himself figuring out how to land a jet in C-ville or drive a ship to B-more.

E S



Douglas W. Sellers
Lorton
Virginia
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer
Bonzai

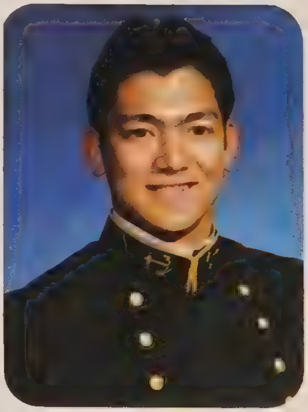
Doug Sellers came to USNA from Lorton, Virginia, only after his mom made sure there would be someone who could babysit her little Bonzai

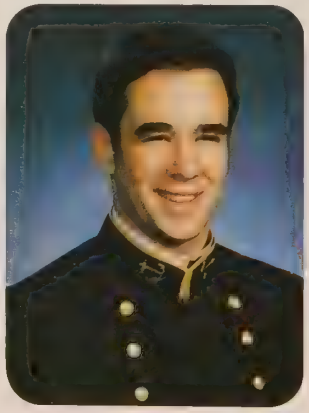
For the next four years anyone could tell Monkey from the rest, one because of the ton of snuff in his mouth, and second because of the puddle of sweat that seemed to follow him. Monkey entered Cool School third class year, under instruction from two of the best, and has yet to graduate

Monk's favorite pasttime besides being a total nuisance was to stare aimlessly into the mirror for hours at virtually nothing, meaning himself, and trying to look huge. First class year Monk became safe driving rep, who would be better than a person who has had multiple tickets and an accident. Bonzai was an expert on just about everything. He had always seemed to talk to an expert on a subject right before people would discuss it, and to say Doug is wrong would be like committing a mortal sin

As Monk grows older he will continue to be on the neverending search for that one "hot" woman who can babysit him like we have. As Bonzai leaves USNA, he takes with him his expertise on every subject, his thousands of stories about high school and his childlike mentality that has made him the character that he is. Doug's respect and love for his parents have always been his drive and will continue on after graduation. Hey, Monk, "we owe you!"

E.A.S. & B.J.S





Edward A. Solar
Huntington Long Island
New York
Applied Science
Navy Air
Gumba

Whatsa matta, don't you like it here! Ed came to USNA as a typical fast action 100% hog-man. However, this was soon to change, as the aged 20 in 2, and is now an "Officer and a Gentleman." Gumba's father and son relationship with the fat-man blossomed Youngster year but his true calling came senior year when Gumba was called off waivers to fill empty space left with the departure of TWFM.

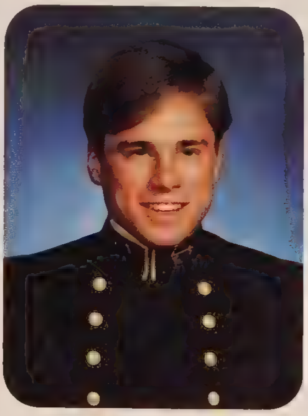
Eddie's 34 saves against NASSAU Youngster year placed him in the Goalie Hall of Fame, but those days were over only to yield to heavy winds. Second class year, Day gave up a life of luxury and fun for love and family life. Thanks Michelle

Ed's prize possession was his curb yellow-Z-car however that was soon departed because an Aries K with wood trim was needed. Another love of Ed's life were mountains, often he could be found polishing the peaks. Gumba's wise and quick tongue appropriated himself many locker slams by Baby Salve and Little Joey. Gumba matured to everyone on the outside of USNA, but his true friends really know the true Gumball Squali

B.J.S

David W. Waugh
Norwalk
Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Dave

David Waugh, known as either Dave, Waughzer, Waughzerowski, or Ski to close friends found himself blowing for the D&B and hitting the books as an Aerospace Engineer the moment he took the trip from Norwalk, Iowa to the school along the banks of the Severn river. Throughout Plebe year Dave was able to keep a low profile, except for a few instances of officiating a bout between his roommates outside the ring. The following year saw Dave building up a new reputation with "the boys", taking trips out to Hood and finding out more about the male counterpart, and excerising with the spirited 8 ounce drink much to his mom's chagrine. The start of second class year brought a new beginning in his life, picking up his roommate's slack with a lady from Baltimore, (considering he did the same on a trip to Hood-thanks to his quick foot), and frequenting that area on the weekends, (heavens knows what goes on between the two of them out there). But he sure did have a good taste of polish sausage for Sunday breakfast, courtesy of her mom. It seems that this kind of life was too much for the boy to give up that the bachelor's group may lose him after graduation. Well, our loss also proved to be the same for Navy Air for nukes looked more alluring. The fast pace at Old Canoe has surely gotten into this guy, but whatever may come of this native Iowan, he will surely command a high place in our hearts.
Atienza



Ross D. Woodson
Lakeland
Florida
Ocean Engineering
CEC
Ross

Ross was a great guy to have around the company. His Plebe year firsties liked him right from the start. They didn't have to tell him to brace up; he always asked permission to brace himself up. That guy sure had spirit when he crept, sneaking off to put up his personal sheet poster over the rotunda after taps. He also instigated many good ideas for bulletin boards. "WE ARE THE GREATEST-THANK YOU." brought acclaim from far and wide. Always finding time to relax with a few "Buds", Airbone Woodson could be found Youngster year floating around in Rickover or participating in lively discussions in the wardroom. "Plebes should have bad grades!" Ross "the spy" Woodson made quite an impression second class summer as he romped about between the beach and unclassified lectures; but still managed to gain enough professional knowledge (in spite of his "F" in NS101) to become CA of his very own YP first class summer. First class year Ross frequently managed to get lost on his way to the head and would often end up in someone's shower; "just checkin' the drains." Ross' antics will not be forgotten. His friendly radiation will be around for a long time.
M.G.S.

Steven Young
Sanger
California
General Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Meatball

Meatball hails from Sanger, Ca, but that's besides the point. The point is at the end of his cowboy boots, which could kill a bug in the tightest corner. Traveling 3000 miles east, it only made sense that he settled with a Hawaiian honey, but not before he became a four time member of the Lonely Hearts Club.

Steve majored in swimming in his years at Navy. Independent study included three attempts at the forty year swim. He finally decided he enjoyed swimming under the water more than on it and joined the Nuclear Navy. Just ask Steve why he changed his major. Admiral McKee Did.

The oriental express was a terror on the football field and even adapted his play to the soccer field, blowing away opponents inside the penalty box. Nearly as famous were his road trips in the '69 Camaro, including a king's dominion journey which ended in a quick return due to the untimely closing of the park. Foreign travel probably includes Denmark, as he buys Copenhagen a little at a time

As Steve goes off to a promising career, we hope he avoids hassles like 4000 series offenses, which he experienced while teaching the Plebes to become model midshipmen. Good luck in your swimming tests at sub school. The Skid Row Club will miss you, Meatball. Stay in touch.
S.G.K.

Ricardo A. Zapata
Little Silver
New Jersey
Physical
Naval Flight Officer
Zap

Space: The final frontier. These are the voyages of midshipman Rick Zapata. His four year mission: To drift aimlessly through USNA, to seek out new dust and dirt, and to boldly clean where no mid has cleaned before.

Rick drifted into 27th company at the beginning of Youngster year. It seems that one year of Rick was all that second company could withstand, so they launched him in our general direction (thanks fellas). After landing here, Rick immediately set up house-keeping. Who else do you know takes a half hour to sweep the floor, or scrub the tiles every morning before class?

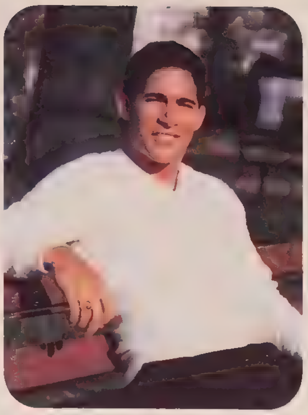
His best friend during his four year visit at USNA was probably himself. He has been known to have had some very intellectual conversations with himself; particilarly during study hour, as he sat musing over his homework. Along these lines, Rick's most famous quote: "I'm so stupid, I wish I was as smart as you." Besides being a fluent conversationalist, Rick was also an active supporter of energy conservation. We're not sure if he was just concernrd about energy or if he was allergic to light, but turning off lights seemed to be one of his favorite pastimes. No wonder his eyes went bad, its almost impossible to read in the dark.

Rick plans on going navy air as an NFO. At least we can say one thing about him in that regard: he'll have the cleanest jet in the entire U.S. fleet! Seriously though, we all wish you the very best of luck, Rick.
G.A.

SKATE TWENTY-EIGHT

Kevin F. Bedell
Clifton Park
New York
Oceanography
Special Operations
Beds

2nd LT. Beddel's (or f - - - face as his mother fondly called him) story is somewhat like the movie "Escape From New York". Although he was born in 'da Bronx' and raised in 'New Yawk' Kev was able to escape to the freedom of 'da hall.' Kev was able to project a laid back image while striving for 3 stripes second semester of first class year. His true character came out during W.E.F. weekend when he instigated the exotic midnight operation. Kev's one major shortcoming was his inability to learn from his mistakes. After being fried Plebe year for incorrectly celebrating Easter he waited exactly one to do the exact same thing, and got fried again. Kevin was very active in sports, or at least in between his sojourns in misery hall. He had his romantic side to. Many was the time he simply over-charmed a young lass and had to, as he put it, "lay it on the line." The grey ghost will be missed, under that 'tough guy' facade there is one hell of a person. Those marines will be getting more out of this deal than they deserve.



Jacqueline Y. Blackwell
Baltimore
Maryland
Physical Science
Aircraft Maintenance Duty Officer
Jaki

Coming to Annapolis was like coming home for Jaki after spending a year's vacation in beautiful San Diego at boost. With experience like hers, Jaki had no problems with plebe year, except maybe during Army week. Last time I checked there was still jello stuck to the ceiling of her plebe year room. Well, then Youngster year came along. This brought a stereo and lots of rack time to the room. But Jaki can honestly say she studied in the library every night since she was the head librarian in charge of one of the finest soul album collections in the brigade. She'll always remember the dancing and down right jamming good times of 7th battalion. Youngster year did have a comical side for Jaki. If you need comedy what better way to find it then to date a comedian?! Second class year brought out the serious side of Jaki. She studied her singing more and got involved in seabreeze. Her roommate will never forget all the practicing she did everyday, everywhere . . . (shower, studying, in the mirror, etc) but it all paid off when she had her big debut at the International Ball. Second class year had some unforgettable schemes too, like "plan football" and the "defense economics espionage". Jaki's accomplishments up to first class year include the women's varsity fencing team, the first woman president of the Black Studies Club and . . . graduation. Oh yeah!!
C.B.

Carolyn J. Bowling
San Diego
California
Electrical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps
Sister Cary

Sweet Cary came to Navy from a li'l town called San Diego - the most naive valley girl who ever lived! We could always count on Cary to miss a joke - the floor was the limit when it came to something being over her head. But she more than compensated with brains and sweat in her EE major - to the point of next-to-the-most stripes first semester her last hear. 4-1 could never have been the same without "The Valley Staff", knickers, Pa & Grandpa & Rock & Junior & Gidget, listening through the wall, having the girls in charge, and "The Dating Situation." Of course, three years in 28 produced its share of things not soon forgotten: played any football lately, Cary Bee? And how is it to get tied up and put on top of the mailbox? Or in a laundry bag? or hiding in the cabinet above Jackie's locker: how's t-squared (either one)? Homed in on skunk tango lately? Had a cheese party in the recent past? Cec's picking up a winner with Junior. Cary, remember that your sis misses you, green as she is, and we have to get together and peg the gidgometer or maybe even do another Tony Taikwando and Dawn real soon. God bless you, Cary-Doll, and may you have as much happiness in your life as you bring to others!
E.L.R.

Steven Burt
Springfield
Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Burty

Steve came to USNA chasing a dream of many college men. Playing varsity football Steve worked so hard during plebe summer that he broke his leg. Miraclously he never needed crutches or a cast and was scarce around the pep field. Steve gave up football after youngster year to go on to bigger and better things. No one ever found out what those things were though

Overall, Steve was a young man definetely into broadening his horizons and expanding his mind. Sometimes in trouble, Steve had several personal conferences with the batt officer, and many more with the O.O.D. Steve gave up nine weeks of summer leave for plebe detail and a sub cruise and half of first semester first class year to see The Who concert. Lastly, how can we talk about Steve without his second love, Jill. Steve will always be a great friend and I wish him luck in every thing he does
MG

Carol L. Canby
San Antonio
Texas
Political Science
Surface

To a real traditionalist with modern views, with love.

Carol sure has had an interesting sentence here at Crabtown. She has always been in trouble — ever since Plebe summer, like when she ''forgot'' to brace or had to wear a ''Hollywood''. Then came the dealings with Mal-n-neck, Airborne Daddy, Killer Kley, Bruiser, and the Glowing miller light. Her roommates left to go ''civilian line, mighty fine'' and left Carol to face severe hardship tours — of Germany, the Pentagon, and Ft. Storey!

As a 2/C, she really lived up to the tradition of a true flamer, except, of course, when dealing with sis, or allowing Plebers to escape. Firstie year came (finally) and she mellowed somewhat, got rid of the bug and picked up ''El Tanin!''

Carol was always running around in one of her many ECA's or with Navy Pistol. After three long years, she finally earned her letter, her first away trips, and the title of ''Navy Liaison!'' She has a real knack of feeling at home anywhere and with anyone (except a few OOD's!) Outwardly effervescent, Carol is like a fine champagne (with BUBBLES, naturally) — great depth, sensitivity, and a touch of romanticism. Deep inside, she's got a shy, dedicated core. (Marine, maybe?) A good way to get to know her is over a pizza at Marina's. With good food goes good company, and Carol's the best!

Wishing you fair winds and following seas, always.

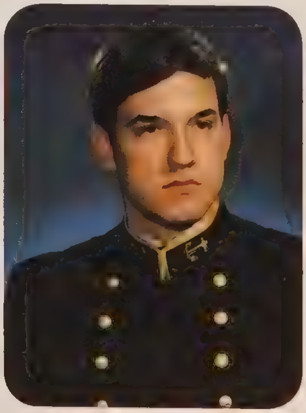
George R. Carter, III
Smithfield
North Carolina
Mathematics
USMC
Diode

George came to USNA from Smithfield, N.C. His biggest difficulty while a mid was his inability to sit down with a book and study. George was often dumbfounded when a tourist would ask directions to Nimitz library.But despite his study habits, George was still able to make it through with no problem. True, he did give his profs amazing snowjobs, but it worked. In fact, he even landed Company Subcommander and Company Commander. On weekends George became a madman. No woman was wild enough nor any drink strong enough. And of course, books were always last on his priorities when Friday afternoon would roll around. But George was still a true friend. Whenever a classmate needed help, George would readily volunteer. In fact, that's probably how he got his nickname. Well George, whichever community gets you, it'll be their problem. Take care, and we'll all miss you

John B. Davis
Pensacola
Florida
Political Science
Navy Air

John will always be known for his ''symbolism'' and his mellow attitude. Not to be one to rush things, John once took an hour and a half to watch ''60-Minutes'' on T.V. To be fair, John was once seen passing people on Stribling, but also had a pillow under each arm. He did manage long enough to play varsity soccer for four years. John can't wait to get to flight school and return to the warm climate of Florida. As a midshipman, John reached his ultimate goal when was issued his crows as an M.I.R. (midn. in rack).

John has an open mind and constantly finds himself ''amazed'' at life's pleasures. He has an ''awsome'' ability to stay out of trouble, out of sight, and out of company. We suspect he's leading a second life as a mild mannered civilian somewhere out in Annapolis. If you see John, tell him he has to write my biography. I haven't seen him for a couple days now (awake that is). R.T.W



Michael L. Donner
Richmond
Virginia
Chemistry
Nuclear Submarines
Donzo

He is of the shaft . . . Mike came to us from the booming metropolis of Richmond, Virginia, via Hillsville

A real hard charger from the start, Mike was never one to be intimidated by upperclass. How bout those knees Flembo. Youngster year Mike roomed with the infamous ''Wad''. It was then that Donzo first learned the true meaning of the word demerit. When he was not restricting, however, he was out in town running into medical personnel.

How bout ya Debbie. Sophmore year also found Mike down by the docks, drinking Casey's beer before Tim killed the fish in the Bay. It was then that we began to lose sight of Mike as trips to Harrisonburg became a regular part of his itinerary.

Second class summer Mike displayed the physical prowess that later made him famous in the shaft. At Quantico, on the Echo Company trail with his entire platoon waiting at the end of the road, Mike decided that the unnecessary physical activity was not for him and decided to walk the rest of the way. As second class year rolled around, Mike and I decided to let our room standards slip. Sorry Fran. But it was fun moving all of the trash into the bathroom on a weekly basis. Mike was never one to work hard though. I often wondered what his grades would have been if he studied.

He was the only person I knew who could learn four weeks of wires three hours before the test. Prior to first class year standing 25/36 in the Company, Fran, in her infinite wisdom, deemed him an underachiever and exiled him to the other side of the world. But, he still remains a member of Tenth Company. We wish Mike and Susan the best of luck spending all of the money he is going to make now that he is one of McKee's monkeys. Best of luck buddy. I hope Susan can cope with your appetite. Thanks to Capt. and Mrs. L.

Donald F. Emerson
Overbrook
Kansas
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Smooth

Don's nickname is indicative of the terrain he hails from, the flatlands of Kansas. He acquired this nickname due to his mellow personality. "Smooth" is so laid back his pulse must be taken periodically to see if he is still alive. His most prize posession here at the Academy is his rack When other people were thinking of purchasing cars with their car loans, Don wanted a Sealy Posturepedic. Speaking of comfortable, Smooth tends to become too comfortable. For example, Smooth often went to a bar to pick up on ladies. While waiting for the right one to come along, he would loosen up a bit by downing a few brews. Well, old mellow Smooth would miss that right girl had she come along because he became so loose he fell asleep.

We're all pretty sure that his motorcycle incident was probably not due to excessive speed, but due to excessive closed eye lids. Don is as lazy as Garfield, with the body to match. He was often the center of attraction at parties, cause lying in the middle of the floor with shut eyes and a lukewarm beer in his hand forced people to step over him on the way to the bathroom.

Don was also very helpful as a company academic monitor. People knew that if their grades were near his they were in trouble. But everybody still ran to him when their programs wouldn't run

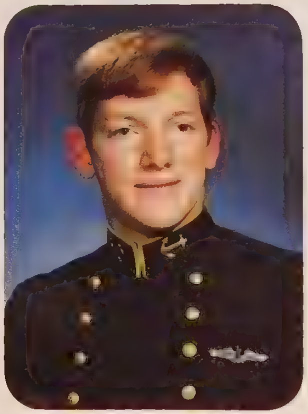
Don hasn't been awake enough to give service selection much thought, yet, but whoever will let him wear his beloved WW's will probably get the nod (of sleep). Take care, Amigo, we'll sure miss you.

Harry A. Frank
Park Ridge
New Jersey
History
Marine Corps— Infantry
"Wingnut"

Harry Frank came to USNA with every intention of being a good, inconspicuous plebe, and immediately found himself the center of attention no matter WHAT he did, right or wrong. Then he realized that when you stand six-four, it doesn't matter what you do— you stand out. Making more than the best of it, Harry proceeded to shine, both in the classroom and on the parade field.

When he wasn't studying or practicing with the Drum and Bugle Corps, we got to know Harry and found a dry wit offsetting the determined seriousness of purpose in our friend. To coin a phrase, Harry marched to the beat of his own drummer and continues to do so. It is sad that so few of us do this. It is this trait which made him a sincere and true friend, and helped us all to find out just what the word "friend" means.

Youngster year also brought out signs of latent interest in those green uniforms worn by a few of the officers around the Boat School. Second class year confirmed this, even though the high-and-tight was a bust. Harry will be a passenger on the boats and not a driver of them. In his inimitable style, Harry met his future bride on Worden Field. Even if he denies it, we can't help but wonder if MGySgt Future Father-in-law had anything to do with Harry's Service Selection The Corps is getting a fine officer, the only shame is in the Navy's losing of one. Good luck to you and Sue, Harry, we know you'll excel in whatever you do. "Semper Fidelis" has long been your motto, friend. OOH-RAH!!
LT & AG



Aaron L. Gray III
Zephyrhills
Florida
Physics
Marine Corps
"Face"

The Naval Academy has never quite been able to figure out Aaron Gray, which is just as well— none of us know what makes "Face" tick, either. A product of the cultural backwater of where in the hell is Zepherhills, Aaron has spent his four years by the bay in becoming "edicated" on the finer points of grammar, tact, and women.

Everyone knows that there are only two kinds of dumb and bunglers: beaters and blowers Aaron endeared himself to all by becomng a "banger", and diligently carried the trash can lid art to new lows. His voice is of a quality that enabled him to ignore song lyrics— he was never allowed to sing more than the first line, anyway.

It is very infrequent that anyone can be friendly, patient, tolerant, and religious together. As the company's bible study leader, Aaron has shown us that he is one of those truly outstanding individuals.

Aaron has always had the capacity to amaze us— take service selection, for instance. The long-haired redhead seemed doomed to the depths, but, somehow . . . well, those silver dolphins may look awlfully dumb on dress blues, but we know that his Marine Corps wings are made of gold. Helos it will be.

Those of us who have known Aaron, who have (incredibly) roomed with him, have been blessed with a friendship unequaled by any other. We may have a rival for his affection in a young(st?)er woman, but we'll share. Good luck, Aaron, remember— "we love you too."
HAF

Andrew R. Griffith
Ann Arbor
Michigan
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power
Andy

To begin to write about Andy one must start with the home life and close family that provides the foundation for Andy's high reaching accomplishments. It has been our pleasure to meet Mr and Mrs. Griffith and his brother the times they have been east from Ann Arbor to be with Andy

Andy experienced a year at the University of Michigan before he cut his hair and hung up his ear ring to enter an environment very different from that of South Quad. Andy is a top performer in the brigade and a scholar athlete. Had it not been for being red shirted there would be yet another star on that sweater you could practice your celestial on

Andy is the swim team captain and a starter on the nationally ranked water polo team. Two workouts a day and the academic load of a Naval Architect filled many of Andy's days here

Another important aspect of Andy's life is his music. I would not like to confront Andy if he goes a week without Neil, The Dead, or Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks

Griff's new pride and joy is his Audi 4000. That smiling guy with the sun roof open, Bob Marley tunes hopping out, a white panama hat, and Noir sun glasses is such a Griffith. Thank God! The Nuclear Navy did not wait for a second knock when Andy came calling. Andy is a winner. I feel very fortunate and proud to have been his roomate. Thanks for the quality memories
RTW

Michael J. Gubosh
Dundalk
Maryland
Physical Science
Navy Air
Goobs

Mike came to USNA through naps to major in lacrosse. A little uptight at first, Mike finally relaxed and mellowed into the "to cool for school" guy that he is today. Mike will always be known for his professionalism and military bearing. Mike was a great friend to only a few of his company mates. Never one to be involved in company activities, Goobs remained aloof from his classmates. He would have been totally overlooked had he not been so willing to deal out verbal abuse to anyone he saw fit. Mike's list of abuse usually included company stripers or other figures of authority, which undoubtedly was the cause of his perennial low company ranking. Mike, a four year 'N' winner was always more interested in athletics and lacrosse parties than anything else. Visiting the willow tree bar one Friday proved to be one party to many and a meeting with the Dant put a blemish on his "perfect record". Fortunately, the "all seeing" administration overlooked his 40 room tours. Mike was not one to be found on weekends, but instead, heading north on the beltway towards Baltimore. Sophmore year, Goobs met the girl of his dreams, the only one who could match him beer for beer at the bar and goal for goal on the lacrosse field. Mike was a good roommate for 4 years and I wish the greatest guy the best of luck in whatever he does.

SEB

Jeffrey D. Hall
Owens Cross Roads
Alabama
Resources Management
Naval Flight Officer
J.D.

Jeff arrived at the boat school with a golden brown Florida tan that quickly turned to the crimson tide. Plebe year found J.D. struggling to keep up with both academics and the letters from his numerous FEMALE friends. In addition to his normal Plebe rates, Jeff became the 28th company prankster pulling many pranks on his roommate and the upperclass. During Youngster year J.D. awakened. Just in time for the weekends (with the girls of course). Rumor has it he wasn't tied down, but, there were countless letters addressed "Teresa"

Second class year Jeff became a geek. A falling QPR (as many of ours did) forced him to take many a geekend. The perseverance paid off though, the axe never even came close. J.D. set out on first class cruise to live up to the ole saying "a girl in every port." Rumor has it he was stuck in Rumania for quite a while. Jeff was always good at accomplishing amazing feats- like the time he was on Plebe summer detail and managed to take the entire company "water skiing" or the weekend he returned from Hood college with B.B Jeff will be remembered by all as a friendly, fun loving individual who really cared for other people. Just keep smiling J.D. and people will wonder what you've been up to

F.J.H

Eric R. Harkcom
Minneapolis
Minnesota
General Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Hark

Many who know him would think that Eric Harkcom was born to go "Corps." His hard-line attitude and impeccable appearance were right on course for a career in green. Hark, however, had different ideas, as he knew long before he arrived at USNA that the only marine he was interested in had a "sub" in front of it. Now, with graduation approaching and a nice "nuke bonus" in his pocket, Hark can look back on a successful but often trying USNA career. From 150's T-tables and "4/C over forty" Plebe year to two stripes and a platoon first class year, Hark certainly has created memories for us all. Echoes of "Harkbelly" ringing through the halls of 6-4, 3/C road trips, army weekends, the "Westpac," and of course, his charcoal black Trans Am, all are sources of comical (and sometimes unspeakable) memories. All in all, Hark is a real "class act" kind of guy, one you could always count on in a clutch situation, and a true friend There is no doubt that the Sub force will be getting a top-notch "lifer" as Eric graduates to the fleet

D W.N., Jr

Kristian O. Hauer
Yardley
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Kris

Kris came to USNA to major in football and almost did until the upper class realized he was a Plebe. Kris was so impressed by "Crasher's" profesionalism that he followed his footsteps right into the Nuclear Navy. Kris wasn't sure that he could handle the Mech. Eng. curriculum until he joined an elite group known as the "American Society of Spongineers" (ASS for short). As his grades took off, so did Kris; to Fran's, the Grill, and the 'Vous. The girls of U. M. and the ladies of Annapolis will surely miss their officer and a . . ., well, (one out two isn't bad).

As a roommate he was very understanding: The understanding was that he didn't fold clothes, clean floors, or go to formals. He always managed to cover himself though, until he landed in the commandant's cocktail party one night coming over the wall. He almost talked his way out of a form-2 until he asked, "Excuse me sir, but who are you?" Room tours every weekend made it easy to save some money for some wheels. I'm sure the red and black van will supply many more memories and speeding tickets, as Kris's naval career continues. Kris has been a lot of fun and "all east" a friend

R.T W

Floyd J. Henderson III

Signal Mountain
Tennessee
Oceanography
Naval Avaition
Floyd

Jack came to us from the hills of Tennessee and traded in his mountain ways for a pair of topsiders and a sailboat. Jack cruised through Plebe year on a fairly even keel. He continued on this course Youngster year until that unavoidable day when the bay froze over and Jack hit the town. (It will never recover.) Jack discovered many interesting diversions there, including girls By the time sailing season started up again, Jack would have at least one steady girl. After a few seasons Jack had accumulated enough grease girls to start his own body shop. Jack's interest in women extended into the religious aspects of dating. The Mormon Mothers of America are keeping a steady eye on him these days. Despite this, the girls of hood took him under their wing where he stayed until graduation.

Jack's relatives being so near gave him an excellant opportunity to avoid being sober. Why Jack would sit and talk for hours with his Uncle Jack. Eventually the bay would thaw and Jack would return to the seas in time for the rest of us to recover. His expertise on the water earned him the honor of skipper as a second class and a class A skipper the following year.

Jack's quick smile and true friendship will be long remembered. His uncompromising integrity and dedication will take him far in the avaition community. Thanks, Jack. And though you won't need it, best of luck in all you do.
J.D.H.

Christopher J. Henkel

Charlevoix
Michigan
Aeronautical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
"Splash"

When Chris Henkel rolled in from Charlevoix and said his major was Aero, we all said that it would never fly. We were both right. His major is still Aero, but he's a nuke subbie too

There are many different kinds of rocks in this world. Most people are familiar with slate, marble and granite, but only a USNA grad knows the aqua-rock. He's the guy who tries to pass his forty year swim by sinking to the bottom and walking it. After two years of watching parades from the severn side, Chris traded his yawls for a pair of waterwings and joined the sub-squad (as an instructor, of course). This choice was heralded by an event of Youngster year, as all on the seaward side of Rickover Hall could tell you. Splish, splash, Chris took a bath

Youngster year wasn't a complete washout, though. They say that older women make beautiful lovers, and one of them got Chris. We don't know what attracted Pam to him— maybe it was the glare of the sun on an uncovered head— but we've hardly seen Chris on a weekend since she got into the swim of things. A chapel wedding is in store. The trivia question of greatest importance is, after prototype, can she sleep with a nightlight?

Thanks for four great years, Splash, may your "reeeeee- port's" always sound strong. Fair winds, following seas, and God bless you
H.A.F.

Kevin L. Johnson

Woodbridge
Virginia
Oceanography
Marine Corps
Kev

Kev came here from wonderful Woodbridge, Va., a mere 45 minutes from USNA, so he basically commuted to school between weekends at home. Recruited to run varsity cross country, Kevin let all know who was in charge by quitting after receiving his N* Plebe year, due to long term "knee problems." Kev's other problem was that, well, whoever he roomed with mysteriously decided to punch out; so needless to say, he had to search hard for new ones. Kev was occasionally so mellow that he went unnoticed by upperclass and company officers alike When they found out they had failed to place him anywhere in the company rankings, they just added his name to the bottom of the list. That, not his utter hatred of anything academic, most be responsible for his Astronomical class standing number

Kev got fried just enough to still be cool with his conduct case friends. He rarely drank to excess but when he did, Kevin became Conan. He would parade the hall in his birthday suit and commit numerous art 108 (UCMJ) violations, as well as eat Bob Marley album jackets. What a guy. Oh yeah, he also destroyed his credit rating with a 280ZX, a 650 Yamaha, and a 1/C cruise in Hawaii. The only reason Kev survived numerous unsat semesters was because medical determined that he was allergic to books and deserved special consideration. Kev hated most classes so much that the less cranium straining oppurtunities in the USMC or special warfare fields became very appealling to him. So look, . . . roomate, whatever happens out there, keep your head down and your smile up. Whatever service gets you is damn lucky. I'm sure as hell going to miss you.
G.M.

William P. Liston

Ellensburg
Washington
Mathematics
Surface
Sonny

Sonny came cruising into Annapolis from the wheatfields of central Washington. He soon found out that he had a lot of learning to do about the ways of the big city life. He didn't know what parallel parking was and thought that rock 'n roll was only something that a YP did. Sonny was a three beer man from day one. He would drink one, spill one, and give one away. We were always jealous of the way that he would save his money whenever out drinking because a 6-pack would keep him happy for the night

Athletics always came easily to Sonny, but in particular, Sonny was born to shoot a basketball until Holly made him lose his shot and Tina made him lose his . . . Sonny also found out that it was easy to get caught breaking regs. He recieved his black N star at the beginning of first class year. Yes, that Lt. sure was a payne

Sonny will always be remembered as being one of the famous outlaws of plebe year and also for his being able to put up with his sleepwalking roommate. We will forgive him for thinking that he was the next Paul McCartney and for his choice of sports teams (Huskies, Sonics, etc.). He always did have a keen sense of humor. I'm sure that Sonny will be successful if he works as hard out there as he did while he was here. The computer terminals will never forget him and neither will we. Sonny has been a great friend and a great guy to live with. His presence, sense of humor, and ever-ready smile will be missed. We wish him the best in whatever he does. He will miss the people, but not the place. Such is life
RTW

Benito Loyola, Jr.
Miami
Florida
Marine Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Benny

Benny made the trip north from sunny Miami, Florida to Annapolis. Little did he realize what was in store for him. His naivete on certain topics made him choice prey for the upperclass.

They put on the pressure to see if he would punch out but he held on. They tried everything short of flogging, trying to see if he would break but it was no use he was here to stay.

Once Benny got Plebe year out of the way he began to persue other interests, mostly space. His facination with the outer limits was as infinite as the cosmos itself. It showed up in the form of a space shuttle for the army project and his collateral duty of being the space shuttle rep. Ben's rocket research project is another example of the power of his curiosity.

Ben learned alot up here. He started at the basics Plebe year with learning about pro football and hockey. Then moving on to first class year he learned how to pilot his own '82 Trans Am having learned to drive only the year before. It almost seems unfair.

People used to wonder about Ben because he was always wondering about things and wasn't afraid to ask questions. Now the same people sit back and wonder themselves.

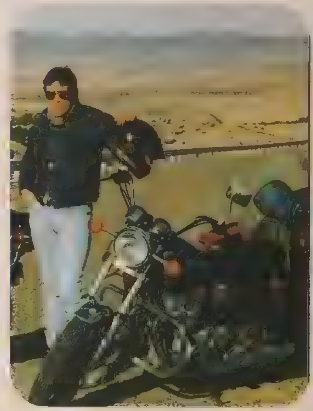
For service selection he tried to go astronaut but it wasn't available so he'll have to wait. But whatever his selection is I know he'll exceed it. Thanks for being a great friend. Vaya con dios Benny.

K.J.

Gordon Moller
Alpine
Texas
Political Science
Cryptology
Scratch

Gordon came here to Annapolis from the thriving megopolis of Alpine, Texas via the fleet. His experience in the "real" Navy gave him an advantage over us "high school disco-preppy bootcamps". His prior service also provided for some interesting if not dubious sea stories. The upperclass however, didn't like to be corrected during pro lectures on the Soviet Navy. His ability to talk led him to choose political science as a major. For four years he tried to disprove the cliche' "poli-sci, QPR high", but to no avail, his grades always seemed to come out better than average despite his efforts at not studying. Gordon's mouth got him out of almost all of the trouble that it got him into. Gordon didn't have a lot of trouble conductwise, only because he didn't get caught. At one point during second class year we began to think Gordon might have a drinking problem. He quickly dispelled all doubts by showing us how good he was at it.

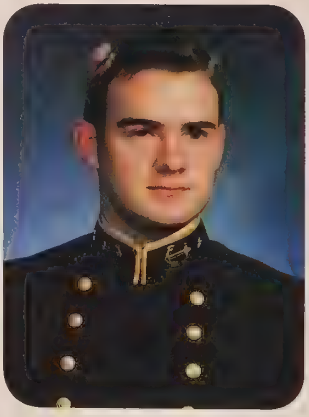
Gordon had a habit of spending his summers in Germany. Both second class and first class summers he spent looking at Germany like some giant static display. But there were always interesting stories once he got back. Some good news, some bad. One thing Gordon was good at was getting to know girls. I guess when you have love handles that size you naturally get a lot of loving. Gordon's trips across the country were often highlighted by several stops to see young ladies. He did fall in love twice, to show us all that he was capable of it. Whatever Gordon's service selection, a reluctant marine or an enthusiastic crypto officer I know he'll be good at it. Good luck Gordon and keep riding.



Don W. Nobles, Jr.
Fayetteville
North Carolina
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Wayne

He came from Fayetteville, N.C., straight as an arrow, everyone's Mr. Niceguy. From day one we all said, "Is this guy for real?" Four years later the answer was yes. Wayne had a set of ideals, stubborn will and sense of purpose that had to lead him to success. But don't get the idea he was always so so serious all the time, Wayne knew how to have a good time like the rest of us derelicts too. (Army Plebe year, anytime out with "T", etc.) Graduation will bring on separation from a great friend but worse, what am I going to do with out your stereo receiver. Oh well, the best of luck (even though you don't need it) from all of us in 28

E.H.



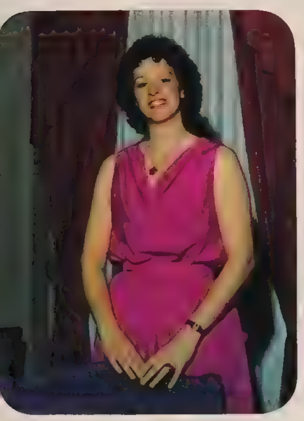
James P. Rector
Howell
Michigan
Oceanography
Marine Air
J.P.

Jim came to us from NAPS as a Lance Corporal in the Marine Corps ready to take on all corners. His previous military experience gave him a head start on Plebe year and led the way for a smooth four years at Annapolis. Having grown up in northern Michigan, Jim was always an outdoors, wilderness type guy which probably accounted for his interest in off-shore sailing. He was lucky enough to participate in Astral's Trans-Atlantic Race for youngster cruise which gave him some experiences he'll never be able to top. It became apparent early on that he was not going to break any academic records as Jim opted to get the most out of his limited liberty time. He was fortunate enough to have an excellent sponsor with a garage just waiting to house his Honda 750 Super Sport. Motorcycling became his major ECA as evidenced by one trip to Florida and two cross-country jaunts accounting for almost 20,000 miles of touring. Not bad for a Mid! Jim will always be remembered as a friendly, easy-going guy ready to make new friends at every opportuninty. I hope his future as a Marine Corps fighter pilot is as bright as his outlook on life.

C.W.R.

Christopher W. Rice
McLean
Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
''Riceman''

Old Riceman came all the way from the Phillipines just to go to NAPS back in '78. As a Navy PO2 and ''Batt Comm'' he tried to maintain some type of military bearing while managing all the scoundrels of society. Animal House never had it so good. With the adventures of Prep School behind him, Chris went full tilt into Academy life. For youngster cruise he sailed the adventerous ASTRAL in a Trans-Atlantic race that will always be remembered. Since school was always a breeze for this scholar, Chris spent most of his free time doing normal things like drinking, working and riding on his Yamaha 1100, and attacking the local forest with his chain saw. For the future, the great blue sky seems to be the way to go as this jet-jockey to be has dreamed of nothing else. As for the Academy, Chris and his trusty steed, ''The Brute'', won't be burning up the local roads on any high-speed runs in the future. To those he leaves behind, the Mid-Night rides will never be the same. Best Wishes to both Beth and Chris.
J.P.R.



Angela M. Smith
Atlanta
Georgia
Political Science
Supply
Ang

The best way to describe Angie is ''smiles''. She's always ready to make someone's day better with her happy and enlightening smile. Angie has hardly gone through four years here unnoticed. Basketball 4 years varsity letter . . . Europe 1980 . . . Bermuda, Lajes, Spain, Greece, Germany, England, in the future—China. People who know her say that Angie is one of the most affable and interesting persons around. A real southern gal, ''Georgia peach'' Angie has been standing tall (6'2'') and been involved in many ECA's, including; the Chinese (28th Co. dining club (president), Catholic choir, Women's Glee Club, Pep band, Newman club yearly highlights have included Herndon and the party afterward, ''Mac'' airlines, passing the triple crown of wires, boats, and celestial, the ''Italian Bambino'', civies, green alerts and graduation. Many a time Angie seemed to be ''pinging'' about the hallowed halls of mother ''B'' but it was only because she could keep up with her ''faster than the sound of speed'' mind. Angie will be towering over everyone in everything she does here and in the fleet because once she's a friend she's friends forever!
N.S.Y.

Richard T. Whelan
Lexington
Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Supply
Wheels

''Wheels'' rolled into the hallowed halls of Bancroft from Lexington, Massachusetts, a real, ''power drinking'' stud. Plebe year wasn't a problem until ''Dids'' took him under his wing. From then on, Rich did a lot of finding out. (sir). Wheels caused quite a ruckus one night Plebe year when he decided to be the local spiderman out on the ledge of 6-4. After the loveboat cruise of Youngster summer, Rich found himself dating a ''model''. (she modeled wub ''A''). It was at this point in time that Rich decided to pursue the famed Commander-in-Chief trophy. He ''beat Army'' one night in memorial hall after taps and now needs only to get in a ''cockpit''

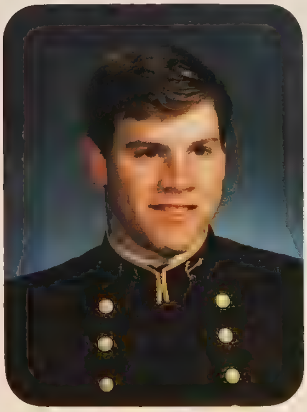
The Dr. Jekyll side of Wheels came out at night after the lights went out. It was then that ''The Walker'' emerged to bust up speakers, attack his roommates, break through screens, or search for those two elusive basketballs that lived down the hall. When Rich wasn't busy reading proceedings or cleaning up the room, he spent his time with the fabled A.S.S. (American Society of Spongegineers). Rich almost didn't pass his commissioning physical because of the rack burns on his body, but when graduation does come, Rich will probably be looking to sign up with any branch of the service that will lower their standards enough to let him in. We will all miss Rich's ready smile, great sense of humor, and his unique outlook on life as we wish him the best in whatever he does. See ya in five!

Richard T. Wileman
Louisville
Kentucky
Naval Architecture
Marine Corps
Rick

When one thinks of Rick two things come to mind: humor and intensity. Rick is a fighter. He is not one to throw in the towel when the going gets tough. One look at Rick's background and one can see why he has such a strong foundation. Coming from the blue grass hills of Kentucky, Rick is a member of a family who are some of the nicest you could possibly meet. All of them have hearts of gold and wits to match. Those Wednesday chow packages from Grandma Thomas were something to look forward to every week- Thanks Grandma!

It makes me feel good to know brother Rob in 3rd co. will be carrying on the Wileman tradition at USNA. RJM remained the apple of Rick's eye all the way from the Hoosier State. All you had to do was to meet Becky, with all her beauty and charm, to see why their long distance relationship came so naturally (even if she is a Hoosier).

Naval Architecture kept Rick up with the moon and varsity swimming woke him before the sun. Not only was Rick gifted in swimming but he must be one of the most natural athletes I've ever seen. He demonstrated this with his diving catches on the baseball field and his intense competitive spirit on the football feild. On team trips his quick wit always kept the bus full of laughter and everyone in good spirits. Rick's friendship has blessed many here at the Academy. After sharing a room with him for four years I feel more like his brother than his roommate. The corps is gaining a great deal when the ''Wildman'' starts dressing in green. Thanks for the laughs, Rick. Thanks for the good times, the bad, but most of all, thanks for being you
-Griff



James D. Wood
Janesville
Wisconsin
Political Science
Nuclear Power
Woody

Woody floated into U.S.N.A. from Janesville Wis. Woody showed up with love handles and a strong sense of ''commitment to skate.'' Plebe summer as successful in changing both dilemas for the time being. As youngster year rolled in, the sweat from plebe year deteriorated and Woody's aloofness set in. He managed to steer clear of trouble despite the fact that he did some ''serious power driving'' during the infamous W.E.F. weekend.

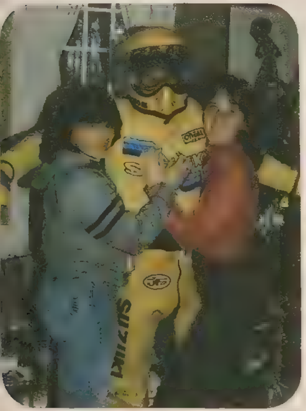
At the end of youngster year, cupid found his mark in Jimbo's heart with an arrow labelled 'A'. Second class year was filled with long weekends to La La land (N.C.) and as much time in the wardroom as possible. Being a 'Poli Sci' major, Woody managed to talk his way into the Nuclear Power program and hence his future was set.

As time draws to an end here, I will be losing a longtime roomate and a good friend. Woody will always be remembered for his quick wit and his ability to chisel anytime and anywhere.
KFB

TWENTY EIGHT

Christopher C. Baniewicz
Freehold
New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Surface
Animalwicz

Chris, known to some of his friends as "Animalwicz", came to the Naval Academy from Utah. He later saw the light and is now a Jersian. He was a member of many ECA's such as the Kayaking and Canoe club, and Newman club, the Astronomy club, the History club as well as the A.I.A.A.. A survivor of Aerospace Engineering, Chris is known as the "sweat" and always has his homework done so everyone else can "look" at it. Leading a straight path until second class year where he became a member of "The Sinful Seven" for numerous reasons not fully understood by himself. Chris had the opportunity to become 2/c company commander but unforeseen obstacles lended themselves to have his stripes taken away. As a first class, academics, athletics, his squad, and girls were his priorities. Chris was the prime candidate for the Marines but after training with Marines in Hawaii, he decided that all the grunting was enough for a lifetime. Chris can be seen leaving the academy on the weekend driving out in his "red mobile" with his kayak on top and Waylon Jennings playing. Chris hopes to go to graduate school and to get into the astronaut program. He gives thanks to his classmates and especially his roommate for helping him to make it through.
C.B.



Russell J. Bartlett
South Orleans,
Massachusetts
Aero Space Engineering
Navy Pilot
Beef

Russ came to this fine institution from South Orleans, Mass. (Where?). There he was sheltered in the slow moving, quiet life style, so typical of Cape Cod. Russ came to Squid school as a boy, dimples and all, yet despite the valiant efforts of those who shall remain nameless, it was his first class cruise in Subic and Thailand that helped him discover the true aspects of manhood. Plebe year he missed his home of the Cape, and kept in close contact with friends with names like Bunky, Fiend, and a guy who drove the battlewagon.

Many wondered why Mr. Bartlett came to the Naval Academy instead of pursuiting his life long passion of Moto-X. But there was something deep inside little Russie's heart that yearned for the Navy. Russ earned his jump wings youngster summer (God knows why) and made the annual Cape Cod trip with the most rediculous hairstyle (Marine style).

Beef knew how to suck down the beers (pronounced be-ahs) and proved he could at Easters UVA Youngster year (tell us how you felt, Russ?). A distinguished member of the Sinful Seven, this hellion fell in the ranks of Smoke Hall all too many times, and toured his room with his rigged stereo. Trying his hand at Navy crew (mini class), Russ never went to compete on the Charles in front of a home town crowd, but instead he fell on his knee at Aquasco; 271 was his Nemesis. Russ has his eyes on the sky and he chases it with his true love, RM. One day, I'm sure he'll be breezing off the catapult in his zoot, tricked out, factory tomcat, all crossed up your Suzuki.

Daniel E. Braswell
New Bern
North Carolina
Political Science
Navy Air
Apollo

There's one thing everyone will remember about Dan; no matter how much you liked him, he always liked himself more. No one is really sure where he was from. Dan's dad was in the Corps, so they moved alot. This may have some bearing on his radical tendencies. Dan sweated a year at NAPS, where he almost failed, before arriving at the big one, USNA. A few torn ligaments in his ankle helped him through Plebe summer and ended his varisty soccer aspirations. His whole academy career has been smooth. He even survived a semester of HPD! Between posing in front of the mirror and his numerous girls, he studied enough for a 3.00. Actually between his ego and his ego Dan isn't a bad guy, and he's headed for wings of gold. Anyhow if he's not up in the air with a jet wrapped around him, he'll probably be in the air on top of his RM.

Irec B. Bressler
Oakhurst
New Jersey
Resources Management
USMC Air
Boomer

Irec came from Ocean, N.J. via West Pt. Prep. Plebe summer consisted of playing soccer and keeping out of sight. With rates—he rated everything he could get away with from the vator to that night he returned in civies & N-sweater squaring corners and sounding-off. The team beat the boys from N.Y. for his first star. A nickname Boomer took hold. With Youngster yr. came a sponsor Bob, soccer, ging-ging to watch over Russ & Yo as roomies. Along came Boomer's second star and so did Moto-cross. Because learning lacrosse from Burt and partying at Rudy's and Bob's was more interesting than books, Boomer took the year off from school. 2/c summer Boomer & Purv proceeded to drink their way to starvation. Made friends with the IIC softball (undefeated.) Yes Russ & Yo were still the roomies. Navy lost 1-0 that yr. spring break on the key with Purv & Uncle Johnnie was a wild time. Boomer was the head cheerleader the Maryland lacrosse game, even the dames liked his spirit. Goodbye Lauren at Easter. 1/c year cruise in P-cola with Murr and a few added attractions. Then on to California and Europe for the world cup. Spanish women really like the fly. 2nd set detail didn't sit too well but he did it without a form-2! He still rooms with Russ as Yo left for a cleaner roomie. Kathy give Boomer an unforgetable B-day present. Overall, Boomer came to USNA to play soccer & graduate. Two biggest memories will be the major, who went through it with him, and four on the pipe!
I.B.B.

Leonard E. Bumbaca
Fairfax
Virginia
History
Supply
Boom Boom

Leonard came to the Naval Academy from Fairfax County situated in suburban Washington D.C. When asked where he was from, however, he never could give a straight answer having been a navy brat and thus having spent his years moving from one place to the next. Even today, his favorite activity is still travelling and it's doubtful if that will ever change.

Plebe year came as something of a shock to this mid who never did quite get used to it all. From the Pat Traver's Band came his nick-name "Boom Boom" generously provided by two of his firsties. Later, he was to get that coveted two-man room when the third took an all expense paid trip to Disney World on his account. The story ended well though for everybody and plebe year passed him by.

Youngster year was spent minding a plebe's stereo system for him and playing D&D. Occasionally, he would study to break the routine of things when he was not in his rack. As editor of the phantom "29'th Company Newsletter," he even got a night out in town on Veteran's Day helping the Annapolis economy and finding out that Canadian sailors are as crazy as they say.

Actramid and Protramid were a great series of long weekends interspersed with some time chez l'Academie. The highlight of course was his trip to Europe from which he somehow returned on time. This left him hooked on travelling and a frequent patron of the postal service.

First class year started with three Form-2's on his desk and it looked like another year in Smoke hall, but in the end, everything worked out well (it had to, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this now). A combination of cruise exposure, a real interest, and an NPQ verdict, now place supply in the cards for Boom Boom and we wish him the best of luck in the coming years.

James R. Coles, III
Silver Spring
Maryland
Systems Engineering
Surface
Jim

Jim started out as a Plebe. As it turned out, he entered the scared domain of the Systems Engineer; for better or worse. As a Systems Engineer he ran the usual route statics, dynamics, cables, fluids . . . that's the life. Of course, he could not neglect his physical development now that his academics were beating him to death. He yearned for something challanging, something new, something fun, so he went Navy crew. He rowed for two and a half years then he played manager for awhile; which was not quite his style. Jim had to give up rowing because he got struck by the crew Jock's menace, that terrible tendonitis of the knees, foiled again!!

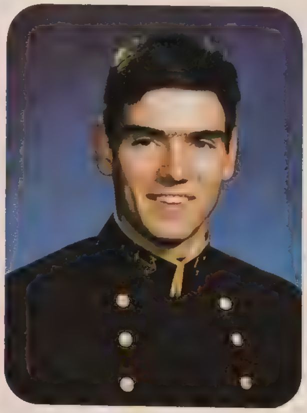
After Jim dragged himself through his academic obstacle course, past those formations, or other military evolutions, he would continue to occupy himself with one of his assorted extra-curricular activities.

To round out the cycle he needed that supreme challenge the bone thing that would round out his weekly routine so he got an inspiration to become Mr. Pep, the spirit man. He got it!! Football games would never be the same again as long as he was dancing, cheering, and chanting across the field. He always said that you can have fun at good ole USNA but first you have to know how to have fun. If you are going to do something, you give 110% otherwise its not worth the effort you put into it. He did have a serious side like being honor representative for both fifth battalion and his company, being a member of the Black Studies club and he even managed to find time to be twenty-ninth company Sub-Commander, but the truth is pep rallies were his forte.

Pamela A. Corwin
Mattituck
New York
English
Supply
Pam

Pam came to USNA the long way. After attending a "real college" for a year, she saw the light, or rather the wind, and so, accompanied by her sailing skills, she came to the banks of the Severn. She didn't stay long, for she spent more weekends away sailing as a plebe than a second class rates. Over her four years, she traveled up and down the coast from Boston to New York, to Charleston, to New York, to Miami, to Chicago and even as far as Seattle. All those road trips can do a person in . . . . . cheese steaks at the Dog House . . . Louis' . . . Go Lumpies . . . the love boat . . . depression duo . . . Winchester Country Club . . . sailing in the snow . . . moonlight sailing . Three's a Charm . . . Go Four It . . . Gimme Five . . . Hiya Rach . . . ducks . . . you get sea sick? .

Cella . . . campers to Boston . . . if it catches on fire, remember to roll . . . lifting . . . He-men . . . M&M's . . . wild fast shorts . . . Bandannas . . . Toast to the Dynasty. Not too many people recognized Pam in uniform, for when she did decide to unpack her bags for a weekend, she was usually seen in blue over white on her way to the sailing center. She did stop by Bancroft Hall once in a while to hang up all her wet sailing gear. Pam could often be found on the second floor of Nimitz after practice, studying . . . . . the wind shifts on the river. When the wind would die, Pam would stop by the company for some late night guitar playing. And service selection, Pam? "What do you mean sailing isn't one of my choices?" All in all, Pam's presence will be greatly missed, at least by those who got to know her between all those sailing trips. Her dimples and natural curls could woo anyone's heart, (and they did indeed). We'll miss you "Bubbles!" Fair winds (to fill your sails) and following seas (that won't get you sea sick). SAIL FAST!



Steven D. Culpepper
Anchorage
Alaska
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air
The Bead

This puppy hailed to Annapolis from the Sunbelt of Texas with little more than a head of hair and a pocket full of money. Both of which were liquidated post haste. In his frenzy to give it all for Navy Steve joined his band of brothers, and slaved his way through four years of rowing for RC and company. With buddies like Klambake, Kadishack, Mountain man, Mo-lester, Dean-ho, the Reagle Beegle, Prankster, the Megalito Brothers, etc. There was no place for Steve to go except upriver and do shots of weams.

When Steve departed from Hubbard Hall it was usually for a road trip. Ah the life, fancying such places as Baltimore, Georgetown, Boston, Philly, Syracuse etc. Being an EE, Steve was quite the Bead. On these occasions he preferred the books over such festivities as wine, women, and song. Yes, quite the Bead! We wish him the best of luck, and with complete confidence believe that one day he will gain control of his slide. Until then . . . Ta ta.
Anonymous

Lindsay A. Dibler
Valparaiso
Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Dibs

Mesaage: Don't let things get you down, there's always a graduation day, keep smiling, have some fun, don't get caught, party when you can, study when you have to, go Navy Air, care about the guys under you, learn from the guys above you (negative leadership teaches you what not to do), have faith in your friends because they can pull you through some tough times, lay on the beach, get a tan, go to Fort Lauderdale for spring break, drink beer, when it's no longer fun get out, don't take yourself too seriously, keep your sense of humor, stay away from fat chicks, use some common sense, grow hair, don't believe everything they tell you, and xxxx 'em if they can't take a joke. If you see me in New Orleans or flight school, just come on up and we'll slam some brews. Later!
DIBS

Norbert H. Doerry
Manhattan
Kansas
Electrical Engineering
EDO
Norbs

I suppose everybody has their own personal "Frankenstein" of one sort or another. I have Norbert. He's my social Frankie. Why don't I give you a little before and after.

Norbs came to U.M. (Severn River Campus) from Manhattan, Kansas. He started at an immediate disadvantage as his native language was not English. But he did speak basic fluently. Having compared the financial aid package offered by USNA and MIT, he decided to pay for school and come here. Thus Norbert arrived in Annapolis. Remember how all the coaches pulled the jocks aside on I-day? I remeber our tour of the lab decks. All the EE profs already knew the wonderkind. It seems he had taught himself Physics and Chem, and then validated both. During Academic year, Norbert saved so many EE majors, it made the ACC board members dizzy.

One other notable talent of his, is his mechanical ability. Whenever anybody needed a tool, they came to Norbs, he probably had it. Youngster year is when I got hold of Norbert. After extensive training, Norbert made his debut at Paulafest II, where he was awarded the name "Two-Can Sam". His other appearances included Paulafest III (a memorable beerhunter game) and Halloween at Georgetown '81, where he short circuited his costume with wine and fell down numerous staircases. Norbs is still the same, though his new friend Vic has mellowed him somewhat. Vic is the first person(?) Norb's met who can speak his native language (aside from DTSS and NATS). That's my monster. I can't control him. I've even tried to reprogram him, but I think his circuitry is faulty. I tried to return him, but his folks say his warranty has expired.
J.J.L.

Harry P. Dorman
Rosedale
New York
Economics
Surface
Harry

No mid will ever be quite like the inimitable "Harry P." Having brought a bit of his native New York City to the halls of Bancroft, he certainly never sought his place in the woodwork.

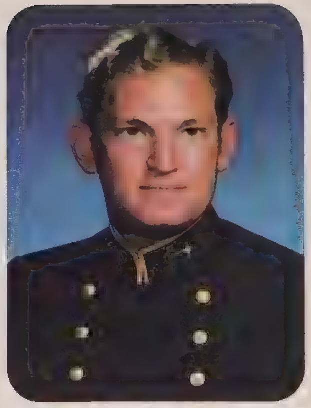
Plebe year saw Harry spending many an Annapolis Day. Youngster Cruise was rigorous a Spartan with 20 days inport in Spain, Italy, and Israel. Oceanography, Harry's fascination through high school, became old hat after youngster year, so he turned to another interest - money (economics that is).

Second class summer found Harry and "Boom Boom" tramping up and down the east coast (from speed trap to speed trap) in the newly acquired "Pepmobile (A. K. A. "Stormin' Norman".) Harry's first underway time on a Spruance class heightened Harry's interest in Surface Line, while Quantico put that "option" firmly at number four. Second class year had this "flamer" up and at 'em - (Co - en Co - EN . . . Answer the QUESTION, De La Serna!!!). During all this Stormin' Norman was safe and sound in the "Bat Cave."

Second class year ended none too soon, and after a brief stint at the Pentagon, Harry voyaged to San Diego to the USS Oldendorf. Here his feelings about service selection were positively confirmed - but not before the CO of Walrus Team Two made Evil Knieval look like Anita Bryant down in Baha - Thanks Taybs. Where have all the good times gone?? - they never left!!! Fair winds and following seas '83.
Leonard E. Bumbaca

Mark D. Dowd
Duxbury
Massachusetts
Management
NFO
Dowder

Dowder came here with one goal in mind, to graduate. Always working hard on his grades, he never had time to update his MHP. Never one to complain, Mark was always cheerful and pleasant to his friends, especially when he drank. He joined the Navy hockey team and played brilliantly for four years. Hockey wasn't his only varsity sport, for he also earned the coveted black n Youngster year. He learned from his mistakes and went on to become the meanest three-striper during Plebe detail. When he wasn't swimming at the Hilton pool in his mess dress, he could be found in deep conversation with a bud from the round table. Always out to have a good time, there was never a dull moment on the weekends. We really found a close friend and had some memoriable times. It's been a long time coming, but soon he'll be a Naval Aviator cruising to the beach in his blue MG.
J.R.H.



William F. Freitag
Potomac
Maryland
Management
Naval Flight Officer
Bill, Tag

Driving the entire 45 minutes on the Beltway was the first of many road trips for "Freeway" Freitag. It was followed by stints to UNC-G, and Playboy Club in Atlantic City, the toga party, and the third Edition in Georgetown. The trip to Easter's at UVA will live forever. No Wahoo co-ed was safe from his pinching fingers that night. Bill's good fortune came to an end when he was named the 29th Company Safe Driving Officer. It was only seven days later when he crashed his metallic blue Honda Accord, it was his first accident since he was born. Tag enjoyed playing Varsity Basketball for the Navy Blue and Gold and he always thrilled the fans at Halsey Fieldhouse. Beating Army 49-47 at home his Youngster year was only one of many highlights in his Navy career. "Mr." Freitag held some intense come-arounds when he was a Second Classmen. PLEBE: "Midn. Watts reporting for come-around, SIR!" Mr. Freitag: (Startled awake, still in the rack.) "Go away." PLEBE: "Aye aye, SIR!" Mr. Freitag: "ZZZZZ".

Although Bill did not breeze through academics, he did have his share of bright ideas. (i.e. Putting a bathtub under his bed, toaster sandwiches, and Sock-o-matic.) On any weekday Bill and Bob could be seen dancing in their room to the sounds of The Cars, Animal House, The Go-Go's, or Isaac Haves. Bill was always willing to let his roommate perform the degrading menial tasks in the room, such as: Turning out the lights, setting the alarm, cleaning the sink, making BOTH beds, bringing doughnuts up from breakfast, etc. When Bill graduates he will take many close friendships with him. I'm sure that Navy Air will never see another NFO like Bill Freitag. It's been my pleasure watching the scrawny kid with the big ears from St. Joe's who got the hat off Herndon, grow over the past four years into the scrawny man that he is today. Jokedook.
R.B.M.

Matthew E. Hamilton
Honolulu
Hawaii
Operations Analysis
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Hambone

"There you go man, keep as cool as you can. Face piles of trials with smiles. It riles them to believe you perceive the web they weave."

James B. Hart
Kansas City
Missouri
Chemistry
Nuclear Submarines

I'm in Love!
I'm in trouble!
I had a great time!
Count me one of seven!
J H

Yo S. Hoffner
Pebble Beach
California
Applied Science (Management)
Navy Pilot
Yo-Yo

After many years of patient waiting, at last the time had arrived. No longer would he have to dream about being a Navy Flight Pilot. His time had come, time to leave the fun games and glory of Pacific Grove high, time to play for keeps. Suddenly it was Plebe summer and somehow the glory had disappeared. The reflection (of his head) in the mirror told him that. Sure enough it had begun. The summer wasn't all that bad and soon afterword he joined in the Plebe suite with Boomer and Beef. The original suite-dwellers didn't know quite what to make of the newcomer. Despite his efforts to hide it, it was found that under his cover was a man who knew Navy. Displaying his knowledge of course, wasn't the thing to do, but all you had to do ask . . . No one will dispute the fact that he was an incurable slob, yet we were always able to find him perched high and mighty atop big blue. The only time he couldn't be found was in the wee hours of the night when he'd roam the halls in search yet another reason to keep him from the horrors of after hours Academia. Every Thursday night his shop was open, and the regulars would come by to take a number. The "JF" had found a new home. It was only a matter of time until yet another man fell victim . . . the strength of the disease was more than YO could handle. He too became a Moto-maniac. Trained and nurtured in the capable hands of racer-X, Yo's life found a new meaning. All that remains to be accomplished for him is for luck to be with him on that fateful night in February so that some day we may duel in the sky in our F-14's as we dueled in the dirt in Pasedena. It wouldn't seem right without him
R.J B

John R. Hughes
Ridgefield
Connecticut
Operations Analysis
Supply
Hughesie

Hughesie came to USNA as a well seasoned soccer player. During plebe summer we thought he was prior enlisted as a chief and called him the Old Man or Grandpa. After making the navy soccer team, he was seriously injured, losing part of his knee and most of his hair. For the next three years we saw Johnny in white works and crutches always taking those Orange M&M's for pain. Finally after three years of making excuses for his knee, he laced up boots for one final year of playing before retiring.

Whenever a party is in progress you can be sure Johnny is in the middle of it with his big mouth and sarcastic wit. One Army-Navy party saw him atop the dance floor balcony dancing and playing his favorite tune on a bottle of Bud. He was quickly pulled down but never stopped having fun, since many things came easily to the Old Man. Discipline and professionalism not being one of those, he spent most of his time having fun and being lazy. Besides playing soccer and pretending to study, Hughesie spent the rest of his time asleep, on liberty, or in the tub. He was promised the he will be dedicated, motivated, and hard working . . . "next semester."

Johnny's intelligence and sense of humor have made his years at the Academy a success and we hope his good fortune will follow him into the future.

Michael P. LaFreniere
Bellingham
Washington
Political Science
Nuclear Power

Mike was born and raised in Washington State - God's Country- and by a twist of fate found himself going to a Military Institution 3000 miles from home. Now after four years, he's moving on to Orlando for Nuclear Power School - another couple hundred miles away. Come on, Mike if Washington is so great, why do you keep moving farther away from it? Anyway we wish you smooth seas and happy engine room drills! See You in the I.O some day?!

Brian T. Larson
Red Oak
Iowa
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarine
B.T.

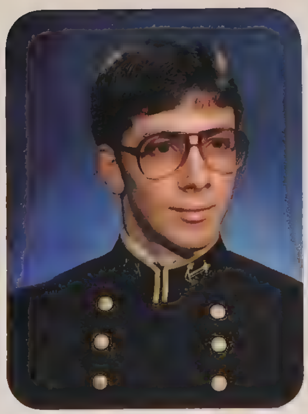
Brian made the trip to the Academy all the way from Iowa. With visions of Nuclear Power and Submarines (where he got those we'll never know), B.T. opted for Marine Engineering. Sometime second class year the only "Marine" Brian was interested in wore utilities and ate C-rats B.T. caught everyone off guard though when he submitted his NUC application and was selected. Luckily for him the review board didn't look at his grades

Spending most of his free time with Batman cleaning up Gotham City, B.T still finds time for the traditional road trip. This weekend West Point, next weekend the Citadel. Unable to separate (as usual), the Dynamic Duo will meet again in Orlando. Standby Orlando

John J. Leary III
Scituate
Massachusetts
Mathematics (Computer Science)
Navy Air
Jack

The being we call Jack Leary claims to have come from Scituate, MA. Those closely associated with him know differently however. Jack is a hitchhiker from the other side of the universe, he just ended up at the Academy by getting on 95-North. How could Jack get here by taking 95-North you ask? Just listen to Jack, he'll tell you 95-North will take you anywhere. Plebe year was rather dull for Jack. He didn't become actively interested in social suicide until youngster year Remember the Mary Washington jaunt? or how about those elevators at the Sheraton. Or was that the Penn Center?

When Jack wasn't beaming around the galaxy, he could be found fighting for worthy causes such as "Save the Snails", "Lost cars in downtown Boston", or "The Georgetown Fountain Waders Guild". Moving right along, Jack wanted to finish second class year with a bang. Not with the Karate Club (which he presides over, by-the-way), but with a cute little Magnet (oops—I mean Fiat). This car was so attractive (How attractive was it?) that other cars would throw their bodies against it. When The Magnet wasn't off flirting, it was eating ignition keys. Since then, however, it's gotten over its Iron deficient condition. Jack now is able to concentrate on his career goal of being the best fighter jock that ever lived. I believe he'll do so, just don't give him any road maps.
A M.P



Thomas D. Looke, Jr.
Tampa
Florida
Systems Engineering
Edo
Cool Hand

Name: ''Tom''
''Cool Hand''
''Best Man''
''Rack Master''
''Bagger''
''Looke-Man''
Roommates: Craig, Keats, Chuck, Dibs, Peps, Eric, Dave, Jim, Cam
Girls: Ber
Demos: NONE
Classes: NONE
Duty: NONE
Responsibilities: NONE
Motto: A few good friends for a lot of good times.
-OR-
Small parties are more fun.
Famous saying: I don't know, ask Eric.

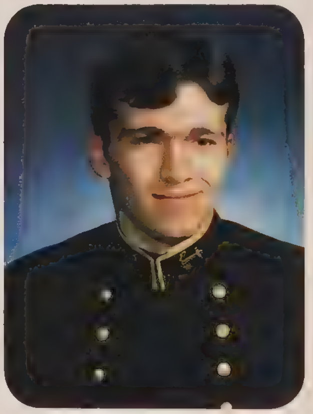
Dear Chris, Sarah, John, Al, Mark, Mike, Jim, Barb: Thanks for the good times.
T.D.L.

Craig E. Lucas
Glenview
Illinois
Applied Science-Management
USMC Air
Luke

Out of control is the perfect way to describe the way this man cruised through his four years at Annapolis. Coming to us from Glenview, Illinois, we learned how to party - Chicago style. It would be impossible to tell every story, a quick summarization will follow. Values: old style, ---kicking boots, hard midwestern rock, blues brothers, and animal house. Will be remembered for: Bowie, Connection, Telli's B-day, Old Monte. the clock, Restriction Breakfast club, tapeball, T-giving package from Karen, the sex scandal next door, liberty wig, Friday night parties, cheesecake war, sherbert fight, can handle a fire extinguisher better than anyone . . . Stouffers . . Trinity, NAGS head road trip, skinny dipping in the Hilton pool. Accomplishments: Christmas leave black eye, member of the Sinful Seven, black ''N'' winner, astro-turf woman, Chiquita and Dole sticker winner, the tanker swim, member NAPD team, Halloween road rally winner, 2/C yr. base ball game . . . . . 28 runs!, not a reg left unbroken, Holiday Inn Georgetown, magic bus originator. Army/Navy games: 4/C- took care of keats, 3/C- private party with how many stewardesses?, 2/C- it's dark in this closet

Special thanks to: Dave, Dennis, John, Ron, Blake, Walker, Karen, Kathy, and Leslie who all deserve credit for keeping his fine civilian attitudes intact.

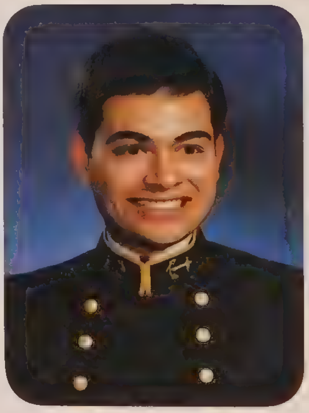
The Chicago kid is a true officer and gentleman with the right stuff!! We rank him 1 of 7
M K

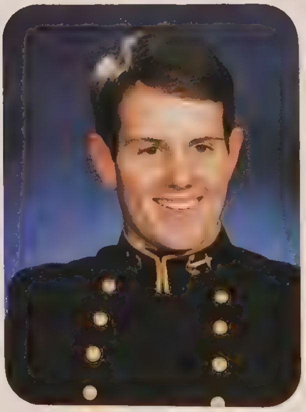


Old Style
I've Got Style

Enrique F. Miranda
Tacoma
Washington
Political Science
Nuclear Surface
Hank

This man was born and raised in the Philippines. He came to the Naval Academy by way of Tacoma, Wash. He was an Air Force brat who wanted sea and salt rather than sky and wings. This one liked to play his old guitar with the classics. When he was thirsty, there was always the Tabasco. He was one part of Batman and Robin. His favorite movie was Mr. Roberts. He spent many times on the polo fields of Scott. That was his favorite team. He chased windmills and believed in the the Marx Brothers. Nothing was ever planned, road trips were always fun. Annapolis and the boys, and Robin, will always be around





Robert B. Moran
Piscataway
New Jersey
Computer Science
Marine Corps
Bob

Are you from Jersey? He's from Jersey! Yea! What exit, he's from 10 . . . . Piscataway to be exact! Despite cries of ''I've gotta see KK today, I'm leaving this *@!;/ place today!'', we all knew he'd be a ground pounder from day 1. Who can forget Bob's wit portraying KK and the Jeffey Doll in the Christmas show, hitting Blackjack with, ''Are you a youngster, no, then don't worry about it!'', and Mr. Vices smoking ''lantern'' at the Company Mess Night. Dr. Casi Katelife Obm always had something nice to say about Flap, Yankee Bingo, or any number of women: Bronco (crunch!!), Fat Betty, Patty (oh yea, I used to know a girl named Patty once), Tracy (what a letter!), and Lieutenant . . . just to name a few. Bob always knew what activities he wanted to join! He dickered with the best of them in rifle, orienteering, Semper Fi, karate (to KILL me!!!), Masqueraders, powerlifting, again, just to name a few! In between trips to Togas, Monrovia, smorgasbords in Atlantic City, and Kev Bridge Marriot, Miss Gumdall Rally managed to TAKE PICTURES of some of his closest (friends?) Sometimes called slave, Bob always and the head. Yeahhh, R. Leakin. And how about them chow packages? Bran Brownies, ''Mr. President'' at Marine Corps Mess Night. We know Bob will be one of the best and most dedicated You'll look fine in Marine Green, Casi. Good Luck from Sir Slam. P.S. Still owe you one coat hanger milk holder, Berger! HA HA, you lose, aahhh. Jokebook.
W.F.F

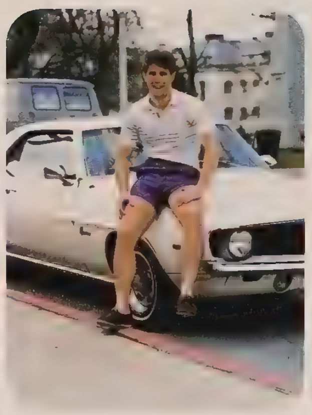
Craig A. Mueller
Las Vegas
Nevada
Applied Science
Nuclear Power
Mules

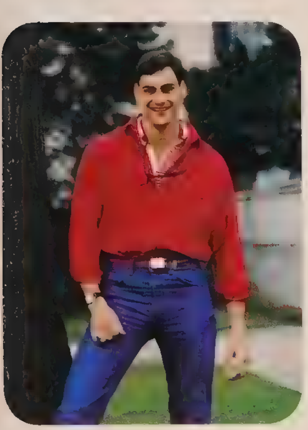
Craig "call me the Vegas kid" Mueller strutted into Canoe U. with hair flying, and a gamblers instinct for the odds. Odds were that Craig was going to have one hellacious good time.

With a great background in Physics, Craig excelled in boosh guns, food fights, indoor lax games, and Osmosis stereo listening. But, all work and no play was never Mules' style. He still found time to bomb jimmy legs with water baloons, or take midnight strolls on top of Dahlgren. It was no wonder that so much fun gained him the most challenged position in the company; a rank of 38 among the 83 recliners.

Having convinced himself that he had learned all that the Military had to offer, Craig began his study of civilian life. Girls, frats, football, beer, and more girls were almost too much for Mules. He decided to shorten it to just girl, frat, football, and beer. As long as his buddies were still doing time in cell block 6-3, Craig's weekend routine was set; Pray to the Malibu God, get out of Annapolis, and see Paula. But the "wife" only added to Craig's bachelorhood, and it wasn't long before he was back planning parts, babysitting drunks, running road rallys, and hitting Georgetown. How bout those Keith Moon Army-Navy partys? Professionalism never eluded Craig, he could always be found having late night Plebe cunceling sessions, or running trash can kicking contests.

If graduation doesn't find Craig with a wedding band on, it will most surely find him losing his hair with the Nuc Power boys. But no matter where Mules travels, good times are bound to follow!
DIBS





Alex M. Plewniak
Williamsville
New York
Physical Science
Supply Corps
Pluto

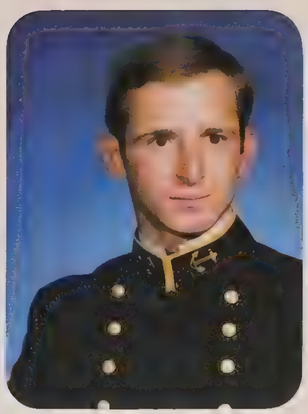
Alex Plewniak, Pluto to some Flex to others, came to the Academy with many goals, little did he know that graduation would soon be one of them. After meeting with God in the Commandant's conference room second semester Plebe year, Flex bounced back and became sat after a summer filled with sun, fun, and Calculus and Chemistry. During this time he acquired a partner in crime one Scott Larson. This Dynamic Duo was soon known far and wide. Their achievements included outdoor concerts for the Academy via the sophisticated sound system in their room, (no ear candy cavities on this system's record), salvo shots on the NADO and their summer company commander, and the ability to change rooms faster than a chameleon can change colors. Al was also known for his kind dealings with people, especially when they involved lectures in skydiving. Pluto also managed to provide lots of life at parties . . . especially with lines like "hi by nambes Puto, wadda dance ? (sniff)" No shortage of snappy one liners for this fellow Since them, our Pluto has mellowed greatly, partly due to the efforts of a certain Lisa. He also has to take care of his cute little car now, but who the hell ever heard of a Gordini anyway ? Well in any event, Pluto, Flex, Alex whatever they call you, I hope the Supply Corps can digest a chop like you.
C.Y.

William H. Smith III
Haddonfield
New Jersey
Applied Science
NFO
Willie

Willie will always be remembered as a fine person and a good athlete. He gave a lot to both his classmates and the Rugby Club. Good luck in the Fleet!

John A. Stephenson
Winter Haven
Florida
Political Science
Supply Corps
Andy, Drew

Little Andy came to Canoe U. from the sunny skies of Florida. Recruited to battle on the Gridiron, Andy's hopes were high, but injuries and the temptations of the rack monster quickly destroyed his desire to be one of Navy's elite. Taking things easy and busting heads in batt boxing became his trade marks. In the beginning he was simply called Drew or Andy, but four years have added two significant aliases, namely Bluto and "The Chief". Above all else Drew is headed for Athens because what's better on a rainy night in Georgia?!



Tony Vegel
Euclid
Ohio
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Submarines
Vegs

Tony probably holds the record for the number of hours spent in Nimitz Library without going crazy. Though he spent the majority of his time at the Naval Academy studying, he did achieve his goals at graduation. He Graduated as a naval architect and a Nuclear Power School selectee. Tony was prior-enlisted and he attended NAPS, he has come a long way from the shy Seaman Recruit that sweated his way through Great Lakes.

Life for Plebe classes under Tony has always been rough, no one steps out of line with Vegel around. Tony usually makes his presence known at the start of each Ac year by losing his voice to the plebes. As a jack-of-all-sports, (and master of none), Tony participated in differant Intramural sports, from crew, squash, and touch football to Batt. Football and Rugby. Of all the sports that Tony tried, his best was swiming. A natural fish, a rockfish, that is, Tony proved to everyone that if you thrash around long enough, you too, can pass the 40 year swim. Tony proved that one does not have to be particularly smart to make it through tht Academy, but one must be willing to work and make sacrifices if he is to achieve his goals. Also praying helps alot too!
NY

Nancy Sue Yang
Bayport
New York
Physical Science
AMDO
Yanger

Pull for Navy!! That's how Nancy spent most of her four years here. A part time student and full time crew jock, she could always be found at Mother Hubbard's rowing club. After etching through as math major, she saw the light and went on to better things- down to earth classes, great vacations-Europe, Antigua, and Hawaii-and her own very special ''bear''. Always keeping her friends wondering, everyone breathed easier when she set stage for second class year and we knew we had her. When Nancy wasn't out on the Severn or with her ''bear'', which wasn't often, you could find her organizing something in her quiet and energetic ways

No one could dispute the fact that 83's ring dance was simply fantastic, to say the least. It was a night of pleasant memories that won't soon be forgotten. Good friends and good times are a major part of her life . . . NY and London's P-boy clubs . . . omelettes at 3 am . . . civies . . . spring breaks, lack of . . . T-bears . . . roses . . . beaches . . . Greece . . . ragg sweaters . . . silver at the vails!! May Nancy be forever happy and healthy and the Lord always be with her—Shen Feng!
TV

ACADEMY CREW

Charles S. Youngblood
San Marino
California
Operations Analysis
Civil Engineering Corps
Hollywood

Charles ''Hollywood'' Youngblood came to we fortunate souls from L.A. (that's Los Angeles) It's a great town with gorgeous girls, sun every day, and acres upon acres of beach. If you don't believe me, ask Charlie, he'll tell you all about it

Plebe year, Charlie knew it was going to be rough academically, physically, and economically, so he gave up alcohol for the year. A noble aspiration but . . . how 'bout the night of the last final, eh Charlie? How many of us have given away our new watch or have been kicked out of a bar before we even got in? Thus, 3-can Charlie was born (drink one, spill one, give one away)

Since his social life was now in the second percentile ranking, Charlie decided to center his free time around sports. He sailed on the Black Boat for two years, with only two minor mishaps First, he got kicked off of the team for not being at a party, where he was very drunk. Second, he discovered the dangers of the sea, when he let the boom fall on his head.

When it was obvious that sailing was not enough of a risk for our hero he thought he'd try Karate. Charlie was the best punching bag the club ever had. Seeing still another opportunity to die, Chuck decided not to deploy his parachute until the last SECOND when skydiving

Before you question Charlie's athletic ability, realize that he does have one well developped muscle in his body—his jaw muscle. Starting freshman year, ''The Voice'' began working out. His goal: be able to talk faster, better, stronger than ever before. As practice, he'd try to talk himself in and then out of trouble

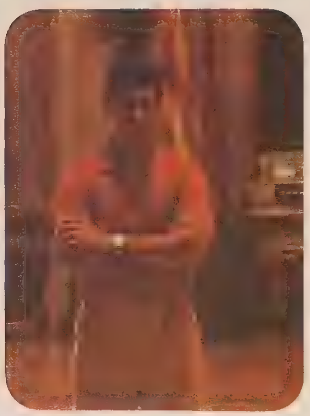
So now he patiently awaits graduation. Charlie you've taught many of us valuable lessons. As for those you haven't, I'm sure you'll remedy the situation
JJL III

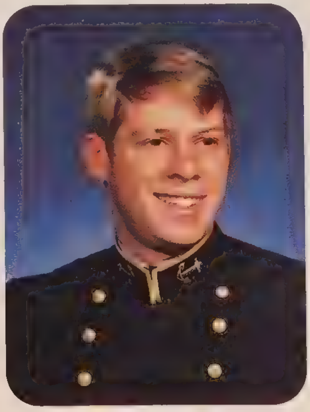
MARCHING FINE

Thomas H. Bond, Jr.
Fairfax
Virginia
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Hank

Hank was on his way to the Naval Academy when he was sidetracked to Purdue University for a year. Realizing that his fraternity was not large enough he set a course for Annapolis. They say he sweated the load until he figured out who was really in charge. He began to spread this good news and many believed. Some people would say that his priorities were mixed up, but nothing came before his love of Jesus Christ. Hank never confused his relationship with Christ with professionalism — to him they were the same thing.

The class of '85 considered Hank the toughest 2/C because of his theory and use of discipline and his demand for excellence. Always a clown, Hank was an encouragement to others. During 1/C year he was a great help as Sub Commander but did not understand that his in box was to be used for more than just a garbage collector. Hank excelled in skit production and when ever someone needed one for a Navy rally or conference, he was always ready for the challenge. He applied and was accepted (some how!) into the Nuclear Power Program. Following in the steps of many greats, Hank will always be on the cutting edge, both professionally and spiritually Hey Hank . . . . how do you play soccer on a sub?
J.Y.





Eric J. Borowicz
Mercer
Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Ebor

Eric, the blonde Polish wonder from Pennsylvania. Eric played football his Plebe year until a separated shoulder and broken leg put him out of action. Eric became a world traveller that first summer with a trip to Germany. Tell us Eric, how much does a Hofbrauhaus beer mug hold the second time around? As a youngster, Eric was company commander. He led some great Saturday night study sessions. Eric came out of his social shell as a 2/C and began going out with the boys. That is when the trouble began. Janeen or not Janeen, that is the question (Where is her picture now?) How about Army-Navy? Sleeping on the floor was great. The Xmas dance that year was the highlight of the social season. Good food, good drink, good company (sometimes), and how 'bout those droopy socks. Too bad you did not have a weekend.

As a potential nuke, Eric took a sub cruise first class summer. Tell us, what was the Florida girl and beach like very late at night? The Navy league knows the answer. Tailgaters and dirt slinging sessions occupied first class year. He was crowned the toothless wrestler, too bad he practiced on his roommates, young children, and defenseless girls . . . Eric was always willing to help his buddies with their girl problems, just let Eric talk to her and your problem was solved because when he got through with her, her problem was his, not to mention her too. Remember Eric, keep your nose out of other people's business and you'll do fine. Eric's future is in the Nuclear Navy and we wish him the best of luck with whomever he decides to settle down with
T S L

Michael S. Bowers
Vienna
Virginia
Systems Engineering
CEC
Boo

Boo Boo, as he was known to all the boys in thirty, came to USNA from the rolling hills of Vienna, Virginia. Mike was quite an athlete. As a Plebe he rowed Plebe/JV lightweight crew until his grades decreased as a function of lost sleep. As a youngster, he faithfully served as 30 company lightweight football quarterback until, in his first game, his knee took a hit and a couple of operations to repair. He traded in his cleats for a pair of crutches and he did'nt get off of them until the end of second class year. He's a life-time member of the Misery Hall Health club. (never let it be said that Boo never took a PE test). As a firstie Boo was a bowling stud on the intercollegiate USNA bowling team

Boo Boo! Not another all-nighter again?!" . . . Late nights were one of Boo's trademarks during his youngster year. But who can blame him?

Hours as a systems major was not the easiest way to get through USNA. His practical application of chemical ingenuity allowed him to survive: "No-Doz divided by Sominex = Equilibrium." After Boo met Tanya, things began to change. Instead of staying up all night studying, Boo stayed up all night talking on the phone and writing letters

When Boo sails out of USNA, more than a man will be leaving. He's been a living legend Thanks for the good times and plenty of memories Boo Boo. Smooth sailing and following seas Remember, "skimmers are winners"

Lee Arthur Cowden
Pensacola
Florida
Navy Air
Aeronautical Engineering
Grinch

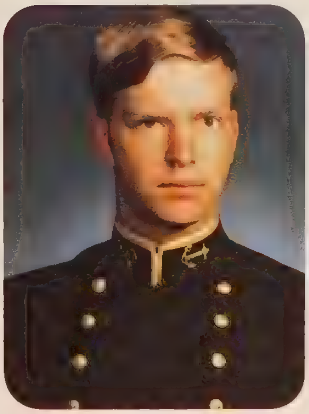
Lee came to us from Pensacola, Florida, and that's where he will return for Navy Air. As he say's, "Someone has to do it!"

Lee has been a member of the off-shore sailing team since Plebe year. His weekly outings to Riverside and the time he wore docksiders with his dinner dress at the sailing formal were a few of the highlights of this guy's four years here. It was a shame J.B.W. and the Walrus always wanted to use him as an example, or should we say martyr? Something about a sailor, I guess .

On the lighter side, he enjoyed making popcorn more than studying. How else could he keep up with his favorite TV shows Plebe year?? As an Aero major he kept a very commendable CQPR; and he did that not by studing Aero, but by reading all the Hornblower Series, John Jake's Bicentennial Series, and the Daily Spiderman. Most of his free time was spent with the Blue Magnet. His rack was probably his best friend, but isn't it everybody's?

Lee's presence has made a lot of people's lives in 30 a little less hectic. He's always ready with an ancedote, usually at the wrong time, but he's always ready. Lee will be missed by his classmates. His style of doing everything as fast as possible (like an air hammer on concrete) should give him good reactions for his future in the air

Lee's a good guy. Always "living on the edge". Everyone will miss him, and we wish him nothing but the best of luck. Don't steal Christmas again, Grinch!
MPH



James M. Dee
New York
New York
Applied Science Management
Naval Flight Officer
Jimmy Dee

Jim came to the Academy after a year of civilian college life at Manhatten College in his home town of New York. He has adjusted well to the change in lifestyles. Even though he still has trouble falling asleep some nights due to the lack of environmental noise

Jim has brought to the Academy a sense of the big world picture, and he is more than willing to bump heads with antyone, right Boo? If ever the need arise for someone to play the Devil's advocate, Jim, with his infinite knowledge, gladly takes on the chore, and either talks circles around everyone or changes the subject quickly. His infinite knowledge has required him to take a step up in the world to the managemnent major. After all, they take weekends

It is too bad Jim and the water do not get along any better. It seems as if every time he jumps into the pool, the pool abuses him

When it comes time for service selection he is not quite sure what it will be, but it will not be nuke, surface, pilot or corps. Big choice left! But then Jim never took a back seat to anyone, maybe that's why he likes the "A-6" so well

Frederick A. Eissler
Media
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Ice

Fred is a character- and as they say "characters kill people." Now I would not say Fred is a killer but he certainly is dangerous. Just ask .

Kitty- A mother worried by her son's longing to literally fly out of the safe domain of his backyard. Whether it be airborne, a private pilot or Navy Air, Fred plans on soaring to ever increasing heights along with his mother's blood pressure. Just ask . . .

Michele- A loyal girlfriend who hears the occasional murmuring of Fred's plan to "stay single and raise his kids the same way!" Oh, if only she knew . . . Just ask . . .

Skog- A man who knows only too well Fred's traveling motto "We don't just go places, we have fun getting there!" Between the car, the boat and the plane Skog has been thru 2 out of 3 of the Eissler Travelways' mishaps and yet is still friends with Fred. Just ask . .

Me- The author of what could be a suicide note if I say too much.

So to continue (and definitely change the subject) I would like to mention that while Fred's thrill-seeking is an amazing fact in his life, his gouge-seeking is truly a work of art. Whether he is spooning upperclass, obtaining an old final, providing for the midshipman's haircut needs or selling suntans to Haitians, Fast-Freddy is a true operator. With a patter that got 4 Mids in free to see the sold out 1983 Miss America Pageant, Fred has charmed many. So if you ever get a chance to meet Fred remember . . . "He's dumb as a fox", "slow as a deer" and as nice as they come

D.J.V.

Raymond F. Hoffmann
Annandale
New Jersey
Oceanography
Navy Air
Ratman

Raymond F. Hoffmann or "Ratman" as he is most commonly called is quite a unique character. Nobody is really sure where he is from for he claims residence in Michigan, New Jersey, and even the midsquid town of Annapolis. From plebe and youngster year wrestling matches with "Spanky" to the perils of romance with the sweetest girl one could possibly meet- we won't mention your name, Debbie, "Ratman" certainly has had his share of ups and downs. A "Roger Staubach" look alike "Ratman" didn't have any difficulty with the ladies- if only they knew that "Ratman" alone could cause enough air pollution to blow the Environmental Protection Agency skyhigh. The better we all knew "Ratman" the more we began to wonder why we liked him so much. It didn't take us long to realize why "Ratman" put his shoes out in the hall Although good for roommate morale, the shoes in the hall didn't add much to company morale We realized that something had to be done when we noticed "Ratman's" socks standing on their own- enough is enough for even the odor eaters were afraid to be put in his shoes. We musn't forget "Ratman's" hands. We could never understand why "Rat" used to walk around with socks on his hands. We atributed it to the fact that since his feet ate away his socks anyway "Ratman" decided to go barefooted and having nothing better to do he just put his socks on his hands. Not so, we finally figured out that "Ratman's" hands were on the most wanted list for the making of Tony Lama lizard skin boots. Even with these faults, we must conclude that "Ratman" was the best friend one could ever ask for. He would do anything for anyone, and this is more than anyone could want

Ready

Michael P. Hull
Springfield
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Air

Michael came bouncing to us from across the waters where he spent three years at London Central High School showing the englishmen what a real stud looked like. On his way back he stopped at Kiski Prep to relearn the American language. He arrived and right away we knew that Mike wasn't like the rest of us, so naturally the nut squad was the perfect place for him as he held Ebor's hand through plebe summer. Plebe and youngster years saw Mike hardly on speaking terms with the girl from England, the same one he would later walk (stumble, crawl) back to second class year. 2/c year also saw his introduction to higher math and random number generation as he joined that elite cadre of Midshipmen, the p-rade judges. This naturally led him into the position of drill officer when first class year rolled around

With all this marching on the brain (figuratively . . . honest!) it was no surprise 1/c year when his vocabulary reduced to two sylabales and he started expounding upon the merits of the FA-18. Yes the corps has hooked another Mid. We wish him the best of luck and I know that 30th company will miss him because he was their best plebe for four years straight, well as they say he's green but not forgotten.

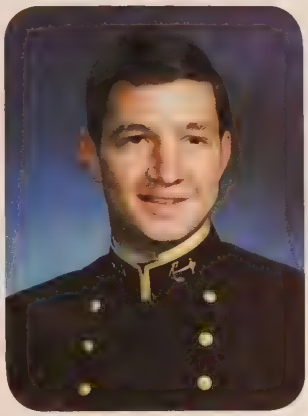
LAC
BYE

Michael D. Klorig
Alexandria
Virginia
Physical Science
Navy Air

Mike Klorig hails to us from Alexandria Virginia, where lovers are better, and tales are taller A quiet and friendly person would be one's first assessment of Mike, yet after getting to know him you find that he is quite energetic and outgoing Known for starting numerous rumbles Plebe and Youngster years, Mike soon became an ace in the number of times our beloved ratman fell victim to bodily abuse. Always willing to lend a hand in helping you with Academic problems, removing an unwanted(?) care package, or just being a good listener. Since being at USNA, Mike has had only one thought on his mind (besides the weekend). After graduating from the hallowed halls of ma "B", it seems that Mike is destined to fly the Cadillac of the skies - yes, 12 hours in the air and a hamburger to go - the P-3's. Out there somewhere in the world of Squad Air is a plane with his name on it

As a person we've all known for four years, Mike has been a fine person to be associated with, and as a pilot we're sure he'll be just as good. I believe Mike will do quite well as a Naval Aviator, after all, how many people do you know who will go on a burger run for you at twelve thousand feet? I am quite sure that Mike will fly whatever plane he desires to fly, for "life is what you make of it, for only you will know what will make you happy", and Mike seems to know what makes him happy. He is already on his way to doing what makes him happy. "Hey Boo-Boo, pass the picnic basket

P A P



Timothy S. Luffy
Scottsdale
Arizona
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Loof

Just what inspired this Arizona country boy to join the Navy we'll never know. He came to the Academy via NAPS which prepared him for the rigors of Academy life - drinking, partying, and chasing women. With the dip of snuff tucked in his lip and two-tone cowboy boots, Loof showed the Navy that he was country when country wasn't cool

Tim spent most of his first two years pulling for Navy and the crew team. At the Ga.-Tech game, Tim met a special girl who sparked a flame in his heart. He came back a ramblin wreck from Ga.-Tech. Seeing her a few days a year, Tim found out that long distance wasn't the next best thing to being there and that Mary-Wash could provide him with something more "devine". At the Christmas Dance, Tim's outspoken date's appetite was overcome by the heartburn caused by an old flame burning in Tim's heart. However, things soon cooled off in her basement

Tim also got along well with his roommates until he had a Big Mac attack second class year His repore with the OOD was also interesting - too bad he didn't like eclairs. When his "sights" of becoming a pilot were shot down, Tim decided that nuke power was to become his career and the cure for his ailing Visa bill. First class year proved to be quite a dirt-slinging fest back in the barn with Ebor and Skog. After casual relationships with several girls, Tim settled down with his favorite Army brat. Dates often included inspections from the Colonel and taps reports from Mrs. Colonel. Would this be the girl to extinguish the old flame? Many were the weekends that you could see the yellow flash headed north-bound on RT.-2. Tim will be off to Orlando after graduation to join the nuke pukes. No need to worry because Ebor and Skog will follow to keep the flames from getting too hot

K.W.

Thomas P. McKavitt, Jr.
Dunwoody
Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
"Mac"

Mac came to Canoe U. from the Peach State ("How 'bout them dawgs!") with 20-20 vision and a 4.0 knee. He left with neither, but he also left a great deal more behind

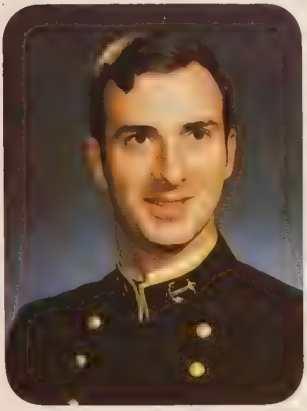
This Aero stud spent many a long night completing his engineering assignments, and generating the gouge so desperately needed for survival yet not left behind by his predecessors (Thanks alot 80-82!) Future Aero majors shall be forever indebted for the contributions he made to furthering scientific achievements

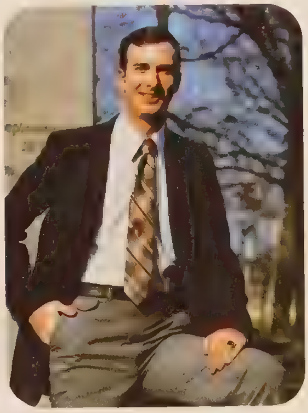
Tom was a member of the Catholic Choir for four years, serving as President his firstie year. That's all well and good, but his REAL contributions were sports related. He faithfully served Dirty Thirty as soccer goalie ('til that fateful day) and most importantly as tailgater anchorman for those chuggin' races. ("Is he finished already?!")

You could always count on Mac till the end as long as the end was one of his loves: Georgia, engineering, flying, and Margaret. We don't know which will prevail as his life's ambition, though it matters little because he's man enough for all four

P-Cola is getting a winner in this NFO. ("There ain't no slack in flying attack.") To an all around good guy, "May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be always at your back . . . . . " Good luck always, Mac

P.S P





Michael J. Murphy
Alexandria
Virginia
Oceanography
NFO
Murph

Mike, the kid from Alexandria. A good friend, drinking buddy, and accomplished girl chaser, even though he did not want to room with us. Mike made a name for himself as a Plebe by destroying government property-himself. He decided to tear a water fountain out of the wall during a late night rumble. That's using your head Murph. His early Academy years found Mike in a cast a majority of the time due to a bum knee he got from rugby. That did not slow him down though. As a Segundo, Mike began to think big . . . just look at some of the girls he dated. Homecoming and Army-Navy were very broadening experiences. We always knew love was blind, but we did not know Mike lost his sense of touch too. Spring break found Mike in Florida where he became a good listener of things that go bump, slosh, bump in the night. First class summer found Mike jetsetting to Germany and beautiful Gitmo. In Germany, Mike learned that it is not necessary to pull rank, but rank does have its privileges. As a firstie, Mike was one of our beloved two stripers who could sling dirt with the best of them. Remember Mike, C-C is not a Chemistry formula. Mike is looking forward to saying "swo baby" after graduation. Best of luck with ship driving. You will always be in our sights-signed "the boys in the barn."
T.S.L

Rowena N. Musico
San Diego
California
Operations Analysis
1100, General Warfare, NIS
Row

Rowena Navarro Musico better known as Row and even "Wiener" was our tan napster from San Diego. Plebe year found Row contemplating the grunt life as she experienced the thrills of the tower jump and the o-course. We saw Row's religious side when she was Sister Rowena for Halloween in the-best-looking-raingear you have ever seen. Unfortunately Row had to do pennance like everyone else and toured the yard for having incorrectly filling out an academic accountability card. (Her only fry to date!)

Row quickly lost her desire to wear the "green" but never lost the desire for adventure. She will always love the o-course, tower jump, and sneaking around Maury Hall at night seeking the gouge. Her secret desire is to be a spy for; the CIA. When she was not sneaking around Row was either studying hard or lending an ear and friendly advice to anyone who needed it. Row was also a hard working member of the women's volleyball team and helped establish a fine women's tennis club. On the weekends that she was not busy, Row preferred to hit the slopes

First class year brought the long awaited chance to eat chicken from the market house and ice cream in civies at the Annapolis dock. This year also brought the anxiety of service selection Row is hoping to become a civil engineer Good luck Row
CAS

Mike R. Ortega
Kermit
Texas
Political Science
Marine Corps
"Taco"

Taco! What else could you call a guy with the name Mike Ortega. He came all the way from that well known town of Kermit, Texas and made himself at home in Annapolis. We all knew it was hot in Texas. But when the sweat rolled off his forehead in an Annapolis winter, we knew that it was more than just the heat that made him sweat. He always made sure he was ahead in everything. To this day, the beads still roll off his forehead

Plebe and Youngster years were quite eventful for the Taco Between the corns on his toes, the bubble gum in his hair, his ink beard the orange fights, and his trip through the ceiling, Mike did find some time to be serious. He lost his Kermit Tracy and found the horses sister Micheal. But the distant sound of wedding bells was too much for Mike and Micheal was put on hold after second class year. Besides his battle with the ladies, he had Yogi to contend with. The boys from fruit-of-the-loom sure made out on that deal. By now though, Taco was rolling in the money. So he bought an MGB. Unfortunatly, it cost him more to take it home than he paid for it. Mike's unique presence will always be remembered though. A gentleman and a good friend to all of us. Good luck in the corps
R H

Scott J. Phillpott
San Diego
California
Physical Science
Surface Line
Scotty

Scotty was born on the crest of a wave . . . and rock and rolled in San Diego. He never saw his ears until he came to USNA and got a haircut. Up 'till then he figured he'd been born without them! He "skated" through Plebe year under the watchful eye of a certain firstie. Defying all the laws of physics with a perseverence that inspired us all-he made it!

Air Avid Sportsman, Scott was a water polo stud, and surfer. The dexterity he acquired on the surf board allowed him side step and circumvent the AC-board. "Hang ten."

Scott certainly had its priorities straight. Like any "real mid," he knew books took a back seat to . . . well . . . just about anything else you could think of! Women and three-wheeling are amoungst his favorite loves, but alas, they have their place too. If one could equate wrestling to racking, Scotty would be an undefeated champ, having won every bout for the most racking time

Scott's proud to be breaking his families tradition of Naval Aviators, 'cause he knows the only real wings are bridge wings! Here's another example where "skimmers are winners." Smooth sailing and following seas. Thanks for the good times
P S P

John R. Polk
Dover
Ohio
Applied Science, Ops Analysis
Nuclear Submarines
Jack

After a year at Ohio State University, Jack decided that he was tired of civilian life. He felt a great need to go someplace where he could develop his natural talents to their fullest. He was tired of those long hours of partying and having fun. No, that was not the life for him. He was looking for something more meaningful, someplace where he would not be forced to have fun. Thus his decision to attend USNA.

Over the past four years, Mr. Polk (as he is known to his classmates and friends) has remained totally professional. If you overlook those Thursday night pillow fights, you could not find a more professional mid. If you were not aware of the felt tipped pen fights where he and a certain roomate destroyed each others clothing, the casual observer would think Jack was a model midshipman. Of course all of the grief he gave a certain zoomie during Air Force Week only added to the image he was trying to project, that of a truly gungy mid

Luckily, some of us know the truth about Jack. He is really a nice guy who does not want the rest of the world to know about it. Why else would he have "Mr. Polk 83" inside his class ring? There is one thing Jack is taking with him from OSU, that is his lovely fiancee Meg. We will miss Jack and wish them both the best of luck in their lives together.

Paul S. Pritchard
Rome
New York
Political Science
Surface Line
P-Dog

He came, he saw, he lost weight. Not enough can be written about a man who not only lost weight over his own Plebe Summer but lost 14 lbs as a squad leader during 86's Plebe Summer Dog came to the Academy backed by experience received from two years before the mast and that STRICT institution, NAPS. To USNA, Pritch brought a saying that will survive forever in the hearts of midshipmen and will possibly INFECT the fleet the imortal words—"Wake me up in three minutes." These words were the life line to P-Dog's position as Director of All-Night Research Paper Production, following faithfully in the traditions of "Shmoo", and THAT'S a name to be reckoned with. But even all-nighters caught up with Dogger: everyone knows one-on-one EI sessions can get a little "sleepy". Perhaps he even fell asleep on a window ledge one night, but after 20 minutes he regained his confidence in the rope that got him there in the first place. P-Wolf, as he'd rather have been called, forever enlightened us through his world of Shebe and Brat but tried to exclude us from another. Maybe someday that girl in blue—light blue—will come to her senses.

If he wasn't skiing, he was ice skating, and if not skating, he wished he was. This one Skimmer IS a Winner and when he finally gets underway in his "Starship Nova", Mother B will pass one of her best to the fleet. "May the Force be with you."
JY

Perry A. Puccetti
Sterling Junction
Massachusetts
Physical Science
Marine Air
Pooch

Perry, Pooch as he is commonly known, came to Crab Towne from the sleepy little hamlet of Sterling Junction, Massachusetts. He arrived at the boat school with one idea in his head and that was to fly. Being the amiable person that he is, Perry soon became close friends with all the first class during Plebe year. We all know that he did it to protect the rest of us from the torture

Over the course of his stay in Hotel Bancroft his many encounters with the Navy banana has convinced him that Jarhead Air is his true calling. Perry wasn't sure what he wanted to major in at first but after a semester of football he chose the javelin. After four years of hard and diligent training he is finally beginning to peak and will be remembered as the best spear chucker in Navy history. After a roller coaster tenure at Canoe U

Perry's experiences can be summed up by the following quote: "There are as many roads to success as men to build them." It seems, although, at times Perry had a hard time reading the road map. Good luck U.S. Marine Corps watch out for Puff the Paisano Prince
M.D K.

Caroline A. Simkins
San Rafalez
California
Economics
Marine Corps
Cas

Caroline Abbott Simkins, also known as Cas, (not Carol!), is one of the most well travelled Mids in the company. Having been to Germany twice due to her fine linguistic abilities, she also became well acquainted with certain Ger-men-s. Caroline is intelligent, athletic (an N-winner for cross country) and has a terriffic sense of humor. Beware when she is in one of her crazy moods.

Caroline is also a wonderful person in general. You can always count on her to do something when the going gets rough. (like lending her new Rabbitt, typing a term paper or running out for ice cream, sucker!) Some of her more crazy antics include not wearing one of her anchors on her SDB's while marching a platoon in from formation, attending breakfast after morning quarters as a plebe and continuously knocking down her roomate's plant. If you wondered where she was during the 3/C informal pictures, look under a ski hat. Yes, that was Cas.

Seriously, Caroline is going to make a fine officer by having the qualities that really count; dedication to her her job, respect for others and a genuine concern for mankind. Caroline, good luck! We'll always think of you fondly.
L.A.Y

Andrew G. Small
McLean
Virginia
Naval Architecture
Naval Flight Officer
Andy

The rembrandt of the 30th company, if not the class of 1983, Andy came storming into USNA with pencil in hand. Having designed every sheet poster including a 42 sheeter for Army, Andy continued on his artistic career designing our company logo and finally the zenith of his accomplishments, designing our class crest. In the meantime, he was a Naval Arch, claiming he was always tested on material never seen before on the face of this earth, let alone the course. An active member of the Glee club, he again always complained about the music selection but really enjoyed it. A founding member of the Isherwood Historical Society and the USAFA Exchange Appreciation Program, Andy reveled in "late" night activities in Mahan, Isherwood and especially Ho Chi Minh. He's on his way now to Pensacola to be rio in his brother's tomcat. A strong soul, a warm heart, and a good friend, Andy will remain in our memories for ever.
A.C.T.

Richard W. St. John
Miami
Florida
General Engineering
NFO
Rick

Rick, our twisted steel and sex appeal stud sailed to us from Miami, Florida . . . . and sailed he did! As a member of the varsity sailing team for four years, Rick spent many a dedicated afternoon and victorious road-trip weekend sailing along the Fast Coast of the U.S.. Whether at Yale, MIT, Westpoint, Coast Guard or right here at home, he earned a well-deserved first letter second class year

During second class year, we also saw many changes in Rick. As happens to many a mid, the rigorous academics and the threat of Rocket Reed's fluids class interfering with his plans for graduating, Rick was one of the smarter engineers who switched majors from Ocean Engineering to General Engineering. Once this pressure was eased a much more enjoyable Academy life was created as Rick discovered "the slopes" on the weekends and the weightroom on the weekdays. So now with a full set of ski equipment and more muscle, he's ready for those ski-bunnies at the lodges! Among our other fond memories of Rick will be the time he was fried for using the elevator in Chauvenet as a Plebe and his week-long membership in the Karate club (somehow pain and agony didn't substitute for lost racktime)

30th company will always have a warm place saved in their hearts for this easy-going sailor. In the future if you don't see Rick racing around in his TR6, you will probably catch him as a proud member of the Surface Line community with fair winds and following seas behind
M S B

Alexander C. Tanski
Rockaway
New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Big Al

With a battle cry of "you win some and you lose most," Alex came to the Academy with positive hopes of accomplishing much and succeeded. Known to all as an unending source, Al was quick to lend gouge, food, and his car keys. Ah, his car, a piece of Jettison by any other name, it still managed to get him to Rockaway and back. Al's initiative and drive made him stand out from the rest; whether it be airborne, obtaining back seat quals when no one else could, becoming class vice president so his room would have an outside line, acquiring a certain "bust" for a semester, or almost spending his first class summer in the American Embassy in Poland, Alex made the most of his stay Kept busy during his four years at USNA with system's projects and an incredibly long list of ECA's, Al still managed to find time for the finer things in life; wine, women, rack, and "Hill Street Blues." A sworn aviator when he took the oath in 1979, Alex is now marching, with Wilkinson in hand, to the sound of "Bucks" and nuke power in 1983. With his sights set on CNO in thirty years, I'm sure we'll see more of Al in the future. Alex, I wish you the best and a long illustrious career, you lifer
A G S

Timothy C. Thomas
Cincinnati
Ohio
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Barney

Barney came to USNA Pleber year with two things: a Trans Am and a chow package. The latter disappeared ASAP while the T.A. stayed, and got plenty of use. This EE stud pulled many an all nighter: a little "moka" and a pair of "Geekers" could carry him a long way. He carried up to 32 hours both Plebe and Youngster year, helping his roomate limp through Engineering courses (thanks Barn!) A member of the Renaissance Committee, Tim had a habit of saying the wrong things at the wrong time-and a certain first class and the LT. "talked" to him about it. In the course of four years, Barney went through three cars, several girls, and countless loaves of pumpkin loaf. When not cutting hair, he was demonstrating his abundance of it by blowing past the Moow, Jimmy Legs, and others committed to enforcing a road block . . . looking for the ole' T A !!

A mean pillow fighter, excellent student, and all around good guy, he will most certainly prove an asset to the Nuclear Navy. Though his sub duty will "take him down," he will always be a step above the rest of the crowd Smooth sailing Barney, to both you and "Betty "
P S P

Daniel J. Valaik
Buffalo
New York
English
UDT Seals
Rock Lobster

Early in July 1979, an all-American, Buddy Holly look-alike left his mother's arms and entered the walls of Bancroft only to become totally lost in a maze of corridors which would take him until Youngster year to figure out. Dan relied on Airbornski and Bond to fill his mother's role and hold his hand through another trying experience. Dan's curly blonde locks, crazy walk, and Lithuanian nose melted Kathy Karlson making way for a skate Plebe year. Dan brought green and heart covered boxer shorts, night shirts, and plaid trousers into Academy fashion. Youngster year brought Rock Lobster and the Jetsetter Dan's biggest problem in Germany was not the language, but the proper swimming attire. Army, second class year, brought a new meaning to two-man pool. Dan's little diver scored a perfect ten but has since been temporarily disqualified. Running has become Dan's new love. However, the doctor feels that maybe some monthly workouts would ease the pain even more

First class year Dan was blessed with an easy schedule. Being an English major, Dan needs little time to study. To satisfy his excessive desire for sleep, Dan has acquired a rack away from rack so not to be disturbed when his roommates are studying. Dan's driving ability is represented by a replaced clutch in his red VW convertible which he burned out one week after purchase Gordon Johncock he is not. Preparing for marriage in the near future, Dan has started a checking account but has failed to have any checks made up. Dan's final year has brought him stripes, exposure, and captain of the water polo team. Dan's social life is now at a low finding little time for even a little "bowling". Dan is a scholar, an athlete, a leader, and a friend. The seals stand to gain a man of the highest quality
E.J.B.

Kevin Wetterskog
Juliustown
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Skog

This is merely an excerp from what could be a literary work in the making; entitled "The Navy According to Skog". For everything Kevin has done here at the Academy has had a certain "Skog-oirfaire", or unique Skog touch, that turns ordinary events into quite memorable ones

Starting with Plebe year and airborne with Fast-Freddy, Kevin went on to accompany the Jetseters to Germany and began defining the expansive concept known only by name to mortal men, "Skog"

So who is this man with the slightly devilish smile?

Well he's many things to many people!

TO Harry he the perfect son. (maybe even a clone); TO the women of Annapolis he's Mr Jennrette.; TO older women he's "the graduate" taking some advanced courses.; TO his cruisemates he's "Little Buddha".; TO Florida he's Jaques Skoggo; TO his roommates he's "the Grappler"-an ungrudging scrapper who has only one chip on his shoulder-Ebor's.; TO Army he's a "realtively" good friend.; TO the 30th company he's an Academic officer they will never forget.; TO the casinos he's "Atlantic-City Skog"-a gambling institution. TO nuclear power he's a mind rivaled only by Rickover's.; TO you he's a !;

Go ahead, get to know the "Skog-monster" and fill in your own blank. He's smart, witty, goodlooking and doesn't bite often!!!
D J V

Joel Yourkowski
Renton
Washington
Aerospace
Marine Aviation
King

York hails from Renton Wa (where?), and ventured to USNA via two years in the Nav, ie, nuke power school. He earned his nikenames "Romeo Kilo" and "King" due to his numerous and often daring night time excursions. Doubling as a student, we knew he had to be from the CIA, FBI, or at the very least, a wayward warrior from TBS. He spent many a night (while the rest of us were doing labs or writing papers) guiding tours through the Ho Chi Minh trails, repelling, swimming, ice skating, and running the O-course (with piece, of course!)

King was Chairman of the Board of the Renaissance Committee, and therein we found his dream: promoting the "whole man concept" His goal: "To be able to design a plane, and yet, write poetry about the sky." But his favorite saying remains "The best way to die is by small arms fire "

His combination of talents served him well as he earned his supe's list stars, and served as Company Commander (though not at the same time!). Despite his uncanny knack with obstacles and TRICKS, to "wheel and deal and twist the wheel of fortune", we found him on more than one occasion asking "Does it ever end?" and finding the answer "No, it never does."

With Joel's affinity to action and danger, we're not suprised to find him going Marine Air. This is one case where the Marines finally found one of those "few good men" they've been looking for. His faith in God and country will carry him far. To a brother: may we gather again where the sea meets the shore Good luck always, King
PSP

Lisa A. Yustak
Cumberland
Maryland
Political Science
Supply Corps
Stak

Lisa Ann Yustak was born and raised right here on the east coast. In fact, she grew up right here in good ol' Maryland She applied to The Academy for a very special reason No, no, no not because her family was responsible for generations and generations of USNA alumni. Her real inspiration of attending Canoe U. was because of the all knowing and trustworthy woman wearing the royal blue smocked dress and gold blouse Yes, yes, yes . . she was the USNA tour guide (ready and willing to conduct a tour, rain or shine!)

Lisa was the "supply"er of spirit to the boys in dirty thirty As plebes during the hectic lunch hour in what was once known as the "Wardroom," we could always depend on Lisa yelling on the top of her voice, "Give me a P! Give me an A! Give me another P! . ." Even as a firstie you can hear Lisa cry out, "Hey 30th Company, who are we!!!"' Not only was Lisa spirited, she was also "professional" in every sense of the word During plebe summer upon the completion of decorating a bulletin board by the "Nut Squad" Lisa was put in charge of putting the final touches on the board She indeed put the final touch on the board by indicating that the authors (or should I say "author") was Midn 4/C Yustak

Lisa has been a very special part of 30 She's looking foward to joining the fleet and we're sure they'll be glad to have her P.S. Hey Lisa, what's that I hear scurrying across the ceiling?
LIS

NAVAL ACADEMY

THIRTY-FIRST

Robert W. Barhite
Chappaqua
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Tahiti

Rob arrived here from Chappaqua destined to be the perfect midshipman. He loathed marching, formations, cleaning the room, and everything else that kept him away from the "rack." Funny thing though, he actually found ways to get out of all those things he despised After surviving plebe year, he proceeded to get burnt during youngster cruise while experimenting with a little nude sunbathing. "Pinky" returned and began to put his energy into something safer - three years of varsity squash and his Political Science major (which suited him fine even though his Mech E roomates found it maddening)

An avid traveler, Rob was always on the go wherever his RX7 or a plane ride would take him. He still has yet to reveal the details of his French scholarship but, of course, everyone assumes the worst since on any given night he can be found writing to one of many mysterious women across the Atlantic

Rob's unquenchable thirst for sleep is only matched by his desire to run with the big boys in Navy Air. He plans to broaden his horizons by flying planes as opposed to jumping out of them as he is occasionally given to do. Undoubtedly, he will become the perfect typical, layed back fly-boy and we wish him the best for he will be sorely missed. Be good and watch those rays!
A.L.C.

Bernice Berman
Elmira
New York
Political Science
Intelligence
Bernie

From beautiful upstate New York to NAPS to the Naval Academy, Bernice has touched the hearts of many. Too numerous to count were the times that she sacrificed her study hour and even her liberty to help out a classmate in need, and always with a smile. Bernice could definitely be voted unanimously as the company "marriage counselor" and even start her own column. However, underneath that calm and collected exterior was the real Bernice. Will we ever forget those first date jitters with the all too adorable M.I.T.? or how about the weekend at — his place, Alan Parsons never sounded so good! And we won't even go into the nights at the Irish Pub with a certain Army captain (Army? Bernice, what are you kidding me?). How about the Army week middie? Not much we know, oh yeah, sorry about the reefer!! One question we never got straight: If you drive through the gate does that count as over-the-wall? Probably not, go ahead! Bernice you never explained why that Lt. wrote and told you about the turtles . . . . what was he driving at? We will also never understand why you always volunteered to inspect 33. One consolation, you'll always be Apollo's owl and everybody's favorite three-striper. If anybody's got what it takes, you do.

Keep striving for the top and don't settle for anything but the best, you deserve it. Thanks for being the most excellent friend. Go Navy!!
N.S.T.

James M. Bors
New Carrollton
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Jimbo

Jim came to the Academy from New Carrollton, Md. He was reluctant to leave his home and family, especially his little brother Ricky. Some of us wonder if he actually did leave. He managed to make it home so often that his Academy room was never lacking in Ricky's artwork. He actually made more trips home than phone calls.

New Carrollton is centrally located between the airports and the train station. A great advantage. At least that's how we saw it. Jimbo's home soon became the staying area for various traveling mids; not to mention the site of many Thanksgiving dinners and Easter breaks.

Who can forget Jim's yellow duster? ("Why buy a new car? The Duster still works, and besides, it only costed $200.") How else could he take six mids all the way to Army Youngster year?

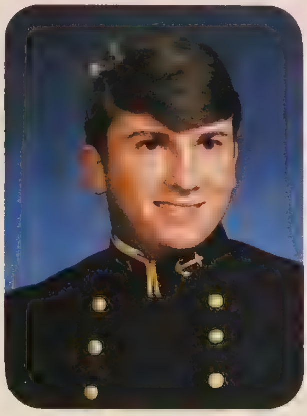
As a roommate, Jim couldn't be beat. Who else would keep his side of the room clean -and yours too! Jimbo was always boasting company spirit. On the soccer and fieldball field, in the company area, and even on the drill field at 0650 drill practices.

Jim set a moral and spiritual example for the company as well. He was a friend to all; willing to help out anyone in need at anytime. Homework or advise, he was always willing. Of course with Mech E, it was more often than not:

"Oh, you didn't get that one either?"

Jim avoided being a geek, though he studied diligently. He could not believe, despite arguments to the contrary, that your grades rose when you watched TV or racked. So doing it the hard way, and despite the efforts of the Mech. Dept., he was in line when the "core" came looking - and will soon be glowing himself. (Maybe the bonus can buy you a nem car, Jim!)

Glowing or not, Jim will always be one of those people who improve one's life just be having known him
R.B.G.



Micheal W. Brown
Mesquite
Texas
Marine Engineering
Strategic Weapons Officer
Mike

Mike came to USNA from Mesquite, Texas Unfortunately, no one got to know him too well during plebe summer, simply because he talked so fast no one could understand him. As plebe summer ended, Mike seemed to settle down and breeze through plebe year, in fact he wasn't asked a single rate second semester. Mike even found time for an occasional slumber party at Mrs. Green and Mrs. Peacock's. Brownie earned a varsity letter in track plebe year, being a member of one of the fastest mile relay teams in Navy history. He spent most of youngster year in the rack. The few times he was out of the rack, it was either for "a little ice tea" or to argue about his two favorite subjects . . . Texas football and Texas football During Second class year Mike was more or less a stick in the mud (Ohhh, hammered!!), but he did decide to take one big step, that to get engaged to Kathy Kathy, a true southern belle in every sense, proved to be well worth the wait for Mike

After three years of separation, Kathy decided to move to Annapolis. It is hard to make three years of separation in one year, but they certainly gave it a shot. We'll all miss Mike's friendship and ability to make this place a little more bearable. From all of the one third, good luck and honk on Bobo
Dwight

Andrew L. Cassity

Reedsburg
Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Submarines
Andy

Andy had to make quite an adjustment when he came to the Naval Academy from the sprawling metropolis of Reedsbburg, Wisconsin (How many cows are there?). Instead of spending all his time riding motocross and chasing women, he found himself heavily involved with another love—Engineering, Mechanical to be more precise. He spent many a long night developing this relationship much to the despair of his roomate who subscribed to the law of inverse studying—the less you study the better the grades you get. Maybe that only works for Political Science

At first Andy thought he heard the call of the mean green machine, but apparently the education began to pay off. His hard work and excellent, well, good . . . ok . . . not so bad grades led him onto the path of the deep diving community. Nuclear power! I never would have believed it!

Well, Andy had fun here at the Academy, especially during the summers. After his first taste of submarine life on youngster cruise and a sub qual pin, Andy also returned with wings, airborne that is. Never one to sit still for long, Andy used alot of his own and the Navy's time to see such exotic places as Hawaii, Greece, Africa, Eygpt, and Israel. For sports, he thought he might like to try sailing for Navy, but soon realized his interests in other areas. He became involve in numerous intramurals including boxing, rugby, football, and karate. And to go along with this image, he bought himself a peice of American muscle, a beaut of a Firebird (red of course). I guess nukes aren't all that bad

With all this going for him, Andy was a shoe-in for company commander first set. However, many members of the company felt it was due to his prowess on the p-rade field (if only he could get there in step!). It's been a joy to know Andy these few short years and surely he will be a success wherever he may go! Dive, dive! Later!
R W B

Todd Davis

Salem
Oregon
Applied Science
Navy Air

Todd came to the Academy from Salem, Oregon He started his college athletic career as a wrestler but Youngster year he saw the light and joined the rugby team where he lettered on a-side two years running. Ever since Plebe year when Todd realized he wanted to fly his favorite expression became, "If you don't turn out the lights your eyes will go bad." Well, Todd always read with plenty of light on and is planning out his next vacation in Pensacola. Todd did not pass through the Academy without leaving his mark either. It is on the locker in room 8115 That one cost him the use of his right hand for awhile Remote, Kill Communists, and Little Man are just a few words to describe him in his more excited stages

Dwight M. D'iorio

Wallingford
Pennsylvania
Economics
Marine Corps
Du-white

If you are reading this, LIM D'iorio has already reached the two things he has wanted ever since he showed up at USNA - first of all he graduated and second he now has a wife - well he always had the wife - now they are married Dwight came from Wallingford, Pa. where he once lived by "Uncle Dick" Clark of American Bandstand Dwight showed up on I-day with his baseball glove, a soccer ball, and the only questions he had were - when's practice and where's the T-tables Well practice was all the time and he found those T-tables - because you see Dwight could play soccer - "But Mike, if you could only see me play shortstop" - well he did always like baseball more. Dwight earned four N's in soccer, but he worked hardest on his grades. Thats why he reached goal #1. Goal #2 was alot easier to attain. Katie - if one person was the reason Dwight made it, it was her Dwight taught us alot - all about Penn State football, the Phillies, the 76er's, the Eagles, the "Hex" (you just don't know), how to make so many friends here and keep all those at home, how to share your parents with others, but probably most of all, Dwight taught us the meaning of friendship and how to do those "little things" that most people won't take the time for If one person will come out of this ridiculous lifestyle and become someone we all will be proud of - Dwight will be that one, that is if he doesn't "wierd out" and become a "lerpis" in the Marines
Mike

Stephen L. Fischer

St. George
South Carolina
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Fishman

Ever since Plebe year Steve has been studying diligently yearning to make the grade of nuke. Although it seemed that the rocket would take care of his dreams, he took on Naval Reactors and won. Racking his brains for four years, he made nuke! Steve had an outlet to keep his sanity-wargaming was the only way to keep a honed military mind. Yes, he even conned a prof into doing a semester long project on ancient-period wargaming. Steve also stayed cool listening to his "miniature" stereo system (the components were small, but the price wasn't) After Steve began his 7-year commitment, he realized that he didn't have to be professional anymore, so he came to his senses and quit the YP squadron. We're sure though, that he won't forget those YP trips to those girls colleges! Yes, the Navy has treated Steve well- What can you say about an organization that has given you paid vacations in St. Croix, France, and Spain on big, beautiful, haze-gray ships? Steve has alot going for him at graduation: he can rightfully claim partnership in "the few, the proud, the Marines (Engineers!)
J.B.

Randall B. Gross
Killingworth
Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Randy

Ever since Randy made such a dynamic "hit" with his classmates (and the deck!) on I-day during our first come-around, he has continued the following four years being a well-repected, super individual. No one in the company could figure out how he always got A's on his tests without studying-but he insisted that osmosis (textbook under the pillow at night) was the only way to learn, despite arguements to the contrary. That gave him plenty of time to do more important things, like sleep and build models during study hour. But he never said no to anyone seeking help. Randy's practical application of higher mathematics, though, was not as high as one would have expected. It took three years, but he finally learned the hard way that when you're traveling 50 mph and see a gaurdrail next to an exit ramp you wish to use, you're supposed to continue driving parallel to it- not perpendicular!

Those sailing weekends as a plebe were great for Randy; but as a firstie, accepting command of one of those great USNA tall ships put a crimp in his weekend style, perhaps 99% due to the fact of assuming command of another sleek vehicle of transportation: his own romeo x-ray seven (with personal "escort" of course-to get him home to Conn. in 4 hours) . . . the ultimate means of transportation will be realized in P-cola with the big bird in the sky navigating F-14's should be his next command. (What's next Randy?) . . . yes, flying seems less appropriate for Randy than the black shoes Navy, but the salt water in his blood will always lead him back to the seashore and his sailing machines

J.B

Frederic C. Lastar
Temple
Texas
Aerospace Engineering
NFO
Freddy

Fred came to us from Temple, Texas. Fondly known to his classmates as Freddy, Fred was always willing to lend a helping hand in any possible way. Needless to say he soon found out that the upperclass can do it on their own. Fred soon became the favorite among the upperclass. Freddy brought his first love to Annapolis for his full four years here-his skydiving gear Wanting to become an astronaut, Fred majored in Aerospace Engineering. He even found enough time to date a female midshipman (M.D.). No this was not his true love. Fred entered Youngster year by drenching the OOD, accidently of course, he was aiming for a three striper. This was Freddy's lucky year. One night while cruising the scene at Dahlgren, Freddy met the girl of his dreams. Never being one to rush into things, he waited a few weeks before he asked her to marry him. The engagement caused drastic changes in Freddy's lifestyle He found he had to spend more time with his fiancee than he did skydiving. Never the less, Fred was able to adapt and planned his marriage for May We want to wish Fred and Nancy the best of luck throughout their career

R.C.S., Jr.

Scott A. Laverentz
Pensacola
Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Laver

Scotty had some work to do to get out of a slump he was in after his first two years here. Had the one-third club been formed at the time Scott would have had a hard time squeezing in He was definitely a professional, clean-cut midshipman—Wendy could vouch for that, but with protramid came a new change. Scotty looked like the same old Scott but some realizations came to him—all things are not perfect and they all can't last forever. But that's a different story; one with a happy ending The boys during second class summer left a lot of empty cans and bottles on the east coast and half of them were Scotts. Scott's domestic problems turned him into a free man during the summer. Those were some long, early morning hitches back to Damneck The end of the summer brought back new tidings for Scott and Wendula. By spring break things were going well with the loving couple, so Scott, Bart, and Mike took a road trip [a little fast through North Carolina, huh Scott] down to the paradise land for the weakest week of the year. Oh God! Were we weak!!! Scott went a little hog wild on his loan and knew how it was to have financial problems. College park created some new horizons for Scotty He now knows what a close-up of the McDonalds parking lot looks like First class year brought the weekends for Scott and Chris to college park. Laplata Hall had seperate rooms for the two, so they would have a place to stay instead of roaming the halls so much during their weekends in stupors. Pending on service selection Scotty will be flying high in the sky in his tomcat soon. Not soon enough for Scott though!

M.P T.

Carl M. Lee
San Antonio
Texas
General Engineering
Navy Flight Officer
Carl

Carl imigrated to Annapolis from San Antonio, Texas. "Lee man" proved to be a model plebe throughout plebe summer, displaying his intensity and professionalism everywhere he went. "Mr. Organization" was always around if you needed a paper typed, it had to be gramatically perfect because Carl is some what illiterate. Carl chose the Academy over an education with Rockwell International, probably because they would only allow him to use a TI calculator instead of his HP. Lee man had his sights set on being a Mech. E., but, being a member of the one third club, he decided ge would rid him of the geek image. Carl was famous for loosing roomates. I guess he drove them crazy (Remember Nick?) with his neatness. Carl's intensity was put to good use on the Navy sailing team where he earned 3 N's and became one of Navy's top dinghy skippers. Carl once broke up with a girl because she wouldn't give him his jacket back (It was a good excuse!). Lee man then became good friends with a nice girl from Philly - I guess she must have liked his car. Carl will be remembered for his willingness to help anyone and his great sense of humor ("I don't get it?"). With his intense motivation and hard work, Lee man will certainly go far and be respected all the way. Good luck Carl, and deliver my shirts on Tuesday.

Stephen

Stephen D. Lewia

Kennebunk
Maine
General Engineering
Strategic Weapons
Steve

Steve came to us from the frozen wastland of Kennebunk, Maine, where his only exposure to life were the people of the back woods. It took us about a year (well maybe two) but we finally got Steve to stop calling girls "Sis". Steve and alcohol sometimes don't mix, just ask the girls from Hood. He's probably got a picture of them (From their desk drawer or where ever he could find them.) Steve was always good for a road trip or a drunken bash until Mary came along. I guess we taught Steve a little too well. Coming from the north, Steve is the company ski instructor, a small powerful guy who always has a friendly word and a smile, Steve has been a friend to us all. Even though he has a love for speed, buying a "practical" 280Z, Steve's lack of depth perception will probably put him on the big grey boats. But where ever he goes Steve will be sorely missed by his friends in the one third club, and always remembered as "a nice guy but thats about all"

Rick

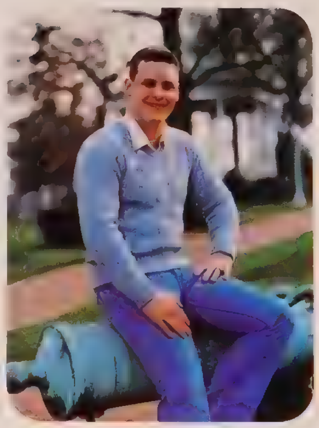
Timothy M. Lombardo

Chicago
Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Bubba

"Timbo" came to our fold from the windy city, figuring it was better to be a "real" mid than a fighting irish. While here, Tim's "major" concentration rested in the ominous Rickover Hall (But with the likes of Rocket Read and Wild Bill, he couldn't really avoid it). However, he still found time for a few great road trips and his own dedicated stool at Timmie's

In all seriousness, Tim is a super guy and one who likes to have fun at any given opportunity And speaking as one who's been there for a lot of them, have fun he did. From times spent veging out to "double dates" in the Bubbamobile, Tim has a habit of always making the best of any given situation. P-cola and gold wings lie ahead for the man who wants to spend his life chasing down subs for a living. From the one who knows him like a brother, best of all to you and your sweetheart from North Carolina. Bubba's forever!

E.V.R., Jr



Steven B. Ockerman

Tempe
Arizona
English
Marine Corps
Ock

Bad craziness. Losing it. A.T. and Carl. Penfights and "the" snowball fight from the Buzzard with Chris and Bart. Flying the airplane and getting caught Bird. Speedo with frisbee, finals and rays on the turf The prairie and the volcano, and how bout that, B.J.? . . . Youngster year with Mr. Winkle, Chris and Eric, and Walkman Practical jokes on Eric (the granola was from the ceiling) Kool-aid and warm Millers at the dead, D.C. And the capitol at 4:00 a.m. (wow I bet we could sneak in here) Paranoia. Blackberry brandy at Army and Chris gets a handshake in the corner. N.Y. with Chris and Zbacnik and Chatham and Pop's breakfasts. Lefty. "How's the wing, Ock". Wee hee tests their cool. Bottle rockets from the Gadget man. "Man, yo arm be bent an s - - -" . . . Segundos with Doug and the Woop and Nora, Lynn at the Rocky Horror. Tim, Gino and Joe and a blind date Stones concert, mind games at Cedar Crest, inspirational comearounds. Linda. Greece. Skiing. "Wak-em" and Steve discovers the nuclear Wak-em that dropped him. "All my plebes quit on me" and civvies and restriction. Ralpny's and the Ramshead. Todd, College park and a deaf date. Vicki at Riordans Thorn cruise at Charleston, foamy oriental marion with Sherry and Craig. Rota. Panties in the mail. Driving the car back with Pops Detail, herp me, Bait Many motels and no sleep . . . firsties with Bart and Doug. Weird voices and monkey laughs One hanging low, monsieur P.P., sticky Vicky and little Blaine. Bananas. "You, shot, me". LN7 weekends. Glad to grad and frappez la rue

Many

Stephen J. Pollak

Savannah
Georgia
General Engineering
NFO
Joey

Known as Steve by most, Joey by some, and Killer by all, Little Guissepe has made quite an impact on us all. After a short "fling" as a crew jock plebe year, Joey became a rugger and there he stayed. If the sport you play is an indication of your mental state then Joey had found the right sport. He was one of the few people who didn't need alcohol to induce fits of craziness, though it helped

Joey was always a gentleman however, as he always had a lady. On the other hand he was also kind enough to take his roommates home with him one spring (well no one's perfect).

After Joey swapped majors Youngster year, his visits to the wardroom became as frequent as his visits to the weight room. Needless to say, you could almost always find him in one of these two places. Well I hope life in the corps is as good to him as life in the Academy was. Good luck Joey, and may the corps survive your wrath.

Edwin V. Rahme, Jr.
Lindenwold
New Jersey
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Bubba

Ed is known by several nicknames. Two of the more well-known are "Bubba" and "Crude". Bubba was given to him on his youngster cruise in Italy. The name stuck and he is now known as one of the infamous "Bubba Brothers", crusaders of truth, justice, and the American way. Crude comes from his unequalled talent for putting even the most adverse situation in perspective. He has a quick wit and a storehouse of many jokes, be they clean or crude. Ed's name has been carved into his permanently reserved seat at Timmy's and will be remembered by many a mid and civilian alike.

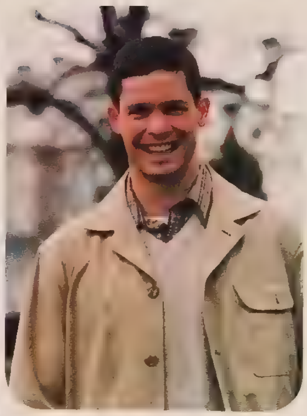
Ed has always been a hard worker and could handle anything thrown his way. He never wasted time (much anyway) and used his time wisely to get things done in order to get back in the rack. Even so, he kept his grades high and it looks like gold dolphins are in his future.

On weekends, Ed was somewhat of a magician at USNA, disappearing at the first available opportunity to spend ninety percent of his paycheck on wine, women, and song. The other ten percent he wasted. But, being the thirty-first company champ took a lot of practice, and many a weekend was spent perfecting his talent. The Bubbamobile was another way Ed liked to pass the time. Quite a few miles were traveled and there was never a dull moment when he was around.

From his "brother" and manager, best of luck to you and your future in Admiral McKee's Navy. Long live the Bubba Brothers!!!
T.M.B.

Eric V. Ricketts
Springfield
Virginia
Mathematics
USMC
"Dr. Not"

Who knows whether or not USNA was responsible, but something got into Eric during his stay here that initiated some startling changes. Entering the Academy as the anemic, mild-mannered E.V. geek, Eric has emerged as a massively built-up sub-human monster known on the USNA power lifting team as "Dr. Not". (Look at all that weight! He's not going to get that lift.) Other changes in Eric include his major, his service selection (Who knows?), his mind on numerous occasions, and most notably the relative size of his head with his body. Despite a small cranal appearance, Eric does quite well in his Mathematics major. He is well known for his willingness to help out a friend, and his readiness to devote himself to a job is sure to carry him far. Always respected and liked, Eric is sure to make his mark on the fleet as a fine Naval Officer, or Marine Corps Officer, or Air Force Officer, or . . . . .
J.B.R.



Douglas M. Roth
Allentown
Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Surface
Doug

Looked over the wall lately? If so, you're likely to find Doug Roth there, getting away with something outrageous! Doug has lived a charmed life these four years, running on empty and enjoying everything, or almost everything he does. (There's always his major as an exception) Between travelling, skiing, and reading anything but his textbooks, Doug has come to hate Mechanical Engineering. Somehow gears and levers just don't compare when you can be galivanting off to Greece, Berlin, or Scotland (With Swedish women yet!) But Doug gets involved here at Navy- our brigade social chairman is also a varsity sailor and a big brother. And speaking of social activities! . . . Well, all those "acquaintences" of his will never be the same after being exposed to this character! There are a few special people though, who have made a lasting impression on Doug: Aunt Jane, the O'Donnels, Cheri, Rusty, KJ, the Bodys, and of course, Mom and Dad. If only they knew what Doug was really doing at USNA. One day it will all catch up to him, but untill then, the world had better watch out - for Doug is out there and he wants it all!!!!
R.P.

Christopher N. Russak
Chatham
New Jersey
Political Science
Army
Rooster

I don't know if the Academy knew what it was in for when it accepted Chris. He was a typical plebe his first year, not much trouble, got along well with everybody, a real outgoing guy. But as the first caps flew so did Chris. His real character came alive. Happy, cheerful, and never bored. Sometimes this was not appreciated at 0600. Even at the emporium, his simple presence invited unsolicited pummels upon his head. But no matter, Rooster was deadicated.Youngster and Second class years brought many exciting things. Five hundred mile road trips to see the Gratefuls. Norfolk was the best But it was too bad he became fearful of low flying airplanes. Up at Army Second class year he vaguely remembers meeting some colonel First dates were fun too, especially to Ocean City! His intrepid travels through Europe brought friendly train trips and handshakes The tunafish in Malaga was supposedly great Chris fit in well in New York. He and Thomps once bit off more of the big apple than they could chew. Then came First class year his reintroduction to college park. The Grill's cheap beer and Herb The Serb enhanced many glowing evenings. "Hey, where's the party?" Rang out as Rooster and Lava stumbled into many a dorm, sorority, house party, and occasional sidewalk. The next day's hangover was proof of a successful evening. Chris' dreams will be realized in the coming months as the future will provide him with enough mud and dirt to keep him happy for a long time
S.A.L.

Robert C. Sauer, Jr.
Minneapolis
Minnesota
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Bob

Bob, a Navy junior, hails from Minneapolis, Minnesota, intending to follow in his father's foot steps. He breezed through plebe year getting sunburned in Florida and chasing girls at Georgetown. Bob started Youngster year with a splash, diving from the Balcony of the Hilton in to the Severn in summer whites. He became well known as a recording star for his version of the top forty in the shower. Second class year found Bob taking to heart his committment to the Navy. He gave up such frivolities as wine, women, and song and started studying. He even went so far as to stay in on Saturday night to study. Following in the path of many of his fellow Math majors Bob decided to take the money and run. Whoops! I mean- to go nuke. In all seriousness though, Bob, best of luck to you in Orlando and in your career in Nuclear Power.
F.C.L.

Thomas A. Sawyer
Milwaukee
Wisconsin
Mathematics
Surface
Tom Sawyer

Tom Sawyer — yes mom, he does exist with his white fence and all. Perhaps by graduation even the underclass in our company might find out what this phantom firstie looks like. For Tom is nortorious for his low profile which for the first time is in danger of being pierced. You see, Tom made a mistake and let the Lt. meet him and so the Lt. is now keeping an ever watchful eye upon Tom. Yet Tom is a YP Squadron C.O. and as such he is an out-of-company striper. Therefore the drama unfolds with Tom currently in the lead and I'm sure the eventual winner. (Tom lost). During these four years, an ambitous project of Tom's is to keep the bookstore in business. He has even branched out into getting one of the largest cassette collections within the brigade. And should anyone interfere with his music, lookout for sparks will fly! Afterall his devotion to music is such that he bought a truck just to haul it around with him Few people knew of his social life during the first three years because he'd just disappear and no one knew where he went. Yet during his last year, word leaked out about his many girlfriends and his cover was blown. Afterall he spends as much time with them as he can (which is quite a bit) and usually comes back very tired - but just in time for taps. He likes to have a good time and livens up a party. He's a great guy and I wish him the very best of luck in his Naval career Live long and prosper!

Richard W. Schieke, Jr.
Annapolis
Maryland
Political Science
Marine Corp
Shiek

LTM Shiek never came to Annapolis, he's always been here. Rick came in plebe summer overweight and he'll probably leave the same way. Its probably due to too much beer, crabs and tail gaters and not enough trips to Philly. Plebe year was pretty easy on Shiek not only due to his size, but due to the way be buttered up the firsties. He threw them parties on the farm. Things like "Army grain punch" and "running red lights" are vague memories to Rick. As a youngster Rick finally dumped "the ghost rider" and found himself a nice, proper Philadelphian. They spent many long hours down the shore that year. Second class year found Rick blowing off wires to become an LTM and enter his third semester of summer school, but Shiek didn't mind because he loves it here. Sugar loaf, "Nippers", monterey, God, Ens. estuary, bonfires, Mexico, Jimmy Buffet, ragging, the "sinbin", the police station and beer bowls are all associated with things Shiek did or tried to do (ie. skiing). Upon graduation, Rick will enter the Marine Corps, maybe they can make him lose some weight. Shiek will be missed not only because he is such a great guy but because he and his family provided us with a home away from home. Good luck Rick, and remember the one third.
Steve

Thomas D. Stuart
Atkinson
New Hampshire
Aerospace
Naval Flight Officer
Tom

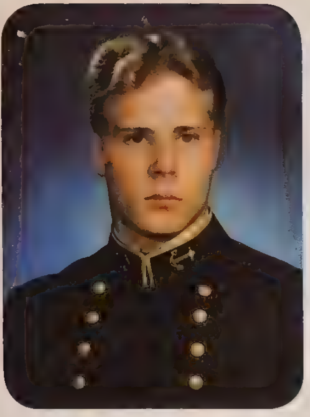
Having lived in sunny Hawaii, Guam, and New Hampshire, Tom brought a wide range of experiences from which we could all benefit. Tom's first great achievement was surviving the first semester (acutally the only semester) with Uncle Lyles good friend, J.D. Sailing nearly every weekend his plebe year, Tom probably had as many overnighters as did the first class

Youngster year again saw Tom sailing. The sailor did hit land during the winter season though to enjoy getting beat up in fieldball. But fieldball wasn' his only winter sport. Christmas leave found him starting his foreign diplomacy early skiing with a French belle in Quebec. But really his social life was a feast or fast. Why are you so thin Tom?

After his Youngster year Tom had to make a choice between sailing or Aerospace Engineering. He chose the most glamorous of the two - Aerospace! Destined to live with his choice the next two years, Tom spent many hours with his books and Saturdays with his honey (well) in Ward Hall. Just think Tom, if it wasn't for your favorite LCDR you would not have met your honey.

Studying was not Tom's only habit. One of his favorite weekend activities was supposedly picking up "girls". This activity carried over into his foreign exchange cruise also. Boasting of having a girl in every port from Athens to Leningrad, Helsinski is his choice to do the best shopping. Just don't ask to see his pictures. (11 rolls)

First class year saw Tom straightening out his priorities. Parties took the front seat and academics the back. Like academics, Tom plans to take the back seat of an F-14. Fly Navy! There is one hang up though, Tom. You can not wear your black and white engineers cap up there.
M.J.V.



Barton W. Taylor
San Bernardino
California
Ocean Engineering
Surface
Bart

Fear and loathing. "Bad craziness" and bats "The" snow ball fight (Chris and Steve). Flying the airplane and not getting caught. Long distance relationships, rugby, AC/DC, stinky wet homework (bottom drawer bathroom), the buzzard, nostril vomit and hopping home. Joey's beach house (getting tan and getting caught), five and a half hour midnight tour of D.C. (Alcohol Awareness Summer) gak, gak, gak; 65 Mustang. Road trips and the navigator (Scotty). Raultney, hot wired Army, Connecticut dead. Weak week (Pensacola, poker and old J. Geils) Wakum, the Ramshead, cards. Return from 1st class summer-"better never than late". Surface Line-Navy Diver. "Well, whats it gonna be, punk?"
-Many-

Michael P. Thompson
Quincy
Illinois
Politcal Science
Navy Air
Deehead

Thomps started academy life on day one finding people out east just aren't the same as in Quincy Ill. J.D. was something Mike couldn't cope with But Mike soon found his place. Usually at Schiek's on a Saturday night. Thomps could even be talked into doing chores there, like vacuuming the floor with his face. Anything for a little extra cash, because Mike's paycheck could not keep up with his style. Just ask the girls at Beefsteak Charlies. But at least he has a few albums to show for it. Maybe Rooster was wrong about the thieves in NYC, but hey the camera was covered.

Hey now better watch out for those low flying airplanes. Next thing you know we'll be in Timbucktoo or Wilmington at 4:30 am. OOGEDEE-BOOGEDEEBOO. The quest, yes its turnpike north straight to the last stop or a temporary stay (15 days) in the hall during the summer, better head south to Florida for "weak week" to get his back scratched. Yep, Mike was never one to turn down a party, play poker, or fall in love. Fights were another story except when Thomps rescued Scotty at Maryland.

Senior year brought the world series and another girl. By now Thomps was neither on the bus or completely off it but instead in his corolla off to Baltimore, maybe eleven is Mike's lucky number.

The sky's the limit for Mike though and that's where he hopes to be in a few short months. In his own mellow way riding 'em high and given 'em hell.
C.N.R.

Michael J. Vormbrocke
Fort Wright
Kentucky
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power
Mike

Hailing from the innocent hills of Kentucky, Vormie was slowly corrupted as the years went by. Plebe year involved Mike in scores of extracurricular acitivities and his wholesome image made him quickly a friend to all. Transformation stirred inside him though as he was influenced by the "social" conversations with his close friend Will Gildner

Youngster year found Aerospace Engineering slowly creeping under his skin. One roommate was finally revived after hearing Mike curse. His aggressiveness also earned him the nickname "Tiger" on the company fieldball team. The end of Youngster year found Mike in McGarvey's conning a Marine out of drinks for all. Caniving but still thinking of others

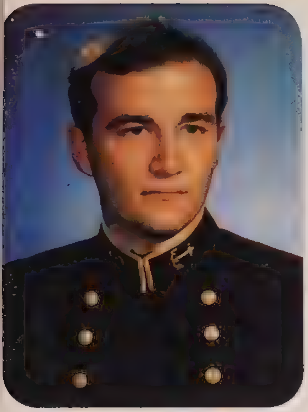
Second class year showed more radical change in Vormie. As all Aeros, Saturday night found Mike out with his favorite date, The honeywell in Ward Hall. Mike had other social activities though; Second semester he dated the analog computer in Maury and endless lab reports. All year long plebes were one of his favorite pasttimes. Mike surfaced in May still an Aero Major searching out his JD and Coke.

First class year started early for Mike as he enjoyed the early pep sessions with 86. But that joy was quickly over and AC-year found him spending the day processing form-2's and cursing some more. For service selection, Mike saw the light early and laughed at the pilots all the way to the bank. Glow with the flow!
T.S.

Carl F. Wagner
Wilmington
Delaware
Physical Science
Surface
Wags

He came . . . . . T-bird, spirit, slumber parties, smoo, "Colaberate to graduate", Friday nights, field house, Bill, hogs-nuts, Devo, Elvis, Pitt . , Tap, happy buzzard, Griff, Halloween, Spanky, jail, Va. Beach, Cubans, "Phi Si Cuper High", Stumpner, McStump, "When in doubt . . . "J.D. . Miller, "Garden state bowl", "hit-take the watch and run", finals, nanuet, YP's, McDumpy, Fledner, "What a Scott"," bough, steam problems, buckshot, buzz, shopping, pippins jello, the round-up, climbing walls Charlies, "Sir, I guess we lied", "Wires V=IR", RX-7, Capt. and Mrs. T., football banquets, "every girls' a . . . . . ", "I wanna buy Carl a drink", rocking at the Biyou, Clarks, Monday night football, Sunday sessions, voo-goo, Mack, colliage, croaton, fishing poles, tall trees, "I'll get the tent up", Estanco, Nelson Funkborne, Memphis rent-a-cars, P.B.P., Res, Carnold, the professor, ice cubie twins, ohm, Wiffus Snorfus, never trust anyone until you have something them, "I'll get lower than you", girls named Tricia, "Hard work pays off", pounce-bro, Arkanas, soo-pigs, autographs. "My son is a hard nose kid", rock lobster down, down, down, "damn I was good". red is not dead, service selection?. Thanks Mom and Dad . . . . . He left, will this place ever be the same again?
Carl

THIRTY-SECOND



Paul M. Alexander, Jr.
Newtown
Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Alex

Biff arrived at USNA after two years of chasing squirrels and freight trains at IIT in Chicago. Heeding the call of the sea (and the mermaid), Paul soon became obsessed with sailing and eventually earned the honor of being chosen skipper of an academy yawl, NA5 Frolic. Besides being turned on by seasickness, Paul spent innumerable hours on Church Circle beaning local juveniles with Chic's bagels, writing long, heart-rending letters to an imaginary pen-pal in Europe, and attempting to impress his company officer with his ability to hide popcorn-machines, (which was not his long suit)

A natural leader, (despite the fact that he's going Navy Air), Paul coached a well-stacked company soccer team to a brigade championship during his First class year. Additionally, he had an uncanny knack for talking complete strangers out of substantial sums of money on the streets of Philadelphia to support his partying ways.

Paul chose his friends well, picking those who had admirable traits: Johnny T., for his amphibiousness; large James, the emotionless man; Headstone, the man of many postures; KI, who appreciated a well-winged bagel, and many others.

Paul's warmth and friendliness are evident to all who know him, as he is always ready to open his home and his heart to a friend. His quick smile and wit have made the last four years not only bearable, but a pleasure. Best of luck to you, Paul. Fly fast and God bless.

Michael D. Boehle
Washington
Illinois
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Mike

Hailing from the mythical land of Peoria, Mike came into Canoe U straight from the enlisted Navy. Mike was a . . . . . unique individual in the company from the start, for who else decried the eating of meat, never drank, and ran for miles for fun. In spite of (or because of?) his singular habits, he always got the kind of grades that Co. officers love. Once Mike came back for Youngster year he decided that the no drinking part of his creed should be relaxed slightly, if only to celebrate the finishing of the 26+ mile marathons that he found time for as a 3/c. Also in his 3/c year Mike came into his own as a big-shot on the pistol team. As a Second class, Mike was still the model mid, when he wasn't in the wardroom watching M*A*S*H (and in spite of those rumors about how close his decaying Porsche was). Ah, yes, Mike what does it feel like to drive a car with more rust than metal and a hand-pumped hydraulic system? Also 2/c year, Mike met his true love, the coy one from twenty. And now, as firstie, Mike finds himself committed to three grand, until he spends it, Nuke Power (Hymie lives!) for five years, and one girl for life. The 32nd co. real mid. Keep running Mike! And good luck to you and yours.
D.J.N.

Whitmore S. Butts III
Pensacola
Florida
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Eraserhead

Whitmore came to the banks of the Severn a scared misguided waif. He latched on to Mr. K, his plebe summer roommate, like a baby sucks his thumb in his vain attempts at becoming a stellar plebe. Buttes was well known for his incredibly tall, winged head which he finally manged to cover up with a football helmet while playing 150's First class year. He was quite the furtin' until throughout his years here as exemplified by the fact that plebe year he could not get dining out privileges from hodge-podge, and got fried for directing a grape attack from eigth wing. He spent much of the time at medical trying to get cured of various skin diseases. E-head lost much respect from his classmates when it was discovered he didn't like girls Second class year, but I admit he did prove his worth First class Christmas.

Seriously though, Spence was a very well-liked guy. Called a friend by "real mids" and the "boys" alike, he was always able to deal with whatever situations arose. A true "class act", the sky is the limit for this aviation type. I'd be happy to call him a buddy anytime. Jetstreams and smooth landings . . . . ace.
M.R.K.

Richard T. Crowers
Atlanta
Georgia
Applied Science
Surface
Montalban

Richie burned his way to USNA from hot 'Lanta after short stop in Newport. He had high hopes of making his stay here as enjoyable as possible by spending as much time in the rack as he could. When not sleeping, Montalban was the casual star of company basketball, fieldball, and fast pitch softball. Richie lost many a softball to the Severn. Although Richie's looks gave the impression that he was in an accident as a young child, the wrangler and his dry wit dazzled the women. Richie was always willing to lend an ear to a friend. He had enough ear to go around the company as well as letting Charlene tickle them and his fancy. Alfonzo was always able to come up with something innovative and interesting to do, no matter how "meaningless". I am sure Richie will have a promising career in Surface Line or . . . . . . the Marines or . . . Navy Air or . . . .
B.P.McG.

Thomas W. Cunningham
Castro Valley
California
Electrical Engineering
Surface Line
Tom Tom

Thomas, Tom Tom, Cunningham travelled east to Crabtown from sunny Castro Valley, California. It is said that the day he left it rained and that his poor old hometown hasn't been the same since, thank goodness for that poor little town. Tom has had a remarkably successful career here at USNA; the dumb and bungle corps sent Tom on such extravagant trips to exciting places as the one and only high school Apple Blossom festival in someplace southern Virginia. Long hours of dedicated practice have led to Tom's permanently puckered lips and have elevated him to the lofty status of D&B supply officer. An electronics whiz, Tom turned his talents to his third class cruise in which he served as communications officer aboard the sailing ship Astral. Join the world Tom and see the real Navy Second class year found Tom applying his electronics genius to his lifelong dream of a major, Electrical Engineering, which proved to be nothing short of a nightmare. Those many long nights however haven't been wasted as Tom now sports a permanently haggard look and his hair is going fast, not to mention a cranky roommate. Second class year also found Tom in love with Mercedes, a girl, not a car mind you, although many characteristics were similar including a rather prominent hood ornament. Undaunted in his first attempt in love Tom found himself a girl that had everything, especially a garage to park his new Honda in These days we can park in the yard and I can't seem to remember 'ol what's her name, must have been true love. First class year started out with new hopes and dreams, as well as Kathy (who we'll have to wait and see about), and with our sights set on that magical day of May 25 we began our last year at Annapolis Many late hours and days gone bye will never be forgotten; Tom made hard times easier and good times more enjoyable. Thanks for all your help, and from all who know you our thoughts and prayers are with you always Tom. Good luck and godspeed wherever you may go
A K R

Thomas R. Deluca
West Islip
New York
Economics
Navy Air
Duke

Affectionately known as "Duke" by the boys, Tom was the big fish from the little pond of Islip A terror on the basketball court and baseball field, Tommy had keen hand-eye coordination and a strong arm. He joined Duff's squad as a plebe and after two and a half years of heartache he finally saw the light Duke then went to company sports where in ten years we expect to see him in the "Intramural Hall of Fame'

All that hand-eye coordination didn't go to waste though During the summer of 82 Tommy's sharp eye caught a glimpse of a blonde haired, brown eyed beauty who promptly knocked him of his feet. From then on Tommy spent his long hours in the rack dreamin instead of talkin. You never saw much of Duke on the weekends, he was always on his way to see you know who in his silver Corvette The Vette fit him well and he didn't let us forget it

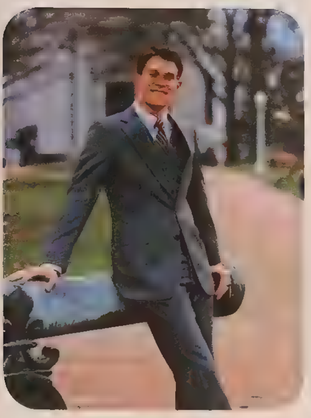
If you feel a cool breeze in the future, look up it will probably be Duke in his F-18

George M. Fears
Somerset
New Jersey
Management
Marine Corps
George

George "B.D." Fears, reowned as the BMOC (Biggest Man On Campus), was born a bewildered child and hails from Somerset, N.J George was well liked and respected by his classmates and by those who knew him for his physical and leadership abilities. Although George was graced with good physical shape, studies in platetectonics could be done on the ridges crowning his orbulious globe. B.D. took thus and all the other hard times in stride He was an awesome and intimidating wrestler, the sport for which he was recruited into the Academy. Although George was a fine athlete, he was also known as the "incredible sinking man" when he wrestled with the pool. That was no problem for George though, he did manage to pass the 40 mile swim Fearsburg was also renowned for his finesse behind the wheel, as several car bumpers including a BMW in DC will testify. We can't really break on George to hard though He weathered some heavy seas on that terrible and infamous black Wednesday of Washington College. With ten raging drunk people in the sports car, a near empty tank, and two minutes before taps, George took command of the situation and blazed a trail back to the yard, the likes of which even the annals of the D&D would be hard pressed to match George was one of the adopted D&D and a member of the chosen Annapolis 6 after the Fink coldly knifed him. All in all George has a lot of wild memories and alot more going for him Undoubtedly he will be a fine addition to the US Marine Corps
S K M

Jere D. Fisher, Jr.
Elizabethtown
Pennsylvania
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Fish

Jere Fisher's story is a strange tale of dissolution and shattered expectations Born to extreme wealth, the brown haired youth led a sheltered first 20 years until his parents bought him an appointment to NAPS The inevitable next step was taken a year later and plebe year was notable only for his plebe summer room with the Fink, and his incredible ability to go about his business unnoticed Track and academics took up all of Fishlegs time. T-tables all year long, practices, and away meets kept him out of the company area An intensely devoted student, as early as the 4-week point you could hear his voice across the tennis courts telling people to shut up, because he had to study for finals On social outings he would drink 3 or 4 swallows of beer without getting drunk, and his sober good judgement was valued by all. His unusual sense of humor and his association with known criminals cast suspicion on him in the Witch hunt of '82 but his excellent taste in music pulled him through We all want to thank Fish for the use of his car We have no idea where those dents and scrape marks came from
J M



Kerry D. Ingalls
Columbia
Missouri
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Reggie

Kerry left a promising job as the manager of a major fast food restaurant in order to become a midshipman. The transition from whopper to ham francisco was tough, but Kerry was always one for a challenge

Immediately at ease with life at the Naval Academy, Kerry became increasingly responsible in the striper organization and spent first semester First class year on 4-1 as the deputy brigade commander

Although Kerry lived on 4-1 he still spent many hours during the afternoon with his companymates maiming and physically injuring opponents on the intramural fields. His prowess as fieldball goalie and fullback on the soccer team earned Kerry a healthy respect from opponents, and the corpsmen in medical

An active ECA member, Kerry was a charter member in the Annapolis society of bagel wingers, the ME dusk to dawn club, and the Tallheaded club.

Despite the large demands on Kerry's time he always managed to find time to help a classmate or just stop by and shoot the breeze. His personableness and high degree of integrity have won the respect of all who know him. Go get 'em and good luck in the fleet KI

Mark R. Kalmbach
Austin
Texas
Electrical Engineering
Marine Corps
Klam

Klam arrived at Canoe U. a conceited, boisterous, ignorant Texan, and a bubblehead to boot. One would have thought that four years at a strict military institution would have put a damper on his constant weisenhimmering-but thats what we get for thinking. If not for a six week break at the end of Younster year, thanks to a noon meal formation mugging, most of us would have given up before 2 for 7 night. Bouncing from roommate to roommate, Mark finally settled down his First class year, but only because his live-in didn't understand what he was babbling about

Mark lived a full existence at USNA. He majored in EE with a high QPR, lettered in heavyweight crew, and had a beautiful girlfriend out in town. His only regret is that he could never be totally dedicated to all three; but in the immortal words of meat loaf . . . "Two out of three ain't bad." Whether Klam chooses combat engineers or infantry, he without a doubt will be a great asset to the military. As Mark rides off with his commission and oar in hand, we all wish him well in his future escapades
W S.B

Harry H. Keith, III
Annapolis
Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Headstone

Harry H. Keith, commonly known as "Headstone" on the decks of the 32nd co., is a shrewd Annapolitan who carries on the family tradition of sailing his way through life. With an awe for the sea, Harry decided to attend his podunk Academy to major in Mechanical Engineering which he holds a metastable "B" average Harry, owing much to the Academy, may someday return to finish his plebe summer and may even replace his father's role as the well known, Killer Keith. As a Third class, Harry did much studying, but as a Second class, he was usually found in the back of class pinging on the depths of his mind with arms propped against his sonar dome. As a firstie, Harry stopped turning in homework as soon as he was nuked and subsequently found himself doing homework before his professors. Harry is a cheerful, thirfty young officer who claims he will become rich on nuclear power pay. Harry has a waddling, sincere personality that is contagious. He has a great appreciation for quality tools and is determined to forge and temper a few tools before his graduation. Harry kept the 32nd Co. well supplied during his stay at 1st louie-owing much to his "box" organization. Good luck Harry. Glow nuke!!!
F.B.R.

Earle L. Kirkley III
Maitland
Florida
General Engineering
Navy Air
Elk

Big Earle came to the Academy with a mind set on meeting and beating any challenge put to him during his stay here In retrospect, it appears he fulfilled that goal quite admirably Earle was one of our most squared-away plebes, enabling him to survive the first year with relative ease. Youngster year, however, brought significant changes from the outset, as he found himself in the company barn with the craziest combination of roommates imaginable. Big Jim "Women-who needs them" Wright; Greg "Deadly Shipmate" Stenstrom; and Kerry "Towering Inferno" Ingalls. Much time during first semester was spent cleaning out deadly's closets and re-correcting his nav charts. Second semester brought the fortune of a two-man room, providing Elk and KI the opportunity to build and destroy hundreds of dollars worth of models

One of the highlights of both Third and Second class years for Earle was, of course, Dahlgren Hall. Earle had a finesse uncommon in most mids. He pulled a classic Gomer Pyle move one night when he had made the unfortunate mistake of inviting two girls to Dahlgren on the same night. To Earle's credit, neither girl knew of the other's existence for several hours On another occasion, the silver-tongued devil even managed to get his roommate to dance with a Hiroshima poster child so he could meet her good-looking friend

Earle finally found the girl of his dreams during Second class year. Unfortunately, grades became a problem and he was often seen on his knees in Bam's office pleading for a weekend Nevertheless, the romance has lasted, and we all expect to see the fourth in a series of quality Kirkleys in the next few years

Well, Blick Schlag, here's to a true friend. Best of luck in the real world People like you make it all worth while

John B. Knudsen
Smithtown
New York
General Engineering
Navy Air
Johnny

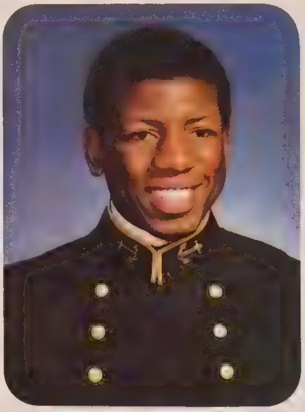
Johnny was like a son to me. He came from the distant land of Lon Gisland, Nu yook with a keen observent mind and a dumb look on his face. He broke a long standing tradition in his family by not joining the force, and he has regretted it since. Johnny coasted through plebe year with his squad leader buddy tennis shoes which set a trend for the rest of his stay. For a dumb guy, Johnny was amazingly smart, but his weakness for a good movie and a fine smoke soon became apparent. During Second class year, Johnny could be found every night in front of Rocky with the rest of the fan club. During that same year, Knudsey found the love of his life, with smooth graceful lines and flaming color of red, his Mustang became all important to him. He rebuilt it, painted it, and even rebuilt it again. Ocean City, UVA, N.Y., PSU, DC, FLA(?) - Johnny expressed himself in wheels, not words. We will always remember that freezing night in DC when Johnny washed Laufs car and was looking for love in all the wrong places. Good luck Clyde, may you always have hot wheels and a heavy magnum!
R.T C.

James E. Laufer
Braintree
Massachusetts
Mathematics
Navy Air
Lauf

Jim Laufer, "Lauf" to most, stopped in Newport (NAPS) to relax for a year on his way down the coast to Annapolis. Jim is difficult to describe as a midshipman, mainly because of the fact that he spends little time at the Academy. He was the only plebe to have waterskiing as an intramural during plebe summer, but Jim would later use his Severna Park base for more advanced operations. Jimbo ran into academic year (straight to Track T-tables) and was rarely seen within the company. Lauf's early days at the Academy still found him with his high school sweetheart. But long distance wasn't the next best thing, so he followed the advice of his roomate-philosopher. The Laufer house soon became a natural haven for the boys in 32 and their cars. Fate struck 2/c summer when he and the P-head teamed up and brought new meaning to the term D+D and became Ac-year roomates. The true love of his life arranged a great party at Army '81, but Jim found it necessary to spend most of it in the bathtub or roaming the parking garage. Known to bend a few rules and take a "few" weekends, Jim was said to massage the system at times. As a founder and former chairman of the D+D, Jim spent his spring breaks suntanned and broke with Juan in their rent-a-car home. Things went well for Jim that second class year until tragedy struck and restriction began. (Knife wounds I'm sure.) A product of the investigation, Lauf hung out with the boys in Smoke Hall and then became one of sixth batt's biggest tourists. The future holds Jim as a Naval Aviator and after Nov. 13 he plans to prove he is worthy to be one. We all wish a great friend good luck!
J.D.

Kenneth W. McClusky
Decatur
Georgia
Political Science
Supply
Ken

Ken, . . . do you remember the skinny-dips in the Atlantic, the days spent with Baccardi 151, "My legs feel funny", "Gin makes you grin", falling alseep in front of a 400 watt set of speakers or anywhere else for that matter, how the girls always commented that "You're so fine", nights spent at Walter Reed, your romance with a certain tower jumper, fire-side chats in a D.C. apartment . . . Good luck!!! . . . and may you have many "pins" in the future
E.W J



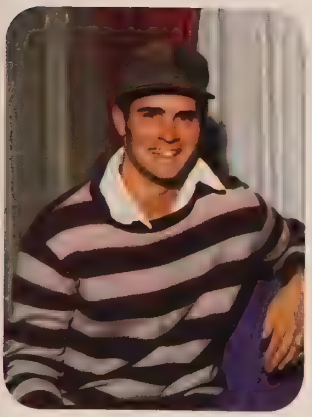
Stuart A. McCormick
Bellingham
Washington
Aerospace Engineering
NFO
Sam

Stuart Alan McCormick (Sam) is the son of a World War II flying ace from Bellingham, Washington. As a child it was strange to see him play with the other children in Bellingham's strawberry fields because Sam's head was so tall Well regardless of the height of his head Sam soon turned to the Evils of rock 'n' roll and became a high school rock 'n' roll stud. He has been cranking out the sounds of his radical music on his stereo ever since.

In 1979 Sam made some excuse to come to the Naval Academy and being slick of speech he naturally wound up there. His tall head made him seem quite out of place until he met his true life look alike - eraserhead and his sidekicks K.I. and Oscar Madison. His roomate at the Academy for three years was a poor black child from the deep south (Atlanta).

Known to have been spacy, of course Sam chose Aerospace Engineering as his major Since he often had an excuse for not marching in 'P'rades (Sam was the champion of the excuse squad) he was often able to use his Aero-Major as an excuse for hitting the rack all afternoon. His Second class year was just one big 'allnighter'. Finally, as first class wardroom president he will always be remembered for his tendency to paint things blue and drink plenty of brew

While at the Academy, Sam met a nice girl whom he considers his first noel. The only thing she does not have is the right head height. Everything else is built to the hilt. Sam is a pilot at heart and he drives his car fast and his woman hard. He'll be in an F-14 for at least the next five years. If you'd like to fly with him sometime just send him a line "air"dale mail.
K W McC



Bruce P. McGeorge
Richmond
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Corps
McQPR

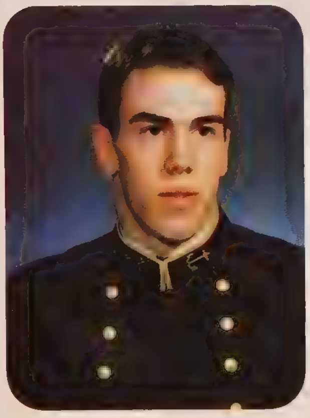
McQPR galloped into the Naval Academy from the battlefields of Richmond, Virginia with grand ideas and aspirations, most of which were fortunately crushed with time. Bruce's immitation of Roger Staubach did not last long as his passing percentage was not very accurate in the classroom so he was drafted to the company heavies. On many of his rare weekends while not in Richmond, Bruce could be found dusting the floor at Franny O's and talking to the ladies while sipping tryday powell. "Bruce of Richmond" was the best scissor-man in the eighth wing and will especially be missed before inspections. He will always be one of the six who stuck together in fink and thin. Because of his consistant performance as a physical scientist, Bruce knew all the members of the axe-board but never fell victim. These days, Bruce's favorite color is green as he plans to pursue this color and a career with the Marines. Good luck Brucey, a man "wiff" friends can not fail
R.T.C.

Thomas M. Munns
Cody
Wyoming
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Tommy

I've sidestepped the rates, the regs, and the system. I've worked in the dungeons where hope failed to gleam I've put up with hardwork, the hardships, and strived for goals that were never what they seem. I've swallowed my pride, my anger, my frustration all under the pretext of trying to learn. I puzzled and pondered and made my decision to cross over the boundary beyond no return and finally a first class, on top of the system and still looking to freedom and trying not to yearn, but thank God for RUGBY, MY FRIENDS, and GRADUATION For the nightmare is over, and I shall NEVER RETURN***!!!

Joseph A. Murphy III
Murrysville
Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Murph

Murph came to the Naval Academy from Murrysville in July 1979 and it was only a matter of weeks before ah, but is the Naval Academy not like the man in the woods who chops a beautiful tree down to a stump in order to have a place to sit? Or is it instead like the small child on the seashore who builds castles from sand? Who can tell in these and a tendency for overdrawn analogies. The quality memories are there, though. There's swimming plebe year, swimming Youngster year, the three summers, and the inquisition. (But who could have bad feelings when he was squealed on by someone as cool as chutes?) All in all, it was time well spent.
J.M.



Daniel J. Nagle
Birmingham
Michigan
Political Science
Surface
Dan

Dan came to these halls from the great northern state of Michigan, home of that sometimes great team, the Wolverines. Dan's major for these four years, in spite of what the records say, has been wargaming. His minor area of study would have to be the 'rack'. Even with all that, Dan managed to keep his head above water in what the Academy thought he studied, Poli Sci (QPR not so high?). All of his wargaming was carried out under the auspices of the MSA, the Military Studies Association, that official sounding organization that meets in the dark recesses of the catacombs for most of the weekends and many times in between. During the week, Dan had the habit of starting his numerous papers the night before they were due, and somehow finishing them. His study habits for tests were about the same. Plebe year professional rates were pretty much a breeze for Dan, knowing more about military weapons and platforms of all types and countries than most all the upperclass (maybe there was something good to be said about the 'Joy of Wargaming') Youngster year was the beginning of the overnight wargaming sessions, using up all of Dan's weekends, when he got them. It was also the beginning of the great 'comic book hunt', waiting and wondering when the next shipment of comic books would arrive, and before which important test. Second class year found Dan starting a miniatures collection of some of his favorite armies. This activity cut into some of his 'rack' time (or was it study time), but he didn't seem to mind. As for his other activities, there really were not that many. Dan acted as rifle team manager for most of his four years, but finally got tired of it during his first class year, and, in maintaining form, looked for something a little easier. His method of preparing for PE tests was about the same as his studying, except that sometimes he gave himself a whole two or three days preparation Although at heart, Dan would like to have been a NUC, he is quite content to stick with the words 'Surface Line, Mighty Fine'. Dan's knowledge in that area will help him, and we wish him the very best of fair winds and following seas
M.D B

Fred B. Ramirez
El Paso
Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Little Freddy

Little Fred came to the Naval Academy right out of high school. He hails from the far off town of El Paso, Texas. Plebe year, he struggled through his bull courses, loved his engineering courses, and constantly thought about his high school sweetheart, the beautiful valedictorian of his high school. Well, the next two years saw a change in Fred. Following the principle of "out of sight, out of mind," he began to terrorize the local ladies. But he finally decided that local girls just don't have what it takes, and he was one of the first to spend his ring loan—on the girl from El Paso. As a firstie, his fiance takes up a lot of his time, but he is still a MECH E, and even has a "B" average! Fred, being a true mercenary, decided that he liked the idea of mutant children, and will soon be 'catching rays'—in the reactor compartment of some submarine. I sure am glad that one of the finest guys in the company decided to enter the best branch of the service—GO NUKE!!!
H.H.K.

Allen K. Richeson
Springfield
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Corps
Kent

From a gray beginning, Kent came to the Naval Academy ready to play football. The doctors and his foot were a couple of limiting factors, but he was able to lead the company team to the regimental play-offs.

A true sportsman at heart, Kent could be found on the go every day. He was a player that amplified spirit and created the TEAM. The Hosehounds and basketball team hold some good records thanks to Kent.

Studying was taken with dedication for Kent, that is, if it was the sports page. He was the best at quoting statistics and could always win some extra dessert in a baseball bet. Academic studying came with effort, but Kent knew how to get the maximum results and never let the grind get him down.

The number "2" has many busy memories for Kent. The Marking Office consistently kept him tangled, while BAM-BAM kept the flood of fun steady. How about the form type leadership

Kent's lifestyle was built around the weekend. He spent many a week waiting for those magic days when he could visit his sweetheart in Virginia.

Gin was Kent's favorite. He spent quite a few hours with his friends enjoying the results of the intoxicating game. He built some life long ties with a run in hand, up by a few or down by a thousand.

A bit green behind his gills, Kent is quite a character- but a messy one, who must eventually learn to pick up after himself. Good luck "sahib."
T.W.C.

James B. Ricketts
Springfield
Virginia
Naval Architecture
Surface Line
Bruce

It is possible that no one has been more destined to be a USNA grad than Bruce. With a long line of family tradition in back of him Bruce made the fateful move to Crabtown. Never one to study much in high school (he was too busy engaging in food fights, MASH, ginsu demonstrations, and sports). Bruce fell in love with Gary Geekbox at USNA. The results were dramatic for this fledging narc, as he stands near the top of his class. But his life is not totally consumed by the call of the pencilneck, as he is often seen in the yard with his greatest love-his XKE Jaguar. (Remember, don't touch it, lest you find the tires on your own car slashed to bits!) He also managed to play a little squash on the side, just enough to be named captain of the varsity his First class year. Always a die-hard surface liner, Bruce joins the ranks of those in peril on the sea by making a strong bid for the USS Yorktown, second of the Ticonderoga class cruisers. This ship symbolizes well where Bruce has been, is, and will be-at the top of his class
E.V.R

Robert W. Tolbert
Mount Pleasant
Texas
Chemistry
Nuclear Submarines
Tolbes

Bob came all the way from the lone star state to join us here at good'ole Canoe U. Right from the start Bob showed us his friendly and persuasive personality. Bob could talk to anyone about anything, which was usually what he did since he didn't believe in wasting his time studying. This, of course, was fine since he didn't need to, with one of the highest CQPR's in the class. When Second class year finally rolled around Bob discovered the company ward room, where he prompty moved in and succeeded in logging more hours in front of the tube than he did in the rack. The only thing Bob enjoyed more than TV, besides chasing after the local college women, was collecting electronic toys. His collection ranged from electronic watches to a personal computer which was purchased with the help of his nuke bonus. Admiral McKee made a fine choice when he selected Bob for the Nuclear Power program. Best wishes for a fine career in the submarine force. Fair winds and following seas. Not, of course, that this actually matters when your underwater.
J.W.

John A. Toyooka
Portland
Oregon
Physical Science
Marine Air
JT

Tooks entered The Boat School after a year of scuba diving and an occasional class or two at the Naval Academy prep school. His diving experience while at NAPS served him well and John soon found himself in the executive position of treasurer-USNA Scuba Club. Such a responsibility also had its benefits and John could be found many a Sunday night studying in his private 8th wing basement office- complete with refrigerator, toaster oven, and television. (Hey what the 'Dant doesn't know wont hurt him).

When John wasn't under the water communing with Neptune, he could be found on the water sailing as a crew member of NA5 Frolic. Second class summer saw John onboard Frolic in Block Island with an incurable hangover and a permanent curl of the right hand that miraculously fit perfectly around a beer bottle.

A true car buff, John was in love with his Toyota. (Note the similarity with his last name). His little auto was so jammed with electronic equiptment, it's rumored that on any road trip over 100 miles he had to bring along an NFO.

Graduation finds John going green. No amount of persuasion from his friends could sway John from his desire to fly Marine. Good luck John, fly fast, and watch your six.

Edward S. Wheeler
Homosassa
Florida
Economics
Surface Line
Wheels

Ed's adventures started in a way out place - Argetina. A few bunny hops here and there showed a wide world just waiting for a guy like Wheels

The dedication of track a fish like form and an amazing multiple "guess-ability" followed Ed on his sojurn into the Navy. A taste of iridescent matter and a quick dodge led him along his way; off to NAPS. Here Wheels put in a bit of time into the aquatic scene and managed to conquer quite a winning spot with graceful efforts.

Into the Boat School, where his good humor kept the spirits up, Ed always managed to keep a fine form within view at all times

The burning adventure in Wheels continued as he moved through the ranks and pranks. When most others had their focus through very thick goggles, Ed kept the fire and water running in Mother "B"

A short flutter in his path didn't keep the developing economist from playing the field, where a georgeous face was in sight during the week and "out of sight" on the weekends.

Ed endured through wild times. Boards and signs flew before him, but they were never there to stop him - just sharpen him up for what lay ahead, undercover and in the playing field

A thoughtful consideration for others keeps Ed dodging the disease that grabs all good men - eventually. In his '74 hot rod he's going to have to really keep scrambling to hold onto his single adventure aboard the fig of his dreams Good Luck Amigo!"

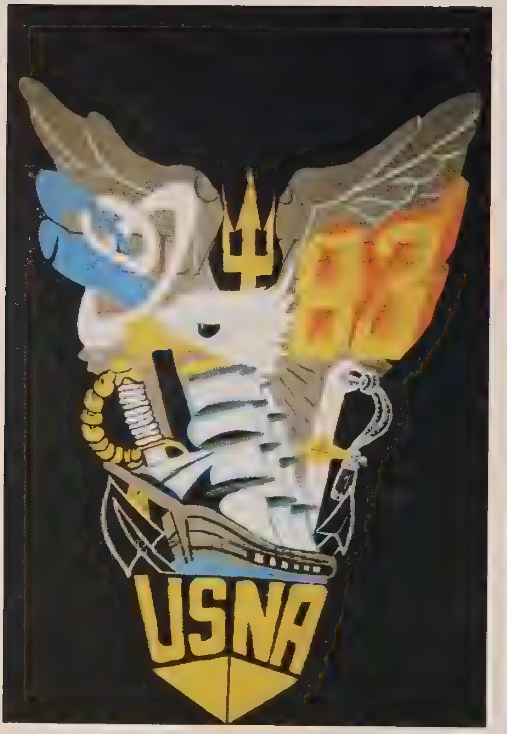
James J. Wright
Moorehead
Minnesota
Mathematics
Surface
J. J.

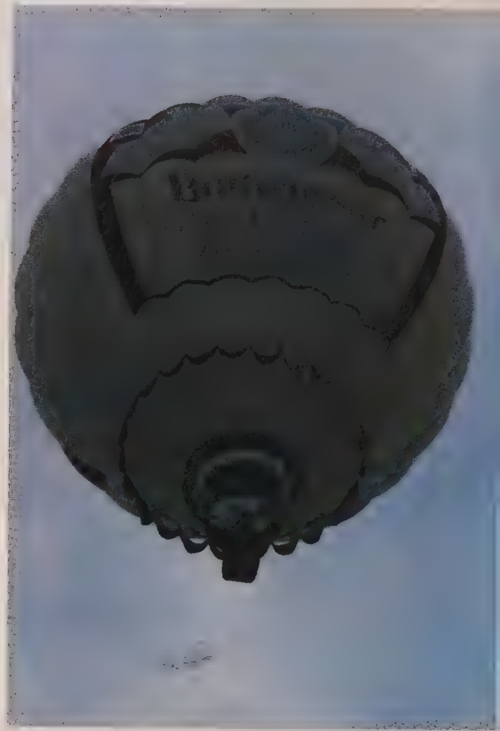
Jim came to The Boat School on the Severn from the frigid northern land of Minnesota, and never really got used to the climate. After sweating through plebe and youngster years, he finally realized that studying ranked a distant third on his table of priorities behind sleeping and eating.

His love for paperwork landed him the most enviable job as a first class - admin. This job threatened his entire social life, but someone will catch him sooner or later. What girl could resist him driving up behind the wheel of his working man's sports car - the Rabbit diesel. (Maybe not fast but very economical).

If his determination to fly helos is anything like his will to maximize time in the rack, then the Russians had better watch out. Fair winds and following seas, old buddy. May you fly at peace with God
RWT

THIRTY-SECOND





THIRTY-THIRD

NA 19

Todd S. Boussom
Huntsville
Alabama
Oceanography
Surface
Todd

Good luck in the Fleet Todd! Fair winds and following seas in Surface Line

Dennis M. Carr
Brockton
Massachusetts
Mathematics
Navy Air
Denny

Arriving at USNA from the same hometown as Rocky Marciano and Marvin Hagler, Den again. honored the city of champions by walking away Plebe summer as the 155 pound champ He then retired to another real men's sport-hockey and it was his sure shot that would send Upsala home with their tails dangling between their legs

Plebe year found Dan sounding off, squaring corners . . . only when someone was looking Academics were no trouble. Hockey tired Den to the point where he didn't take the trouble to study But the Kid hung in there. He did and when the going got tough, Den would flash his steel will and determination and carve out a path that many would follow

A man who only knows what he has and what he wants, Dennis's only mistakes were due to loose lips-thanks friend Gotta love them 0645 musters

Hey, but Firstie year is here and the Kid is sitting pretty One word before you go old friend-thanks Thanks from the Psycho squad, the party animals and all those who have known you for your strength, humor and the ability to keep yourself and others going no matter how grave the odds. There will never be another Duke! So skate as only a co-captain can, enjoy your mushrooms and wear them wings with Denny pride!!
DLW

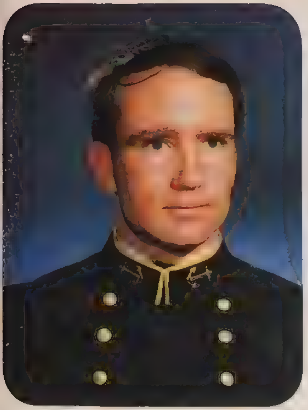
Kyle D. Carr
Houston
Texas
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Kyle

He came. He geeked. He left. What else can you say about a man who validated two semesters of calculus by reading his fathers calc book a month before I-day? When Kyle hopped off that plane on I-day with neutrons in his eyes and not a cent to his name (of course he forgot the $300 to open his Midn account), we all wondered why he decided to come to Adventures Unlimited. Was it the free education or the bright new promise of a career in hotel management? I guess we'll never know. Some think it was for the promise of beautiful women. At least he's had his share of being roped in by some of the local ''womenfolk'' as he would say. Somewhere in all of this he managed to develop a lovely disposition something on the far side of Don Rickles. Who else could find true art in Garfield, a father figure in the ''Greaseman'', and the meaning of life in a bowl of onion dip? Maybe now that he's gone he will be able to find true happiness serving the minions of the ghost of Hyman G. Good luck to you Kyle in the land where the sun never shines

NAVY
65
SAILING

Stephen X. Carroll, Jr.
Riverside
Connecticut
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer
S.X.

S X. was a quick starter and smooth finisher here Not much stood in his way Once his mind was set, so too were his actions. It's just that his views changed as the years went on. The stellar Plebe who banged the garbage can as a drum, Steve fell in love with the Academy with his 3 5 and late Saturday night perimeters. But our hero quickly learned the finer elements in life— sailing and sauce. Hooking up with Roxanne and the patriot he realized there was more to this place than the big green chemistry book. Molson's became a steady diet for the weekends About this time Steve took to his main profession— going low. Had to. Yes, he became the low king, for he could do anything Hearing the sound of taping off in the morning merely caused him to pull consecutive all nighters Stephen had a brief romance with a 320I, only to bend her in more ways than she could handle Oh, drag, I guess he had to settle for a Saab turbo! With a fresh nose job S.X. was set for First Class year and command at sea— the Cinnaboof. But wait, ''I have to fry you'' caused him to turn to his dubious ways Naturally he had some help from mounds, Rex and Balls Stephen will always love Susan and they both know it. So, ''There's not much I can say'' for now, except ''look out everyone, get down!!'' Catch you on the sly-
WEM



William E. Cusack
Dover
New Hampshire
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Cuey

"How old did you say he was?"
D F

Kenneth A. Enriquez
Norwalk
California
Applied Science
NFO
Quaz

. He offered the other the last of what he had, only to be slashed in the face. And still he laughed, tough tears formed in his eyes. All those standing behind him were in awe, not quite realizing had the attack been aimed at them, then surely the hidden dagger would have shed its sheath

But seriously, who says he can't make it today without a green card? Sunny California sent us this walking, talking, loveable, laughable Wetback of a party animal, only to have him succeed. Ken arrived from NAPS as the natural leader of the blue team. Sure, it was a firsties room but all is fair in love and war, correct? And speaking of love, how 'bout that Judy. We're talking a four year affair covering 3000 miles daily, keeping thousands of postal and telephone workers employed. But lo and behold, looks like June fourth the wedding bells will ring.

Youngster summer Ken took to the great outdoors, namely Cerritos Regional park. Thanks alot mom, but it is hi-ho silver and the lone zerr to the rescue again (A couch and warm arms are better than splinters and newspaper any day.) That is not even mentioning the Porsche— and some people think that chivalry is dead

Hey half way there are a second stripe, but what's this about bands can't have pizza? "Look, I'm just the head roadie"—tell it to us at restriction Oh well, at least Ken has the red t-shirt Baa-haa-haa

Firstie year and that will be 2 Big Mac's and a large coke to go. But before you go, someday when these pages are yellowed and brittle to the touch, those reading this will remember and envy you Ken Enriquez; a real man but more than that— a real person.
D L W

Brian N. Fletcher
Tiverton
Rhode Island
Political Science
Nuclear Submarines
Fletch

Fletch came to Bay country from the humble shores of Tiverton, Rhode Island. Although he's not a Navy junior or an Army brat, Fletch still found his mark at Canoe U. Being an only child, the brotherhood of USNA was something new to Fletch. Having made friends quickly, though, he found that there was always someone around to turn to when he had a problem. One such friend was Fran O'Brien. Fran took Fletch under her wing and took good care of him during his entire stay on the banks of the Severn An enduring Bull major, Fletch set himself up for a great career in Naval Aviation But, alas, the icy cold fingers of reality (he was the first from the Herd to see Admiral McKee) soon knocked his door in and led him into the land of the Nukes Good luck to you Fletch, we're sure you'll meet a lot of new friends in Nuke land Fair 'thermoclines' and following 'sub-surface currents' Fly subs
TRS

David M. Fox
Kansas City
Missouri
Applied Science
Navy Air
Foxy

Dave arrived at USNA a K.C tailback and left a twisted combination of David Lee Roth, Roger Daltrey, and Donnie Haas. The football lasted as long as the knee, which, happily, always responded to Dave's home remedies of Jack, Heineken, and loud-as-hell rock and roll. The knee couldn't stop the party animal from setting an unofficial record for the 400 yard dash with the Maryland Terrapin mascot head on his shoulder. "We'll find two incredibly hot babes and . . . . " Even while terrorizing the greater Baltimore-Washington party circuit and making almost every concert at the Capital Centre (except when on restriction), Dave managed to get in enough study time: ("I have an Econ paper from '79 and another from '81 and that's all I have sorted out so far.") "Foxy" managed to nail down the presidency of the management Honor Society, which met very often for "official business" at the "O" club. Dave also found time in his hectic schedule for those weekend flights on "Pop's Airways" to Snowbird to ski, Kansas City for the Chiefs games, and to Minneapolis to see his special lady. If you catch a commercial flight about seven years from now and hear AC/DC and a stewardess screaming from the cockpit as you leave the runway, you know who will be at the wheel

Thomas M. Harrigan
Willingboro
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Supply
''Buzz''

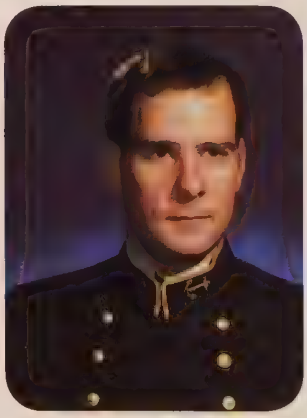
Buzz came to the Academy from New Jersey. He played soccer and majored in Mechanical Engineering.

Todd A. Hauge
Antigo
Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Mr. H

This old Salt was destined to be a Nuke from day one. After all, if it wasn't for a sympathetic former Congressman Todd would be a reactor operator on a submarine at the time of this writing. Mr. H was his nickname because Russ never could pronounce his name right during Plebe summer. It really is easy to pronounce-just say ''How' Gee'' and you've got it made. His favorite intramural was rack and that was because he kept some pretty late and unconventional study hours. If a night went by that he had more than 3 hours of sleep it must have been that he was on leave or on a weekend, but those are the breaks of the Mechanical Engineering major. Todd kept close ties with his homeland. He was responsible for making the Antigo Daily Journal, the most widely read newspaper on 8-4. Todd never did speak very often, unlike Grandpa, but when he did talk, he always said very much. He only had one shortcoming and that was living with Grandpa First Class year. It was a dirty job but somebody had to do it so-why not let someone who thought Wisconsin was the only state in the Union do it. By the way, where are Mepp's French spinners made anyway? And who are those Red Robins? Good luck Todd and we'll see you when you get back from patroling the depths.
MPI

Richard R. Hayes
Lynbrook
New York
Physical Science
Navy Air
Rex

Rex came here from The Island-God's Country. Although he managed to be ranked first in the company plebe summer, he quickly found out that being cool was more fun (oh, incredible). He played lacrosse for four years, and developed into one of the best face-off men in the nation. He even had a few lax groupies, which proves that he gave it his best shot on and off the field (look out!). Second class year brought 4th of July Weekend, the German Navy, the knockout, O.C. and Stiggs, and best of all, Big Blue. Rex had many role models in his life, including Kevin Sugrue, Hillary, and Hanzi. Never one to be labeled a squid, Rex turned out to be a rebel with a cause—graduation. During senior year, Rex had a fetish for double cheese, burgers, bagmatism, sauce (doesn't everyone?), and long distance calls on the bone-a-phone to Boston and Newark (what?). Face it, Rex can't wait to become an officer and a janitor, so buy him a case if you see him in sunny Florida, and he will enjoy it—so long.



Paul A. Haynes
Red Bluff
California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Gramps

Ever since Paul could remember he has dreamed of being a Naval Officer and going down into the sea. When Paul first applied to the Naval Academy the powers that be thought he would do better to wait for the class of eighty three to arrive. Thus Paul spent a year in northern California raising havoc and generally causing a disturbance. When Paul finally arrived in Crabtown he was still creating a disturbance, but he was a year older and a year wiser than most of his contemporaries in the class, and boy did he ever let that fact be well known. If any one needed an opinion, or even if they didn't, Paul was always there to give his. Paul was destined to be a great football star at USNA, and if it wasn't for the coaches thinking otherwise, he probably would have been a standout on varsity as a plebe. Instead of being one of George's boys, Paul excelled on company heavies, including the play that made our only season win. It was Paul who sacrificed his body and gave '83 a reason to rally and finally dominate '85 in a hard fought resistance bowl game. Academics took up a lot of Paul's time, but not nearly as much as his famous haynesisms. These words and definitions were to become Paul's most well known trademarks. The submarine Navy is fortunate to be getting Grandpa and as long as McKee and his boys learn quickly what all of those haynesisms mean, they will have a super officer to work with. To you Paul, fair winds, following seas, may your powder always be dry and may the Lord's hand always guide you.
P.L.S.

BRIDGE CLOSED
ALL THRU TRAFFIC
TURN LEFT

Michael R. Isabelli
Shorewood
Illinois
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Izzy

Mike escaped from the shadows of the Joliet penitentiary leaving Shorewood, Illinois in the summer of 1979 with the ambition of becoming a Naval Aviator. Izzy figured his best chance at becoming an aviator was with a major in Marine Engineering, since his roommate of three years was a Mechanical Engineer. After Mike found out Youngster year that he could not fly because of his eyes, he decided to make the ultimate step up to the Nuclear Power program. It must have been the excessive amount of television that hurt his eyes because it sure wasn't the studying. He had the uncanny ability to pull a good grade in a class no matter what he did for the rest of the semester. This lovable personality also propelled him to the position of company commander First Class year. If anybody needed an opinion on some subject, Mike was more than willing to offer his two cents worth. Izzy's First Class cruise looked too good to pass up for a career. The three year tradition was broken this year when the company staff was selected for Nuclear Power. We may see Mike in the future during one of his occasional visits to the surface. Izzy, you're just lucky we let you act so tough.
TAH

Randall H. Kamay
Sarasota
Florida
Naval Architecture
Surface
Randy

On 6 July 1979, Randall H. Kamay came to USNA in lieu of a stiff jail sentence. Seriously though, nobody really knows why Randy came to the Trade School; certainly not to be an officer in the Navy!! His idea of the perfect service selection billet was a subtender out of Holy Loch (English women and no underway time!!) As a plebe, Randy ghosted through Plebe year with the Bear. Randy's talent as a painter was properly recognized second class year by the Company Officer, who, after Randy had labored on the Mate's desk for 4 months, commented, "Well it's about time! When will the Mail Box get done?" As a first and second class, Randy terrorized plebes by asking question like, "What's the state captial of Maryland?" and "What's your problem, Mister?!?" Randy's fetish for his long golden locks was well known both up and down the chain of command; just ask CAPT Strasser! Randy was the only mail member of the Brigade who really needed Wella Balsam Shampoo and a 1250 watt Vidal Sassoon hair dryer with eight different functions. Randy's taste in women was also very unusual. If she didn't look like Victoria Principal, she didn't stand a chance of getting a date with Randy. One exception named Mark comes to mind. 'Nuff said! In short, Randy's story here at USNA is typical. He came here a poor black child and left with a Lotus, a $3000 stereo, an engineering degree and a large supply of ice cream vendor.
R.H.K.

David L. Kelln
Alexandria
Virginia
Physical Science
Marine Air
Dave

Dave's been in the Navy his whole life. Being a Navy Junior, there was only one way for him to go in life-the Navy way! He was born in Virginia and lived around the world. After graduating from high school, Dave went to NAPS for a year before being taken into the arms of Mother B. His home is now in Alexandria, Virginia, a short ride from USNA. Some of Dave's favorite pass-times are shooting, getting rowdy with his friends, and visiting girls colleges. Since he wasn't able to do this seven days a week, he settled for going to nationals with the pistol team, playing company soccer and being a member of the karate club. Whenever Dave gets the chance, he also likes to water ski and snow ski. Mainly, he enjoys getting the most out of life.

The Academy has helped him to grow and to appreciate the finer things in life. Dave has had many challenges here, and has met each one of them. Despite the hard times. The people he's met and the friends he's made have made it all worthwhile. Good Luck!

Leo S. MacKay, Jr.
San Antonio
Texas
History
Navy Air
Topper

Topper arrived at USNA, via the Air Force, with his heart set on soaring through the sky with the eagles, and little knowledge the next four years would be spent suffering with the turkeys. An ever-present smile, great sense of humor, and ample time to "slum" everyone, became Leo's trademarks. Pouring over the latest Janes, or spending a night thinking up the ultimate fleet were not the only pastimes to keep Leo from stars, his classmates managed to soften his intensity enough to allow stars to only fall on him first semester plebe year. That first Christmas Leo decided the flight home was a little far, so he had his parents transferred to Bolling, AFB.

Until the "Pukin Aardvarks" were formed, Leo's roomate retention was 0 for 3. P'cola will be Leo's future home when the Aardvark's are deactivated and USNA is history. Leo's love for his Lord Jesus Christ and devotion to country, family, and friends will be the things that we will most remember Leroy for and will put him in good stead in the fleet and beyond. "If I take the wings of the dawn, If I dwell in the remotest part of the sea, Even there thy hand will lead me, And thy right hand will layhold of me." Psalms 139:9-10 Grandma Stitt's slippers, ankles, Bor folds again, Tai, Ho MacKay, hopping to Wa, Carib, hoodlums stopped at the Border, We'll make berlin someday, 50 demons for streaking the yard, mother load chow packages, square head to square neck, and all the great times at USNA. PS. 107: 23-32, Philippians 3:7-14
P.L.S

Peter E. Morrison
New Paul
New York
General Engineering
Surface

Crash Morrison came to the Academy via NAPS where he toyed at academics and women. Morrison never improved his academic skills much, but his (miss)-adventures with women both near (real near) and far have become common knowledge. Pete's academic prowness was stunted because it seems young Mr. Morrison and a group of old proffessor's just never seemed to see eye to eye. Pete never cared too much about that anyway. "Crash" prided himself on his ability to think and act on his feet, and that ability has probably saved him from far more than his fair share of life's (and the academie's) troubles. Whether responding to the threat of an immenent collison at sea, a fire in the Galley, or a vist with the Ac-board, Peter could sneak in that irish wink and smile. When his first major was shot out from under him, he made the crucial mistake of going G.E. (In this case sooner rather than later . . .). Ever since then he has had to walk that thin line between D and F. First class summer found Pete making a name for himself while serving on board LHA-2, The U.S.S. Saipan, when he started seeing a girl named Josie who was well known by all of Saipans sailors . . . as the captains daughter. First semester first class arrived and found Pete with two loves . . . his RX-7 and "Spitfire". Spit raised quite a few eyebrows both at the sailing center, and in various area yatch clubs under Pete, with a racing record thats not likely to be soon equaled. That fall saw Pete come into his own . . . his own car, his own boat, his own speeding tickets (sometimes it seemed as if the Maryland state police were only after him), and his very own high water mark at Oxford. "Crash" was a good friend with a fast car and a penchant for running into things (Why do you think we call him Crash?). He never hit anything with his car though. He always prided himself on his driving, and would go anywhere, anytime, as long as he could go fast and end up in some fair maiden's arms. A closet artist, some of Pete's best works were his and his matching phantoms, numerous WWII birds, and the infamous "Ardvark." VF-99 will never die. Graduation will find Crash heading to California and the aircraft carrier *Vinson*. Lets all hope the ship has one more pilot than the roster shows. God bless, dear friend, God bless . . . .

William E. Mountford II
Kinnelon
New Jersey
Applied Science - Computers
Surface
Mounds

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checked with failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat"
-T. Roosevelt

Antonio J.S. Muna
Guam
Resource Management
Marine Corps
Tony

Tony Muna, daring guamanian, came to the Naval Academy dream of becoming a lean, mean, green, fighting machine. Despite taunts from his classmates and the fact that he's the only one in the company going Corps, Tony is determined to be a member of that elite group. Todo Mauleo. Fourth class year found Tony drifting aimlessly about thinking of home and a certain island girl. Thus, the name MOONMAN became synonomous with a certain madman. Fish heads, octopus soup, boiled rice were dished only an ISLAND DUDE could eat at midnight, let alone digest. Realizing that any good marine hits first and asks ?'s later, Tony joined the Brigade Boxers. Third class year, the deadly GUAMANIAN stabbed and jabbed his way to a Brigade championship. YO HAGO, Brown!! While battling to win the championship, the Mad Guamanian also fought his way into the myriad world of Resource Management. A financial wizard, Tony will make a valuable contribution to the mean men in green. It was a tough four years, Ton, but we made it!! HAFA DAI BROWN!!!!
A.M.

Thomas R. Sedlack
Rochester
Minnesota
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Sed-Rack

Tom arrived in Crabtown by way of the great white northern outpost of Rochester, Minnesota— serious about the business of becoming a Naval Officer. This lasted until Tom discovered the philosophy of his favorite feline, Garfield. The expression "big, fat, hairy deal" sometimes described his feelings about life here at the boat school. Obviously awed by the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Annapolis, Tom was easily led down the road of corruption by Mr. H., Izzy, Fletch, and various Annapolis establishments. Although sure to make a mark in his Aero Engineering major, Tom will always be known for his pioneering work in the field of Rackademics. He was tireless in his investigations in sleep research and his efforts were recognized with his honored nick-name "Rack." He was also known for his saying, "I get eight hours of sleep a day plus whatever I get at night." If not studying or sleeping, Tom could usually be found cutting, coloring, or pasting and had the knack for making things happen when he walked into a room. A fun guy and a true friend, Tom has chosen to grace the wardrooms of Naval Aviation. We, his friends, send him all the best of luck but remind him: It's never too late to step inside for a real adventure. Normal?
B.N.F.

BRIDGE CLOSED
ALL THRU TRAFFIC
TURN LEFT

Henry C. Smith
Decatur
Georgia
Political Science
Nuclear Power
Big Hank

Henry Smith has accomplished the seemingly impossible at USNA. Under the closest scrutiny, he has yet to reveal his faults.

A friend to everyone, Henry is also big with the women. Seldom a day goes by without a letter from north or south. However, with his Ernie Douglas smile and black rimmed glasses, he has problems getting them to take him seriously

A Nubian warrior and comic book superhero at heart, he pushes himself through rain, snow, sleet, and blistering heat to run his daily perimeter.

Saved from a life of a party animal by a last minute transfer from the Club to the Herd, Henry has adjusted well. His approach to study is direct attack, fast and furious. Yet he is never too busy to hunt for food or trade a good story.

When Henry came to USNA he wanted to major in EE and drive gray ships. His major selection changed when he found that EE doesn't stand for Easy Electives and how his service selection is the biggest mystery in the battalion.

Although his goals have changed, his personality remains unaltered and his morals uncorrupted. Henry graduates with a thousand friends and leaves a tiny part of himself with all of us.

G.W.S

Thomas P. Snyder
White Plains
New York
History
Nuclear Power
Tom

Thomas P. Snyder, the all-American boy from New York, marched into Plebe Summer determined to make admiral before he graduated, and little things like forgetting to wear his shorts to sailing lessons didn't deter him. He became "Jane's Fighting Ships" incarnate; even an invasion of one of the world's most obscure land masses, the Falkland Islands, couldn't trip him up; already owning the current edition of "Ships of the British Admiralty", he knew more about the British Fleet than the entire Argentine Government. And what sport would a person play who would turn down a $6000 bonus just so he could get seasick, work with the dregs of society, and be a catcher's mit for incoming cruise missles and torpedoes? Why crew, of course. Then he could be both a physical as well as economical masochist. His seafaring ways went far beyond just rowing though, as he strove to make the officer's boast of a woman in every port a reality. However, even with all it's faults the sea was his best looking mistress. On occasion Tom wasn't being nautical or impressing people with his excessive vocabulary (ALBEIT not very often) and at those times music preoccupied him. Whether jamming out hot licks on his sax or tearing the walls down with his stereo he made sure everyone in the wing knew when "the Snides" was around. Tom was an individual, he never followed the crowds. While 80% of the Brigade chose difficult technical majors, he didn't; he chose history. While everyone else came back from the Army-Navy games he didn't; he nearly succeeded in missing the bus three years in a row. While everyone else obeyed the regulations he didn't; and the Admin. Conduct System was satisfied. These things never bothered him though, because he kept looking forward to the day when he'd be "haze grey and underway." Fair fowls and windy seas to you. I'll be thinking of you during my 9 to 5, Roger? Affirmative, OUT!

RHK

Grant W. Soderstrom
Two Harbors
Minnesota
Physics
Nuclear Power
Sods

One day, Grant Soderstrom grew tired of shoveling snow and pitching boulders in Twin Harbors, Minnesota. Grant pointed his nose east and arrived at Canoe U, spewing knowledge and dusting Minnesota moose off his shoes

Looking for a challenge, Grant decided on D&B for a major and Physics as a hobby. With musical interests ranging from Herb Albert to Al Hirt, Grant was destined to be a Platoon Cdr.

2/C year found Grant in constant gouge sessions battling to stay in the top 10% and stay out of his rack, Grant was renowned for his ability to sleep anywhere, anytime and often.

Many weekend was spent searching for the perfect woman on those arduous D&B trips. But 1/C year Grant discovered his true love playing a tuba and a glowing career in the Nuclear Navy.

In so many ways Grant has affected our lives by his willingness to help in the academic realm and his sense of humor

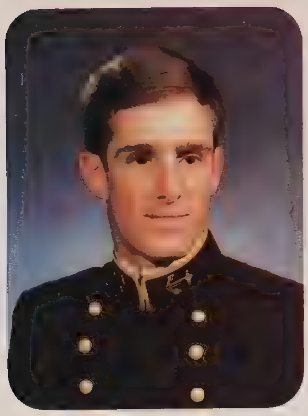
Grant may your reactor never scram and your hair never fall out. Fair sailing, steady seas and plenty of women.

HCS

Peter L. Stitt
Lawrence
Washington
Physical Science
Surface
Bear

In the summer of 1979 Mrs. Thomas E. Stitt sent her representative to USNA. With a smile on his face and much "wisdom" acquired from three years in the fleet, Peter Bear started the arduous four year journey Never one to be distracted by the demands of officialdom, Peter concentrated on the important things in life: church, making friends, and laughing a lot. Consequently, Pete struggled with grades from time to time (namely every four weeks) but a quick pep talk from Mom put him back on the right track. Plebe year was occupied by crew. Pete looked like a stick figure half the time, but he loved it. Reasom won out though and he gave it up instead of his sanity. Touch football and Batt track followed, and Pete also had time to prove himself a capable mariner by crossing the Atlantic in a 52 foot boat as the navigator. Pete thought about being a pilot, but his eyes decided that the surface Navy needed him more so he's off to be the next John Paul Jones. Seriously though, Pete is a kind, considerate man whose major talent is his ability to make people happy. His numerous friends know he is a trustworthy friend, and a gentleman in the full sense of that word. His Christian faith sustains him, and the Lord surely smiles on him. So we wish you fair winds and following seas good friend. All who knew Pete will miss him, but we'll never really lose him for he left a part of himself with each of us. We'll always remember: road trips to NC, stopped at the border, hopping across the country, sleeping on a park bench in London, midnight runs from O's, and hitch-hiking up the East Coast. Ps 139:9, 10 Ps 107: 23-32

LSM



Michael A. Thompson
Manchester
New Hampshire
Management
Nuclear Power
Balls

Mike was an intense worker and partier. He did everything all the way, Whether he was shooting to D.C., bowling, or hitting the hole. Mike was always starting something new, you showband and review, plus his four other favorite words.

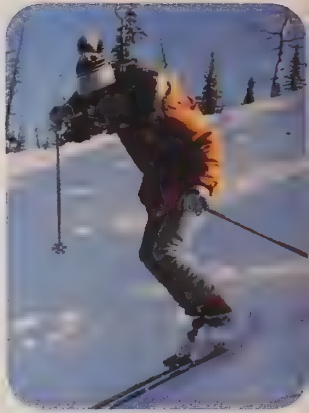
Mike fooled around with golf his first year at school. He realized it was hard to play with tools instead of clubs, though hoops was true love. As he followed in the steps of the Ice-man. Always cool. Balls was always a good time. The four party going Blue Hens always looked forward to seeing him, even though he would stripe their house and hitch to Wilmington.

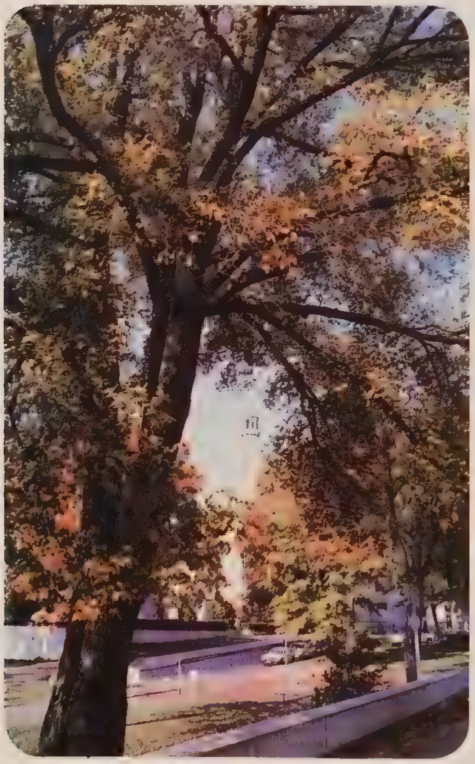
Mike taught us the important facts of life. If he doesn't rock the world when he graduates, he will surely rio Rock The Casba. Pensacola will be getting a hand full.

Darwin L. Webster
Leadville
Colorado
Mathematics
Nuke Power
Dar

From a Colorado Rocky Mountain high to the heat of the city on the bay, Darwin has not changed a bit. He was a real man before most people could even spell quiche. His humor throughout his 4 year tenure can be summed up with his own words, "humor knows no morality" and humor no one has really known unless they have spent time with Darwin. Darwin could be classified as being a modern "Hawkeye-Pierce" but believe you me, if Hawkeye ever met Darwin, the Hawk would be pierced by the tip of the foil. Even with his sharp wit, his mettle knows not a dull side and he has done what has hither-to been impossible-outstanding grades, regimental stripes and still more friends in the Brigade than there are spunky mules in the Leadville burro race. . . . Libra, and my name is Lone Star; would you care for a spot of tea or more wine? . . . but to continue, he was president of the plebe protection society, chairman of the counter-culture, winner of the Dahlgren piece prize (for avoiding such rot), loan officer of Darwin banking and trust, an exchange mid to Air Force plus a summer researcher at Los Alamos and although he wanted nurses, the Navy said neutrons instead.

Many people have said this about him while he was here so I want to carve these words into the granite of this Lucky Bag so everyone will remember what he was and always will be-"Darwin was the best guy that I have ever met in my life-I'll never forget him!"
KAE





THIRTY-THIRD

Dionel M. Aviles

Indian Harbour Beach
Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Dino

Names: Dino Aviles Bust: 44 Waist: 31 Neck: 17 Height: 6-2 Weight: 195 Birthdate: Unknown Birthplace: St. Joseph's Hospital Favorite Foods: Twinkies, Egg MacMuffins, Dom Perignon '73, Chivas Regal Royal Salute Turn Ons: Blue Eyes, Excellent Credit References, Long Legs, Sunshine Turn Offs: Domestic Champagne, Domestic Beer, Domestic Automobiles, Peasants, Northern Girls, France Favorite Books: Physicians' Desk Reference, Anarchists' Cook Book, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas Favorite Performers: Little Feat, Neil Young, Humphrey Bogart, Kristine Lan Caster, Jamie Edney Pastimes: Rowing, Water Skiing, Scuba Diving, Flying, Baking Bread, Pharmacy 34th Co. EOD Strike Team, Streetlamp Eclipse Watching, Vomiting in Airport Concourses, Knitting, Living in America, Liking People. Ideal Woman: Tall, Blue Eyed, Financially and Physically Endowed, Career minded Girl with her own Late Model Ferrari Secret Fantasy: Buying the Afterdeck

Christopher Biow

Winter Park
Florida
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer
Doc

Chris Biow, best known as 'Doc,' came to the Academy from the sunshine state. Doc quickly made his mark by validating most of his plebe and youngster years. It seems Chris decided to get his commission without putting in his four years at Canoe U. Chris was so successful that he has been working towards his master's at the University of Maryland (a real man's college).

Doc spent most of his formative years at Annapolis involved in the intense study of Heinlein books and other related science fiction. Chris's room (our room) is known by the company as 'mission control' because of his extensive collection of electronic paraphernalia and other devices. Despite Chris's poor attitude with respect to a normal winter, he has been a true friend in times of trouble to all members of the Club. It is hoped that as Doc proceeds on to school in Pensacola that he will someday replace his Scandinavian tank.

Aaron L. Bowman

Knoxville
Tennessee
Physical Science
Navy Air
Queen of Queef

Who'd of ever thought that a home-sick plebe could mature into a home-sick, P-W'd three-striper? Al first distinguished himself in the wardroom plebe summer by correcting his classmate and future roommate concerning Knoxville, Kentucky—a duty usually reserved for firsties. The fun didn't stop here. A.A. soon discovered that his vivid yet somewhat warped imagination could be used constructively: Pranks, violation of regs, incredible sea stories, and nightly question and answer sessions were employed into his daily routine. Stickman was not what you'd call a scholar. He never asked questions in class because that required a general knowledge of the subject matter—something uncle A.A. never borthered with. After a year of making obscene bulletin boards and using his toe as a doorstop, Bo-Bo was initiated into the Court of Queef as its duly appointed queen. Why he wanted to be queen, we'll never know. Although deserving himself what others got, Blowman had a pretty clean record. Rumors have it that he lost his driving priveledges senior year. Mysteriously, the gold VW always appeared in the yard with a mid-sticker. LaRoy enjoyed a good fight. He's start one and then shout encouragement from a safe distance while his friends fought it. Not all of Aaron's academy time has been a scam. He is a proven friend even under the most trying times. It upsets us that we have to share him with Frito, but we'll live with it. Long live Queefdom and don't hit any big birds with your jet.
G.H.

Jerome I. Boyenga

Woodbridge
Virginia
Applied Science-Management
Navy Air
Springer

Springer took the long way to the Academy, from Woodbridge Va., via NAPS. If the prep school prepped him, they've got problems. He's one of a handful who can faithfully cram 2 hours of studying every month and maintain a 2.4, half of the time which is spent writing "How To Blatently Break Regs and Get Away With It'

Smooth talking and quick to cut you up into itty-bitty little pieces describes Jerry the best. Never has any midshipman piled it so high and deep to avoid seeing his name in writing. He will always be remembered for his tongue whether he's slamming someone or on weekend

Springer never thought much of sports, so why be bothered? No, really he's a proud winner of a varsity letter, the black N* for active participation in the "See how much I can destroy motorhead club". Ah, yes only one measly diagonal stripe he wore on that Friday night, after taps, in Eastport . . 34 remembers it all.

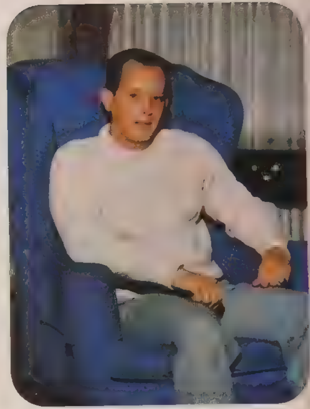
I'm glad we met. We can look back on all those weeknights we went motorcycling together, sucking down the brews, and laugh, while we're in Pensacola. A friendship that will last forever

Gregory F. Brunetti
Warren
Ohio
Applied Science
Intelligence
Bruno

Bruno was never one to study hard in high school, and here at Navy he was not about to change. Greg arrived from Warren, Ohio a little green behind the gills but quickly learned why rules are made. Many a road trip was provided 4/c year by the Catholic choir Brushing past plebe year Greg embarked on the quest that would engross his every waking moment-the search for a girl who would like him . . . when he liked her. This incessant search led him to College Park one dark Friday night-too bad he was only a youngster and didn't quite make it back for Taps. Well, Bruno, not everyone has a black "N". After figuring out that the girl of his dreams was not at restriction muster, Bruno settled down to his quest with a new fervor. Playing the sympathy angle, Greg got himself a cast by breaking his wrist the first day back from Christmas junior year. Good idea, but the cast is a little old after ten months, Greg. His second angle was his car. To Greg, bigger is better. Too bad such a philosophy doesn't apply to gas prices. The lack of mention of the Navy anywhere here is totally intentional. Greg will probably figure out he's in it when he arrives at supply school, or whatever NPQ billet he ends up with, or he gets his first reg hair cut-whichever comes first. All kidding aside, Greg, it's been great- take care, buddy .
G.A.H

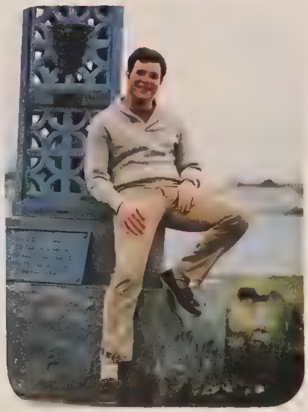
Jose L. C. Flores
Tovar
Venezuela
Physical Science
Surface
Bean

Jose swam all the way across the Rio Grande from his hometown in the Andes Mountains of Venezuela to be a part of the Brigade. Having a year in the Escuela Naval de Venezuela, he adjusted easily to the military aspects of academy life, and his knowledge of the English vocabulary suprised every one, including his plebe summer squad leader, Douggy Ray, who learned a whole new meaning to the word "Chapultepec." Hose was always willing to lend a hand to classmates, and kids were always willing to lend him a hand at Green Alerts. In his spare time when he wasn't thinking of Tatty (not very often), or "giving blood" to the Red Cross, the Bean would be a true pillar for all the homesick South American gals who came to the U.S. for a college education (as well as the local ones!). Hoser will always be remembered by his buddies in the CLUB, and also by his celebrity friends, Frankie Valie and Burt Reynolds. To the Bean, the wild and crazy Venezuelan, thanks and best of luck in the Armada Republica de Venezuela.



Brent A. Ditzler
Oklahoma City
Oklahoma
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Ditz

Brent, A.K.A. Bad, came to us by way of the nuclear navy On the way he played a short stint at Navy Prep, where he distinguished himself as both a football and lax player, and as a platoon sub-commander. An Oklahoman by nature, Bad soon found out that regulations, made no allowances for cowboy hats or boots. Yes, Ditz, even ruggers have to wear WUB "A". When not breezing through the academic load, Brent participated in many "club" activities including the infamous youngster swim. The two other activities which actually acounted for about 90% of Bad's time were rugby, a truly disgusting form of self abuse, and a sweetheart of a girl named Julie. Ditz wisely never let these two extremes in good taste mix-because nobody wants to be a rugby queen. While you can't take rugby with you to the fleet, Brent, maybe you and Julie will come up with some "recreational sports" of your own. When you are aglow at -300 feet, remember the slapster detail, where we had the power and the baby hampsters practiced the leaning rest, and the air force trip. Been a fun five years, buddy, later



Brian T. Donegan
Edison
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
B.T.

Name: Brian Donegan Bust: 38 Waist.30 Neck:15 Height: Not Applicable Weight: 140 Birthdate: 5 April, 1961 Birthplace: Edison, New Jersey Favorite Foods: Gummi Baren, Granola, Trail Mix, Acorns Turn Ons: Machines, Ships, Engineering, NRA, Young Republicans, IRA, Squirrels (Tree Dogs) Turn Offs: Midshipmen, Liberated Women, Liberals, Political Science Pastimes: Camping, Firing his cannon (large and small), Feeding tree dogs, Dipping, Wrestling, Lamppost eclilpse watching, Welding, Public speaking, 34th co. EOD Strike Team Favorite Books: All About Squirrels, Bowditch's Practical Navigator Favorite Performers: D.B. Cooper, Bruce Springsteen, Phil Youngblood Ideal Girl. Beautiful, Quiet, Dips Copenhagen, Knows how to rebuild a carbeurator Secret Fantasy: To become president of Bechtel Corporation
DA

Ronald V. Freeman
Santa Fe
New Mexico
Applied Science
Navy Air
R.V.

34 calls him R.V. - Pat calls him Ted! It's been a long four years! How would R.V. know? He was captain of the varsity rack team and a member of the "derelict" club. A successful study hour to R.V. was a book, a blue Z, and a good episode of CHIPS! Remember that camouflaged T.V. that R.V. had? It seems everyone used to take the pap for it - except R.V. P-WOOD is the only mid never to experience a "room tour" Ron was always one step ahead of the system. We will all remember Ron as the California kid who was born in Texas and claims he's from New Mexico. R.V. never agreed with rock-and-roll. His style was Hank Williams Jr., cowboy boots, J.D., poker, jeans, and a bandana Ron was a true club member. Remember, don't bet on a queen-three, he'll get you every time! If you ever knew R.V. you gained a friend. Hey buddy, it's been a great "five" years with plenty more to come. Hope you get P-3's
TTP

Gregory A. Hall
Colorado Springs
Colorado
Political Science
Navy Air
King of Queef

"Hi, I'm Greg Hall." Quotes such as this gained the jolly round-headed kid instant recognition. It's a mystery why Bull didn't go to the Air Force Academy since he lived there, an even bigger mystery is why it took him two years to get in USNA. The first two years Chuck bored us with tales of NAPS and boasted of his high school sweetheart's excessive lung capacity. At this point Fred and Wilma said their goodbyes and Badge turned to the white glove and local colleges for fun. Mel was never known for good study habits, in fact he never studied at all. We always wondered why he didn't use gas tables, until we wrestled with him Speaking of sports, it should be known G.A. Baby was quite the jock. His b-team hockey career was cut short when he challenged his leg against a slap shot. Nevertheless, he could have been a superstar had he woken up for the practices. Being a man of the world, The Monkey was known to take in a masquerader or two at college park. During his senior year, Bull won not only the heart of a new girl but also golden gloves in Georgetown. Hall-Rat might be remembered by his nerd, his geeks, or his "go Navy" paraphenailia, but will undoubtedly be remembered for his sincerity, honesty, and above all else friendship

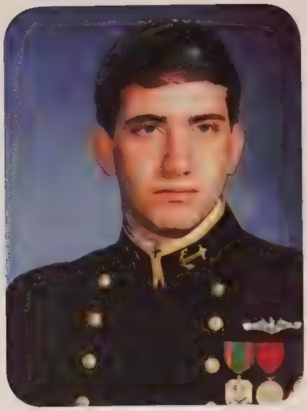
May the King of Queef spread his jolliness to the world of Navy Air. Queefdom Forever and Long Live The Club
GH

Gary T. Hobson
Washington Crossing
Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air
Rock

'Rock' Hobson hails from the well known metropolis of Yardley, Penn., where his experience in avoiding rampaging ducks on local highways toughened and prepared him for the rigors of Academy life. He breezed through plebe year (and five roomates, four of whom are no longer with us). Gary then settled down to Ocean Engineering, the quiet life, undying, unswerving devotion to his 'Ruth,' and the telling of 'Hobson anecdotes' (Hey—did you hear: I went grocery shopping this weekend. We bought some raisin bran.) He successfully played out his role, failing only in being drafted for the second Plebe Summer. After enduring the heat, plebes, and long period of sleep that summer, and after leading his entire squad astray one Ac Year Friday night, he returned to the low-pro life of the restriction squad (his own). Frustrated in his ambitions of joining the CEC, Gary will now content himself with flying helo's and tooling about in his almost-sport car

Owen P. Honors, Jr.
Clay
New York
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
OP

OP brought much to the company and will be sorely missed. Good luck in the Fleet!



James A. Kalb
Aiea
Hawaii
Political Science
NFO
CJ

CJ arrived here from Korea with more medals than Adm. Lawrence, and more years than any firsty in the club. Knowing a good deal when they saw one, Keavs, Peeps, Danny G, and the other club key holders turned the shop over to CJ in order to more fully enjoy their last year at Canoe U. He refused to let anyone down, making sure that the many club social functions were well organized and well attended.

Klab's organizational talents and good business sense (particularly with local beer distributors) did not go unnoticed by the administration, and they rewarded (?) him by making him Gorenflo's #1 henchman second class year, but isn't 85 days restriction a bit drastic just to avoid becoming his roommate? CJ soon realized that when you're too old to lose sleep, but too young to die—you gotta rock n' roll, and took up the bass for "Blind Alley" and the 1982 World Tour.

First class year found CJ swearing off women (Can you believe it?) in favor of chopsticks, WRNV, seven guitars with girls names, and a charter membership in the Tortoise Track Club. And how 'bout that history making 50 year old two-man room, ed Cuey?

Someday songs will be written about the guy who cast away 5 stripes for his friends, but until then, we how know you will sing your praises. CJ, you are not just the oldest man in the class--you are far and away the wisest.
B.C. & K.E.

Paul A. Menninger
Kingston
New York
Applied Science
Navy Air
Ollie

Ollie came to the Academy from Kingston N.Y. where he had enjoyed a high school career complete with fast cars, faster girls, brutal motorcycle wrecks, and of course oceans of Molson's Ale. Shortly after plebe summer he decided not to let the academy interfere with his lifestyle and so began a glorious career of total disregard for any and all regs. I've got to smile when I remember the nights we rode our motorcycles to a local pub during study hour and wondered what the read mids were doing. ·

Yet for all his rules breaking Ollie was only caught with his hand in the cookie jar once. This was when he led that dare devil Lt. Baker on a death race 2000 from second class parking at St. John's to an unfortunate checkered fry on Rt. 2.

As a youngster, Paul was known for his escapades with shall we say less than glamorous women? A year later however he found Janet and proposed at the ring dance. Apparently he's not going to let the best slip thru his fingers.

Really his earlier dates weren't that bad, they just weighed more than him.

Ollie is the kind of guy who isn't happy unless he has something to complain about, which must be the reason he was always so happy to be here! Look out P-Cola! 34 will always remember Ollie and I'm sure that the friendship we have will last a life time.

William H. Murray
Beloit
Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Murbs

Coming to The Club from the midwestern vacation spot of Beloit, Wisconsin with boondockers in hand, you knew things were different for Bill "Von Foot" Murray. A true practioner of the "up and at 'em Navy" at the five minute chow call, it was a snowy day in May when the Murbs was early for anything. An illustrious member of the "penny dropped in an empty glass" trio, the Duke could always be counted on to rally to the cry of "DINKS!" in numerous hall battles against the enemy. Originally a History major, he switched to Mech E thanks to some last minute counseling from his booba roommate. Monsieur So-Bad, or so he thought, was a true rackhound. Never being one to miss the boat Murbs matched his prowess in the rack, on the athletic field as well. A three time N-winner, twice as punter for 150's, and once as an A-side winger, its quite a comeback for the Murbs after being soundly trounced by the King in plebe wrestling. Well little Booba, may the Queen watch over you until the Court is together again.
M J R

Joseph P. Nangle
Philidelphia
Pennsylvania
Political Science
Strategic Weapons
Matty

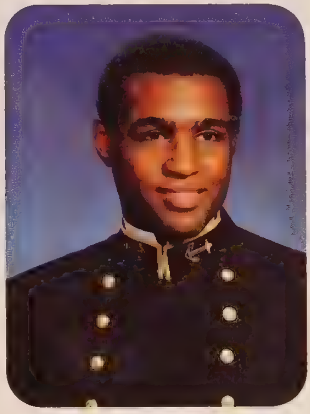
Surface Linename: Joseph P. Nangle Bust: 36 Waist: 32 Neck: Comparable to Clem's Height 5'9" Weight 140 Birth date 8-22-61 Place of Birth: Philly, or course Favorite Foods: Schmidt's, Quiche, Beef Wellington Turn-Ons: Studying, Schmidt's, Wildwood, Sleep Turn-Offs: Disco, Imported beer, imported cars, wine Books: Anything by Ludlum Performers: Stones, Zep, Clint Eastwood Pasttimes: Crew, Schmidt's, Studying Ideal Woman: Very understanding, Conservative, Irish Catholic Secret Fantasy: Join P.F.D. and hang out on the corner every night

Robert P. Papadakis
El Paso
Texas
Mechanical Engineering
NFO
Pappy

Occupation: Midshipman Shepherd Activities: Rugby Club President, Engineering Pounder's Society, Fiat Mechanic's Pension Fund (Treasurer), 34th Co. EOD Strike Team, Royal Lamppost Eclipse Observer's Society, Whale Protection Fund, Young Republicans Favorite Composer: Elvis Costello Favorite Author: Richard Bach Favorite Book: Rugby By Numbers Favorite Foods: Duck Soup, Animal Crackers Favorite Color: Flesh Favorite Quote: "Good manners and bad breath will get you nowhere." His Scotch? Ouzo By Metaxa, of course!
D.M.A.

Theodore T. Picchini
Matawan
New Jersey
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
TT

34 calls him "TT" -Pat calls him Ron! Some call him "DB". Ted came to the Academy from New Jersey, but deep down he always wished he was a Texan. Why else would he want to go to Dallas? PUCH played D-back for the 150's and was best known for blocking field goals . . . . . with his face. Ted, well known for his even temper, tried hard to keep ahead of the system. Sometimes he tried to hard. if deuces were cash, Ted, the T.V. would be yours. "TT", in true club fashion, was a permanent member of the Friday night poker club. Sorry buddy, no kangaroos. Ted would have really loved the academy if it weren't for two things, academics and the Navy. Ted is the kind of guy who will always be remembered as a true friend. He was always there when you needed him. The first "five" years have been great friend, and I'm looking forward to many great times in the future. By the way, "What do you think I am? A radio?"
RVF



Michael R. Reed
Detroit
Michigan
Physical Science
Surface
Mike

Mike Reed could have graduated with the class of 1981, but our class was graced with his presence. Mike is a man of class, fashion, and he is always ready to "Get Live". He is a master juggler, but he doesn't juggle balls or oranges or other nonsense, he juggles women. Sometimes Mike's talent gets him into trouble, but with a smooth line or a stern, "Look, baby!," He always escapes their wrath. Mike has also acquired some nautical abilities in the past six years, because each weekend he sails away from "Naptown" in his Detroit-build love boat. Good luck Mike and I hope you get many "Pins".
EWJ

Richard R. Reichel, Jr.
Farmingdale
New York
General Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Rick

Rick rolled in with the rest of the island boys from New York. A navtive of Farmingdale, with a slight speech impediment, Rick Quickly adapted to the rigors of Club 34.

The owner of a white tank he called a Cougar, Rick commuted back and forth to L.I. to visit the girls of his dreams, Chris. After changing his major once a year, he finally found a home with the general engineers. Studying was never a problem for Rick because he never studied. If Rick wasn't on the company officer's phone with Chris or reading worthless paperbacks, he was busy playing space invaders on doc's computer. Rick's favorite pastime was sleeping, he amazed us all. Rick could sleep with the windows and blinds open, the stereo blasting, and the lights on.

A diehard surface liner, Rick saw the glow of green and was accepted into the nuclear power program. With the wedding 3 days after graduation, Rick will be setting up his family in Orlando. We all wish him the best of luck in the future.

Michael J. Rodgers
Long Island
New York
Management
Surface

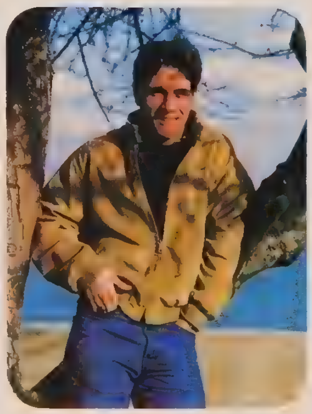
Name: Kato Bust: 42 Waist: 32 Neck: yes Height: 5'10'' Weights: 158-180 Date of Birth: 10-26-60 Place of Birth: Someplace in France Favorite Foods: Cheeseburgers & French Fries, Mimosas, T-Bones Turn Ons: Fast Cars, Faster Women, Sleep, A Well Executed Foot Sweep, Sir Turns Offs: Waking Hours, Cutting Weight, NN302 Books: How To Win Friends and Influence People, Making Your First Million, INC., Autoweek, Random House Dictionary Performers: Donna Summer, Village People, K. C. and The Sunshine Band, Peaches and Herb, Belker Pastimes: Sleeping, Eating, Reading Money, George Mason Ideal Woman: Mary Cunningham Type, Blue Eyed Blond and Beautiful Secret Fantasy: Return to Alma Mater as a Brazilian Navigation Instructor

Jon L. Ross
Phoenix
Arizona
English
USMC Air
Jon

A biography? You couldn't understand even if did have the time to explain. I want to thank my family and my wife to be for their unyielding support. Without their help, I never would have made it

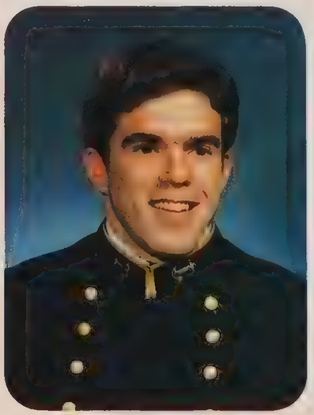
It's finally over!

P.S Thanks G.P and R.H



Mark J. Russ
Reston
Virginia
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Dinkus Rex

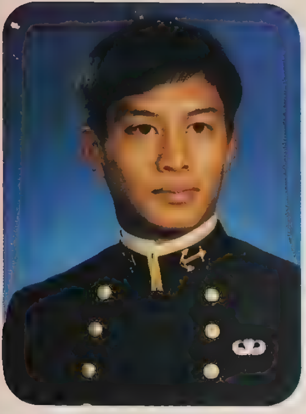
Feeling unfulfilled after a year of week-long parties at UVA, Mark came to Navy for the disciplined lifestyle, the chance to fly, and to get a cool nickname Since he owns/borrows a '66 Mustang convertible, he prefers the name ''Rustang'' and has always encouraged its usage---however it has never seemed to fit. From the beginning it was apparent that Mark was not like the other children. By the end of plebe summer, his boundless capacity for the rediculous and the absurd had become legendary Mark's only salvation was that two others exhibited similar conditions, though not as acute as his. When the three became roommates, the ''DINKDOM'' was born, and Mark was there King . . . ''DINKUS REX''. He protested, but the name stuck. Among the more impressive of the King's qualities was his ability to sleep and his way of inspiring others to do so. More astounding, however, was his dedication and hard work; without which, he would have been . . . asleep Mark has always done what was necessary though, and the many demands of Aero and 150's have taught him to set priorities. He frequently studies at his desk in full uniform (w/cover) because ''it takes too much time'' to change clothes Now that ''TD MO GP'' Russ has caught his touchdown pass, the only thing left to do is conquer the sky Good luck 'ol buddy!
BM



WRESTLING
14
ODU

William P. Ryan
Vienna
Virginia
Economics
Surface
Bill

Bust: 46 Waist: Huge Neck: No Height: 6'00'' Weight: 190-215 Birthdate 10/11/60 Favorite Foods: mayo, pine-apple delight, ketchup, corn dogs Turn Ons: Craig, good snow, nice hands, bodner's doughnuts, musters, ears Turnoffs practice, academics, nimitz, NN302, Q107, juke box hero Favorite Books: First Fun In Film, MHP, Bitches Guide To The Well Dressed Jogger Performers: Joanie, Chachi, Ralph, Frank Sinatra, Any gospel music group, Dion, AC/DC Pastimes: Nancy, skiing, inspections Ideal Women 5'4'', 108 lbs., brunette, artistic, exceptional body, passionate Secret Fantasy: Go back to his 4.0 at ODU, eat doughnuts, drink beer, get fat, work at the 4400 Club



Stanley C. Simpliciano
Foster City
California
Computer Science
Navy Air
Chino

We call him Chino (Spanish for Chinese); he never did our laundry, but such is life in the big city

Stan came from sunny California to humid Maryland looking for the opportunity to become a Navy Pilot, which he is very close to being. During his four years at Crabtown he did several things besides study

First he became an airborne man, after hard work outs to bring his body in shape for Fort Benning, Ga.

He then got a forex cruise his First class summer even though he did not speak Spanish very well. He went to Venezuela where he met his roommates parents (my parents) and a lot of Lindas senoritas that taught him how to dance salsa and pasodobles, Chino also learned a lot of good Spanish words which actually he uses to talk to his roommate .

Chino has been a very special classmate and roommate always willing to help a classmate and a good leader in all aspects, now he has to leave Maryland and learn how to fly and then come back to sunny California or tropical Hawaii to fly P-3's for Navy

Good luck and thanks Chino. And remember the next time you hear "up in the air it's a bird it's a plane . . . " ---it's really the chank!

Thomas R. Twomey
East Brunswick
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Tooms

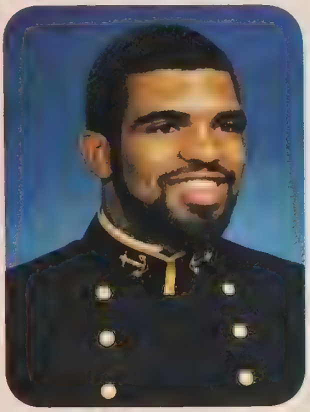
Tom came to the Academy from East Brunswick, New Jersey and was fast to become a target for upperclass abuse. Many a night Tom was awakened at two or three in the morning, but over the years he has gotten even. Tom also known to his buddies as Form and Tooms, was probably the only member of the class of 83 to have two identical 280ZX's in two months. Even though Tom lived in New Jersey, he proudly told everyone that he didn't have an exit, he got off at a rest stop

As a Mechanical Engineer, Tom was the biggest academic sweat in the company. He learned early the importance of the gouge and was good at getting it. Tom had a way of tripling his grades between four weeks and finals but he still didn't get a 3.0. During his stay at Canoe U, Tom became a Diehard Rackaholic. Tom suffered through many afternoon attacks of the rack monster and usually lost. He made good use of the few youngster afternoons he had. As a club member Tom became proficient in the arts of room wrestling and practical jokes.

Tom was one of the funniest belligerents in the company. His sharp wit and biting sense of humor were an inspiration to us all. Whether a nuke or an NFO after graduation we'll all still love him

Joseph T. Wallington
McGuire AFB
New Jersey
Applied Science
Supply
Travis

Travis will be remembered as both a friend and leader of many. His dedication and enthusiasm for Navy Football inspired us all Good luck in the Fleet!



Dana S. Weiner
East Longmeadow
Massachusetts
History
Navy Air
Duke of Queef

Dan was best known as Rat, Worm, Beav, Weasel, Beaver Monkey, Jew Boy, or Megalito People often asked how such a small fella could have such a long list of names. Dana followed his nose to the Naval Academy all the way from Massachusetts. Plebe year Jew Boy gained glory due to his zealous vegetable eating habits The same year Dana discovered being a crew coxswain was the best use of his athletic ability On the professional side, Worm established strong emotional ties with the company officer during his second and third years and affectionately called him "Schlong". In fact, Dana was so torn by the Menko's departure that he moved out of company as a first class. As the Duke of Queef, Dana upheld the fine tradition of room wrestling, carrying it to the Jello Pits of New London. Megalito's officer potential was best described by the Deputy Commandant in one of their many get-togethers He is indeed a true member of the club and a real friend. Long Live Queefdom
GH

John R. Wood
Glendale
Arizona
Political Science
Navy Pilot
Randy

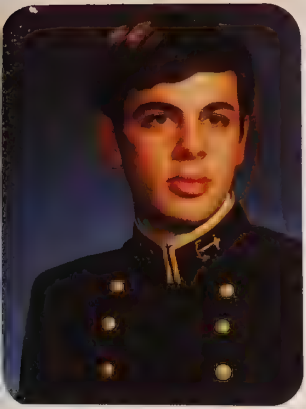
Who was this tall stanger hailing from Glendale Arizona? To many he was Randy, Woody, JR, or John . . . to me he was Lou. Woody was destined to be a Poli. Sci. major when, as a plebe, he would answer rates in their relation to the Communist Manifesto or Wilson's 14 Points.

J.R. didn't dwell on plebe year, however, and quickly applied himself as a youngster toward such cranial activities as The Log magazine and NAFAC. A little talent and a lot of smack paid off, for Randy ended up heading both of these Mid institutions. Along the way he did his share for Navy, though. For example, the spring break road trip to Germany to improve diplomatic relations, or his active participation on the Rugby team - - - which became more active at the post-game festivities.

Throughout his time at USNA, Woody dreamed of flying . . . or of a certain Texas dish named Trish . . . or of skiing. You see, Woody dreamed a lot because he "Z'd" a lot. How else do you explain 5 youngsters and MIR? But seriously, Randy, here's to the good life: a BMW and some great times! Best of luck to you, friend, four years are just a start . .
GAH

TARGET
DEC. 5

CLUB THIRTY-FOUR



James R. Boorujy
Basking Ridge
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Surface
Booj

Jim came to USNA from the garden state to launch his career in the Navy He hit the deck running and soon became the object of indescriminate abuse from all classes Booj was determined, however, and he gutted out his rough plebe year But when plebe year ended, the abuse didn't. He still can't get any respect, not even from plebes. In spite of all this, Booj has been honored, because, like Chesty Puller, there is a marching cadence to pay him tribute A geek and a sweat from day one, Jim's hard work has earned him a reputation for being a dedicated Mechanical Engineer. His Loyalty to the major never wavered, despite the likes of Wild Bill and the Rocket His favorite activity subsequently became studying in the library, and his hobby - sleeping with a textbook for a pillow Jim has had a sporadic career of ECA's and sports which includes crew, the YP squadron, fencing, boxing, and the military parachute club, for which he was treasurer and a parachute rigger As far as women go, he always gave the sound advice, "Women are nothing but trouble." Jim's always been a gungy guy, and his love for adventure and disdain for idleness led him to airborne school 3/c summer, bud's 2/c summer, and a sub cruise and plebe detail 1/c summer for a grand total of seven weeks of summer leave Predestined to be a nuke, Booj survived the interview process and plans to drive those gray fighting ships of the line He would like to say thanks to all for four great years at the Academy

George P. Abitante
Westfield
New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
George

George ran down to the boat school from New Jersey so it was not much of a step down for him H earned his first N* in cross country plebe year and had a fine indoor season His times were very good but he always seemed to run his best to Timmy's after the meets Learning to road trip was great; rule number one is to stand at attention when pulled over for doing eighty, and don't slow down when driving through the gate as a second class Being in the accountability batt helped George, restriction is good for the soul and he could study more for that touch Mech E major We will miss your running George (The OD's will get out of shape) and we hope the wind is always at your back in the fleet
M G K

Kenneth C. Boice
Ravenswood
West Virginia
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Submarines
Ken

On his application forms, Ken claimed to be from Ravenswood, West Virginia, a small town with no police, no bars, and no fun! After a week of plebe summer, however, Ken revealed his true home. Romula Gamma 3- a small mining colony near Alpha Centauri. At first, the validity of his identity was questioned, but soon all doubts were dispelled Ken surely was not of this world

Not being fully accostumed to earth's gravity, the struggle proved difficult for Ken in his first two years. However, that wasn't the only troublesome area—calculus, statics, and dynes were equally rough. Plebe history proved to be cake though, since Ken claims to have been there

For obvious reasons, Ken should have been a History major, but systems caught his eye, and now nuke power has stolen his heart No longer the shy and reserved mid of plebe and Youngster years, Ken proved to be a real asset to 35 His antics could always brighten a tense moment, and his sincere helpfullness and deep concern for others will always be remembered Thanks for being a good friend, see you in Orlando!
RL

William B. Daitch
Silver Spring
Maryland
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power
Billy

The military tool shed of South Carolina belched forth Billy-Boy back to his beloved homeland of Buckeystown, Maryland in '79. He embarked on his second knob year with the infamous "plebe year is cake . . ." Misquote which incurred odious and vapid results. The red-headed malchick then survived a Third class year of tedious semantic battles and harrowing world wars with cast iron McStomach The decline and fall of Lonnie Parrish was immutably and irrevocably entrenched by our majority stockholder in Pete's video enterprises through spirits and cacophonous cacophony otherwise known as punk rock. This led to senior year when the banjoman inherited the nuclear frog along with the bureaucratic conduct paper push. He maintained as he flew his nuke jet out of sight: "I never did meet a midshipman I liked"
B D

Eric C. Dyson
Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power Submarines
Buff

Eric arrived at USNA only to find that teams other than the Pitt Panthers the Pirates and Steelers really do exist. Keeping his roommates out of trouble soon became the "Buffs" full time occupation. Being a sweat at heart, Eric felt it was his duty to update the MHP, clean the room and make the racks; those little things his roommates never had time for.

A strange transformation occurred during youngster year (soon after he had finally reached puberty.) He would only utter a few syllables during study hour and those were limited to: "d*&%", "s#!&", and "f&%$ this." Thinking this might soon get him into trouble he straightened up his act and moved to 4-0 as the D&B Commander. He became the first Corps Commander in a while not to conduct the Working Uniform Alpha Blues.

Keeping a 3.6+ average in Naval Architecture proved to be no problem for Eric, who is the first person to graduate from USNA without ever using his rack. But why did he always start studying at 11:00 PM ??? With such good study habits, Eric became an easy mark for ADM. McKee and Nuke Power. There is no doubt, the Silent Service is getting one of the Navy's finest. It goes without saying we all wish Eric the best of everything in the future.
KCB

George M. Ferris
Trappe
Maryland
Ocean Engineer
Special Operations
Jorje

Goerge showed up for I-Day with a cast on his hand, a smile on his face, and not a worry in the world. Although the cast is long since gone, his attitude about life has not been changed by the pressures and problems of USNA.

Hailing from Maryland's easternshore- and damned proud of it - George has always been considered to be different. Never one for conformity, this description is quite appropriate. Who else would light themselves on fire in the middle of the night just to scare a few plebes?

George has always been in deep harmony with nature and the world around him. Equally at home diving in Bermuda or backpacking in Canada, he always managed to live the exciting life most people merely dream of living

In addition, George was an ambitious guy - he could spend hours a night searching for the ocean eng. gouge we psmoe's live by. Combining his love for nature and ambition, George's biggest goal at The Academy was shot down Sorry George, but there is no four striper billet to put you in charge of The Academy grounds.

On a serious note, George is now planning on pursuing a career as a Navy diver, and all who know him realize if that is what he wants, he will attain his goal. Good luck in the fleet, George- and good luck fleet- here comes Ferris!
SDI

William C. Hall
Ancon
Canal Zone
Physical Science
Navy Air
Wump

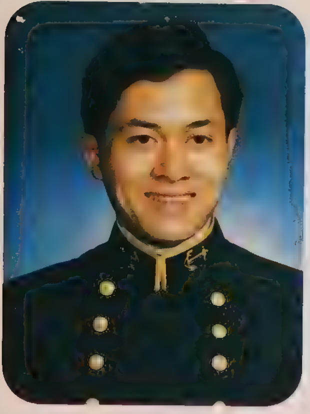
The irrigation ditch that separates the two American continents sent us its favorite delinquent. In that fateful summer of '79, the Panama Canal Zone committed an "oops" and sent Will to wreak havoc and practice anarchy within the confines of this great institution. Never breaking stride, Wilbur set out to explore the outer bounds of the conduct system. For trying as hard as he did and getting caught as often as he did, the number of demerits never did soar, but he did get two stripes. How did he get away with that? After tiring of his role as blocking dummy for the blue wave (these guys are big) our hero returned to excellence in the art of elegant violence (Navy rugby). This afforded him the perfect medium-the facade of an athlete with the heart of a partying fool. It also added the fairer sexed member of the partying duo, Jenna. Wump also altered his seven minute Saturday night sprints from the fleet to a fourty-five minute road trip from Towson. "Go Rhinos!!"
JCS

Edward D. Halpin
Cape To
New York
Ocean Engineering
Nuke Submarines
Dwerd

He came from the frozen land of the north-a conquerer and a slayer of men. His name echoed in the fearful ears of many a man, woman and child. The Academy captured him and shaved his brasso like beard. They forced him to become an EOE, yet for Dwerd this task was too "civilized". He needed a savage outlet so he boxed and soon became champion.

The passage of time was closely associated with the passage of girls for Ed-his taste in woman centered around his love for the Tundra, therefore he loved only women from the Tundra. Unfortunely the Tundra is miles away and to Ed's dismay time does not make the heart grow fonder-so much for women.

For service selection Ed decided nuke. At first his decision was based on the similiarity of this program with deer hunting- kinda like hunting for "bucks". But his attitude did a 180 toward achievement through professionalism and his future became a bright one lit with a large neon sign reading-N-A-V-Y all the way! Thanks USNA. You have given me a strong foundation to stand on.

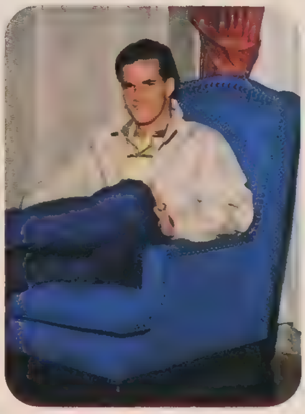


Binh D. Hardesty
Winter Springs
Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air
Bink

Binh came north to the Academy from sunny Florida with a great tan, an O.P. beach shirt, and expectations of a great college life away from the hassles of home-totally unaware of what the Academy and plebe year had in store for him. To say the least, had he known then what he knows now, he would probably be at Florida state, working on his tan and the local girls. Nevertheless, he submitted to the discipline of the Academy, and breezed through plebe year with no problem. Never care much about the Academy ECA program, Binh instead found solase in his bed, where he could be found every free period, and most afternoons of his Youngster year. Always an easy-going guy, Binh never sweated anythyng at the Academy until Second class year and the 440 yard swim rolled around. With lots of painful practice and fierce determination though, he overcame his hatred of swimming and actually enjoys it in his spare time. Majoring in probably the toughest academic discipline at the Academy-Mechanical Engineering-Binh has survived all the way to the first year without any gouge, only to be nailed by both "The Rocket" and "Wild Bill" in the same semester without fail Binh's light is the last one to be turned off at night in the eighth wing, as he unfailingly pores over his heat transfer machine design textbooks. Although he works hard during the Academic year, Binh makes every effort to forget about the Navy and the Academy-even when he is on cruise. His Youngster year, Binh spent his cruise working on his tan, while his submarine was moored to a dock. First class cruise, when Binh wasn't hiding from the ship's officers, he was working on his tan again on the California beaches. One of the nicest guys in the company, we wish Binh good luck at flight school, and hope his landings go as smooth as his days at the Academy.
T.H.

Timothy F. Healey
Ridgefield
Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power
Heals

Tim, ignoring the call of the ivy league, came to the Academy from a small Connecticut town with a bead of perspiration on his brow, his reef points half memorized, and with visions of glory in his head. A total sweat, his freshman year was flawless. A model plebe, he was destined for stripes. But with the climbing of Herndon, Tim realized the waywardness of his ways, and coasted into Youngster year with unparalleled unprofessionalism. Always wanting to dampen the rigors of the military regime with the pleasures of civilian life, Tim enjoyed chewing gum during drill, his month long hair, and his late-night "oven-fresh" snacks. Never into the plebe indoctrination system, Tim never cared for asking rates, and would roll over in his bed only long enough to see if his plebes understood their history topics. For Tim, his plebe summer position of company sub-commander suited him fine, for it allowed him to blow off pep in the morning, catch rays in the afternoon, and take off early at night. Always serious about his homework though, Tim gladly and generously supplied the gouge that carried many ocean engineers. On his summer cruises, when he wasn't sleeping behind refrigeration boxes or a locked stateroom door, he could be found out on the foc'sle, working on his tan. Now that Tim's going nuclear power, the only rays he'll be catching for a while will be radiating from a reactor. But we wish Tim good luck, and salute him in his belief that if he can put up with the Academy for four years, he can put up with anything for five.
B.H.



Jeff A. Huggins
Cedar Rapids
Iowa
General Engineering
Surface
Huggie

Jeff really knew how to have a good time, even though he was a pea. After being a steady Eddy in high school, Jeff found a new love at the Academy. For four years he ate, drank, and slept sailing. He was always arguing that sailing was a tough sport and has many knobs on his head to prove it. After sailing his next love was his Marvin hairdo with its single curl which he admired constantly in the mirror. Jeff also had an aptitude for interior decorating. He specialized in early modern spaghetti. With all these interests he had little time for academics. In the long run, Jeff's legs will get him through. John abused a few girls, but then again we didn't.
J.S. & A L.

Michael T. Kubiniec
Buffalo
New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power
Kuby

Mike shuffled down from Buffalo (Love that snow!) to the warm clime of Annapolis on the bay. With him he brought his odd sense of humor and a dirty pair of sneakers. (By the way, he still wears them today!) At first, Kuby chose the physics way of life, but after one semester, he played out his option and decided to give "Mech F" a try. Remember actramid-"Hey, Ryan- wanna take the 'vator?" Second class year, what a bummer- strengths, thermo, dynes, cables, more thermo and more cables. He survived the test with flying colors. While on plebe detail with Smitty, Booj, and Willy, Kuby was heard to have said, "This is great! I've never had so much fun!" He was known within the company for being our resident polock. Although he has, in the past, hopped from roomie to roomie with the frequency of an overwound clock, he's really not a bad guy. Really, how can you not like a guy whol'll do shots with you every night? Too bad tequilla doesn't go well for the pole's, eh Kubs? By the way-"Where's Bicki?"

Ryan E. Lantz
San Antonio
Texas
Physics
Nuclear Submarines
Ryan

Ryan arrived a few hours later than the rest of us on I-day and as a result was a little confused. Most of us caught on to the system rather quickly, but Ryan remained bewildered. His plebe summer squad leader asked what would happen when the squad performed well and Ryan replied; "We'll have FUN, sir!" Oops! By second class year he was still wondering what time noon formation went everyday.

But things started shaping up that year. Ryan made an in depth study of how relativity theory related to everyday life. He locked himself in a closet one weekend and emerged on Monday with the theory that if you eat two Z-burgers before a youngster afternoon, your rack gets shorter as you leave the wardroom. Ryan and his roommates burned enough midnight oil second class year that OPEC gave them a special account. By the end of the year, he had made up those lost hours from plebe summer and became Company commander "This is Midshipman Lantz, I have the company!"

Ryan did a good job as CC, but everyone including the company officer seemed to think Ryan was always on cloud #9. Thats because he was. A certain senorita from San Antonio was the subject of all his dreams—day and night. Most guys like to get mail once in a while but Norma usually sent four letters a day.

On June 11, we'll hear the words, "This is Norma Flores, I have Engisn Lantz." Then they'll pack and be off to Orlando. (Take care of him Norma; Ken and Eric won't be there to keep him out of trouble.) Fair winds and following seas (but that don't matter underwater—DIVE! DIVE!)
BUFF

Andrew J. Loferski
Succasunna
New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Fersk

Andy really knew how to have a good time even though he was a pea. The outer banks beach house got better as the years went on thanks to the work of the interior decorating trio who specialized in early modern spaghetti. Though there are no witnesses to attest, he must have made a few good plays out at Bishop stadium to win academic all-American honors in baseball. Andy studies as much as he had to, and that's it. A.J. made the difficult look easy. John abused a few girls, but then again we didn't.
J.S. & J.H.

John T. McCormick III
Wildwood
New Jersey
Political Science
Navy Air
Chairman of the Bored

The fun-city beach bars belched forth John McPicklejars on a savage journey into the heart of the American Dream. With unprecidented lethargy, doctor Mc Half-on singlehandedly changed the drinking age in Maryland and New Jersey. His summer development ranged from sleeping in gun turrets to blessing (and enraging) the St. Thomas natives with liquids of dubious origin. The "big guy" spent summers exercising swimmers and laughing at the results from a distance. Lonnie Parrish and Jim Fahoo were casualties of Captain McRoxoff's unbounded decadence and moral turpitude, often perpitrated at his sponsor's house on Main street (Pete's Place). Academically, engineering wasn't too much fun, but this beach bum was full of bull. This rebel with many causes had a distinct style throughout his adventures. Now Mc Cynic drives around in a two story house headed for Pensacola and the dream that lies beyond.

Barrett L. McKibben, II
Cumming
Iowa
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer
Barry

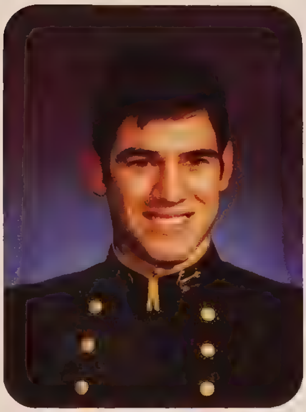
Born in the cornfields of Iowa, Kibs came to Canoe U. to fly the friendly skies only to find out 2nd Class year that someone else would be doing the flying for him. He packed a 2.5 average by spending more time in the wardroom and in the rack than with his nose in his books, until he became a firstie and decided to work hard and become unsat. Barry "earned" a varsity letter on the pistol team Youngster year, but paid for it with the frequent echo of "bagger" ringing throughout 8th Wing chanted by his roommates, to which he responded with some stupid phrase, "No war was ever won with a football . . ." With that in mind, he went out 2nd Class year and won The Commandant's Medal for Small Arms Marksmanship, First Place, beating everyones good friend from 32. Always envied for his bottomless source of income, he still found ways to have an empty wallet - until the next letter from Mom came in the mail. An extremely efficient Mid, he parlayed his car loan into an RX-7, stereo system, handguns, and a four digit Visa bill while still maintaining a bank account bigger than the rest of the company. Barry's contributions include getting the company through every computer program assigned at USNA and supplying his classmates with enough chow packages (Mom again) to allow them a welcome break from Neeb's Loaf. We wish Barry the best of luck down at P-Cola, and if he can't hack the obstacle course, there's always Nuke Power.
P.J.R.

Bradley A. Page
Nobleboro
Maine
Mathematics
Nuclear Power
Stoneface

Brad came to us from the backwoods in Maine via NAPS. Between his rugged life on his old homestead in the Maine woods and the harsh environment at the Naval Academy Prep School he was more than ready for anything that could happen to him at good old USNA. After being forced to leave the track team, due to injuries, he divided his time between eating and weekends. The latter was helped by the purchase of his mobile home, ''The Econo-Box''. The ''Econo-Box'' served as his home on the weekends when he wasn't sleeping in one of Bancroft Hall's many rooms. It was a rare weekend that you could fine him in his ''own'' room. Because of his extensive knowledge on how to survive in the wild, Brad was an obvious choice for pistol detail. Here he was able to pass on his vast knowledge of pistol marksmanship (all of which were about two weeks old) to the incoming class. It was during that time that Brad was able to reach his peak in his eating ability. Here Brad and fellow pistol instructor Pat ''Ralph'' Roach, formed the ''Fat Club'' and competed to see who first could become eligible for maternity leave. The end of the summer found the competition a draw; so they both decided to retire to the Taco Bell for a victory celebration. By First class year at Canoe U, The ''Econo-Box'' was seldom seen very far from Brad on the weekends. If he wasn't going to Rudy's to find truth and happiness, he was out with his girlfriend while on duty, seeing the movie ''Classmate Loyalty'' starring Tokyo's Rose. Brad is off to a career in the Nuclear Power Navy and we wish him and The ''Econo-Box'' a ''bright'' future.
G.P.A.

Perry J. Ramicone
Morrisville
Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Wop

This wop came to Canoe U. because it was the cheapest university he could find. He even went nuke for the three grand. Sports are Perry's first love. He eats, drinks, and sleeps sports—football, baseball, basketball, golf, bowling, etc. He can't even clean up the room or put in his contact lens (20/400 vision and no glasses) without first looking at the sports section. Company lightweights, b-ball, and fast-pitch softball were his sports while also being a member of the bowling team. ''Perry the Wop'' took charge as the company bookie, running the company football pool for 4 years 'till the NFL shut him down this season. Can you imagine this guy underwater in a sub for 3 months at a time without a b-ball court, a football or a sports page? Watch out! Even though he majored in math he didn't take it easy all the time. First class year Perry took ES408 for fun! Sicko! He still studied more than his systems roommate of 3 years. I hope he's ready for the nuke challenge and doesn't get nuked in the challenge. Good luck in your glowing career in the Navy.
B.L.McK.



John C. Sheehan
College Park
Maryland
History
Navy Air
Long

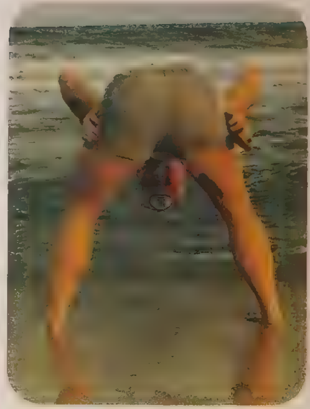
John really knew how to have a good time even though he was a pea. The beach was always good to John and each time he went, he left a little bit of himself. One of his biggest gifts to the beach was his interior decorating skills, his speciality-early modern spaghetti. When he was not in bed, John brought more than a few smiles to everyone he knew. Unfortunately, on May 18, 1982, John died. Eleven days later JCS rose from the dead. He abused a few girls, but then again we all did
J.H. & A.L.

Michael E. Smith
Springfield
Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Surface

Mike left sunny UCLA to make something of himself at USNA. Being your typical navy brat (born at Bethesda Naval hospital, of course) Mike thought plebe summer was quite a joke. Academic year was no joke however thanks to "the worst Naval Officer the Academy ever produced." After first semester plebe year, Mike began his stellar academic climb. He was also bound and determined to be noticed by his classmates. If he wasn't planning picnics or dining, he was asking women captains at leadership lectures to justify the timely question. (Why are women here, Mike?) Mike decided to take the advice of his favorite upperclass (Shrades, Trap, Bear) and became an Ocean Engineer. He then proceeded to accumulate enough gouge to last him until graduation and has been coasting ever since. Mike has always approached things head on; academics, athletics, the rack and the van. He only wanted three things out of the Naval Academy and he got them all: a stereo, a car, and a ring. His next big step is to find a nice Admiral's daughter and settle down (although he may still refuse to be just any girl's meal ticket). Good luck Mike and don't let that radiation recede your hair line any more!
B.W.

John C. Snyder
Canon City
Colorado
Political Science
NFO
Girth

The land of Coors and cowpies belched forth Snydes, a gentleman of unprecedented whatever. Peerless in cynicism and sloth, he accompagnied the atomic frog on his mad 7 minute sprints from the fleet reserve club for a year. The sardonic sloth, having never learned more than 5 peoples names in his company, was heard many a times to explain with geniune disinterest "who's that?". The apathetic ranchhand found religion midway through his sentence at USNA and abandonned his company rank and file for his beloved rugby. Not only that he found, lost, refound, lost again, and refound rerefound his beloved rugger - Theresa. The original raw sleeper met upon one of his own kind in captain droopy drawers. Together they pounded many a brew and . . . whatever. His philosophy can be neatly summed up as "everything stinks until further notice!."
J.S.



Frank G. Vernet
Paris to Fort Pierce
France to Florida
Economics
Navy Air

NAPS belched forth a nuclear frog - it began there! What can we say?. an appreciative fleet reserve club was then witness to weekly Saturday night 7 minute sprints until his unyielding attendance was forcibly terminated by forces greater than even he. Our hero, the atomic frog was then forced to spend time on a comely prelaw coed. He is still doing that. He then embarked on an odessey marked by a meteoric rise from his stranglehold on dead last in the company to French club president to Scuba club president to company commander First class year all with major conduct offenses at equally spaced intervals. Returning to his natural habitat, this pseudo-cousteau decided to spend as much time as possible underwater and did so with great success. As a result approximately 1000 shipmates were scuba qualified Whether or not they wanted to be is another and an entirely different question. Miffed by Rickover's clones, our flying frenchman has decided to sprout wings and can be found anytime with Ruth, his legal stewardess, riding the ragged edge of bliss (or whatever). Au revoir et a la prochaine

Virginia E. Welch
North Brunswick
New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps
Ginny

This chocolate-lover from "New Joisey" arrived at USNA with high hopes of a military career. It was obvious that she was a lifer on her first encounter with Y.P.'s, diesel fumes, and open water. Her charm to make lasting roommates and athletic prowess to conquer the mile and 0-course were only two of her many virtues. She quickly got involved in several extra-curricular activities such as Glee Club, the musical, and a certain three-striper — and not necessarily in that order. Ginny never (?) had academic problems, but she could usually be found in Nimitz or Rickover plebe year. Those nightly study sessions will always be the best. As an upperclass Systems major, her home became Maury and Ward — into the early morning hours (When else could you get a terminal?). Weekends would find Gin in nearby S.S. where she would visit her favorite Marine. When that wasn't possible, Gin would faithfully rely on the old pen and paper to keep up the correspondence (not to mention Ma Bell). It's been a hassle but has it been worth it? HECK YEAH! It might be RUFF, but Ginny and Dan know they'll make it a career — with each other that is. They thank the Lord for bringing them together, 1 Corinthians 13:4-13 for inspiration, and D. Fogelberg for their song: LONGER.

William C. Williston, Jr.
Birmingham
Alabama
Mechanical Engineering
Surface
Willy

Good old Tubby. If ya ever needed a favor, he was always there. You just had to go to the wardroom and ask him. He'd gladly stand your duty-just let him check out the T.V. guide first. And if you took his silver dollar, you could certainly borrow his car. Then there's football, Willy's true love. Even his faith comes in second to his sport. Whether J.V. or Batt, playing or coaching, Willy even knew more than Perry about the grid iron. You'd never know that Willy came from a family where ''hold the vator'' is a common saying, and Harvard degrees are taken for granted.

As for degrees, Willy has spent many a lonely night. He was a Mech E. surface line mighty fine, but at least he's a Mech E. Good luck Willy.
MES

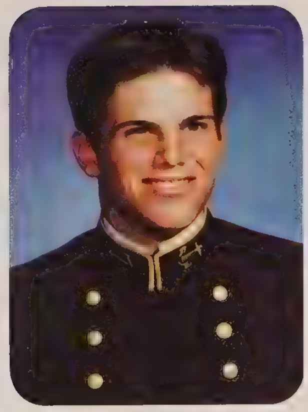
Steven M. Zotti
Belveiw
Nebraska
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps
Zot

It's not often one gets to meet a truely ''outstanding'' individual like Steve, but then, it depends on what one is being honored for. Steve's roots are in Belview, Nebraska, where as the local yokel he was a stand-out in wrestling, women, academics, women, social affairs, women, . . . (need I go on?). He quickly decided that he was one of the few, the proud, the deranged and found his home in Uncle Sam's misguided children. This morbid fixation with grunting, gunge, grime, and green, was to become a near fanatical religion for the Zot. When it was discovered that he was taking sips from the brasso bottle at NAPS, we knew he wasn't dealing with a full deck.

Steve's passions for abuse have become legend the 72 hour Zotti, ah how could we forget. Just wind him up, insert Lambrusco and ice-cream and look out. Or how about his masochistic tendency to lose weight, wrestle, and still stay up till 3 or 4 to write papers?

Always the one for a challenge, it was sometimes hard to find out just what was driving him. Was it the Zotti touch to which no girl was immune? Or did lifting all those weights and then sprinting a perimeter give Steve a sexual jolt. However one looks at it, Steve will always be known as a guy who put-out 100% all the time and still remained friends with his classmates. A born leader and a true bud in need, Steve leaves us to don his beloved green again. We wish you the best in everything good buddy. For us, we will ever be Semper Fidelis. L'chiam!

THIRTY-FIVE



Charles S. Anderson
Clifton
Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air
Andy

Scott found his way across country, surfboard in hand and MG under foot, leaving the gloomy beaches and older women of California far behind. Getting lost on the way, he somehow ended up at Navy. But Camp USNA did not deter Midn. Scott from laughing his way thru the place, starting with Shocks. Scott's marksmanship proved true as he hit the mark with Dottie (moving furniture for the Lt?) and a certain mayor's son in VA. Beach. Can't fight City Hall, Sweetheart. Our furless little friend also enjoyed displaying his intestinal fortitude on his loving roommates and certain females at Army. When he wasn't forgetting to put his head on in the morning, he was planning another wild and crazy afro tool party. No one knows where life will take Andy, but the American Airlines San Diego-Honolulu hop is definitely a part of it. We expect great things from a great guy. Good Luck!
BW

Joseph M. Bergen
Kennebunk
Maine
Marine Engineer
Nuclear Submarines
Berg

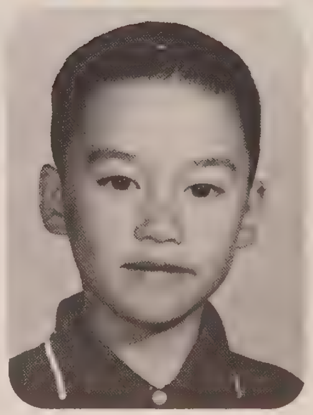
Joe rolled into Annapolis from K-Bunk with suns blazing away, asking if there were any vacancies on the JCS. After being meritoriously promoted to plebe summer squad leader by the Shocks, he soon discovered that the place wasn't so bad after all - especially if you sail on 'RIOT. Never one to back down on any issue, no matter which side he was on, Joe still helped us survive with plenty of Danish chow packages from his ONT (whatever that is). Joe always liked to travel, sometimes to extremes. Like the time he got a hop home from cruise and overshot Maine by half the North American continent. I hear Newfoundland is great in the summer. And who could forget the Mideast Princesses (both old and new).

Joe managed to get around a lot even here. When he wasn't off sailing or rugging, he always had something he was involved with. Like Coast Guard. The Academy, that is, where he spent a semester as resident Mid through the exchange program. There's only one way to describe our man from the tundra, and that's dedicated. Like the kind of guy who flew to Arkansas for two days just to help marry off our ex-roommate and old friend. Joe is definitely an all-weather friend who'll stick by you no matter what.

He'll be following in the steps of Hyman G. now, and he's bound to do well. Maybe then they'll give him his phone back. Joe, the race is on for the steak dinner - I like mine medium rare. Don't give up the BLUEBIRD II! Best of luck to a man with a future of whatever he wills.
DH

Robert J. Byrne, Jr.
Orange Park
Florida
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer
Bob

Mr. Byrne dropped into USNA from Orange Park, Florida. After a brief tour at the WOO POO Party School, Bob decided to party with NAVY. And what a party he had: AC Boards, Performance Boards, and Summer School all within six months. Majoring in skydiving, Bob was a natural as club president for two years. Aside from jumping out of "perfectly good airplanes", Bob beguiled us with his remarkable expertise with hot cars, fast women, and the USNA Confuser. His driving ability during 3rd class year was so intriguing even a couple of Firsties were amazed. Bob's endeavors with the opposite sex were equally as interesting— he had the uncanny ability of finding girls who would never reach the age of 21! Another claim to fame was Bob's ultimate defeat of the PDP 11, an accomplishment no other midshipman can boast of or would dare to. His natural talent with eraser and chalk will always be remembered from plebe summer, not to mention those inspiring old Army cadences. P-cola will be glad to see Bob, but will probably wonder how he arrived before the plane did. EAT, SLEEP, SKYDIVE!!!
E.F.S.



Rudolf R. C. Del Rosario
Carson
California
General Engineering
Surface
Rudy

FOREIGNER took the long road to the Boat School from L.A. via the Naval Academy PARTY School. He arrived here with high ambitions: E.E. & men's varsity volleyball, but soon had to settle for G.E. & starting position on the "Rock-Squad." In addition to being the company "Party-Animal", "Sleeper" was every prof's favorite. Academically, Rudy did very well. His philosophy of "Why study today that which you can procrastinate until the night before" carried him through to the end. The "Dancing-Machine" was the life of every party and could usually be found adding to the background scenery at dances unless some bold young lady drug him out on to the dance floor. His other claims to fame include his awesome penmanship and his great collection of posters. He still hasn't really decided between surface line and NFO (WHERE'S THE CHOICE ?), but I think he'll choose the right one. He's a great guy and a true friend and we all wish him "Blue Skies" and snowy slopes in the future.

Richard B. Haberstick
Kansas City
Missouri
Computer Science
Navy Air
Stick

Rick came riding out of the KCMO sunset sporting a perm. After being subjected to Tracy's Troopers, he turned in his blow dryer and curling iron for a comb- as did the rest of the founding fathers of the "PRETTY BOYS". Unlike his cohorts, Rick's amazing luck prevented him from collecting his well-earned BLACK N. The system, however, soon evened the score his Second Class year. You know what they say: "UNLUCKY AT CARDS, LUCKY IN LOVE". And that's just what STICK was. Rick's variety in women climaxed Senior year as he surpassed even his own imagination. TO-GA!!! Rick had an obsession with coolness which reached a zenith; "So what if my sunglasses cost more than my roommate's car . . . Keats has a pair!!" Rick's love for physical contact carried over to the sport field as he was an integral part of the Rugby Club and the 36th Lighweight Dynasty. Rick will be found unlike the other members of the MPO room . . . buzzing the beaches in search of . . . . .
A.S., S.A. & C.B.M.

James D. Hendricks
Augusta
Georgia
Mathematics
Nuclear Surface
Dano

Dan Hendricks comes to us from the peach state- Georgia. The past two years he has considered Augusta his hometown. I don't care if the Little River Band says "Augusta, GA is just no place to be", I say differently. After all, Augusta's, big hangout is a place called the electric cowboy. On Saturdays, they keep the place open as late as 11:30 at night— now that's a party town. Dan was quite an achiever here at USNA. He was the man responsible for the class of '83 getting their car loans. He proceeded to get us all Visa cards the following year, and we promptly went into debt. Dan was often saying, "Don't worry, Dr. Visa will make it all better". Our senior year he was BMOC as our class treasurer. He was always talking to big wheels in the finance world, and signing 20,000 dollar checks. I liked it because we got a phone in our room Dan "the man with the golden finger" Hendricks also had the honor of being the pistol team captain his senior year. Don't ever make this guy mad at you. Actually, Dan doesn't get very excited-unless your name is Bill Wilkins. Dan will be remembered for sending Iron Dwayne on the eternal search for Farrah's warmth. For those of you reading this years later, ask Dan about Georgetown on Halloween. He was a real swingin' guy, you know, just hangin' out. Dano made the big decision and joined Rickover's boys. I wish him the best of luck. If his children read this someday, then my theory about fission and sterility will be worthless. Good luck in the future— I can't wait until you buy "the island" so we can get away from it all. You will be a great friend for life. It's a pleasure to have met you and shared USNA with you.
M.S.

Karl R. Herzog
Placerville
California
Mechanical Engineering
Marine Corps
Zog

When Karl rode in from Hangtown, California, he thought he was joining the Navy. After the initial shock, he joined the ice pack and became known as "the Zog". As one of the shockley survivors, he joined the ranks of those Marines who served their time in hell. Plebe year saw him reconning for 36th company during Army week, but Zog was better known as the company resident mechanic and engineering instructor. Zog also became the ice pack's example of a coffee addict. He never had enough of this low-grade road tar, nor the insomnia it brought about. Somewhere along the line Zog became a bona-fide Marine— went to mountain warfare school and marine option cruise in K-bay. This Mech-E wants to party with the arty. It's no wonder he's the battery commander of the "death from a distance club"; you couldn't ask for a better forward observer.

If there's anything else to be said, "Zog knows all!". He may not be able to spell enginer, but he'll just say, "I still are one! OO-rah!!!". Zog, go out there and fire for effect. You've been a fine drinkin' buddy, and I'll share a whiskey chaser wi' ye any time!
A.P.M.

Scott R. Hiester
Robesonia
Pennsylvania
Naval Architecture
Marine Air
Scott

Every company has its resident "grunt" and 36th has Scott. Arriving at USNA from Robesonia, PA via a short tour at Villanova University, this mid decided early he'd stick it out and quickly spread out his roots in chapel choir, Glee club, and Semper Fidelis society. Not content with just token participation, he involved himself further as company guidon, president of chapel choir, and 2nd. Set Mike company commander. But life was not all play and no work for him. Not being able to totally forsake the Navy, Scott became a Naval Architect and disappeared into Rickover to play with his toy boat in tow tank and listen to Dr. B's stories. But he did surface each weekend to enjoy time out with the Glee club on tour, road trips in "das boot," or maybe even to crack a book.

Scott's fond memories include New England tour, singing at the Inagural Ball, Marine corps option cruise to Hawaii, and plebe summer with Mike company. The best memories, though, are those of his friends. From Zog-his roommate for life, through Tim, Kent, R.K., and the boys of 36th., to finally "Mer," the kid from Kansas, Scott's closest memories will forever be of his friends.

Good luck in the corps, buddy, you never lacked a sense of humor or warmth and we in 36th. never lacked shoo fly pie or chocolate chip cookies. Tell Mom thanks for the chow!
M.J.T.

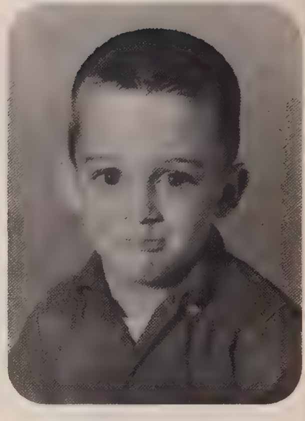
Daniel K. Horgan
Troy
New York
Political Science
Navy Air
Horgs

After a brilliant command at the Albany Nazi Academy, Dan arrived at the Naval Academy intellectually, morally, and physiologically older than most of his classmates. A close friendship with a certain balding firstie gave Dan all the inspiration he needed plebe year. When Youngster year started, Dan decided to take a 24-month leave of absence. That two years left a mark on Dan's emotions, as well as his stomach and endocrine system. After a brief flirtation with the $6000 career trap, Dan came to his senses and decided to go aviation. His family and social life makes us all anxious to see what happens to Lance after graduation. Regardless, he'll always be remembered as a true model model of neatness and organization. Over four years Dan has proven that a sense of humor, a good night sleep, and a neatly-combed head of hair are all a person needs to make it through this place. If he can stay awake long enough, Dan will continue to be an inspiration to all.
T.M.

Colin L. Kiser
Houston
Texas
History
Navy Air
Kise

Two years ago everyone was asking, "Who is this man?" Obviously, Colin passed the early days of his Naval Academy career in virtual obscurity and silence. On Rich's last day in Annapolis, however, the lingering effects of a date with a swedish beauty may have triggered the eel to come out of his shell. Also, during second class summer, a lesson in buffoonery really seemed to awaken the personality inside the man.

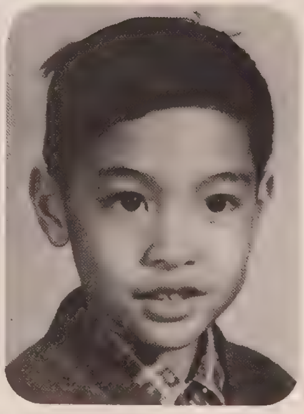
Provocative events presented themselves at the stadium parking lot one cold Saturday night and the new Kise rose to the occasion. During first class summer, Colin settled down as he had the dream cruise and the pleasure of being a part of the plebe summer detail. For Colin first class year was additionally marked by some financial difficulties which involved a car inspection and the "ungouging" of his Fiat. Though the Philo McGiffen gave hime some surface line inspiration, Colin will go to aviation. He will always be remembered especially by those who for so long did not know he was.
T.B.M.

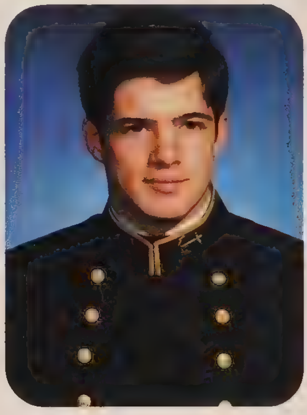


Alan P. Manglicmot
Virginia Beach
Virginia
Marine Engineer
Marine Corps
Mags

Who could ever forget the guy who started his cadences with "you can have your Army Khakies" during plebe summer. Yep, it was Al, that chief's kid from Virginia Beach, who acquired more nicknames because no one could ever pronounce his last name properly. Mags struggled for four years seeking out that CQPR that would send him to sea as a bubblehead and after many long nights and wasted weekends, he has seen the light. He's the only ex-submariner-to-be I know who shoots with the varsity rifle squad, not to mention pounding his cheek into the receiver of an M-14 rifle with the high power rifle team for two years of national competition. When he was not shooting he was showing his "spirit". He started by joining his classmates in their rape and pillage of the yard during plebe year army festivities, participated in operation Phoenix as a fin carrier, and serenading M/LT Maddog with the piano from Dahlgren at 0500 in the morning; who could forget the 83 hour count down to Army? As a disillusioned firstie, Al joined the "Death from a Distance club" and partied with the Arty. Next time Ronnie Lee steps in range, let there be water balloons!

Al, you salty sea dog, you shoot like a jarhead, but you have this thing for iron coffins. I hope you find a woman and have a fun filled 30 years in the corps.
K.R.H.





Timothy J. Maynard
Warwick
Rhode Island
Applied Science
Surface
"Nerd"

Tim came straight out of camp yawgoog, Rhode Island with aspirations of leading the Mickey Mouse club in a plot to overthrow the United States Government . . . plege summer: midshipman Fawth class Maynod, sir . . . Nerd ran track but his legs rotted, and they still rot as do other parts of his body . . . Youngster year: a conduct letterman at Syracuse where he was known to shed clothes . . . while Darth Vader attacked the bed, the screaming banchie attempted to wake Nerd, but to no avail . . . 2/c year: Caveman left, Tim mourned for a year . . . First class year: Nerd became an integral part of the Rugby club . . . he took part in the magic bus peace tour and hopes to spend some time afloat . . . roommates for life . . . watch out for the Maynard clan, he's still plotting.

James M. P. McHugh
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania
Resource Management
Supply Corps
Q

Yo, Q traveled to the Academy from MMA and has been in the forefront of things ever since. He has been willing to stick around on weekends, dining out at Denny's and introducing his father to the Hall have made him popular with the company officers. Jim was always timely to concerts, good at remembering people's names, and ready to help at anytime. Popular with all the girls in the surrounding colleges, he has made a name with them they will not soon forget. (Neither will the the guy at the gas station) As a resource manager Jim will be ready to handle the financial burden of his active social life. Astute purchases as the stupid mobile, Allison speakers, and Vuarnet sunglasses have caused him to only bounce six checks in less than a month.

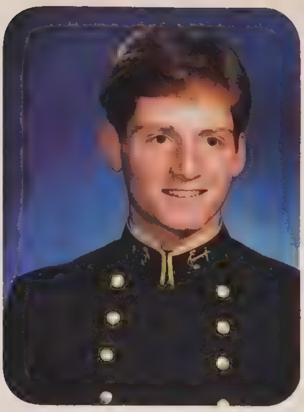
Jim has always been willing to help others out with almost any matter. he will be remembered by us for his wit and sense of humor have made life here easier and more enjoyable.
C.L.K.

Thomas B. Modly
Shaker Heights
Ohio
Political Science
Navy Air
"Modes"

It would be an understatement to say that Tom has altered both his professional and social outlook since July 7, 1979. Plebe and Youngster year we saw Tom as a disconsolate academian. As time passed on, and responsibilities grew Modes was to command the thirty-sixth company and the respect of all his contemporaries.

As for his social life, Tom's romances have been as interesting as they have been psychologically distressing. Fortunately the magic bus was able to provide some magic moments for extraordinarily trying times

But the magic bus is bold and all that "J.A.Z." isn't playing anymore. What lies ahead we cannot say, professorship at Georgetown, consultant to G.Q. or perhaps a career Naval Officer Nonetheless, we all have Tom's humor, wit, friendship, and wardrobe to remember him by We would wish him luck but for someone as gifted as he is, no luck is needed.



Charles B. Morgan
Dillwyn
Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Chicken-man

CG left his Virginia farm because he thought there was more to life than hogs and beer. He soon found Dahlgren to be just the same: hogs and beer! He eventually found his "dark corner" on the market!! Restriction found him in class "AA" condition, but the shrink pointed at another problem (I'm a guy?! I'm a girl?! I'm a guy?!). The Chicken-man enjoyed the restriction team so much he decided not to retire, sprinting away from the MOOW toward another Black N. With high intelligence and not-so-high motivation, BOGGS found Rickover much too far to walk and made Chauvenent his home. As a Second Class, CB could always be found "elbowing" his way back from Little Campus at "1828" on Wednesday afternoons. Of course, to CB every day was a Wednesday! The dork soon acquired a nickname, the Dork, when he plunged face-first into a foot of water!! He enjoyed being under water so much that he decided to make it a career. As company tailgate chairman, softball organizer and another member of the MPO(hair) room . . . CB hair . . . he always found himself in the middle of company activities, one of his favorite spots. By the way CB, we're sending the plans for that room of yours to your first sub!
A.S. & R H

J. Scott Purvis
Annapolis
Maryland
Applied Science
Nuclear Power
Scooter

Hails from Sherwood Forest Md , and then NAPS. Played soccer for four years, and was captain. His brother wears all his roommates underwear. And his family has confiscated the blue Naval Academy bed spreads. Scott was asked two rates plebe summer, got them both wrong and was made plebe year company commander. Youngster year . . . purvis, soccer. As Darth Vader he mutilated a bed with an oriole's bat, to the sound of L.A. woman. Second class year . . . purvis soccer . . . he also tested his first class car priviledges. First class year . . . purvis soccer. Abused his three striper libs, he commuted to USNA. Scooter will be a NVC (candidate). Pray for him, he has already blown his bonus. Roommates for life

Steve P. Recca
Modesto
California
Economics
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Maurice

As an honor graduate of Modesto Junior College majoring in towels, Reccendecker came to the academy after hearing about the trident scholar program. As a plebe, Steve was a model mid and received the honor of being called "Young Galanie". Tired of Canoe U., Steve paddled his way up the Hudson during second class year to spend a semester at West Point. He instantly became popular with the cadets by showing them the art of interior decorating with tents. It was Steve's dream to have both fast women and fast cars and since he could only have one no matter how hard he tried, he bought a porsche. After proving that "real men wreck cars", the mad italian went back to the trusty ford. Very few people know that Steve nearly failed his pre-commissioning physical Steve's hair waiver for pilot didn't come through, forcing him to assume the "macho" surface line image. But wait, I hear that he's a submariner. Despite a few MPU's and other instances, Steve became second regimental commander second semester, decided to give up his trident project, and devoted most of his time to chasing a fourth grade teacher or was it a fourth grader. We'll always remember 'Ho, 'Rado, the party animals. Steve is a true friend and we wish him the best.

Joseph W. Rixey
Alexandria
Virginia
General
Navy Air
Rix

Joe came to USNA via Alexandria, VA then NAPS. Trying to make it as an athlete, Joe quit football after one year and joined the Rugby Club where he lettered and rose to the rank of Vice President

Assisting Darth Vader, the Screaming Banchie shredded Nerds sheets. Rix led many explditions to Old Towne in search of game and rarely came back empty handed. However his taste in women was very erratic; pictures went from blotter to dart board in a matter of days.

Joe's life became easier when he realized that pounding the books was no fun and he decided to "Go General". Rix hopes to fly Navy after graduation.

Hal Shuman, eat some paste, roomates for life.

Mark C. Sagerholm
Rectortown
Virginia
Management, Applied Science
Marine Corps
Sags

Mark, a Navy junior, came to the Academy via the NAPS route. Due to his height, the tallest member of our class in our company, he marched in the front during the plebe summer scene and some of his NAPS experience showed through. Despite the efforts of the "Big Red" hungarian to step on his feet everytime a change of course was made (Big Red never did get over that) Mark survived with only a couple of bruises. Sorry Big Red, but it was your turn. Sags flew right into his academic studies. Although at times it seemed like he was flying in the opposite direction, Sags was able to maintain the grades for everyone's ultimate goal, graduation. Mark's romantic blessings surfaced during plebe summer as he had to be reprimanded for a special friendship, but wrongfully charged, right Mark, oh sure. But who can blame the Swedish prince. Many times women were simply drawn to his magnetism. Indeed, the tester made his mark on the social scene in Annapolis. A weekend venture to Marymount college finally served to tame the prince for the remainder of his reign at the Academy, the Swedish prince found his princess. After graduation, Mark won't be as free to undertake his favorite pastimes such as surfing, sleeping, and looking in the mirror. Carla has taken control of him now. With Mark planning on entering the M.C. it appears as though he may have to experience the traumas of a shaved head once again. Don't worry Sags, it only took eight months to grow back the first time. At any rate, we're all sure that this future mellow Marine will make his impact on the corps as he has on all of us the past four years, good luck as a married man.
C.S.A.

Alan R. Sauer
Chewelah
Washington
Mathematics
Nuclear Submarines
Large One

One of the few normal ones to hail from the WEIRD state, the LARGE ONE was a flyer from the first. But UVA took it's toll . . . his car . . . his VISA card . . . etc., proving too much for a pilots income. Those $3,000 checks are going to come in handy, right Al?! Never one to pass UP a game of cards, RISK or Backgammon, he always managed to pass OUT at ARMY, even with the Baltimore Bomber there!! Recruited for his unusually large vocal cords, Al soon became an asset on the Navy sidelines. To this day, the POTATO still hides the printing on his letter sweater. Oh, by the way Al, your little brother called! His football career ended with his knee Third Class year, but a diehard to the end, he refereed and even coached the 6th Batt football team to its only winning season in recent history. With his common sense and BLAZING speed, BIG AL, yet another member of the MPO room, will make friends under water as easily as he did here.
RBH, CBM

Christian D. Snell
Port Angeles
Washington
History
Surface
Chris

THE PILLSBURY DOUGHBOY rolled in from north-state Washington on a cargo freighter. After plebe year, in which he never had an opinion, Chris quickly assumed a leading roll in the varsity dice throwing squad. When he wasn't demonstrating his obstacle negotiating abilities, Mrs. Jackson was trying to tuck his self-tucking shirt. His other notable accomplishments are spending hours talking to his microphone, playing "mother hen" to his roommates, and devoting his weekends totally to his one and only (emphasize the only) attraction in life, WAR GAMING!!!! But seriously folks, Chris has seen his classmates through some pretty tight situations. There was more than one occasion in which he took someone's watch to either save them from being burned or to allow them to spend the weekend with a favorite girlfriend Chris has been a faithful friend to those who have known him well, and his sacrifices will always be remembered by all. Upon his graduation, the MSA will mourn the passing of the "BIGGEST" member it has ever had. Pensacola is ready for Chris . . . . they just christened a new plane for him to fly in . . . . a C141 with the navigator's station moved into the cargo area
A.M.T.

Mark L. Stone
Fort Walton Beach
Florida
Applied Science
Navy Air
Stoner

Mark came to us from the sunny beaches of Florida in search of gold wings and immediately turned the place into Stone's School of Humor. "Never a dull moment" was Mark's motto as he became involved in everything he possibly could be: wrestling, company lights, jumping out of safe airplanes . . . . the list goes on and on. Stoner insisted at times that he was too cynical, but that was far from the truth. Usually known as the mild-mannered company commander with a flair for drill by day, after hours were a different matter. No party would ever be complete without him. The man without a mailbox never dreamed that one night he'd be shipwrecked this far inland, but he managed to slither away, complete with parrot. Cynical? No way, not this guy! Whenever things got tough he was always there, overflowing with enthusiasm (like in the fountain?). Stoner and his bird legs could add just a spark of craziness to a normally dull day that could only be contagious to those around him. Speaking of things contagious .

Mark keeps telling his mother that he's going Corps in hopes that she'll actually be relieved when he finally tells her that he is really going to fly. After leaving here, Stoner plans to take his blankets back to the sandy beaches of Florida for some flight school training on the side. His lady will most likely keep him in line, though. Maybe someday he'll teach her how to spell her name, or at least delegate the job to someone else.

Mark, it's been a sincere pleasure knowing you, just as it will be in the many years to come. Someday we'll finally find the island for real. Until then, keep a smile on your forehead and remember - if they can't take a joke . . .
D.H

Aaron M. Rouska
Aberdeen
Washington
Computer Science
Surface
Crazy Aaron

Crazy Aaron came from back of the woods Aberdeen, Washington, not that he is a hick, but . . . . Aaron came to USNA a man looking for adventure; Aaron is leaving as a child looking for a job. It was a miracle from Mohamed that he survived the Iranian hostage crisis in one piece, considering the future Marines in the company. Aaron was glad too Youngster year when his girlfriend could finally drive him around Annapolis. Aaron was also a believer in reciprocal study and sleep hours, much to the grief of his roommates. There was also the computer, his true love and his major, a true love-hate relationship. But Aaron is and has always been there to help a friend in need. He has shown great patience by living with the same person for all four years here. The memories have been endless and great. Good luck Aaron where ever you go
C.D.S

Mary J. Thompson
Prairie Village
Kansas
Oceanography
Geophyics
Mare

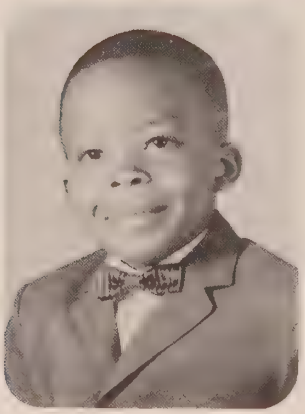
Mary Jane, M.J., Mare, or Mer, whatever name she was known by, it all means the same down deep-inside faith in God that shown out on everyone in smile in even the worst of times. Mary shared out, like the rest of us, sweating everything as a plebe, joining in on army recon raids (who else would wait and keep the doors open so the guys could scoot back after a successful mission), and having a blast once Herndon was over. 3/c year brought problems with M.J's knees, who had been a women's crew jock up till this point. Double operations on both knees kept her hobbling along for a while, but God's grace and her faith brought her through After 2 years of physical therapy with the varsity swim team, she decided to join the team Mary's weekends are a mystery, she found herself a boyfriend, and disappeared. But when he gives you a T-Bird for your birthday, you don't just sit around, but that's Mer for ya', she never is one to let moss grow. The future hopefully holds a position in Navy Geophysics for this Kansas City Kitty. Success and God's blessings, Mer!
S.R.H

Nancy S. Thompson
Plantation
Florida
General Engineering
Navy Air
Nance

Hailing from the sunshine state, Nancy always had a smile on her face and a sparkle in her eyes. Her warm personality and big heart were expressed through the many deeds she did to pull people out of trouble. Her great great sense of humor and ability to make people smile in the midst of a "crisis" kept many of us from losing our minds (one especially, thanks.) Interested in fieldgoals, Nancy was a dedicated observer of football practices but aren't "tight ends" the greatest? Besides, there was no better friend than The General. Right Nance? Hopefully, she will long remember our late night complaining sessions . . watching navy highlights . . . mysterious late night calls from BP . . . am visits from her favorite marine . . . grams fudge-what great timing . . . Green alerts at Joe's . . . bagel runs-second class doldrums were never like this! . . weekend juggling acts- what a circus this place is . . . batt staff excursions for ice water at the afterdeck . . . capt. k. . . . the road trip to New York for the "Little Guy" . . . out-of-control at the Irish Pub . . . plebe detail and of course, all the crazy individuals who made this place bearable for her. We all feel lucky to have known her and to have shared "a most excellent" time with her. The coy woman will check out with our best wishes and luck for her future endeavors. You'rs the best, Nance, stay that way!
Fly Navy!!

William S. Wilkins
Shelby
North Carolina
Applied Science
Navy Air

Bill was cruising up the coast one day from "Shells", N.C. in his Olds and decided to check out the Navy Yact club. After two years as a big boat sailor, he gave it up to become a part of the 36th fieldball dynasty and the almighty six pack award. Bill's continuous determination for that 3.4, although never quite achieved, was a constant source of inspiration (and amusement) for all. "I know." His financial wizardry guarantees us all (we're sure) we'll know a millionaire before we're thirty. How about leaving the finances to the Mrs. And we can't forget about all those weekends in Frederick—have sword, will travel. But then Bill's never been tied down to just one. Oh, and and we can't forget-"how 'bout them heals." Good luck Wilks.
S.A.



Kenneth Wilson
Cincinnati
Ohio
Operations Analysis
Surface
Legbone

Legbone came to USNA via the boost program. He stayed at USNA for four years. It was a challenge which he overcame. After serving his sentence, he left.
K.W.

NITTY GRITTY DIRT COMPANY

Schweppes
Schweppes

The *1983 Lucky Bag* would like to join all the families and friends in congratulating the Class of 1983 for a job well done!

We love you from Uncle Bob, Alberta.

Congratulations from Grandma Lizz.

Way to go Brinnie-we are proud-turn out the light on the way out-D&J.

Best wishes Jeff The Westfall's.

Congratulations Doug be happy and keep smiling love Uncle Joe, Aunt Lena and Mike.

Congratulations Scott and Spot! You both made it! Love you! From Mom, Dad, and Fred.

Adversity Builds Character!!

You done good guys, love ya Joann

Congrats' Doug, Randy & Malc, good luck, love Lori.

Best wishes and congratulations Class of '83. The Northern.

Illinois Naval Academy Parents Club salutes all of you.

Congratulations Joe! My pride and love are forever and a day! Gloria.

Chip, we're proud of you for making it through four tough years! Good luck in flight school and your future. Love John, Lynn and Christy.

1ST COMPANY

Congratulations and love to Jeff from Grandpa and Grandma Gordon.

Congratulations Brian Dunleavy Co1 you said you would do it. Great! We are very proud of you. Love from Mom, Dad, Jackie and Kevin.

Congratulations Bob Chastanet, 1st Co., for a job well done. We are proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Cathy and Terry.

Paul K. Heim III Co. 1 '83 Aunt Kitty's favorite Co. Commander.

To the Admiral, Love Auntie.

Congratulations to Brian Hodges we are proud of you! Our love and prayers go with you Mom, Doug, Jena, Nana and Papa.

"Smooth Sailing" Class of 1983! From the family of Keith Phillips 1st Co. We love you, Keith. From Kent, Kevin and Lynn, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Jeff Gordon 1st Co. with love, pride Mom, Dad, Brian, Andy.

Good luck to fun one Class of 83 & Army-Navy Tailgaters! The Gordons.

2nd Lt. Kirk Hymes USMC and "Fun One" thank you for sharing your experience. May our Lord continue to guide your way. "Semper Fidelis" love, 2nd Lt. Craig, Paula, Ann, Mother and Dad Hymes.

Congratulations Paul K. Heim, you add joy to living very proud to be your Grandmother love you. Granny.

Proudest of parents wish our son Paul K. Heim II Godspeed, happiness & success may you experience the joy you have given us congratulations Paul, your friends in Co. one & Class of '83 with love Mom, Dad, Mary, Beth, Paula, Alicia & Phil.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 and love to John Houfek from Mom and Dad and the family.

Congratulations!! The Class of 2083 will still be trying to achieve your standards of excellence!! From the family of Mark Gorenflo.

Well done Jeff Gordon Co. 1 and the Class of 83. We're bursting with pride. Love to Jeff from Aunt Linny, and Nanny and their families.

2ND COMPANY

Good luck to the Class of 83. To Chip Walter-2nd Co. Wherever you go whatever you do, we will always be as proud of you as we are today!! Love ya Mom & Dad.

Congratulations to 2nd Lieutenant John D. Dace and the men of 2nd Co. Our Great Appreciation to Commander John Aronen, Coach Bob Bayliss and their families your continued committment to excellence will ensure success in all your endeavors. We say a hearty well done and God speed. Love Mom, Dad, Doug and Grandparents.

Congratulations, Piro. We love you and we are very proud of you. Linda, Mom and Dad.

Best wishes to the class of '83 from the family of Walter T. Molano we love you and are very proud of you, Dad, Mom and family.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" that you have done Drew and we are proud of you. Mom, Dad, David.

Congratulations to Neal and the Class of 83 from the proud family of Neal Davidson 2nd Co. Love from Sherry, Ralph, Robert, Mom, Muz, Grande.

Congratulations Mike Simmons 02 83 Frederic R. Simmons MD, Dad, Vera C. Simmons RN, Mom.

Congratulations Tyrone Thames and Class of 83 may God bless you and be with you in the future love you Mom, Dad, Tony, Donna, Joey, and Shell, Grandma Katie and Elizabeth.

Good luck to the Class of 1983 and especially to the naughty nine of the second company. Love and best wishes from the Major and Spouse.

3RD COMPANY

Congratulations Ens. Lisa Thompson our pride in you is surpassed only by our love. May God be your copilot! Mom, Dad, Tricia, Doug.

Congratulations Mark G. Schaefer. We knew you could—we knew you would!! We love you! Your Family.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Greg Olson 3rd Co. we love you Greg and are so proud of you! Dad, Mom, Jeff, Laura.

Dedication ambition valor empathy all these things are our Dave. With great admiration and respect to Dave Radi and the Thirsty Third love, Mom, Dad, Julianne, and Marc.

Congratulations Dwight Jenkins! May the good Lord continue to bless you. Love, Mother, Dad and Don.

Congratulations Friz: if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing shall be impossible unto you. Love, Mom, Dad and Mike.

Smooth sailing and following seas to all the Class of eighty-three. Congratulations from the family of Larry Vonier, Third Company. We love you Larry, from Chris, Ninette, Mom and Dad.

With great love and pride, we congratulate Mark A. Wilson 3rd Co. happiness always from your family.

Congratulations Class of 83 from the family of Bill Lietzau. We love you, Bill. "Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well." Matthew 6:33.

To the Class of 83 wherever you go whatever you do, may God be your supreme commander. God bless you all from the family of Francis Halliwell 3rd Co.

With great pride, love and admiration: congratulation Darryl Lakins, and 3rd Co. God bless and continued success. Love Mom, Dad, Dana, Mitea, Michelle, and Nana.

Congratulations Ann, we are very proud of your accomplishments. We wish you continued success as you begin a new phase in your career. We love you. The Furtner Family.

"Audacity" "Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat!" Carry on Ensign Jay Thomas Pandya-may God be with you always-love Mom, Dad, Dina and Suni.

4TH COMPANY

Congratulations to the 4th of '83! To Duane who shared with you and with us—You brought us joy and pride. With God as your co-pilot, may your skyways be pleasant and your horizons afar. Nestors-Dad, Mom, Bryan, Brent.

Our best to Class of 83 and 4th CO congratulations Kevin Scott Zumbar well done sone! God bless you. Love you proud Mom and Dad.

For all that you were all that you are and for what you have become Ensign Joseph G. Schoppy, Jr. we love and congratulate you Dad and Mom.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mike Thurman 04 Co. Fly like a hippo Mike! To all fair wind and following seas love Mom, Dad, Teri and Paul.

Congratulations to Elliott Peterson may you soar like an eagle love from Mom, Dad, Nana, Alana, Maureen and Nicole.

Congratulations Matt Green USMC on a job well done for yourself and for us. We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Tom, and Glenn.

5TH COMPANY

Keep your rudder straight and your bilges clean; keep your eyes on that distant star. May swift winds always blow aft of your sails, and love follow wherever you are. Congratulations, Arch! Mom, Warren, Duncan, Court and Grandma Rybak.

To our son Joe, whom we are extremely proud. We wish you much success in your naval career as you are "underway on nuclear power" we love you. From Mom, Dad, Sis.

You can tell where the lamp lighter was by the trail he left behind. Sincere congratulation to a special person, Robert C. Martin. The Gibson Family.

We love you Robert The Prestons.

Love and God bless, the Class of 83 from Virgie, Myra, Bev, Plus Four, the proud family of Robert C. Martin, 5th Co. love Mom and Dad.

Love and best wishes, to a wonderful person Robert Martin from Mildred and Mac.

Good luck Robert Martin The Browns

Well done 83 the first step up the ladder is complete best wishes for an easy climb the rest of the way, be patient one step at a time. From the parents of Pat Ellis 5th Co. We love you Pat. Dad and Mom.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 Rowena, Pete and Vic. From the family of Vic G. Mercado 5th Co. Love Kristin, Erwin, Elsie, Helen, Mom and Dad-Mabuhay! God bless and Godspeed.

To Mike Philbrook & classmates Fair winds and a following sea Mom-Dad-Gram-Nana-Roy-Rob-Steve Judy-Dallas-Ryan-Katie- & many friends & relations world-wide.

Your success on graduating from the Academy makes us very proud. Good Luck to you and your classmates in your future naval careers we love you, Mom, Dad, Tom, Debbie-Doo, and Grammie. From the family of Dave Gwilliam.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 with our best wishes for continued success. The Rich Wehman Family.

6TH COMPANY

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '83 from the proud family of Joseph Tofalo, 6th Co.

Our love and good wishes to Chris St.

George and the 6th Co. love, from Momma Dude, Poppa Dude, Sister Dudes and Brother Dudes.

God bless you, dear John, - all our love - Mom, Dad, David, Eric, Frank, and Lynnie Stagle, and good luck to '83.

"Wars may be fought with weapons, but they are won by men. It is the spirit of the men who follow and of the man who leads that gains the victory." (Patton). May the deep seas keep you safe always, Charles. You are the finest son a family could ever have. All the Piersall's are proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad and Michele.

Timothy S. Thomson - from start to finish we have been proud of you. Congratulations on a job very well done! We love you Tim. Mom and Dad.

God bless the Class of '83 with smooth sailing! From the family of Dan Krall 6 Co. Love from all of us, Dan, Linda, Judi, John, Mom & Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Darrell Page 6th Co. We love you, Darrell! From Mom and Dad, Janice, Reunett, John and Janet, too.

Good luck "83" from the family of John Krepps 6th Co. Love Mom & Dad.

Congratulations Andy, 6th Company, and the Class of 83, may God bless and guide you with love and pride Mom, Dad, Cathy, and

Good luck and best wishes to the Class of 83 from the family of David Kelley 6th Co. Love ya Dave! From Don, Shari, Mom and Dad.

Plebe Pleaser Prouder Prize! Inept Intense Instill Ideal! Grope Grapple Gentile Great! Fantastic, Kurk! Love, your family.

7TH COMPANY

Hooray for Nick Filippone 7th Co. from Sue, Sarge, Mom and Dad.

Class of 83-Good fortune, may God protect. Family of Brian Corcoran.

Cheers to 7th Co. and great 83's from Family of HL Tillman the best no cross, no crown! Love Mom.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Woolley JL to our boys from NAPS 7th Co. Hank it's just so awesom love Dad, Mom.

Congratulations 2dLt. Mark Powell, USMC, the entire 7th Co. and Class of 83. We love you. The Powells.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of James Andre and 7th Co. We love you, Jim! From Uncle Bill, Aunt Kathleen, Mary, Bob, Carolynn, Maureen, Jeanmarie, Tom, Larry, Denise, Little Larry, Carol-Ann, Aunt Mary, Nanny Kinee, Uncle Red, Auntie Ann, and Mom.

Bear hugs 7th Co. love The Rupps.

We congratulate the Class of 83 from the family of Robert Fields 7th Co. How proud we are of you! Love Mom, Dave and all the family.

Patriotism, honor, and academic achievement commands congratulations to the class of 83 and Mark J. Hellstern 7th Co. Love from Dad, Mom, and Paul Jr., and Ken.

Congratulations to our son Jessy C. Gogue and also to the Class of 83 from the family of Gogue James and families Francis and families Benny, Cathyann, Lisa, Elaine and Kimberly your relative and friends and the people of Guam is proud of you. Love Mom and Dad Gogue.

Congratulations and best wishes to Matt Gubenski 7th Co. for a great future. Szczescia zawsze!! Uncle Al, Aunt Mary and Zuzia.

Matt Gubenski, 7th Co.—Congrats, Bear, and luv from Dad, Mom, Steve and Lin. The Chicago Sheas say luv and happy flying! Both Babcils and Leon, Vic and Johnny say "Sto Lat."

With fondest memories because of you, we saw the academy as few people do.—Congratulations-best wishes too. May Polaris guide you, Matt-Love Uncle Bill & Cicocia Anne.

Congratulations-Ensign Michael M. Krechel of Co. 7. We knew all along you could make it. Thanks, Mike, for being such a wonderful son. All our love and prayers, Mom, Dad, Steve.

8TH COMPANY

All our love and congratulations to Thomas Dacey 8th Co. We are so very, very proud of you! Our prayers are with you wherever the Navy takes you. Tom, call home! Love always, Mom, Dad, Donald, Susan, John and Maryanne and all your relatives and friends who love you too.

Our prayers and best wishes to the Class of 83 from the family of Tim Shindelar 8th Co. You did it son! We love you! Dad, Mom, Janet, Marilyn, and Aimee.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Adolph Scissum 8th Co. We salute the U.S. Marines.

Congratulations to a very special brother-Greg Lester of 8th Co. We will miss you love Laura and Jeff.

With tremendous love and pride we salute Greg Lester and his friends in 8th Co. our love Mom and Dad.

With love & pride we congratulate John Holland USMC. May God be your co-pilot Mom, Dad, & Tootie.

Love you, John John! Nana & Pappy.

Congratulations Ensign Kim E. Williams 8th Co. and to the Class of 83 love ya Mom, Dad and Ricky.

9TH COMPANY

Congratulations Paul for a job well done. We knew you could do it. We are very proud of you. We wish you all the best in your future and your career. Love Mom, Dad, Bob and Mike. The Vujica Family.

Job well done! Congratulations Class of 83 9th Co. we will not forget you Joe Boddiford family with love, pride we congratulate Joe, Love, Anne, John, Dad, Mother.

Congratulations Class of 83 from the family of Francis C. Lukenbill 9th Co. We love you, Charlie! Mom, Dad, Curt and the girls.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Edward Feege 9th Co. Our love Ed! Mom, Dad, and Bo.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of John Marana Jr. 9th Co. we love you, John! From Mom and Dad, George, Cora, Manuel, Mari-tes and Joesph, Ramirez, Merian, Boni, Chris and Nick, Nancy, Jeff and Lisa Mesia.

To congratulate you on your graduation and to wish you success and happiness throughout the future we love you, David! From the family of David Eguchi Class of 83 9th Co.

Congratulations to the ninth, all of '83 . . and to you, our dear son, Chris, and brother "Big-A-Lip". We are so proud! May the wind always be at your back as you said thru life's adventures. God bless you. Mom, Dad, John, Liz, Elke and Puff.

May God bless you Mike with a long exciting and successful career in the Navy we are very happy for you and very proud we love you Mom, Dad, John, Geoffrey and Leslie Keating.

10TH COMPANY

Ensign RJ Rusnak - congratulations God be with you. We are very proud of you. Thank you for being the son you are. Our prayers and love are with you always. Mom, Dad, Kent.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Timothy Casey 10th Co. we love you, Tim! From Chris, Bill, Ellen, Carol, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to 10th Co. Class of 83 from family of Paul Marshall we love you. Dad, Mom and Alan.

'Vettes and jets - nowhere but Navy air! Congratulations to Michael L. Mahan, Company 10. May your career encounter only severe VFR-CAVU. We're proud of you, son. With best wishes and a sigh of relief from the Aardvarks.

Ensign David Groff. We are so very proud of you. Your dream has become a reality. Continue to dream. Much love K.U.B., A.I., and Munchkin.

Dave Groff, our pride in your achievement is surpassed only by our love for you. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Brian Posey 10th Co. God bless you, Brian. You are loved very much. Sherri, Chris, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Carlson 10th Co. We love you, God bless you, Mark, Dad, Mom, Linda, and Julie.

With great pride and lots of love, we congratulate you Blake Welling. 10th Co. Good luck always from: Mom, Dad, Craig, Carter, Judith, Anne, Terri, Jim, Jill, and Adam.

Congratulations to Scott Baer Co 10 for a job well done—good luck Dad Mom Heid Holly.

11TH COMPANY

Congratulations to Mdn. David Barland and the Class of 83 from Mom, Dad and Karen. We are very proud of you and love you dearly.

Mark-Mimi Radice: I am very proud-love you two very much. Dad-Family

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Rohrbach.

Hey 67-68-69: Jojo sez "Let's do it again!" to the faithful 60-Bers: "See y'all!" Bob & HM.

Congratulations, Class of 83!! From family of Jack Reynolds 11th Co. we love you Jack! From, Mom, Dad, Sally, & Ned.

Congratulations & God bless Ensign Paul Becker, 11 Co. & Class of '83. Dear Paul, Hope you enjoy smooth sailing for the next 100 years. You've sure had your share of choppy waters during the first 21. Wherever in the world you may be; with you will be our thoughts and prayers. With love & great pride, your Mom, Dad, brothers & Grandma.

Congratulations to Craig McDonald, 11th Co. from his proud family. We knew you could do it! Good luck in the Marine Corps! Love, Mom & Dad.

Well done, Ed Takesuye, 11th Co., friends and Class of '83! We love you, Ed! Mom, Dad, Brian, and Rob.

Anchors aweigh 83! Congrats Jay & 11th Co. grads. Keep a happy heart. God bless. Dad, Mom, John, Barbi, Lauri, Bob, Grandma Rose, Sammy.

Well done Bruce D. Wehner we are very proud of you and the Class of 83 love Dad and Paul.

Mike congratulations-you made it. We knew it was a back-breaker!!! From Tom, Bubba, Misty, Mom, Pop and succasunna's finest.

12TH COMPANY

Congratulations Class of '83 from the family of J. M. Emery 12th Co. We love you Mike you always make us proud! Mom, Dad, Joel, Elizabeth.

Congratulations Thomas M. Edwards 12th Co. and the Class of "83" . . . "Fair winds and following seas." We love you, Tom! Mom, Dad, Cathy and Jim.

Best wishes class of 83 from the family of Bill Dobbratz, 12th Co. You did it, Bill! Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Tom Tarquinio-we love you and are proud of you! Mom, Dad, Tracy & Terri.

With love, pride and joy congratulations to Donald Craig Hinderliter, The Judo Club and 12th Co. May your majectic nuclear mistress keep you safe beneath the sea. Love Dad.

Congratulations Class of 83 you did it so well! We are very proud of you. Your persistence and determination is your best gift to yourself we love you so much Ruben the family of Ruben T. Torres 12 Co.

13TH COMPANY

Lee Steven Young 13th Company oh how proud we are of you - you set your goals high and have achieved! Now go earn those "Gold Dolphins"! Much love and the best for you always, all ways. Your Dad and Mom.

Congratulations to Ensign David J. Phaneuf from your proud family. We love you!

Congratulations and best wishes to Jane Ward and the Class of 1983. Jane, we are proud of you and your marvelous accomplishments. With love, Mom, Dad, John and Carol.

Congratulations and smooth sailing

Dave and 13th Co. You've made it! We're proud! Return visits to farm welcome anytime. All the Yoders.

Class of 83: Congratulations and best wishes. From the family of Dana Weiner 13th Co. Ray, Dorcas, Mark, Daryl, Paul, Herrie, & Rick.

Congratulations to Cheryl Dolyniuk for your super achievements and best wishes to the wonderful class of 1983. Proudly - The Dolyniuks.

14TH COMPANY

To '83 - May all your missions be peaceful - Congratulations from Bret Scales 14th Co. proud family.

Congratulations to Keith B. Wauters. Your accomplishment is only exceeded by the pride we have in you for having done it. We respect and love you very much. Dad, Mom, Cheryl, Mark and Todd.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Bill Larson. You have never given less than your best - we love you, Bill! Mom, Dad, Cathy, Charlie and Teri.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Tim Kraft. Had I designed my own child I would have expected less. Thank you for being my son. Love, Mom.

Congratulations to 2nd Lt. T. Kraft from Dad, Steven and Megan.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Richard Jentoft 14th Co. we are very proud of you, Dick! Love, Mom, Dad and Heidi.

14th Co. congratulations and smooth sailing to our favorite mids. Mr. and Mrs. Ford.

To my mid Mikey - I knew you had the "Right Stuff" Love Kelly.

Congratulations Ens. Mike Ray our officer and gentleman "We dreamed a dream, You made it come true!" We love you, Mom and David.

Many thanks USNA and Navy hockey for great memories-congratulations and God speed to the 14th company, our son Jim F. Guiliano, and Class of '83. With courage and skill, perserverance and will, y' made it through-hats off to you your proud, loving family-DMBJJJJ.

Katie Podolak, 15th Co. congratulations!!! We made it!!! Love Mom, Dad, Sue and John.

To Rich Taylor, the 15th Co. and the Class of '83. Congratulations to all. Good sailing whether on, above or beneath. Richie, we are very proud of you and all you have done. Now you are prepared to find the tunnel. Shoot for the stars and may God be with you always. Love Mom, Dad and Greg.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Larry Ruggiero 15th Co. We love you, Larry! From Jim, Dan, Sue, Mom and Dad and Pa. Best wishes from Justin Electrical Inc. and Simba.

Smooth sailing and happy landings to Jane and her friend Wes. Thanks for the fun times you shared with us these four years. Love, The Folks.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Eric K. Jackson 15th Co. We are proud of you, Eric. From Clif, Revell, Fred, Marie, Paul, Lillian.

Best wishes and congradulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Yolanda "Yo" Williams. 15th Co. We love you Yolanda! From Rowana, Mom and Dad. "Go Navy."

Our love and admiration to our son William Tyree 3rd 15th Co. God bless you remember Pro. 3 56. Love Dad, Mom, Linda and Sabrina. Go Navy.

Love & kisses to HBS - 83 from BB & K Big Kids - Little Kids.

When the going gets tough, the tough get going! Congratulations to the Class of 1983, 15th Co., and most especially to Tom. Love, the Baileys-Dad, Mom, Steve, and Susan.

16TH COMPANY

Congrats '83 grads! Especially the sweet 16'ers! - Alison - We are so proud! Bob and Dene McCrary and Sue.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Jim Depp 16th Co. our thanks to his sponsor and all of the staff of the Naval Academy, Jim, we are proud of and love you! From Linda, Bob, Russ, Mom and Dad and Beauregard.

Our prayer for Ensign Alan Grace 16th Co. and the Class of 1983 . . . . . Dear God, be good to me; . . . . . the sea is so wide, ... and my boat is so small . . . . . Hugs-Mom, Dad, Anne & Laurel Grace.

Burnsley, thanks for always being there. Shaka Brudda! Good luck and we love you. Ha & How.

Briney-you can do anything. I'm so proud. Keep it fun, exhilarating, spontaneous; the magic lies in the journey as you know so well. I love you Brozier. Willy.

The family of James L. Sherrard 16th Company, congradulates the Class of 83 happy flying Jamie, love Dad, Mother and Beth.

Smooth sailing to the Class of 83 from Briand Greer and his family.

From Mom to Briand Greer 16th Co. you're one in a million the tops! So very proud of you today and always

To: Bob Festa - well done son! Good luck and love to you Bob and friends of the "16"th! Family.

Congratulations 83 the best to all especially the 16th Co. who gave us good times and many fond memories Brad Robinson's family and friends.

Congratulations Briand Greer 16th Co. proud of you love Lala and Dick.

17TH COMPANY

Congratulations Ensign Bruce Koivu the 17th Co. & the Class of 83 well done! Love from Mom & Dad.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Bryan V. Riegel-Dress blues, tennis shoes, and a light coat of oil. We love you. Mom, Dad, Julie and Susan.

We love you Terry and are all so proud of you. Mom, Dad and Family.

Congratulations to Willie, Gordon, Jim, Allison, Gina and Scott. We love you all! Mom and Dad Keith.

Congratulations Derek Rydholm, 17th Co. Thanks for a dream come true. We knew you could do it! Blue skies always as you fly Navy. With pride and love always, your family, Mom, Dad, Scott, and Mitch.

Best wishes to the Class of 1983 from the family of Robert Campbell 17th Co. We love you, Bob! From Archie, Mary Lou, Mom and Dad.

Ensign Chris Pietras you made us very proud Mom and Dad.

Best wishes to all-the Baldocchis.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Johnston 17th Co. We are proud of you Mark. Love Mom, Dad, Kevin, Grandma.

Way to go Sean and the 17th Co. Never give up and best of luck! Love from Lt. Bill, Lt. Sherrie, Kat, Bets, Peg, Mike, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and Gods blessings to the Class of 83 from the family of Stephen Jackson 17th Co. Keep the faith Stephen we love you from the family at 205.

Congratulations to the Class of 83. We're glad to have you working with us. From the family of Willie McCool, 17th Co.

18TH COMPANY

What a great four years it has been from mean to serene - - - sail on, Company Eighteen! AJG.

Bernard and Aretta Gillespie congratulate Jeremy Ward Gillespie and the Class of 1983. May you all continue to grow in wisdom and skill, courage and confidence, and grace and goodness as you serve your country. May you always know that you will not sail the seas, fly the skies, or go anywhere beyond God's love and care.

Congratulations to the Class of 1983 from the family of Reginald Waye Company Eighteen. May the divine spirit guide your every decision. From those who care.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 may God bless and keep you all as you journey thru life. Bill, we all love you very much. Mom, Dad and Gang.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from family of Michael C. Dellatto 18th Co. We love you, Mike from Pat, Val, Mom, Dad, Gramp, Grandmas.

To our son Bob Hennelly, with heartfelt pride we salute you. Congratulations love Mom and Dad.

Best wishes 83 from Pat Roach's family on Long Island. Well done Patrick! Love from the Roach Boys and Ma.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 the best is yet to come - We love you Lee. Wanda and Larry Gill.

Congratulations to our son George Miksch and his comrades of the 18th Co. and the entire Class of 83. We love you! Mom, Dad, Vlasta.

Mid. George Miksch 18th Co. proud and honored I am to say he's my nephew! God bless you! Uncle George.

Miksch's buddies-18th Co.-I salute you-with boglet in hand I toast you! Resnick-keep it under 55! You hear now! Well done! Uncle George.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Rey Convento we love you Rey! You made us all happy Mom, Dad, Ruland, Rose, Rowena, You have set a good example to the Filipino youth in Duncanville. We are proud of you Rey-the Sunio's. Job well done Rey love from Uncle Lito, Aunt Eva, Karen, Eric, Marivic.

Congratulations to Kenneth A. James 18th Co. and the Class of 83 Assemblyman Vincent A. Marchiselli and Mrs. Marchiselli.

Best wishes to Nephew, Kenneth A. James, 18th co., Edith Miller.

Best wishes to our friend, Kenneth A. James, 18th Co., from Leonard, Erma, Lennie and Lawrence Moore.

Best wishes to Class of 83 and to Kenneth A. James, 18th Co., from Macy and Cora Wright and family.

Best wishes to Kenneth James 18th Co., With love from Alma and Betty.

Best wishes to Class of 83 and to brother, Kenneth A. James, 18th Co., George and Natalie Taliaferro.

Best wishes to brother and uncle, Kenneth A. James 18th Co., with love from Monica and Nona James.

Wishing much success to Class of 83 and to our son and grandson, Kenneth A. James 18th Co., with love from Mom and Grandmother Callie.

19TH COMPANY

Congratulations to the Class of '83 from family of Thomas Cheamitru 19Co. Lots of love and best wishes Tommy from Mom, Dad, Pete, Mike.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of David Cullison 19th Co. Well done.

To Ensign Scott Bell - always remember the pride we have in you, the joy you've brought into our lives, the immense love for you in our hearts. May God continue to hold you in the plam of His hand. Dad, Mom, Lauri, Mark and Windsor.

To the lean mean marching machine, the 19th Co.! Congratulations Blake and the outstanding Class of 83! From the Ramseys. God bless you!

Best wishes to Tony and the 19 Co. may God always bless you with such fine friends. The Wilding Family.

To the 19th Co., the best of the best! We always have space in our home and love in our hearts for all of you. Fly high and smooth sailing. Love, Mom and Ron Saba.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 and the 19th Co. TTBBB we love you.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 especially 19th Co. Good luck and God bless! Bob (Sub), Helen and Sam Shoemaker.

Congratulations to our son and brother Larry Comerford. You have made us very proud. We love you. Mom, Dad, Cricket and Bob.

Congratulations Ensign Walter A. Powell and Ensigns of the Class of 83. May the future live up to your expectations love Mom, Dad, and Abby.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Chris Butler 19th Co. God bless you Chris from Mom, Agee, Leslie, Danny and David.

Best wishes Class of 83 from your friends in Big Red Country! We love you Dave Weaver 19th Co.! From Mom, Sue, Tom, Grandpa and Grandma Evans and the Glade Bunch.

Congratulations and best wishes to the

Class of '83, from the family of David Bogdan, 19th Co. We love you.

20TH COMPANY

Congratulations to the Class of 83 and best of luck in the future. From the family of Kenneth Levins 20th Co. Ken we are all proud of you, love Mom, Dad, Karen, Kris, Dottie, Johnna, and Bullet too.

Congratulations Mark "May the wind always be at your back" with love, The Kanakis Family.

Congratulations to Ensign Jeffrey Lee Benson 20th Co. from his family. We are very proud of you. Love Mom, Dad and Pam. God Bless.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Peter Ditullio 20th Co. Good luck love Mom, and Dad, Richard, Roy, and Paul.

Congratulations, Nancy! We love you! Mom, Dad, Ron, Mary Ellen, Tom, John, Suzi, Lisa and General.

Our very best to the Class of 83 especially the 20th Co. Mike we are very proud of you! Our love always Patrick, Moe, Mom and Pops. God bless.

Congratulations to Rich Hayes and 20th Co. There was never a doubt! Our pride and admiration are only exceeded by our love. Thanks for the memories. Love always, Mom, Dad, Dianne, Jim, and Clyde.

Lynn Thomas daughter of mine you're part of me. After years of yearning & anxiety, forever grateful I will be for the title of mother you've bestowned on me. Mom. Love 'ya, sis Joanne may you make the most of every day & find joy wherever you are. G'pa & G'ma McKenzie. Congratulations, Lynn, Jo Anne & Bob, B & B, Joe & Donna.

Congratulations Ensign Cathy Gaul. We're proud of you! We love you! God bless you! Mom and Dad, Barb, Linda, Sue, Judy and Jane.

21ST COMPANY

Well done Class of 83 and 21st Co. From The Batzler Family. We're proud of you Tim - Mom and Dad.

To a special person Darryl Gaston. I knew you could. My prayers are with you for continued success. Love and pride Mom.

Hooray for Class 83 our son George Ellard Co. 21 Mates & the Navy. Our love & prayers are with you always. Mom, Dad, Julie, Margee & The Mick.

Congratulations Steve on your biggest accomplishment - the six and a half minute mile. Love from The Shatynski Family and Fred.

Congratulations Jeff Wilcox, 21st Co. We're so proud of you. May calm seas, soft winds, and God's love be with you always. With love Mom, Dad, Susie, and Grandparents.

22ND COMPANY

Nice going Brian, best wishes to you as a marine aviator. We love you, #28. The Cianella Family, Paul & Nero.

Well done Class of 83! Our love, respect, and admiration to Scott Bartkowski 22nd Co. for his fine accomplishments. From Mom, Dad, John, and Robbie. Carry on!

Congratulations Douglas. We love you. Douglass . . . You always made everything look easy. See you on the golf course. Love Mom, Donna and Wayne.

Congratulations to Randy, Malcolm, and Terry. God bless you all-always. Russell, Mary, Donna, Wayne and Douglas Hintze. Good luck all.

Congratulations, Ensign Nicholas. Best wishes to you and the Class of 83! Becky, Jim, Sue, Tim, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Puck! 22nd Co. now if you could just ride a Yamaha as well as you think. Love Donna.

Malcolm (Dink) 22nd Co. best wishes C.A. Love Donna.

For Randy Black 22nd Co. good luck in everything you do. I hope life is good to you. Love, your special friend.

Congratulations to Marc Manzelli, Co. 22 and to all members of Class of 83 - good luck and God speed - from Michael, Michelle, Mom & Dad.

Congratulations, Malcolm LeMay on your success. We are proud of you. Love, Dad, Mom, Todd, and Mason.

Best wishes to the Class of '83 thanks for making us proud, son we love you! From the family of Frank McNeal Co. 22 '83.

Congratulations! We love you Jeddy. From Divinagrace, Therese, Mom, Dad.

Col. & Mrs. Henry Hallin USMCR Ret. congratulate the Class of '83. Our love to our son, Jeff 22nd Co.

Best wishes to the Class of 83! From the family of Ed Logue 22nd Co. Our special thanks to Major J. Jewell and Capt. Connally for their leadership and Frank McNeil, Jim Sweeney, Ken Spafford, Jon Houser, Rick Paisley and Lt. Van Rose for their friendship. God bless you all. We love you Ed! From Bev, Tracy, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Dan Ball, 22 Co. Proud of you son. It is a long way to four star admiral. Keep your anchor housed. Love, Mom and Dad.

From the family of Jon Houser 22 Co. - We wish all grads a successful future. We are very proud of you, Jonathan!

23RD COMPANY

God's blessings on the Class of 83 from the family of Richard Hans 23rd Co. We love you, Rich! From Tom, John, Gaga, Mom and Dad.

Great class, great guys 23rd Co. '83 love and best wishes to Timothy B. Rebhorn from Mom, Dad, and Susan.

The family of Mike Silva-23rd Co.-congratulates the Class of '83. Mark, Paul and R.R. say "way to go see-el-ya!"

Congratulations to the Class of 83 as they depart for land, air, & sea. A very special wish for Alan. Our own Marine to be and for the illustrious Co. 23. Love Mom, Dad, Michele and

Meredith.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of John M. Scanlan 23rd Co. We are proud of you, John! From Dad, Mom, Jerry, Joe, Jeff, Kathleen, Mike, Greg, and, Steve.

Our best to the Class of 1983 fair winds and following seas. The Boyne Family, Great Lakes, IL.

Congratulations Ensign Bob Corolla. We're all proud of you. Well done. God bless you and smooth flying. All our love-Mom-Dad-Nanette-Andy.

Congratulations to Bill Stacia 23rd Co. and all your classmates! Keep on succeeding! From The Stacia Family.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Michael Worley 23rd Co. Love you Mike! Mom, Don, Missy and Nick.

Congratulations Class of 83 may you all make Admiral! From the family of Kevin Newmeyer 23rd Co. We love you, Kevin! From Mom, Dad, Brian, Lynne and Kathy.

Well done Class of 1983! May you always enjoy fair winds and following seas. From the family of Jack Hoch, 23rd Company.

Congratulations of the highest order to William Paul Lewis and 23 Co. Class of '83 for a job well done in the face of challenges. Best wishes for your future on the sea of life, our prayers and love will always be with you. From your proud Mom and Dad. Grandma, Grandpa, Cheryl and Mary.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Watson one of the "wildmen" of the 23rd Co. Happy sailing, Mark. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Michael Huffman 23rd Co. We're proud of you Mike! Love, Mom, Dad, L.A., Bill and Jon.

24TH COMPANY

Hi Mark! Good luck. Love, Mom, Dad, Don and Valerie Quartiere.

The family of the twins Bob and Mark Woods wish all our 83 friends fair winds and following seas.

Congratulations to Cameron Sen, 24th Co. and the Class of 83. May our love follow you wherever you go, Cam! From Dad, Mom, Ayla, Jeff, Selma and Grandma.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Lavoie 24th Co. We love you, Mark! From John, Danny, Mom and Dad.

Good luck to the Class of 83 from the Rubins. We congratulate you Josh and the 24th Co. Love from Mom, Dad, Adam and Beverly.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Valerie Villanueva 24th Co. We love you, Valerie. From Victor, Valiant, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 best wishes to Robert B. Herzog and Andre Maraoui of the 24th Company. We are proud and love you Robert! Love from Mom, Dad, and group.

25TH COMPANY

Congratulations Kevin Peterson we are proud of you. May God go with you. Love Mom, Dad and Debbie.

Brad, we couldn't be prouder. Congratulations to you and the 25th Co. The Voight Family.

Congratulations to Joe Ebert 25 Company, D&B, and the Class of 83 from all who love you even Barney!

Chip, build your mountains and capture your rainbows; then together we will fulfill our dreams! Congratulations love, Wendy.

Chip Molloy congratulations! Thanks for sharing these four years with us! Mom, Dad Sullivan.

Chip, with immense pride, abundant love and enormous respect, I am proud to have the honor of being your Mom. Fly safely in the future.

Congratulations and smooth sailing Ensign Dave Bartholomew! We are proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, Kathryn, Sean, Kristen and Andy.

Congratulations Class of 1983 from the family of Keven Jones 25th Co. We're all proud Kevin - well done!

Best wishes to the Class of 83. Dale, our pride is exceeded only by our love. From the family of Dale Walter 25th Co. Mom, Dad, John and Jeff.

Smooth seas and fair winds - may God bless all your endeavors, 25th Co. Major (Ret.) and Mrs. C. A. Kelly. Beat Navy, Sir!!

To Michael Beall well done son. You know how proud I am. Love Dad.

Good job well done Gary 25th Co. from the Reeves in Cold Springs.

26TH COMPANY

Congratulations and continued success to the Class of '83 from the family of Ray Rodriguez, 26th Co. - way to go, Ray! God bless, protect and guide you. Love - Mom, Dad, Rob, Ron, and Rocky too!

Congratulations Karen Mulvaney of 26th Co. Our love and prayers go with you for a great future! Mom, Dad, Maureen, and Paula.

We salute 26th Co. and our Joseph! 4 years hard work well done! Love and luck from Mom, Dad and family! God bless you and keep you safe!

Congratulations Class of 83 from the family of John Reilly 26th Co. We love you all.

Barbara Bell, 26th Co. and Class of 83. We are so proud of you! May you ever be in God's eye! Love, Mom, Dad, Jim, Jenn and Dan.

Smooth seas and fair skies to the Class of 83 from the family of Joe Montgomery 26th Co. Love Mom, Dad, Bill, Fran, Tom, Marybeth, Jim, Loretta, Joe, Gerry, Rich, Rob and Baby Jacque.

Welcome aboard Class of 83. Well done Ensign Yates! We are so proud! Mom, Andi, Lynda, and the Captain!

Congratulations to the 26th Company from the Bingham Family. Roger you have always been very special. We love you dearly.

27TH COMPANY

Congratulations to the Class of 83. Love to Bob Dabbs 27th Co. From Mom, Dad, Steve, Danny, and Cliff.

Dear Craig, May the road rise up to meet you-May the wind be always at your back-And may God hold you in the hollow of his hand, love and congratulations, Mom, Dad, Todd, Scot.

We are so very proud of you, Rick Hartman. You made it come true! Congratulations Class of 83 and fare well to you and 27th Co. We will always remember the fun times the past 4 years. We love you all. Dara, Julie, Mom and Dad Hartman.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Angelo McCoy 27th Co. Our love always, Angelo! Mother and Dad, Aunt and others.

Congratulations John H. Kenney we love you & are proud of you & to you & the class of 83 we wish you fair winds & smooth sailing. Love Mom, Dad, Kevin, Stuart, Richard, Bryan.

Congratulations Doug and 27th Co. We are very proud of you. Good luck and God bless you. Mom, Dad, Bruce, Joyce and Albert.

Congratulations Philip Adams, 27th Company & Class of '83. From us to you - the proud the few. Love Mother and Dad.

With love & pride we congratulate a terrific son, Ensign Phillip B. Raimondo. Safe Journey! Mom & Dad.

Thank you, David McGuire for sharing your USNA years with us. We are very proud of you and wish you smooth sailing in the future. We love you, Mom, Dad, Bobbi and Chris, Bruce and Grandparents.

Congratulations Class of 83 from the family of Don Reis 27th Co. We love you and are proud of you, Don! You're our Admiral! Love from Mom, Dad, Barb, Kaye, Fab, Bill, Lizzie, and Little Lara - - - Angel, too.

To the Class of 83. May you have fair winds and following seas. The family of David Waugh 27th Co.

28TH COMPANY

For Deputy Brigade Commander Chris. We wish continued success and good luck! You have made all of us very happy and proud. The entire family congratulates you. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to Rick Wileman. We're proud of you. Love, Dad, Mom, Rob & Ron.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Jeff Hall 28th Co. We love you Jeff. From Jim, Vickie, Rhonda, Tim, Mom and Dad.

Fair winds & following seas to the Class of 83 from the family of Angela Smith 28th Co. God bless you all. We love you and are so very proud of you, Ange! Mom, Dad, Tommy, Richard, Stephen & Jennifer.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Benito Loyola 28th Co. God bless you Benny. We love you! From Lilly, Mom & Dad.

Navy Diver, Sinbad you made it!! We are so very proud of you. Success and love from Karin, Keith, Dad and especially Lou Breathe!!

Tower A-congratulations marine! Leave no stone unturned. We love ya always. Tower B, Mom and Dad.

Our love, admiration, and blessing with congratulations Don Emerson 28th Co. Continued success in the future.-Mom and Dad-Also to very special friends Gordon and George, we congratulate you. Good memories.

29TH COMPANY

Congratulations Lindsay Dibler and Class of 83. Lin, you set a goal, strived and achieved it. We are so proud of you. May God always be your copilot. Love ya! Mom and Dad.

Dan Braswell 83 29th Co. We forgive you for going Navy. Attaboy Ensign! Love and pride, Mom and Dad, USMC.

Super to the Class of 1983 from Boomers Dad the major and Mommy AJ Ryan and Tristie, JB, Heidi, Butch.

To our son Harry Paul Dorman, 29th Co. And the Class of 1983-May your graduation be just a stepping stone to a future filled with happiness and success-God bless you all!

Congratulations to Brian Larson and the Class of 83. You hung in there! We love you. Your Family.

Success in the future Hank and 29 Co. Class of 83. The Miranda Family.

Congratulations Ensign Pam Corwin. You told us "you'll never know" and maybe we won't. But we want you to know how proud we are of you for what you have accomplished. Take time to be proud of yourself as you sail into your future. All our love, Mom & D.O.D.

Class of 83 you are the best!! Do not forget it!!!!! We love you Tom Looke. Mom, Dad, Frank.

30TH COMPANY

With love and pride we congratulate Tim Thomas and the Class of 83 Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to all our friends of Class of 83 and our special son, Frederick A. M. Eissler 30th Co. We are all very proud of you as usual. Frederick, enjoy clear skies and safe landings. May God be with you! Love and admiration Mother, Dad, all your family, Sabre and Sabrina.

Anchors away Class of 83. Love to Rick, 30th Co. and the sailing team from the St. John Family.

Congratulations Tim! We knew you could do it. You've made us very proud. Smooth sailing! Much love Mom, Dad, Janet, Bill and Rosie.

Congratulations Alexander Tanski!! Oles, You have been our source of pride and joy. May God watch over you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Hania.

To Mike Murphy 30th Co. Congratulations extended with enormous pride and deep affection. Love, Mom, Dad, Gramma, Gramp, and Terri.

The family of Tom McKavitt 30th Co.

sends congrats to '83 Class with pride and respect, we love you Tom. From Mom, Dad, Kathy, and Mary Ann.

Fair winds and following seas to all our mids in 30th company, Class of 1983. It's been nice to know you! Best wishes from The Smalls.

How proud can parents be? We love you, Dan. Go 30 Co. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Perry Puccetti 30th Co., we love you, Perry! From Gina, Lori, Mom and Dad.

31ST COMPANY

Congratulations Bob Sauer '83. You are now "ond of the many few" from USNA. Godspeed! Mom, Dad '58, Sandy and Midn. Jim '84.

For all you are, Mike Vormbrocke 31st Co. and for all you are yet to be, we thank God! Best wishes and congratulations Class of '83! Love, Dad, Mom, Shelly and Mark.

Congratulations Bart Taylor some of the cards you've been dealt have been tough but we've never seen any one play a better game. We love you. Mother and Dad.

Congratulations Randy Gross! Your accomplishments are a source of pride and joy. May your skies be calm and clear. Luv ya, Mom, Dad, and family.

Ensign James Bors may God continue to guide you in all you undertake. Congratulations Love Mom, and Dad, Bob, Gary, Sharon, Dianne, Ricky.

Congratulations midshipman Todd C. Davis and the Class of 1983. Mom, Dad, Lynn and Scot.

Congratulations, Whitey! The time and effort has paid off. Best of luck. I love you! Katie.

To Whitey, Purv, Taco, Boomer, Buzzy, Bucky and Hask, the lads of '83. For four great years the legs, feet and heart of Navy soccer. Thanks for the good times and the memories. Success and smooth sailing to you and the Class of '83. Shirey and Ralph D'Iorio.

Well done Chris and the rest of the 31st-your accomplishments have graced me with eternal pride-may your course always run true. Dad Col. USA-Retired.

Congratulations and well done 2nd Lt. Dwight D'Iorio. You worked, you endured, you achieved. We knew you could. We knew you would. With great pride we see you graduate and become a marine. With much love we wish you success and happiness in the years to come. Mom, Dad, Carla, R.B., Dana and Tosh.

Congratulations Ed Rahme. You have made us very proud of you. Thanks for all of the joyful memories that you and your friends in 31st Co. have given us. Love, Mom and Dad, Diane, Michael, and Grandad.

Ensign Stephen L. Fischer, USN, congratulations on a job well done. It wasn't easy but neither is life. We know that you will be able to handle lifes problems with the determination that you have shown the last four years. Mom & Dad.

Congratulations Rob and all the young, brave and strong of Company 31 - Navy Squash - the best. God bless and keep you safe always. Look out Pensacola! Love M+D+A+Q.

32ND COMPANY

Well done Robert William Tolbert! We are proud of you-good luck and love always. Mom, Dad, Anne, Mandy

To our son Joe Murphy—"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference." May God protect and guide you always. We love you Joe. Mom, Dad, Mary, Tom, Valerie and Jean. Godspeed '83.

Congratulations to Michael Boehle. From Dad, Mom, Cheryl, Susan, Mark, Joe.

God bless the Class of 83 especially our son John Knudsen 32nd Co. All our love always your family.

Good luck to the Class of 83 from the family of Dan Nagle 32nd Co.

33RD COMPANY

From pepsi blue to navy blue we're proud of you! Best wishes Todd A. Hauge, 33rd. Co. on your nuclear power submarine career from Mom, Dad, Tim, Sandy, Russ and Chelsie.

Mike Isabelli - congratulations! We love you! Mom, Dad and family. Good luck, Class of 83 and special wishes to 33rd Co. The Isabellis.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Henry C. Smith 33rd Co. We love you, Henry! From Stevie, Marcus, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Brian N. Fletcher and 33rd. Our pride is exceeded only by our love from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Richard Hayes 33 Co. Way to go Rich. All our love Mom, Dad, Lisa, Holly and Poco.

34TH COMPANY

Wishing you success in all your endevours. God bless you Class of '83. From the family of Robert Papadakis 34th Co. All our love, Bob from Manny, Diane, Mom & Dad.

Thomas R. Twomey we are proud of your accomplishments and hope your future is filled with success and happiness. We love you. Mom, Dad, Terry, Diana and Rick.

Best wishes class of 83 from the family of O. P. Honors 34th Co. We love you OP from Dad, Gram, Kelly, Tracy, Amy.

Congratulations to Aaron Bowman, 34th Co. We are proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, 47, Roxane and Don.

Good luck Class of 83 we are proud of you Mark and Royann, love R.J. Russ.

Congratulations Brian T. Donegan on achieving two more goals. Thank you for sharing so much with us. "May the wind be always at your back." Love, Mom, Dad, Joe & Kevin.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from

the Wallington family 34th Co. We love you, Travis. Joe, Molene, Mike and Cornelius.

35TH COMPANY

Congratulations to the Class of 83 Andrew, John, Jeff, Mike, and Tonu from Monica and Jim (51) Loferski.

Good luck Class of 83 you're great Perry your tops. We're proud of you. Health and success all your life. Love Mom, Dad & Virginia Ramicone.

Congratulations Class of 83 from the family of Barry McKibben 35th Co. We are proud of you, Barry! From Mom, Dad, and Bill.

We are proud of you Class of 83 35th Co. and Ken C. Boice. We love you, Ken from Dad, Mom, Sis.

Steve Zotti class of 83 "you are what you know" - that puts you up there with the best of them - we're proud of you. Love Mom and Dad.

Tim: with abundant love, tremendous pride and immense respect we wish continued success and fulfillment in a life you have planned so well. May God's love and care be always at your side. Mom, Dad, Kathy, Mike.

Godspeed to Wee Willie Wump Wump and the Class of 1983 - - - - - - - - - -- Mom, Dad, Jill and Grandparents.

Ginny - tu cordon marron se convirtio' en oro - and after you translate that remember to fly the roger flag high and beware the falling glass - God speed Mom & Dad.

All our love and good wishes go with you in your new career. Congratulations to George Abitante from Mom, Dad and Pete.

36TH COMPANY

To Ensign Daniel Kevin Horgan. All our friends in 36th Co. and the class of 1983 - horrah - well done - congratulations! Smooth sailing, fair skies and God bless. From Mom and Dad, Elizabeth, Margaret, Bess, El, Anne and Frank, Vin and Eileen.

Congratulations and good luck to Scott Heister, Class of 83 and the 36th Co. Love Mom, Dad, Steve, Dolores, Cathy and Kela.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Nancy Thompson 36th Co. We love you, Nancy! From Mom, Dad, Susan, Gram and Max.

Congratulations to the Class of 83 from the family of Colin Kiser 36th Co. We love you Colin! From the J. O. Kiser, Jr. family.

Congratulations Rudolf Del Rosario. We are proud of you. You filled our life with joy and contentment. Keep up the good work. God bless you now and always. Love Mom, Dad, Rosie, M&M, Junior and the entire Perla family.

Well done to those super scintillating soccer seniors Scott, Boomer, Keith, Rob, Dwight, Tom, John D., Jim, John H., Andy, Pat.

Congratulations to the firsties of the 36th Co.! Love, Aunt Gail, and Uncle Jim.

Congratulations Bill, the 36th Co., and the Class of '83. Love, Mom, Dad, Doug, Steve, and Frank.

Congratulations and best wishes for a great future to the Class of 83 from the family of Mark Stone 36th Co. Thanks for continuously making us proud, Mark. We love you Dad, Mom & Bill. Special congratulations 36th Co. for winning 38 of 40 football games. The Stones.

Jim McHugh 36th Co., the day you were born we were so happy, so proud nothing could equal it until your hat went into the air with love and respect Mom, Dad, and family.

Congratulations to the Class of 83. We are proud and grateful that our nation produces citizens like you. Good luck to you all from the family of Joesph M. Bergen.

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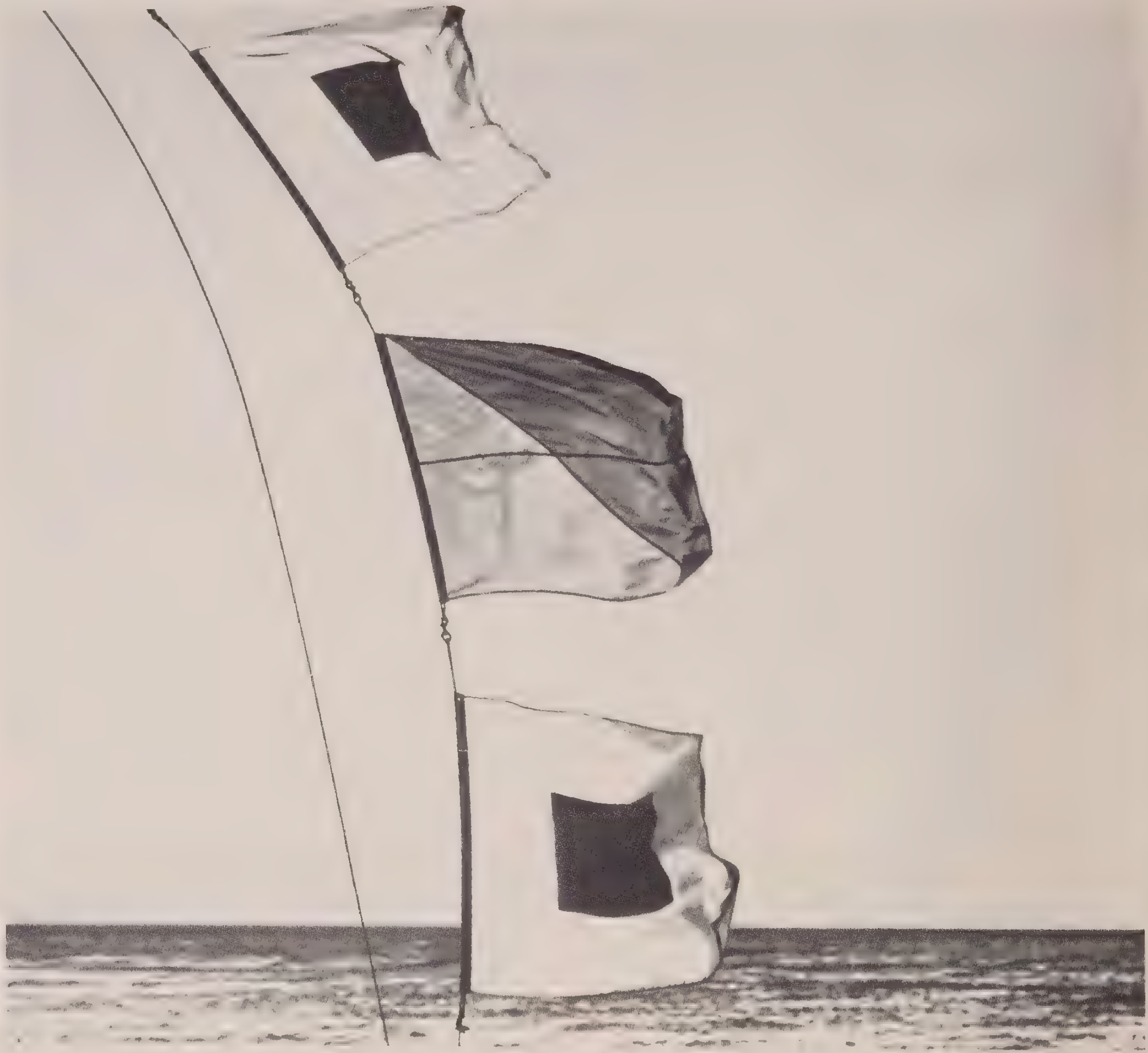

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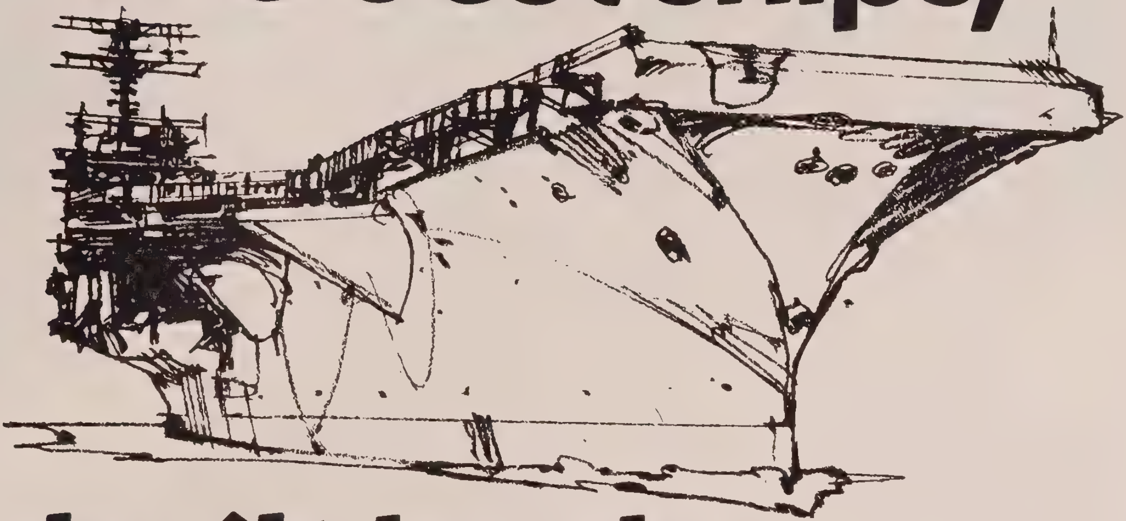

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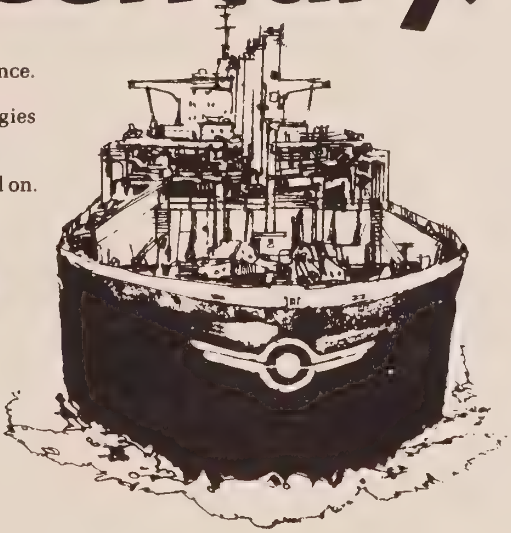

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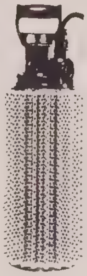

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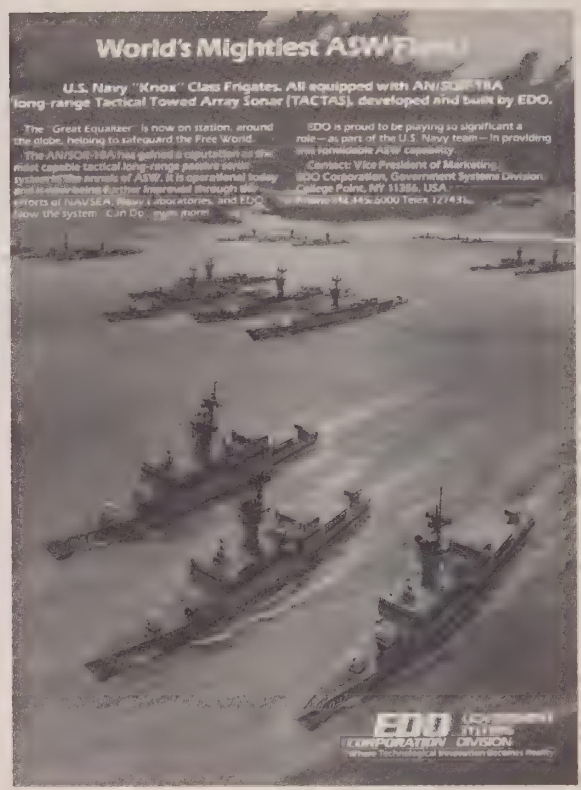

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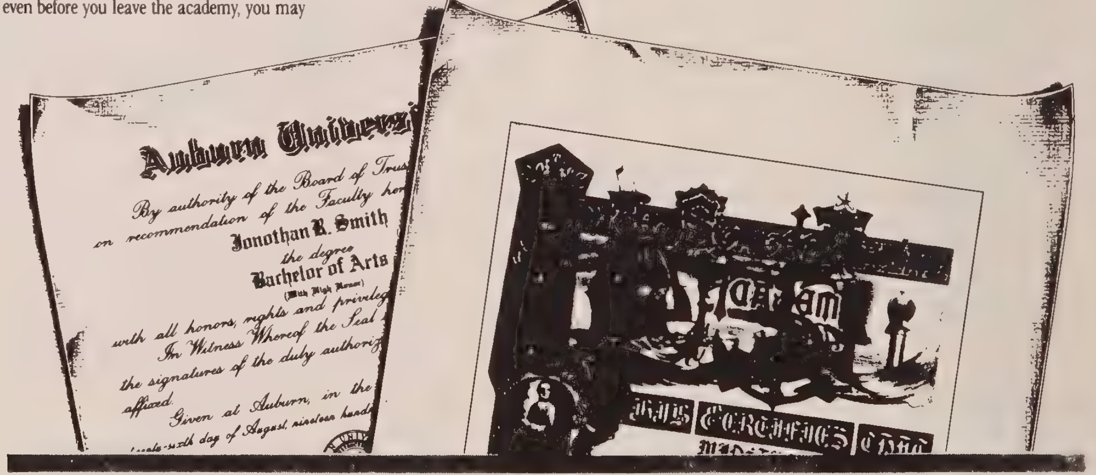
Auburn Universi
By authority of the Board of Trus
on recommendation of the Faculty her
Jonathan R. Smith
the degree
Bachelor of Arts
(With High Honor)
with all honors, rights and privileg
In Witness Whereof the Seal
the signatures of the duly authoriz
affixed.
Given at Auburn, in the
twenty-sixth day of August, nineteen hund

Serving you best, because we know you better.

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We would like to recognize and sincerely thank all those sources that contributed to the composition of the 1983 *Lucky Bag*. Mr. Jack Sweetman's publication, *A Place Called the Yard,* the Naval Institute's Archive Staff, the Nimitz Library's Special Collection Staff, the Public Works Department, and the Sports Information Director Mr. Tom Bates all made our work much easier. Without their help, some sections of this book could not have been completed. Lastly, but not least, credit is due to all the staff, soundsheet producer Midn. Lenny Price, and our publisher's representative Mr. John Beach. Their unselfish dedication made the 1983 *Lucky Bag* possible. We thank and congratulate them for all their work and a job well done.

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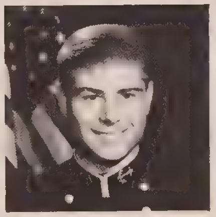
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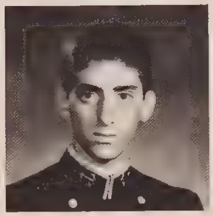
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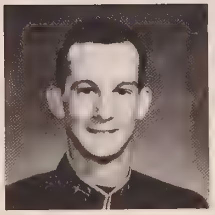
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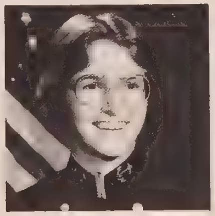
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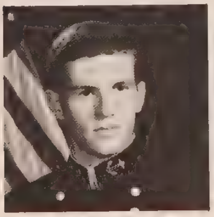
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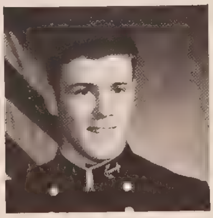
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Dear Classmates,

Having finished this colossal project, I am swept with a wave of mixed emotions. Naturally, pure unadulterated relief is amongst them, but there is something more than that. In putting our Lucky Bag together, I have confronted so much that has made our four years, and the last especially, so unique. We have been through a lot, some of it unpleasant, but we, as graduates, have so much to be thankful for. God has graced us while we were here with many material things, but more importantly, He has blessed us with physical and mental growth, and has given us friendships to last a lifetime. It's a lot to think about. I hope this book will help. Godspeed, fair winds, and following seas.

Sincerely,

William C. Stacia Jr.
Editor, 1983 Lucky Bag

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